



An Oath Of Christian Knighthood

SELECTED POEMS *by Andrew Cuff*



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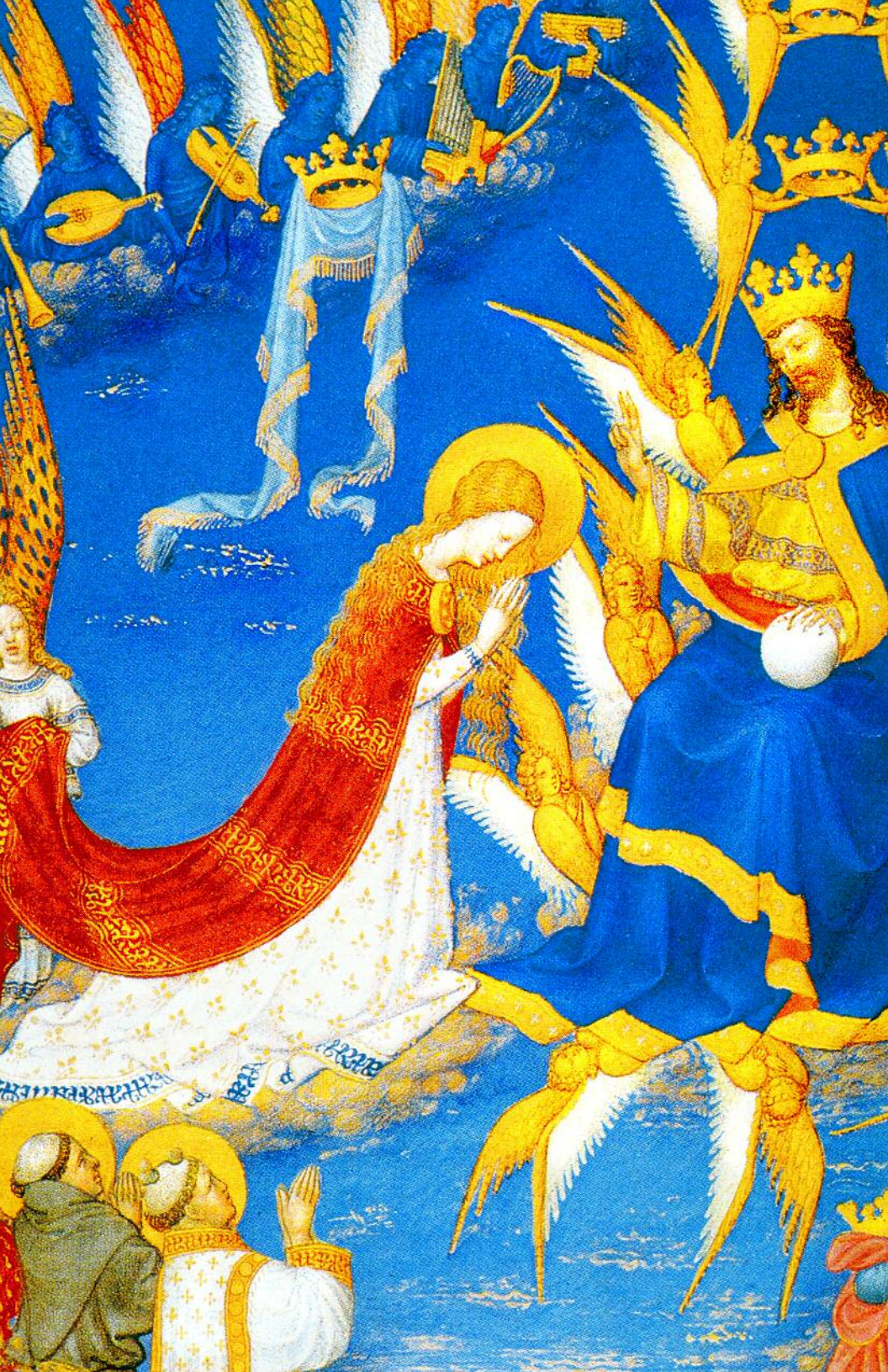
I swear allegiance to the Lord,
The Source of unattainable Good
And Author of truth, justice, and life.

And to the precepts of His spoken Word,
By which I may prove my devotion
And live the life that my God desires.

I offer my heart as a home made clean
For Christ's Holy Spirit, which from my Father proceedeth.
Undoubtedly this is His greatest gift to His children.

To uphold the safety and virtue of the weak,
To show civility and mercy to the enemy,
To give heart, soul, mind, and strength to the calling of Christ:

Here is my oath, this day foresworn.
Of all purposes Christ first in my heart,
For whom I will do battle ceaselessly unto death.





Lady Fay

A life of torrid shadows and mist,
All before this moment must be.
To walk beneath the Amarkist,
In the forest of tranquility.

Though my mind, enchanted, faded dull
My eyes beheld that ordinance
Where she gave me her faith, her trust in full
I, rooted, beknighted, in reverence.

South the Lady ever bore me
On the wind of a word, a whisper, yet
Her sad eyes knew that Evil's stormy
Designs may catch me in his net.

A mission begun, a cup imbibed,
Two candles, one flame, nay! The quest-
A little thing, on which inscribed
Is the doom that makes my purpose blessed.

My soul does groan beneath its choice,
The river separates in twain.
I struggle betwixt Dark will, Grey voice
And hope for solitude in vain.

O Lady! Would that you could shed
Some light now that they've all gone out.
I fear whatever lies ahead
Your Adamant love I'll be without.

I am grateful always, Lady of Grace
The Lord of Lords is with thee.
Blessed among women, your radiant face
Shall comfort and protect me.



Beside Myself

As I was walking purposefully
To places that I had to be
And the gentle breeze was blowing free
Along the shore of that placid sea
It happened that I chanced to see
Walking beside, a mirrored me.

I smiled because I liked his face,
This boy who occupied the space
Beside me and was keeping pace
Or whether I was, either case
His gait and carriage undebased
With stature, dignity and grace.

I liked his hands because they told
The story of a young life old
Already from a dark world cold
In which the unglittering gold
Of guardians true and warriors bold
The last of warmth and hope did hold.

So pleased was I that I had seen
This picture of my pleasant mien
Through stranger's eyes, which, although keen
Saw me afresh with a slate wiped clean
And, enchanted by this novel scene,
Missed the flaws all in between.



But with this sudden realization
That he, my doppelganged relation
Was me, the dazzled admiration
Faded into pure frustration.
Bitter, I watched his transformation
From hero to abomination.

A dull ache felt the memories rise
That knew his face was a disguise
For the lies he hid behind his eyes.
The truth she knew he did despise
Which e'er he knows but still denies
That led to sudden cold goodbyes.

The hands in which I'd found delight
I now remembered were a blight.
Instead of doing deeds of right
Befitting a dubbed and Christened knight,
The words He'd given them to write
They'd spoil and render poor and trite.

With thoughts like these upon my mind
I tried to leave my twin behind,
But all too quickly did I find
Our steps inseparably entwined,
A ghost my sins to ever remind...
And so it is for all mankind.

At First Sight- A Statue's Tale

Stay for a while, passer-by,
To hear of my journey ended here.
My roots have gripped this high and dry
And sandy soil for many a year.
Before I stopped, so proud I strode
The coastline whisked beneath my gait.
I spread my arms in the wind and crowed
My lordship over the deep-sea strait.
What power tingled my fingertips
And my farsight-drunken mind gone mad.
With a wave of my hand, a fleet of ships
Abandons sinking hopes of land.
But in my dreams, small sanity
Still cried aloud with impudence
And fear disturbed my reverie
When Poseidon demanded recompense.
The seas assembled in a heap;
A water-Babel justly made,
And atop the clear blue steed, asleep
Astonished, I beheld the maid.
'Twas not a beauty mortal, yet not
Unattainable forma fae.
One felt as though asleep she sought
The waking, nightly, day by day.

She awoke, and in her way, communed
With every sense that I possessed,
The light of her voice like a new sea-moon
That shone on the dark heart in my breast.
And like the bright green flash of light
That dusk and dawn ignites the sea
She swiftly faded out of sight
To the shadowy realm of memory.
I swore to her that if she e'er
Returns, just for a moment I'd
Proclaim my love to the briny air
Though unrequited, satisfied.
Old am I today, although
The years have passed like a single beat
Of my heart, the mortal foe
Of purpose. So here I make my seat.



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First Web Edition April 2010

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