

Even in the Grave Are There Dreams...

—"There is some soul of goodness in things evil..."
Shakespeare, *Henry V*, VI.i.4

Chances are when Samson
ben Manoah was brought low,
he never once doubted
his heart's true love—

His Dahlialah being dark,
but pure as a faint breeze...
Her once-hardened heart
having melted

for her slim handsome man;
Samson, so they said,
had Heavenly strength
(Her *rescue to be*)...

Yet, therein originating, through double-edged
deceit—as fruit of *device*—
that crushing downfall
crumbling the pillars of love.

For it was a broken heart,
not a shaved head,
that sapped his awesome strength—
as the Philistines (just as the Pharisees)

watched with glee, jagged
glints of biting eyes
unable to comprehend
the secret

of his finely-muscled body...
This *scapegoating*
by *the mass of narrow minds*
having *mistaken the intentions*

of this hero, *foretold in dreams*
to a Mother once in such pain—
her people, too:
a culture once gentle with glory, one

fallen hostage to roughnecks and thieves,
scampering to plunder what they will—
grunting like camels and beasts,
backed with *might of Empire...*

That is, until Samson arrived, his great "fault"
endangering him having been his stance—
unarmed and alone one night,
against a jackel pack of armed men—

as he proclaimed the end
of "Do with us what you will"...
the cowards banded
against him clunking

away in fright,
as *locusts caught*
before a wild fire, hop
frantically into the roaring stream...

And yet, the other part of this intrigue—
that which Samson feared he'd not forestall—
was the brutal snatching
of his woman (if not *him...*)

Now, Dahlialah was a beauty of heart-
rending tale, whose haughty *coture*
and *quick merry eyes*
combined to shield

her great hidden soul—
one aching kind,
gentle, as a reed,
but *finally broken too...*

Her fate sensed but unknown
to our now chained Samson,
a warrior so without match
the ignorant swore him *alien*

as they mobbed close
to taunt and jeer
at the now-blinded *great one*
gone beyond all care...

He not listening
to the barbarians' gossip, *buzzing* about
how his true sweet woman
was betraying him *in every way imaginable...*

Instead praying to his Father
in Heaven, *nous*,
to summon the Mind
necessary to lay waste

to *epinoia*, that gift from his Heavenly Mother,
whose *darling of the Cosmos*
he once and always is—
his fierce swift rage finally calm pure

Reason, the sweetness of *Victory*,
as broken columns
rained death as hail, at last
his torment giving way to Silence...

[the italicized *locusts...stream* an allusion to Homer's *Iliad*]

Thomas Francis Noonan, written 1993-94,
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the Brittany Celt historian Joseph Ernest Renan, whose 19th century research,
“History of the Semites,” contributed background to this tale...