

A Spirit Floats Free

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A Spirit Floats Free

Sleep my sweet love,
Where the divine shine their brilliance,
On the softness of feathers lie still.
Silky light beckoning your way along the path,
The souls in the wild soaring free.
Hold me tight as you take your leave,
Colours signalling the changes,
With wondrous hues lighting the way.
I will hold you still, your beautiful light,
The slight flutter of the angels wings,
As you take your place in their midst.
Animals still in the silence of the moment,
A gentle wind blows up leaves, dancing delicately.
Sleep now,
Sleep in my arms, where you will remain.
The darkening clouds rolling across the sky,
Heralding the moment of the end, and the beginning.
Shards of cooling streaks flashing soft tones,
Reflections shimmering hazily before floating away.
The warmth of your body slipping,
With the words of the poet bringing comfort,
To those void of the angel's call.
Flashes of distant memories flicker in the mind's eye.
Sleep, sleep,
The call of the ages will take you in great wonder,
All things bright with their glow guiding the way.
The sound of distant thunder, an angry voice,
The call of those seeking your light.
Beauty now breaking forth, a spirit floats free,
Sleep now, sleep.

The Constant Stream

The thundering noise of the machines,
A baby crying in the distance.
Adrift in a fog, he tried to understand,
 where was he?
He could see things moving, he held out his hand,
In a blur he felt the emptiness.
He could sense his mother's smile,
Radiating calmness,
 salvation.
A constant chattering in the background,
Made it hard for him to focus.
How long had his mother been dead?
He had to face this strange landscape
 alone.
Sounds he couldn't understand.
She had silenced the clamour,
With the softness of her voice.
He would fall asleep in her arms,
 her soothing tone,
Drowning out the constant din around him.
He looked at the blood on his hands,
With a deafening clanging,
 the knife fell to the ground.
Dropping to the floor,
He held his mother's head in his hands.
 Why had she left him?
How could he face the noises without her,
Without her beautiful smile?

The Last Time I Held You

I held you in my arms, that very last time.
You looked into my eyes, with the trust, and love
that only you felt.
With my hand on your heart, you left this life,
Your days of suffering ended, the final release.
You only held on to give me time,
time to accept that we had to part.
The last journey taken,
Washed on your way with my tears.
Ours was a love I will never know again,
To know it once, a thing of great beauty.
My thoughts went back to our time together,
the good and the bad.
Endless days basking in your smile,
Floating on a wave of delight.
Uplifted, just by being in your presence.
The time you left me,
Months of not knowing where you were,
Whether you were even still alive.
The overwhelming joy when you returned to me,
never to be parted again.
Death for me now holds no fear.
When I get the call, I will go with lightness of heart,
Knowing that you will be there
waiting.
I will hold you in my arms again,
I will hold you tight.
This time I will never let you go.

Creating A Tribe

As he looked to those assembled,
He knew he was a part of something.
In his past, alone, always alone.
Now with his gathering he was guaranteed
to always be seen,
Always be looked to, to guide, to exist.
This was now his, it could not be taken.
His words, once falling into silence,
Were now directions, words of wisdom,
Words to be heeded, not ignored.
He had created a tribe.
People who were now his,
His blood, his creation.
A lifetime ago he walked alone,
No eyes fell on him, he had been weightless,
unseen, no one.
Gliding through unobserved, unnecessary,
Forgotten by all, needed by none.
Now the eyes of his tribe looked to him,
Seeking his approval, he mattered,
he was now someone.
His tribe gave him essence,
A sense of definition.
He had created a life to live,
he had forged himself anew.

The Mooring Slipped

As the wind blew lashes of rain across the hillside,
He lowered his head against the torrent,
Protecting his eyes, as he looked down
 at their headstones.

The tempestuous weather seemed fitting,
As he came to say his final farewell.

Both his parents now gone,
Reunited in that place we will all find,
Wherever, and whatever that may be.

He felt an emptiness inside,
 something ripped out of him,
A sense of having been cut loose from his roots.

Who would ground him now?
Who would show him the right path?
With so many temptations to falter,
Always easier to travel the lower road.

They had shown him the way by their actions,
No lectures or false words,
Just the leading of a good life,
 the example set.

As he looked over the sea of gravestones,
He wondered which had been the good,
And which the bad.

Did it matter now, was there really any reason
 for still following the good path?

Had there ever been any reason?
Now that they were gone was any of it still necessary?
Leaving them in his wake he knew he had much to consider.
Should he still follow their lead?

Or could he now give in to the lure of the seductions,
 ever present, ever enticing.

As the rain pelted his furrowed brow,
He realised how simpler the choices had been,
with their worthy eyes watching over him.

In An Angel's Hold

On that bleakest of days, when even the strongest beams,
Couldn't penetrate the dark clouds that hovered over me,
Or bring solace to the sense of foreboding,
That gripped my soul deeply in it's clutch,
An angel came into my life.
Surrounded by an aura of serenity, a soothing calmness,
And the sound of the herald's call,
 She took my hand.
With life's confusion reigning in my head,
And insurmountable mountains to conquer,
When all seemed lost in the grayness of the fog,
That confounded my senses, and blocked out all prospect,
 She raised me on high.
Hope, long unseen, grew through my desolation,
The warmth of her love filled my heart.
The weight of life's heavy burdens eased from my shoulders.
Saying more than any words ever could,
 Her delicate smile
Filled the emptiness that had engulfed my life.
With my angel at my side the world spun glorious,
I glided on beds of golden leaves.
No more could the obscurity from the darkest depths,
Block out the golden rays of belief that now shone in my world,
And guided me along my path.
Now could I walk strong, with no fears, no holds to bind me,
 With my angel by my side.

The Passage of Life

Hope

The Joy of seeing it all, unveiling,
in reach of his grasp.
This blooming life, a feeling of knowing no bounds,
A new job to start, the future unfolding
before his eyes.
The knowledge that no constraints held him,
He could fly on high, unshackled.
Fire was flowing in his veins,
pulsating.
The strength of his body, the power in his arms,
His sturdy stride, would not be held back.
The eye of a girl, caught on the bus,
could she be the one?
Her beautiful smile, the meeting of the eyes,
With fluttering dress, the hint of the flesh, desire.
An overpowering sense of being, the coming of age.
Where would he end?
Soaring aloft.
He could see success, circling, waiting to descend.
There were no limits, only those he would impose,
and they would be few.
He wanted it all, he could smell it, the taste in his mouth.
The impatience of youth his only curb.
Walking the streets he burned for it all,
one day he would clench it in his hand.
The flaming desire to take his place,
In this world of endless possibilities.

Reality

The daily grind, such a struggle,
Never enough time, the constant demands.
He looks to the photo,
His growing kids, there is the reason,
 the strength to be found.
The purpose to fight on, to continue the insane.
With great remorse he sees them less,
 how can he manage?
The constant nagging, at work, and at home.
Never good enough, you can do better,
Push yourself, drive, we need ever more.
The desires of youth, the aspirations,
Crushed beneath the weight of it all.
 How did it come to this?
The exciting job, the beautiful wife,
Now just torments, laying bare his failures.
The endless pain in his back, the burning eyes,
Hunched over a screen, repeating the mundane.
 When had his promise faded?
Holding the photo he found the will,
He would not buckle, take the easy way out.
The help of the drink, his only support.
Before facing her wrath he needed it's courage.
 How easy to give in to it's call.
If not for his loves he would relent.
He longed for them hope, the future he never had,
The life that had trickled through his fingers,
Lost like sand, as time had bled his dreams dry.

Regret

The heavy weight of days too long,
The blaring head on mornings glare.
All those years consumed, for who's gain?
 Not for his, the only surety.
The relief of that first long drink,
A sense of life's return.
Always present the hate towards her,

She turned his children from him,
drained his life away.
Trying to shave with shaky hands,
The steadiness a memory long past.
Years of long hours spent in endeavour,
for what? For this?
He could have lived as he wanted, followed his dreams.
No, he did the expected, with no thanks ever given,
Only pure betrayal, and falsities planted.
Blood dripped into the sink,
The unsteady hand, the shaking blade, the cut face.
Misunderstood by all,
even by his children.
They only knew her version of the farce,
Believing her lies, and deceit,
her only contribution.
He hated them all, in anger he threw the razor down.
Reaching for reprieve, the glass slipped from his grasp,
and smashed among the filth.
Enraged he grabbed the bottle, he would show them,
He would show them all.

Pushed to the Limit

The road passed beneath her,
Her thoughts flying in the wind.
Could she manage,
 with so much to do?
Her two boys, with just her now.
Pedaling faster the anxiety grew,
The younger still so fragile,
Feeling everything,
 the sensitivity of youth.
Such a burden for her to bear,
Alone now, no shoulder for support.
Pushing her limits, the sweat flowed freely.
What would become of them?
Could they survive,
 would they flourish, or wither?
Life's test had landed on her, unwanted.
But when had she ever had a choice?
Life had always just happened, unannounced.
The fear growing inside made her push harder,
The curve in the road too sharp.
She flew through the air, landing in a ditch.
Her tears flowed freely,
 how much more could she take?
Her fortitude tested to it's limit.
In anger she picked up her bike,
This would not beat her, she would prevail.
Blood flowed from her cuts,
 she felt no pain.
For her boys she would fight,
She would never surrender, never give in.
All they now had was her, she would not fail.
She pedaled with all her strength,
The despair replaced with conviction.
She knew what she had to do.

The strength inside her grew, no more fear.
On her cycle she sped on her way,
her path now clear before her.

The Mind and the Body

Shuffling his way through the throng of humanity,
He sought out the stall with the cheapest produce.
With the shaking of hands he counted out his misery,
The pittance he had to live on for the week.
Pushed and shoved, he was seen by no one,
Just another old man
 in a sea of oldness.

Laughing aloud he pushed his way to the bar,
Anyone in his way fodder for his drive and vitality.
One more round, and why not?
The night was yet young, and he had a taste
 for what was to come.

The girls giggled as they looked at his muscular frame,
The sparkle of the eyes, the cut of the cloth.
Tonight he would not be alone.
As he shuffled along the lane, he almost fell,
The weight of the bag enough to break his pass.
In the solitude of his abode he slumped on a chair,
Exhaustion seeping from his bones,
Before preparing his lunch he had need of rest.
With sadness in his eyes he surveyed the dirty room,
He had neither strength, nor money,
 to make it clean.

After barely a few hours of sleep, he jumped into action,
Gone the feel of the alcohol from the evening past,
The clear head tuned to the coming day.
Power flowed through his body, his holy temple,
 his firm muscles a thing of great pride.
Late for work he pulled on his tracksuit,
And ran all the way in, quicker than the bus.
A quick wash, clean clothes, a sense of total focus,
Ready to face anything the day could throw his way.
He awoke with a start, trying to remember
 where he was.

He struggled to stand up, to prepare his lunch,
At least one good meal he would need to eat.
By evening the money, and the energy, would be gone.
With a dirty pot, he cooked his humble fare,
Such a strain to prepare it all,
He barely had the stamina left to eat it.
Having skipped breakfast his stomach rumbled,
His lunch would be a feast fit for giants.
The mornings work a thing of great ease,
With sharpness of mind,
 and vigour of body,
He was the king, the ruler of his realm.
At his favourite restaurant he ate his fill,
Admired by all for the hearty appetite.
A special smile from the new girl serving,
He would add her number,
 to all the numbers.
With relief came the evening, the end of the day.
His stomach empty, the constant pangs of hunger.
He staggered to the bedroom, his place of peace,
Here he could let himself go, lie still,
 and block it all out.
The sporadic sleep of the night,
His only painless time of all the day.
The tired body lay, the weary mind drifted,
He wondered when it would all end,
 and prayed for a quick release.
This was his favourite time of day,
Running through the park, the evening colours,
Sweat flowing down his magnificent frame.
He felt the power, the energy, life boiling
 in his veins.
Picking up the pace, he pushed himself even faster,
He was in his time, he held it all.
His life a thing of great beauty, living every moment,
 never would this end.

Distant Footsteps

In the quiet a woman was pushing her pram,
Sensing a presence behind her,
 she spun around,
But no one was there.
His colleagues looked at the empty chair
Wondering, had he come in today?
He walked the streets,
 seen by no one.
A shadowy figure lurking in the grayness,
A meaningless existence, pointless.
Eating dinner with his family his daughter asks,
Mummy, when's daddy coming home?
 Soon dear, he will be here soon.
He looks in the mirror, he sees his reflection,
A face that is invisible to others.
 When did he disappear?
His silhouette scarcely fills the vacuum,
Of the space he isn't able to occupy.
His life is void of life,
 just a void.
A needless man living an unnecessary life,
Not really requiring a name, just a number.
One of the many phantoms,
 the invisible people,
Who shuffle along the streets,
Leaving no trace of their passage,
Just the emptiness their presence barely fills.

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