

Alms for the Spirit

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By Candice James

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Bend

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New Westminster, BC CANADA

Be loving.

Throw shiny pebbles
you've warmed in your hands
and held to your heart
into the sea of humanity.

Be kind.

Sail whispers
you've whetted with love
and laced with empathy
onto the winds of change.

Be willing.

Embrace with ease
all the sorrows
and joys you are given.
Surrender to the storms of life

Be the solidity of the stones
Be the lingering of the whispers
Be the supple branches of eternity

If you bend you will not break...

Bend.

The Understanding

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We wade knee-deep
In our own patterns of eternity:
Weaving the destiny we wear;
Mapping the world we create;
Stumbling through dreams;
Tripping on nightmares;
Cutting our teeth on the knife of life.

Visible and invisible,
Peeling hours like oranges,
Sharing slices of time,
We are ghosts
Filtering in and out of sky and soil.

Dreaming...
We're lying awake.

Awake...
We're inside the dream.

We are vapid expectations
Of our own personal poetry
Filling page upon page
With sunsets and moon-glow,
Snowflakes and stardust.

Waist deep,
We begin the understanding.

Listen to the Rain

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Listen to the rain.

It sobs
In soft subtle tones
And maudlin moods;
Sorrow and tears
Falling from the sky's eyes.

There is a cleansing to this wet.

Hold hands with the rain.
It smiles
Through sun and wind,
Moon and stars,
Whispers and laughter
Spilling from her parted lips.

There is a rebirth to this wet.

Step into this cosmic rain dance.
Be reborn in the human rain
That falls from the eyes of the soul
Filling the canyons of the mind,
Overflowing the rivers of the heart
And rinsing the spirit clean.

Listen closely to the rain.
Hear its whispers
Infusing the atmosphere,
Sweetening the air,
Whetting the lips of life.

Star-seed

© Candice James

We are star-seed, comet dust,
Connecting, dimensionalizing
In a parallax of infinity.

We are electric, ascetic, eclectic,
We are frequency, sound everlasting,
Forgotten, remembered melodies
Drifting through energy,
Echoing the songs
We write for each other.

The seen
And the unseen,
We have always been.

We are Star-seed

The Book Re-opens

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Tides, coming full
 Yet waning and ebbing
 On fading shorelines;
Footsteps treading softly
 Leaving their imprint
 On the pale blue iridescent dust
 Of ancient skylines.

Wandering through cloud drifts
 And mother of pearl pyramids,
 The days shine amber
 Against opalescent nights.

Years, ages, faces,
 Tears trading spaces
 Reverse through each other
 Spiralling the seasons

Windblown pages always moving,
 Forward,
 Backward,
 Opening, closing,
 Going past the end,
Back to the beginning.

A wink, a sanctified blink
 And the book re-opens.

Blessed Be the Rain

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Blessed be the rain
 That falls from the eyes in the sky.
 There is a cleansing to this wet.
The fresh smell of soil and vegetation
Escaping from the earth
 Infuse the atmosphere,
 Sweeten the air.

Raindrops bump and grind
 Falling in short lived expectation
Crowning invisible dominions
 Holding court in nature's chambers
And disappearing mansions

Blessed be the rain
That falls from the eyes of the soul
 Filling the canyons of the mind,
 Overflowing the rivers of the heart
 Rinsing the spirit clean.

Blessed be the rain
 Keeper of raging rivers
 And gentle streams

 The essence
 Of life
 And rebirth.

Something

~ *Candice James 2014*

There is an eternal mark
On our souls:
A placement,
A time
And a tandem;
Something of you
That resides in me
And something of me
That resides in you;
Something that is,
Has always been
And will ever be.

There is no death in life
Nor life in death;
And yet they are both
Continuously
In constant overlap,
Here and there
In synchronous location
And time.

We cross the here and there
Unaware...
Yet aware on some level
That there is something:
Present or absent,
Current or past
That transcends everything
Into the Eternal Now;
Something that always is;
Something of you in me;
Something of me in you;
Forever ...
Wending its way home
To us.

Grace and Gratitude

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Grace and Gratitude
The fraternal twins of love and peace
Are what the world needs now.

We are held in the palm of a world
Graced with beauty
Alive with colour
Vibrating with thoughts
Turned into energy
Manifesting in vivid landscapes
Surreal structures
And bold architecture
That feeds the hungry mind
And soothes the restless heart.

We walk through this world
Surrounded by beauty:
The scent of flowers
Awakening our senses,
The shade of trees
Umbrellas under the sun
The autumn leaves
Changing colours falling,
Pristine snowflakes
Melting on our tongues
River, mountains, canyons, pastures
Accenting our horizons.

A world filled with grains of sand
A world in each grain of sand.

Behold the beauty
Of this world filled with grace
And surely
You will be filled with gratitude.

Where the Sky Bends Down

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Where the sky bends down to kiss the grass
There is a sparkling silence of thunder
In the eye of eternity's storm.

We are calm;
We are serene
As we weave our way
Through the surreal haze
Of these wonderful days,
Safe In the satin sleeve of life's maze.

I am the child of the father
who owns the horse with no name

He is the father of the child
who rides the horse with no name
To the edge of a star and back
Trying to catch the wind.

Moving through circular squares,
Speaking in unborn languages,
Together
We dream,
We walk,
And we glide
Through distant echoes and memories of the past
In the golden glow of what dreams may come.

Where the sky bends down
To kiss the grass

We walk;
We glide
And we dream together...
Always together.

Nothing is Final

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There are enlightenments
clustered within
the amber and ebony,
the strings and theories
that hide inside the trees of time

And there is a harmony there
permeating the thick atmosphere
of non-existent time.

In the eternal forest,
each tree is a signpost
bearing the names
we need to see
to find our way home
to the silver and gold
encrusted inside
the amber and ebony.

Resolution and belief
are familiar names
in this forest of timeless trees;
a green reminder that all death lives on
in the music of the theories
and the dance of the strings

Nothing is final.
Not even death.

Selfs

Walking, in brightly adorned robes,
across the Himalayan snows of consciousness
the subliminal self searches the mirrors of time
to find its reflection
sleeping inside
its supraliminal self.

*Always in tune with each other
yet strangers when they meet.*

This is our apex and nadir
the unreachable quest
we keep searching for
as we live and breathe
and continue to dream
the impossible dream
seeking the redemption
of ultimate completion
and the divine blending
of our yin and our yang

*Always in tune with each other
yet strangers when they meet.*

Under a Tent of Trees

I lay beneath the drums of heaven
stoking the thunder in the clouds,
safe from the wet,
under a tent of leafy trees.
as my mind bends the fabric of time

Snowflakes drift idly by,
just beyond the breeze.

Summer's gone
and so are summer dreams
childhood's gone
and so are childish things.

A covey of indecisive birds
wing by on a prayer and a sigh
in perfect synchronicity
with the drums of heaven
as I lay under a tent of trees
waiting,
waiting ...
for wisdom to arrive

Within Me

An angel shot silk
 into the heart of the stars
 and a universe was born.

 The force behind the stone,
the blood within the bone
 was the power of God,
 creator of the all.

 He molds all life
and I am in his keep.

 Upon my death
 I will not die.

I Am

I am the pale ghost of the night
flowing through cobblestone streets
unnoticed by the lovers
hiding in doorways
and under the bridges of time

I pass by pastoral gardens
and vibrant, living canvases
painted with faces of long-lost relatives
drifting on sepia toned gondolas
down faraway sleepy canals
that whisper familiar lullabies

I have become one
with a sky without borders
closing in on my fading shadow
absorbing my ethereal essence

The faraway echoes of a timeless universe
pull at my hazy figure
as I drift above the cobblestone streets
not certain if I am dead or alive,
but certain that I am.

Nothing Dies

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Everything is alive.

The mountains, the oceans,
the rocks, rivers and lakes,
the rain, sleet and snow.

The wind whispers of its journey
but we never truly hear
where it's been;
where it's going.

Trees grow weary
branches sway,
leaves fall.

The world and everything in it
is in a state of flux,
perpetual change.

Seasons come and go:
springing, falling;
summering in Canada,
wintering in Mexico,
keying through doors
to return to their home
Again and again
and again.

Everything is alive.
Nothing dies.

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