

Waves

Hear your voice, like a child
Crying in my dreams
Now a whisper, now a scream
Like a mermaid calling for a lost love

See your face, in my mind
A reflection of my memory
Just a wave on the inner sea
Which breaks and then is gone.

Are you lonely? are you scared?
Does your heart burn fierce and free?
Will you sail upon the sea?
Sail away and not return.

The sea is broad, the sea is long
But it's the same sea we're both on
A sea of storms, a sea of death
A sea of freedom. . .

Do you choose, your soul to lose?
Or would you stay alone and free?
I believe in you,
do you believe in me?

Are you lonely? Are you scared?
Does your heart burn fierce and free?
Will you sail upon the sea?
Will you sail away with me?

Rupert Brooks

Erosion

A prostitute's smile,
A hopeful wound
Bright red with painted infection.
Her wrinkles,
The scars that map
The battle between time and survival.
Her make-up,
A smeared rainbow-
The false promises of everlasting youth,
The black leather clung to her hips,
A shroud
Hiding the decay of her most essential flesh.

Soon, too soon, her youth
Erodes into pain.
While her radiance and beauty fades,
Her hunger and age grows in their place.
Less and less predators look her way
And she cannot be fixed.
A victim in a world of beggars
She will die,
Unnoticed.

By choice or by chance,
A matter of one's own soul,
But she is a human-being by fact,
Begging to survive
And yet still prosecuted in the eyes
Of whom, by possession of life and wealth,
Are healthy.

Jason Meldrum

The Rape

You!
How dare you live,
Breath,
Laugh,
While I cry.

How dare you love
While I die.

For you are none but
A thief!
A liar!
You vile, evil thing,
I scream
While you sing!

I boil, I rage
Yet I am incapable of feeling:
You have stolen it all
In one drunken night
You've raped me of emotion.

April Snow

The Concert

Hands gliding effortlessly
Sweeping across the keyboard with elegant force
Or a gentle caress
A haunting cascade of notes
Flowing under the guitarist's spell
A spell - yes
For what term in the dry vocabulary of western existence
Can encompass this
But magic
Magic in those fingers
Weaving, coaxing, drawing, plucking out a spectrum of emotions
Which are not bound as abstract functions of the soul
Instead they are blessed with tangibility
In my mind's eye, I can see them
Glittering strands
Like gossamer in dawn sunlight
They seem suspended on the air
Floating on the surging loving/joyful/happy/sad/
peaceful/yearning/hold me I'm alive/making contact
fear released/exhilaration of the crowd --
And touching me yet more deeply
Are the words
Words that let us see far into the heart of another
Nothing withheld
An honesty and integrity
That tears down the boundaries between us
Linking the people here with me
Whom I will never know
In some strange and too rare fashion
Made as one in this moment
Perhaps because there are no threats here
No fears to cloud our judgement
No strife to dull our being
Only the wonder of music
And this fleeting intimacy of strangers
To live with me forever.

Geoffrey Brown

On a Rainy Night

When the night grants immunity
from prying eyes
I walk.
The sound of rain
on the glossy pavement
Takes me back to the ocean
by my home.
On a rainy night
We are all equal
Dark, formless shapes
bent against the driven water
United by the common bane
of the wet, dark, cold lateness.
As one, they hasten to their destination
Save me, for whom being outdoors is my destination
I could be at home
Warm, dry, and safe.
But I choose to be here
Because this "home" is not my home
This home has not got the walls
I played between
Or the roof beneath which I laughed
Or the doors I slammed in childish anger
Nor the windows behind which I cried.
And so I walk in this dark, wet city
Because the dark at least wears a familiar face
And it rains at home too.

Edith Tippett

How could you
What good are you
Get off
Afraid of a cough?
Close your eyes and shut your ears
You won't stay in the same place
Did you know that

Woo
Will you come back to me?
Have I ever come back to you?
May I see you
I hope we can be
Like in the days that were
May you always have nature
To share
Not afraid of any bear

Jamie Hamilton

Smile

Faces beam
Continences fluoresce
Bright teeth tell tales
Cheeks favourably react
When we smile

It costs nothing
No energy wasted
But loads are lessened
And tensions disappear
Because smiles are gentle

A smile from one person
Can generate
An innocent smile on another
Smiles are as infectious
As they are appealing.

Enyinda N. Okey

Before you fall asleep

When in the dark upon thy bed you lay
And truth your prayer forsake;
While the wind outside rudely knocks
On the panes of your window...
Wanting to come in.
While the mind so sprightly wanders
Along the trodden path of a farmer's field,
Or on the sandy shores of Eastern
nowhere.
When the quiet solace of David's harp
Float idly by without a word;
And on the darkened clouds of night
Your mind is put to rest;
The sleepy taste of cool red wine
As it soaks into the tongue, into the mind.
When, for once peace prevails
In the unseen shadows of the wall,
As it melds smoothly into the air;
And Philly, the cat, makes a soft, soft pur...
It reaches your ear
From beneath the bed where he lay.
When in the dark, upon your bed you lay
And the sands of sleep are sprinkled
Upon your eyes,
Remember
That on a crowded street
Under a tattered cardboard box,
No shoes, no hat; under the rain
There a poor man lies.

Mark Ireland

Shades of Light



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