

The Storm by Christie

One night recently I experienced one of the most beautiful storms! Rain poured, lightning flashed, thunder crashed, hail thrashed - but it was beautiful. Under the guiding hand of the wind, the rain pelted the sun drenched and choked earth in silvery sheets - the sheets each resembling a wave coming in from sea, each coming independently of the other but uniting joyously at the shore in order to serve their purpose of being on this earth. Creating much perplexity in simple minds but delight in aspiring minds, the golden forks of lightning slid smoothly and gracefully to the earth to assure all creatures that there was still light to be had even though troublesome clouds had previously blotted out all evidence. The sharp "plunk, plunk, plunk" on the roof announced the somewhat dismaying arrival of true works of percision, hailstones, each exquisitely moulded from ice in independent and yet enhancing designs. Overhead the thunder grumbled noisily onward - the aftermath of each lightning bolt, the hearty ovation from earth's elements to the lightning's beauty, the timid and rather unapplauded rival of the hailstones for recognition by the sense of sound. All too quickly it passed into memory-land with this one thought remaining locked in my mind: "There's beauty in everything if you but look for it."



photo by Peter Billing

Fran's Melodie by Dale Estey

I use you as a symbol.

One time we took long walks
But its unlikely you'll remember.

We've got to stay together, you and I. But of course that is impossible. Have you ever noticed how many things are impossible? Oh, they'll tell you that anything is possible, anything at all. That its really up to you. But its not true. I've tried - perhaps we both tried. Always more from me. But that wasn't your fault my friend (yes, I call you friend, though I think that friendship has long past), there is no reason to say that it was anyone's fault. At worst it was a mistake. It is my mistake. The mistake (as you have always known) is mine.

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But its unlikely you'll remember.

There's a bottle of wine beside me now (yes, I've started drinking) and Gordon Lightfoot's on the stereo (yes, I'm sad like he) but I don't want you to be sad. It isn't only you. You are my symbol. The feeling has gone quite far beyond you now. As far from here to the Blue Nun bottle. From here to the moon. From here to the end. (And what were you doing when they landed on the moon?)

Another sip (you must forgive me, I'm getting drunk), and now I'll try to explain. Not for you my friend (yes-friend) but for all those reading who don't understand. 'Cause I'm going to write 'till the music stops. And then its over.

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But its unlikely you'll remember.

Another bottle (you must excuse me). Portugese this time - Mateus. What am I supposed to.. yes, explain. (I owe you a letter you know - it'll never be written). Must explain. The finality of something is that which is most painful. Most times you know, most times it can be changed. Whatever it is. There is always that hope that it can be different. That if you - that if I try hard enough I can change whatever the trouble - that there is always that chance. Just a chance. But that is gone now, with you, for me. And when it is over, completely Over. Well, that is sad. And even memories aren't any good.

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But its unlikely you'll remember.

Oh hell, maybe it's right that you shouldn't remember. Maybe I shouldn't even be writing this. What good will it do? But then, what harm can it do? We are beyond harm. We have left behind us the strains of Glory and the dirge of Defeat. We are beyond the poetry and the prayer. We once believed in the powers of both. Believed. Believed. Everything is in the past.

Another glass (you must overlook my drunkenness). Back to Rhein Wein. Do you, do you

remember that restaurant in Berlin? Yes that - that you must remember. After the Charlottenberg Schloss - we met there - remember having to wear those silly slippers so we wouldn't ruin the old floors. And the peacocks, it was the first time I had ever seen a real peacock. Then waiting for that bus, it had just finished raining. I was glad to be with you because I was afraid I'd get the wrong bus. I had done it before, hunting for a bank to cash my traveller's cheques - it was a Saturday. Anyway, we finally got that bus - there were three of us, I never found out the others' name (was she the one who wouldn't write to you?) and anyway we got on that bus and came back to the center of the city. Hungry - we were all hungry, and although I always tried to be careful with my money, we went to that restaurant where we could watch all the people walking past. And take our fucking sweet time. Two - three hours we were there, long and lazy and I don't really remember what I ate but I know we talked. We three, we really talked and talked and it was one of the few times I feel that you really showed yourself. We were close, weren't we? And I got a bit drunk then too (not used to wine) and you both laughed a little. And then we got another bus and

I've just finished my last glass (you must forgive me being so drunk) but it doesn't matter that much, for you see I still remember. But its over my friend (yes, I call you friend, but for the last time). Even though I'm drunk, I realize that it is over. And it still makes me sad. But - and its necessary that you realize this.....

You've gone now you know, that's why I use you as a symbol
One time we took long walks, you and I.
But its unlikely you'll remember.
And I'll never do this again.