

AUTUMN

It is that time of year,  
 caught between the seasons.  
 The raindrops can't quite decide  
 to set their soul upon the wind;  
 and drift in swirling flows outside your window,  
 to shape the streetlight's glow against the night.  
 And leaves, without a tear,  
 have lost their reason.  
 The green of summer's smile fades,  
 to dying splashes of red and gold;  
 and leaves the patchwork fields below,  
 to wave their bony arms against the sun.

Patrick O'Brien

CASTLES

Imagine man to be but a cloud.  
 He builds up his castles from the shattered  
 Remnants of those before him,  
 And swells on his spoils till he breaks and  
 Shatters, spreading his debris into the wind  
 For another cloud to form its castles.

Will the castles always fall separately  
 Or will they one day all fall together  
 With no one behind to pick up the pieces.  
 And if so, who's doing will it be:  
 Man's "civilized" hand,  
 Or the black untamed beast which sits perched  
 On his shoulder?

It is always the beast.

By Stephen Sherlock

ENDLESS NOVEMBER

This lingering November has lasted twenty years,  
 Its shadows and fog have often blurred my sight,  
 Against chilling loneliness I faced the fight:  
 Fled to the height,  
 To the Source, Our Light.

At last when life took form and sense,  
 Burdenless, I eased my shattered soul,—  
 Floated with Peace! Transported by Joy!  
 For I was one with The Meaning!

Birds start to sing—  
 Dawn is something we share.  
 Yet, where?

Friends:  
 Your laughter is only to be remembered  
 As the glided rays  
 Of those glad-sad searching days.

So memories fill my time:  
 [Where are You?]  
 After such a hard climb,  
 Where am I?

Oh God! This loneliness is more than I can bear;  
 My questions stick in the humid midnight air:  
 Unanswerable.

Nobody, I was...  
 Now, a soul too free:  
 ...For I also lost you,  
 When I lost me.

By Becky Mowat

TIME

A circular line of time  
 twines itself around each seed...  
 When broken or faint:  
 It pauses—  
 with recollections of Life when time stood still,  
 [Joyless, arid occasions]...  
 Then recalling from wise Experience, new inventiveness;  
 It surrounds itself once more.

Funny though;  
 The same eagerness to become the Future,  
 Is hidden by sweet, driving dreams  
 To meet with the Past again.

By Becky Mowat

TRUST

Strength; seen in the puzzle-pattern of lime-green leaves  
 Out-lined on a steel-grey sky,

Equals only their fragility...  
 for without roots  
 They die.

By Becky Mowat

