

Reflections



By and for men and women of
good will

Issue 77

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REFLECTIONS is a non-profit making arts project which believes that art can provide a suitable forum for like-minded individuals to share their ideas in a positive environment. Now, perhaps more than ever, there is a need for goodwill between people, irrespective of their background, social position or standing. The purpose of 'Reflections', therefore, is to promote this aim rather than be a platform for self-interested personalities.

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Avant-Garde

Do not believe the old gods' tales.
We are no longer children;
Our light is steadfast and our steps are sure.
They cannot stop us now.

The owl grows sleepy and a cock is crowing.
Who knows but the nightingale shall nest again
In the poet's wood as we travel towards Morning.

Light-years from Bristol, the dawn poet Chatterton
Has touched his many minstrels to their deep core.
The meadow is quickened with flowers
Whose goblets hold fresh dew.
It is time to feast in the Morning of the awakened.

And we who were large with sorrow
And laden with mortality
Advance ourselves with the delicacy
Of soul-aware children.

All history lies behind us.
We are the early chosen,
First to sample the spangled wine
Which Nature has prepared.
Thus she has designed us,
Though contemporaries be frozen,
To leave the rigid human line
With souls of love bared.

Now as we danced through the meadow
Who once were but a flicker
We become a fused being
Of newly gathered light.
For us the gladsome pastures,
The pulse made quicker,
The vision flaming, freeing
Man to Infinite.

Do not believe the old gods' tales.
We are adult in our season,
Wise beyond reason,
Born out of darkness to a world
Where Love alone prevails.

AMORATA

Clarity

Clarity is hard to find. Crystallised
Souls are forced to glimpse with squinted, hurting eyes
Through gaps in shutters at the world. Rippled pools
Cannot reflect the breadth of light concretely.

But as we stare into Her eyes unraped by Time,
Carved by hands that felt the depth of their full worth, The shutters
open, and the pool is still: revealing
Absolute eternal beauty. And all is clear.

JIM SINCLAIR

Song For The Next Few Moments

It catches at our throats,
waiting here for a second
on the cusp of discovery;
we see the cornucopia of carvings
around the doorway
unsurpassed in delicacy;
intricate patterns in the window's painted glass
illuminate the honey coloured floor.

It is not sensuous pleasure alone,
not proportion, not symmetry
not only light that are key
to this timeless simplicity

that takes us out of ourselves;
we sense that every feature,
every curve and every angle
all subtly combine;
as in the presence of a lover
everything here counts;
all it takes is to be still, be silent,
look and see.

PETER DAY

An Artist's Impression

In the circle of sun
on a window sill,
a feather, a leaf, a shell.
Symbols
of the ever-flowing,
ever-changing,
gathered together
for a still life.

MAUREEN COPPACK

His Way

Not for him the banner headlines,
Nor the great guns roar.
No plea or promise amplified,
No trumpet blast to say I am.

His the voice in the sweet bird song.
His the hand that moves the storm.
His the promise in the newborn's cry.
And his the hope that we shall know.

MALCOLM CURRIE

Golden Road To Samarkand

I

We're carted in a cosy caravan of dreams,
Driving fast across vast desert waste.
Nothing we see is exactly as it seems,
From mirage to death we race in reckless haste.
The Master Sheikh cries "wake up you sleeping one,
Within you shines a Great Almighty Sun!"

A boy had need to cross that golden sand,
To find his fond father in Samarkand.
His journey was beset by many trials,
The brave lad trekked for miles and miles.
He trudged on when all seemed sadly lost,
He persisted regardless of all human cost.

God's grace came in camel shape, a beast had strayed,
So back to his father, the way was safely made!

II

The fierce blazing heat of noon-day Sun,
Afflicts each caravan on its lonely way.
The camels yearn for water, but there is none,
Until they reach some oasis, one blessed day.

The Sheikh cries "The Sun is like God's will,
Driving your caravan across the golden sand;
Water's like Real Truth, which you need to fill
Your heart, to cut your knot of bondage band!"

A traveller traversed across that desert plane,
Soon he became thirsty from the blazing heat,
He prayed for water from a shower of rain,
To save his life, his journey then complete.
He glimpsed an oasis, 'twas a mirage it seems,
Such is our wasted life, a caravan of dreams!

III

The Sheikh calls "come to the tavern and drink
The ecstatic ruby wine of love divine!
Then enquire into that one who thinks;
Soon you'll find your inner Sun sublime
That lights your mind of wandering dreams,
And makes you see a world that only seems
To be Real, when its all a false delusion.
That's the very root of mind's illusion!"

A pilgrim knocked hard at the tavern door,
Alas he found it shut and firmly closed.
No answer came although he did implore
The Sheikh to help in what he had proposed.

Then he heard a voice within the tavern cry,
"My son to your false self, you first must die!"

IV

The One Eternal Sheikh is our blessed Self,
Not treacherous, perverted monkey mind,
Like some diabolic demonic elf,
It flits from each tree to tree it finds.

So hearken to the wisdom of one's Master Sheikh.
As he teaches freedom and the way to awake.
The Sheikh in the desert on the golden way
To Samarkand, frees us from the prison of each day.

A man met his Master one blessed hour,
And enquired, "how to free myself from 'mind'?"
The Master said "if you turn within each hour,
In search of you own false self you'll surely find,
That real freedom you so urgently desire,
And be born again in God's great sacred fire!"

ALAN JACOBS

Child

Everything is right through your eyes.
You were born into something beyond faith:
into something more invisible,
and nothing else.
You were born into your mother's arms,
and there was and will never be
anything truer than this: -
the calm, love, and newborn wisdom,
and nothing else.
You will not consider what's without the walls
while you watch for half an hour
some ant crawl indoors.
Through your eyes it never died
under your curiously pointing finger.
Your way is to despise nothing,

and in such a case I wish to follow you always.
But experience allows me only so far.
The dream is to be forever ignorant as you;
to have a soul clean and never weaned
by reality to things that bend us
round unnatural ends.
Summer sneaks into spring.
But there is never confusion and change
in some things everlasting.
If it hailed a dark, endless weight tomorrow,
your presence would still burn light
right through us.
Through your eyes
there are no shapes in the clouds.
Nothing is assigned to anything
but that which in such light
there are soft creations of colour.
You will know this as spring,
and you will know the things of winter,
though there is nothing of that season
You've yet seen.
You know nothing of these words
and you know nothing of their coming to be.
There is a relief in this alone,
as it takes only a look from me
and you are reassured,
only a look from you
and you are more adored.
It is my faith that you and your play
have it more right than we will ever know.

SAMUEL HOWELL

And As The Earth Is Made Anew

Our Pilgrim climbs the dewy hill
While all around is calm and still
Save in the distance can be heard
Three times the call of the fire-bird
Declaring the coming of the dawn
From whence the god of light is born
To take up arms and put to flight
The lackeys of the cruel night.

See how softly the first light flames
And yet still She all passion tames
And brings each mind to fairer things,
To where the spirit soars and sings
Of Beauty and of purest Love,
Of Good and that which lives above
This world where all is foolish dreams
And little endures or is what seems.

Now perfume clouds bear heaven's scent
As Sultan steps from Royal Tent
To dazzle all with light's diadem
Flinging jewel and strewing gem
Till splendour fills the blessed air
That shares the joyance of that Pair
One rosy Dawn, the other Day
Blent as one within a single Ray

And as the earth is made anew
Let's bid our bitter tears adieu,
Together walk the golden mile

And rise above our cares awhile.
Forget for now our world of clay
To skip along the merry way
As children of the splashing stream we run
To the golden realms within the Sun.

PAT KELLY

The Climbers Call

The slog is hard, it's damp, it's cold,
be brave and strong, progress, be bold.
Look up, not down, peer through the mist,
break from the haze, by sun be kissed.

Above the clouds the air is clear,
the sky sharp blue, no noise to hear.
A soft duvet to mask a fall,
a risk to take, the climbers call.

Beat snow and hail, blizzards or gale,
no misplaced step, it's death to fail.
It's peace and quiet the prize they seek
on conquered top of mountain peak.

M. V. ULLATHORNE



Miracle

Child, you are the beauty we prayed for,
you are the mist emerging from our desire,
the fulcrum of our existence and love,
we bless every moment of your growth.

Your parents follow your beautiful growth,
and as such we care for you with our hearts
wide open to all that you will become with time.
We give you our time and affection for always.

And these words will be confusing to you
in your time of development and existence,
but as such, through time, you will learn
your love for your own shall be the miracle.

VINCENT BERQUEZ

Weightless

Balanced
And in proportion
Each Gift to man
Is made
And tests
‘Though bittersweet may be
Are milestones on each road
Through our eternity
And when at last

This race is run
The Peace in Truth
Is rest
As
One

LYN SANDFORD

Completion

In the blank canvas
of day,
solitude is kept
and remains,
these colours brilliant
whirl in significance
of peace
and leave duty
to nature,
as jigsaw pieces
take their place,
connecting the master plan,
fragmenting the fan of civilization,
into its deliberate acts,
while the kingfisher reaches
to the water
and escapes to the sky.

JOHN P. HINDLE

Passage Of Light

I have passed beyond the opal gate
To my lost and lovely Land
Where, in the starclad light of youth,
I walked the midnight sand.

Here upon the timeless bough
Love's nightingale still sings
Whose echo lingered in my heart
Through all my mortal springs.

Life passes. Now, the crow-like clouds
Fly westward from the dawn;
Upon the time-locked land of Earth
Another day is born:

But the rising sun shall find me not
Though all the Earth be scanned.
I have passed through the opal gate
To my luminescent Land.

AMORATA

The Light

It is
the light
that astounds
my love and I.

The light that creates
the valley's jewels;
the green plush mountain
cataracts and streams.

The light
that transforms
simple bracken,
into complex
shades of heather.

The light
streaming as clouds
rush through the dales
and weep, weep
upon these lakes.

The light, the light.

DAVID R. MORGAN

Light

There is light; and within the eye of light,
the source of all possibility.

We are the mountains, the sky, the sea:
born of fire, born of night,
we are the Source's yearning to be,
the essence that burns so bright.

DEE SUNSHINE

Cathedral

To be seen from all sides
With towers that indicate the evermore
 Sounding the heights
Up there in a sky of blue and white
Cutting clean in clear space
The eye climbs with you within without
 Raised on a hill
More of heaven than of earth
Home of the dovelike in the dovetailed present
The shaped rock everything so neatly in place
No risk No gamble But certainty
Sanctuary of the harassed mind
Offering peace in transparent hearts
With the love window that softly lights
The hallowed hall's serenely ageing stone
A cavernous chamber dwarfing Handel's fanfare
A cave that holds an momentous treasure
Orchestrated structure with arboreal pillars
Rising into a canopy of spreading branch
Echo of the arching trees that reach out
 Over the river below
Those trees that screen the settled foundations
At the foot of the cloudstone walls
Our eye climbs with you within and without
 Raised on an eminence
Joined with heaven though resting on earth
We the fledglings return there
To find Mother Father at home
But many of us still don't know

Just how vital you are
The cathedral universal and citadel

BOB KELLY

Progeny

I am as one who has produced what none
expected when the lineage of the line
lies dead and all eyes that cast about
conclude one's purposes have been pursued
for nothing, and seem as empty sounding
echoes of generations comatosed.

But there arises from beyond the heaps
and piles of flesh that fill the aisles of years
new sounds, new voices, new intonations
that are reflections in the nebula
of a brighter light than many might foresee,
more startling than a prophecy's fulfillment.

Of such a scene are phoenixes reborn,
though the ashes were not from their ashes.

A.K. WHITEHEAD

The Voices Of Gravel Fell

Can't you hear them calling where the wind greets kiss of
morn

subtle underneath the natural tone
of casual conversation
wafting through the stark and trembling fingers
pointing heavenwards
touched with trepidation.

Whistling over moorland wreathed in purple hangings
dancing with the stippled pebbling water
fanning from the surface
of a thousand wind-skirled lakes
keening in the colours spreading westwards
caught within dimensions of a long forgotten time
when man had need to tell
of love and crime.

They sashay off the sea in a petticoated pirouette
and echo down the dunes
like the kine 'cross sands of Dee.

Gasping through the fat-boughed oaks
and tinkling through the thin
a message of the distant
and the timeless dispossessed
a weary whisper sweeping hills as old as hills themselves
alluding to the manic and the sadly unconfessed.

They're there.
I know.

I've heard them as they gather with the storm
and then descend like banshees in a coven lost, forlorn.
Folks say they come to harry;
I think they come to warn
Travelling from a realm that time forgot;
I think they've come to warn
But no one knows from what.

BOB NIMMO

Heart Garden

Deep in the heavenly garden of one's spiritual heart,
Plant a pink Rose of Purity, such beauty 'twill impart,
With a pure white Arum Lily of unconditional love,
Fresh fragrant, bright green Champaka flowers, which fall above
To grace Mandara blooms, emblems of humility meek,
Friends of Lady of Night, sweet compassion that we seek.

So plant in our spiritual garden for all to see
A melting heart, a bountiful hand that's always free,
Kind speech and a life of service to one's fellow man,
Equal vision, the whole wide universe, there to scan,
With an impartial non-judgemental attitude,
Full of freshly found forgiveness, blessing and beatitude.

ALAN JACOBS

My Poem Falters And Falls

I write with ink of blood
To testimonialize and give
A touch of eternity to it
But my poem falters and falls
In the poetry of the world.

I pluck words from
A flowery and ornate garden
And weave a garland of them
To adorn the world
But they trample it
Under their feet
Like they crush the stub
Of the cigarette to prevent it
From catching the fire.

I discover the words
Hidden in the unhaunted
Recess of the mind
And juxtapose them
Like an ideal couple
Of bride and bridegroom
At bridal chamber
And turn my poem on new leaf
But they tilt their stony eyes
And turn deaf ears to it.

I infuse my heart and soul
Into the poem
Thinking it would be

The best and the last of my life
But they simply say:
Since it is the beginning
You would learn by mistakes.

VIVEKANAND JHA

The Wide Seas

As the light faded,
another ship overhauled us;
its decks were lined with yellow lights.
Beyond, the moon shed its cold light.
slow chords on the grand piano,
the mournful song of a chanteuse,
evoked the sweet melancholy
of floating worlds just out of reach
of one another.

JOHN LIGHT

Whom Enchantments Defend

Whom enchantments defend, shall he fail, shall he fall?
He possesses the sword of invincible blows.
He is ringed round with helpers to overcome all.
Shall he fall, shall he fail, whom enchantments oppose?

Three battles he fights and three times overthrows
The dragon that holds the lost princess in thrall;
And a ball of bright gold in reward she bestows.
Whom enchantments defend, shall he fail, shall he fall?

Through the forest to guide him the princess's ball
Rolls fast, and he follows the path that it shows;
It rolls towards the city and up to the wall.
He possesses the sword of invincible blows.

In through the gateway unhindered he goes;
He has entered and gone from the king's council hall
And is off to accomplish the tasks set by foes.
He is ringed round with helpers to overcome all.

Span the sea with a bridge built of feathers and straw!
Place an orchard this night where. that broad river flows!
Wild beasts of the forest spring forth at his call.
Shall he fall, shall he fail, whom enchantments oppose,
Whom enchantments defend?