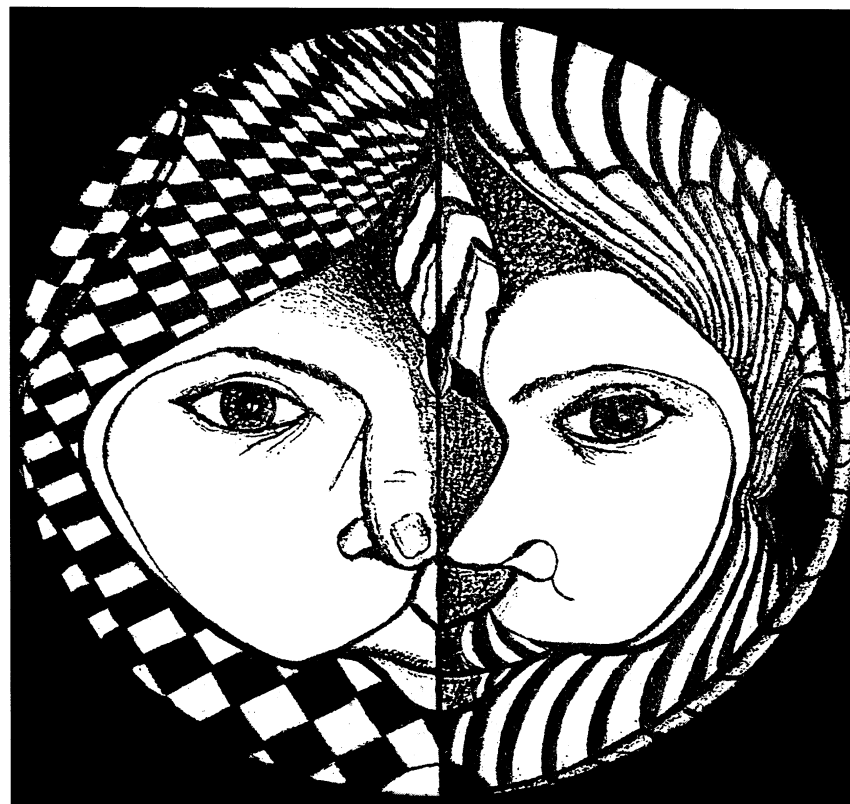


Reflections



By and for men and women of
good will

Issue 105

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Reflections is a not-for-profit arts project which provides like-minded individuals with opportunities to share their poetry.

We mainly publish work which is positive, celebrates beauty, or is concerned with spirituality in the broadest sense of the term.

Poetry, colour artwork and photographs should be sent by e mail to:

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Contributors should indicate how they wish material to be attributed.

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Purusha and Prakrti

Purusha, the essential us,
Prakrti, inessential, thus

thrown into a world of care,
the mind-body's being-there

ready to avenge its blows,
bruises or a bloody nose.

Purusha, on the other hand,
predisposed to understand,

sees things from a different slant
and so forgives what Prakrti can't.

RICHARD LIVERMORE

Cadence

Hearing,
A gentle rhythmic sound
Of ocean's waves
Meeting the shore.

MICHAEL ENEVOLDSEN

The Seaman

Discarnate of land
That unsteady firm plane
Up the man rope he creeps
As the mantis that prays

Feet find brilliant planks
Bright with holystone warmth
Ere emerald pennant descendeth
Shouts bosun aloft

For the seaman decks swaying
Is the rocking of yore
Sea-legs of less substance
Skin scaly and coarse

Ever forward gaze cast
Lest love be left moored
For fortunes are found
O'er a far distant shore

OLIVER P. MATTHEWS

Friendship

Let me be the candle in the dark
The whisper in the wind
The reassuring shadow
Who smiles with you
Greets your day,
And walks beside you.

I will lead you through
The walled-up door,
Open wide the curtains,
Shake the spiders (gently!)
Out of the windows.

Let me be the warming
Sun when you are raging,
The soothing rain
When you are barren.
Tell me your troubles.
And I will stand with them.

I will hear them,
So they shout a little less.
I can be your 5-a-day,
Your dragon in the clouds;
The magic we cannot be for ourselves.

So, let yourself love yourself,
I can be your bridge,
Across those persistent, Troublesome waters;

Your feet up and glass of red,
Half full, when you are half empty,
Your anchor.

And you, my dearest friend,
Will do the same for me.

SARAH ADAMS

Poet

Within the landscape of the mind
In solitude the poet walks alone
Composing a language of the soul
With images and inspiring thoughts
Bright and dark colours, tapestry of life.

Always questioning how, why and when
Penning of death, love, joy, happiness and joy
Searching for truth walking purple storms
Taking blows and turning the other cheek
Looking at the stars and seeing God.

Making beauty touching other souls
Memories sweet and bold and lovers not forgot
Time and space no barrier for the questing mind
Grief and loss given words to let tears flow
The poet fulfils an important role for mankind.

COLIN IAN JEFFERY

Where Away?

In our garden the rare elm tree
Has shed its leaves with dignity.
Its bones lie stark against the sky;
Like me, it seems to wonder “Why?”
Like me, it mourns, and heaves a sigh.

The Light Immortal that was you
Has quit the shell that mortals knew.
Your earthly life had run its course;
You’ve homeward gone; returned to source.

Can there be some distant star,
Some Galaxy - remote by far -
To which, haply, you have sped
Leaving me here, alone, instead
To wonder ever where you are?

I hear you whisper in my ear:
“Do not be sad for what you’ve lost.
Be glad for what you had!”

ROBERT GOSLIN

A Rainbow Memory

When my hollow present blows
The dying embers in the heart-grate
Fond childish Cinders glow up
The frozen black memory melts past-colors,
I see a sparkle of rainbow recollections,
As I walk upon our trodden pavement
I see a slash of sea between houses
Thy red dress like a bright red boat
Sink in golden sand, blue fishing nets
Brown fort walls, green lichen beach
A frequency of meetings, a wave of hugs
My soul speaks, my lips move
As I net to catch these moments
Like a street urchin’s yellow fists
Holding the rainbow in his tiny grasp
But these slip like sand through fingers
When he tries to hold them tightly

SANDEEP KUMAR MISHRA

Jasmine

Jasmine is elegance,
lullaby-sweet.
From a vine of green
the perfume peaks
intoxicated, vulnerable, molten.

Jasmine haunts
with a moth-wing glow,
can sing like a ghost of descendants,
quite unaware.

NATALIE CRICK

The Well Of Dazzling Truth

Petal-sweet dewes of the jewelled garden,
Summer showers that fall soft on meadows,
The splashy burn that tumbles down the hill,
The crystalline pool, clear unto its depths,
Fountains of rainbow-spray cooling the air,
The foaming waves that break on golden sands,
The stream up which against the flow we swim,
The waterfall that veils the hidden cave,
The prodigal's tears in his father's arms,
The woodland's oozy spring that bubbles up:
They all can raise the peaceful human mind
To the well of pure and dazzling truth.

PAT KELLY

Midnight

Is that dark time
when all should
be asleep, and
only creatures dark
should be abroad.

Then you recall
all the needs of
morning time,
sun and life
and all awake

Be glad then that
Midnight's there,
preparing all the
days ahead.

MALCOLM CURRIE



Life's A Dream

God our creator is impartial like the growth of one's beard,
Personal yet impersonal a prime paradox who's feared.
Each morning, carefully shaved one's beard is kept trim,
Hair falls on floor like time, best swept up, memory is dim.

Philosophy rattles like a gambler's dice in the box of the mind
Striving to know the why and the how, like a fox hard to find
Stalked by hounds of heaven, it hasn't much of a chance.
Mind's, led a merry dance, piped to tune of fateful circumstance.

So let go of tyrannical mind as advised in spiritual teaching,
Apperception, out of the blue will come, an adventure far reaching.
The puppet strives to comprehend Life's enigmatic mystery,
Philosophy, physics, theology, chemistry, sex, art, and history.

All play their pre-programmed, pre-ordained, scripted part,
From driving a car to creating exquisite works called art.
What a threat to arrogant, egotistic, imagined, self esteem,
It makes poor blighted soul, shriek a loud primeval scream!

Truth can't ever be adequately explained in words or told,
Truth is 'what is', so acceptance, we wholeheartedly hold.
Every thought is awkward like a cripple, clumsily uttered,
Half baked truths, false belief systems, loutishly muttered.

At best menus, sign posts, labels or maps to point the way
To understanding. Then comes obsessive seeking night and day,
To gain an enlightened blissful state difficult to be achieved.
Except by the Grace of God full comprehension is perceived.

Now vain Narcissus has gone, egotistic 'me' has taken leave,
Mind has surrendered, thrown in the towel, nought left to grieve.
Self Realisation springs clearly from silence way down deep,
Calmly at peace as in the blissful sheath of dreamless sleep.

Stillness prevails, I know, 'I Am That I Am', all conflicts cease,
Mind and body are steeped in blessed deep harmonious peace.

ALAN JACOBS

Steeple

Landmark, lifemark, the steeple of St John's.
Pausing, we hear the bells faintly in snow.
Down the chill river, destiny beckons.
Landmark, lifemark, the steeple of St John's.
Pals all our lives, we're the lucky ones,
Tramping the valley top, me and my Bro.
Landmark, lifemark, the steeple of St John's.
Pausing, we hear the bells faintly in snow...

PAUL BEECH

Garden Of The Mind

There was a Man
With shining crown
As soft and light
As thistledown,
A gentle, lion-hearted Man
Who, swaying through the clouded planes,
Scattered the lighted seeds of Thought
In countless sad, forsaken lanes;
A Man not yet of mortal birth,
Who carried consciously the plan
To liberate the Earth.

Through every age
The scattered seed
Froze in the winter
Of our need:
We did not heed, we did not know
The Country lonely for our kind;
We walked our concrete winterworld
Until the heart grew bleak and blind;
And oh, we grieve to understand
Our loneliness, till we must go
To seek the longlost Land.

Then, the very
Sun stoops down
And gives to each
A shining crown
Whose Thoughts go flying on the air,

Light with wisdom, soft with power,
To seed in some sequestered place,
Waiting for the destined hour
When fallen nations wake to rise
And generations all embrace,
Causing once and eternally
The flowering of a race.

AMORATA

String Quartet

Shining with beatitude,
the Icon's mystery bestows
quiet comfort,
contemplation a release from
anxious lingering,
the music bringing peace that
words cannot give.

It is familiar, a daily kindness,
a nameless grace, a melody
of the tide's rise and fall,
the fugue expressing the spiritual enfolding.

PETER DAY

At Hayle Estuary

The river runs its predestined course seawards,
drawn by magnetic outflows of neaptides.
I feel my love's blood flood inside my veins
flushing out vestigial spaces where honied sadness resides.

The fullmoon sails her spectral galleon over sleeping trees
near midnight, counterpointing snail-slow flights of stars.
I tease out in the dark the earth's monumental mysteries
shaped by the sculptress illumining a stranger's stares.

Drenched in bitter-sweet solitudes today, I recall
the snow-white seabirds feeding beyond the estuary wall
in frenzied flocks where telescopic twitchers gaze in delight,
obsessed from the day's first sun till blackest pitch of night.

ROLAND GURNEY

A Walk In The Woods

Sweet violets
sheltering among gnarled roots,
Faultless.

Ferns
shielding striped snails.
Flawless.

A spider's web
holding the dew.
Impeccable.

A red squirrel
hiding nuts.
Accomplished.

A walk in the woods.
Perfect.

GERALD HAMPSHIRE

Haiku

sun sets on pine run
shadows sprint for tilting sun
branch and bark flashes

GREGG DOTOLI

In Praise Of The High Romantic

From the vitalic source the rhythm rises
Through azure seas to the high up Citadel
Where in the aery vast of Soul dimensions
Sublime masters, the solar poets, dwell.
Their swelling Voice ignites the Soul impassioned
Till with delight the inner flame ascends
To where the poet-warrior was fashioned
Whose journey now in timeless victory ends.

No more for him return to mortal valour
Against the grain of his own hard-earned growth;
No more, the loss of light to reach young brothers,
Though till now his heart was never loathe.
Over, the long recycle of awareness
Far from his natural home and wakened race:
For us he made the sacrifice of aeons
And all his lives with us were acts of grace.

At last he stands above the shining mountain,
Of the inner sky a bright an vivid star:
A Muse, a high Evangel, an Inspirer,
That Man might still become an avatar.
Only afar can he now work his magic
And with a chosen few work hand-in-glove:
New warrior-poets who will show this planet
That still the changeless truth of truths is Love.

AMORATA

The Telling Of The Self

Our game is played on a chequerboard,
Playing by turns appears to be our lot.
Alternately good and bad on paths are poured,
But between the squares the Truth is got.

Uttered in the cave of a humbled heart,
The clarified word of the penitent
Oft shows where Self and self doth part,
And is a telling-ray from heaven sent.

PAT KELLY

Little Robin Listening

I want to be like you, little robin,
With head on one side,
Listening to his Maker, innocent,
Knowing humility and glory all as one,
Finding the ecstasy of higher self
In every chirrup,
Scarlet sins as white as snow.
I do not need to ask,
For God the Parent knows and gives,
My silent request is heard
As weight and sin cascading fall
As promised, in confession, faith and
Oh!
Exquisite Grace.

P. G. P. THOMPSON

Spider-Time

Time spins a web
to catch the dawn
before it escapes
back into the night.
And, because time
spins a web, we are saved
from Absolute Zero.

RICHARD LIVERMORE

God Sense

Throw open the window.
Throw open the door;
and step outside!
If there is sunshine,
let the warmth play upon your face.
If there is a breeze,
be thankful and let it caress your cheek.
Be still - and you will have no need to ask.
Answers will come before you even pose a question.
A contradiction? I think not.
It only remains to be tried!

ROBERT GOSLIN