

Dear nature

Hello birds

I see you there at last
It seems that I am drawing near
The end of mine own fast

A fast that I assumed
By no meaning of my own
A fast that has inevitably
Left me most alone

I have abstained from thee
Seeking other things in life
Namely, true connection
Through a partner or a wife

But this is all in vain
To a sad man through and through
Hence why, my dear nature
I've returned again to you.

To you where I find calm
Simple joy, sweet relief
Where to my mind, so readily
Comes reason and belief

I love you, my dear Nature
I shall never fast again
For when your day is through and done
You are my only friend.

The bird show

The wind is alive in these grasses
An invisible entity as powerful as love and hate
A magpie's carol greets me kindly
I am now a part of the scene.

The callow larks stray in their paths capriciously
Briefly aloft in the uproarious gale of the headland
Only to plummet on an excited trajectory back down along the hillscape.

Scores of winglets pouring through the sky
And yet they never seem at risk of colliding
These animals were born and raised in such an environment of freedom
Now they play their part to perfection.

A magnificent bird show, and I am at the centre!
It is hard not to feel solipsistic in this scene; the object of orbit
But I am only an observer of this phenomenon.

These birds show not a hint of shyness in their performance
What an invaluable characteristic of their kind!
They hold not the capacity for diffidence
This magnificent display is as natural and unaffected as if I wasn't here at all!

I am so grateful for sight
That humankind should be gifted with the ability to consciously observe
For no other reason than appreciation of beauty
Remains the most inspiring facet of life.

Our role as a species should not be domination
It should be to use this superior consciousness to observe those
who have avoided the hindrance that comes with it.

Oh the joy in their flight!
Their speed is spectacular!
But there is no competition involved here
Instead it seems a gregarious performance of pure life.

Pure life!

This spectacle is an expression of unalloyed leisure
I can not fathom any practical motives at play
I am surely witness to a demonstration of ecstasy.

And now they have risen ten metres above!
And apparently are migrating south
Perhaps to find another arena to showcase their brilliant displays of freedom
Or maybe playtime is over, and their migration is purely task-orientated.

I think I am a fool to even question the purpose of their flight
For one, to know the answer would destroy this novel beauty
But also, I am almost certain that their aerial symphony was directionless
strictly romantic, decidedly liberated.

Golden light

Yes!

I can see the golden light
My mind begins to run the buoyant course of possibility
Overjoyed with it all, my life has found its gear

Ah, but my head hurts today.

Oh!

I have found what has been hiding
Behind those steadfast curtains is the window to new life
At last the time has come to draw them open

Ah, but my head hurts today.

“Carpe Diem!”

I hear my treasures calling
From beneath their arable soils
My hands are keen and strain for digging

Ah, but my head hurts today.

My!

The day to shape all days upon
The sun announces brightly:
“Rise and sow, each moment is fertile
And when the crescent moon peeps its pretty point
The time will come for reaping”

Ah, but my head hurts today.

Joy!

To be estranged from one’s demons
United with passion
Married to direction

And yet, my head hurts today.

The world of children

They charge me eighty dollars for a coffee
Which is served in an empty cup
The size of a lemon

They cry when I don't listen
Because they are not yet accustomed
To going unheard

They run as if they're faster than a rocket ship or plane
And they believe it's so
Because they have not yet learned
To compare themselves to someone better

They row along in candid boats
The water rarely breaching the brim
Until, one day, it does
So that they spend the rest of their lives
Desperately bailing it out from around them.

Father

I'm afraid that I won't live up to my Dad
That when my son gets dragged by the tide
I won't know how to save him
That when I stand upon the altar
I'll forget how I'm to speak
That when my daughter's hair
Gets caught in her bike helmet
I won't know how to free it
Without making her cry.