

My forgetfulness and the reason for it

Lit by a setting summer sun,
Daisies glow bright along the river bank.
Birds fly overhead in circling formations
Swooping and entering the space of my thoughts.

I've forgotten why I came.

They have taken my gaze,
The grounds lay forsaken
And by sweet scent heavy laden,
All thoughts turn to fragrance.

Ah, how fortunate a fate
Fragrant indeed
That this contemplation
Should be my work and deed.

Haste

Red turns to green
With yellow in between.

Rushing, rushing, rushing

A bull and I have been found
And its center must be hit.

The eye in myself sees the mark

But wait, a bird chirps,
A passerby sings, "as far as I can see."

Haste is not the way for today.

Berkshire

A long time ago I met the man Berkshire
I foolishly asked him to cool some inner fire,
“Sir, have you been long away from the Shire?”
A cold look replied my dumb enquire.

So the ice was kept by this man Berkshire,
Whom the streets have seen walking home from the choir.
With a wobbly old cane he'd keep his own lane,
Staying in his black coat where the world was remote.

I'd only glanced him thrice before he gave his thorny prize
Once at church I stumbled in for a joke
Next at a park, I pulled out an old lady's yoke
And third in the square a fight I did provoke
And each time he stood as silent witness to my vice.

I feared he had ability to see past my veil of lies,
And indeed the thorny prize was that I could see me in his eyes.

O
how loneliness
can stretch a short walk
into a trek of weary miles.
As I trace the few steps back
from the coffee shop near my home,
a visit I had hoped would yield me some
company,
these mere blocks drag on and on
becoming quietly an eternal somber note.

The Husky and I

Ever since I was young
I could not help but feel,
I wandered far in a land of appearances
Looking solely for what's real.

Our beauty it seemed was touched by vanity
With no nest of truths to stretch its wings in clarity.

Aren't our forms already wrought in gold?
And aren't our souls wrought with the same mold?
So what more should we do than to pluck and behold?

Wandering thus in realms of thought
I came at last to Beauty's step.
My lips were parched from years long spent
With no wise words to articulate.
She gave me a drink, bitter but sweet,
Gave me signs, visions complete.

Overcome by joy I beheld the words
That shaped our world's inner coil,
My lips having learned how to cool turmoil,
My journey ended there at her steps.

I laid my thoughts down to rest,
And curled in by her sweet Breast to nest.

I dreamt of a white husky nuzzling my face
A mere pup he was and I fed him from my hand
Nursed him from youth and protected him fiercely
From all the dangers hidden in the land.

But just as he was growing,
I awoke to the poor sunrise of a waking day.

Overcome by longing, I sank beneath the covers
Fixed firmly in my heart his white coat and blue eyes
And there he was and together we were.

In woodland realms he traveled,
Now fierce and strong,
While atop many hills I gathered,
All the Beauty that I'd missed for so long.

And together we were, always in moonlight,
Loneliness it seemed would never be our plight.

Ahh, but I awoke, painfully awoke
Deeming the dawn grey
I went back a third time
To find him dead where he lay...

I awoke and I wept,
I wept and I wept.

Wept as I hadn't in many waking days
For in our companion, between the husky and I,
There was no mind, no form,
Only man and his heart.