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FIFTY THREE POEMS

Submitted for the degree :
Master of Arts in Creative Writing

FACULTY OF HUMANITIES
UNIVERSITY OF CAPE TOWN 2001

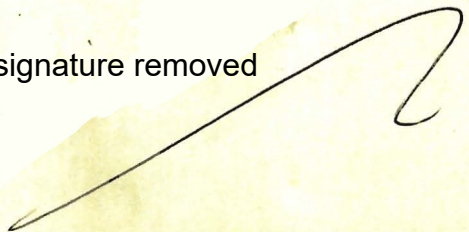
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Declaration:

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Foreword

This collection is the result of an exciting approach to the study of creative writing by an academic institution. The opportunity to obtain a Masters Degree for the writing of poetry helped to energise my efforts to put together **fifty-three new and unpublished poems**.

The poems are universal in their outreach, despite the fact that I have a particular life experience as a Black person in South Africa and the world of oppression and exploitation. Love in its various forms is a dominant theme in the writing: love for life, love for humanity, love for beauty, love as an expression of the need to oppose injustice and to strive for human freedom.

Love at an intimate and personal level is also given a place of honour in the writing. Issues of political intrigue and concerns about the emergence of new strands of oppression form the sub-text of many of the poems. The need for democratic expression finds a voice in the writing and there is also support for a regenerative energy to strengthen the pillars of human freedom.

This diverse collection mirrors the beauty of nature and the personal anguish of the poet. It also seeks to pose questions, about the nature of life and living and our presence, in the cosmos of a greater universe of meaning.

I hope the poems succeed in their intention to inspire others.

**BRIAN WILLIAMS
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MASTERS IN CREATIVE WRITING**

The man from the South

The man from the South
whose eyes burst with fire
has inflamed my glowing spirit
with cascading volcanic fury

But I, a woman from the North
fear the turbulence of his wild
poetic energy, which can leave me
scorched and burnt and in pain

Who is this brown man from the South
whose ancestors walked the planet
in loin clothes, inhabiting the sea side areas
of the southernmost tip of Africa?

What mysterious cosmic rivers flow in his arteries?
and where is his ancestral path, taking him?

In the depths of my soul, I need to know
the first seed of his existence and
from which line of warriors is he descended.

This man from the South, contains
dangerous tides of passions, surging across
the streams of my longing for an island
of serenity, peace and fulfillment.

Yet I long to plunge naked without regret,
into the ocean of his madness and sensual insanity
but the cool winds of caution
calm my impatient appetite for adventure.

And so... man from the south
what am I, a woman from the north,
to make of you ?

Peace through struggle

The seed of the olive tree is reborn,
when the power of our crude cyclopean masters
is broken, by the rapid cannon-fire of potent voices
in harmony with the chorus of liberated symphonies.

We are the tentacles of the grapevine, in the garden of destiny.
Let the vineyards of our struggle fill the chalice of liberty,
so that we may drink from its fruits and become one,
with humanity's longing and search for peace.

Let the unfree from vineyard and factory join hands
in a ceremony of commitment, to land and liberty.

University of Cape Town

Destiny

Like a shaft of light that disperses I will scatter,
to put distance between me, and
the determined encircling enemy.

I shall escape into the forgotten jungle,
lost in the undergrowth of humanity

In full flight and later in exhaustion
I lie down to listen, eagerly to hear,
if the vagabonds are gone but alas,
the farsighted enemy is near

In great haste I flee,
to a new compass setting and hope
that the pirates will not my hiding place see,
as I crawl under well protected feathery foliage
which welcomed me, into its surging belly.

Surely now the enemy was gone, eluded...
and for a small moment, I listened joyfully
to the birds and to the hidden gentle sounds
of mother nature, to itself giving birth.

Suddenly I hear a distant approaching heartbeat,
pounding louder, ever louder and this increased
the tempo of my breathing patterns and in despair,
I realized the predator, the assassins of my spirit,
indeed the enemy was there in my bosom.

In a flash I fled, looking neither left nor right,
having only survival thoughts of flight.
Into the jungle's deepest mysteries
I was absorbed and once again immersed.

Before my eyes it suddenly appeared,
a cave of intense mystical beauty
filled with soothing sounds of symphonic power
which embraced me with grace and warmth.

I walked ahead of myself in a state of trance
in amazement and in awe into this celestial palace,
in the royal heart of the jungle.

And there I saw the silky white sands shift,
I saw my footprints lead me into a golden chamber
and my heart jumped so wildly, that into silence I was cast.

A soft and sultry voice welcomed me and said...
thank you for keeping your appointment
and you are right on time and ready for the departure.
I have been waiting for your arrival with anticipation.

You are expected in the illuminated manor house of the king,
in the city of angels, where the great story of eternity
is set out in endless chapters, of all the writings of the universe.

I listened in a profound state of shock as I
had not agreed to any appointment,
least of all in this unfamiliar place

And then the voice with no face and no form said to me

And now, it is time for you to enter a new moment
beyond your present universe and across the immortal zone
of your soul, in an age before the alpha and the omega

Who are you I asked expecting no reply, but there was one.

I am the angel of eternity on whose wings
you will fly to your awaited destiny
as you have determined by your deeds.

All will be revealed from the scribes of the ancients
and the eternal silver metaphors of the chosen ones.
Your destiny is the mirror of your past reflections and
sleeping memories, which may direct your nirvanic renaissance.

Go now and await the words, which sail on the hymns and songs,
of life's greatest mystery and its most visible secret.

Without a text

How do we enter
into an enriched text of life,
without a simple verse of our own?

How can we sail in the canals
of life's many tributaries, if we
have no compass to direct
the course of our lives?

What grows
from the seeds which we plant,
if the earth is unclean and polluted?

How do we purify
the poisoned rivers, which serve
the vines of our memories when we
have no dreams, no values no verse
and no star to guide our destinies,
if we have no text of our own
in the universal book of life?

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A leopard kill

The leopard, that agile, lithe creature
of the forest and plains of Africa,
always befriends his hunting companion,
the night, so that he may in silence hide
with the shadows of stillness and solitude,
as the moon rides high above starlit clouds
to reflect and to mark, the fast moving game.

The hunter, restlessly alert, abides in faith
as the moment prepares itself, but alas,
the prey slips away into the outstretched arms
of the guardian forest and surrounding trees.

But nature rewards the patient and soon a fresh
and bristling feast strolls into view.

A short chase and the meal is sprawled out
thrashing about in desperation and unwillingness,
to quell the hunger of the leopard family waiting
downwind, in the wings of the low-lying grass.

A family of leopards rejoices in gentle appreciative grunts,
as the night sky watches the closure of yet another moment,
in the endless cycle of life's journey to affirm itself.

Love needs sharing to live

Let our hearts be filled
with the joyful sounds
of music, and celebrations.
Let shooting fireworks shimmer
like the brightest stars in the galaxy.

It is only in giving and sharing
that we fill the spaces and distances,
in the vast domains of our hearts.

Loving is incomplete without giving
and giving is meaningless without loving.

If we do not fertilise seeds of tenderness by sharing,
then we slowly destroy the landscape of love
and condemn ourselves to infertile soil,
in the social desert of eternal emptiness.

To feed and irrigate the springs of devotion
to life, we must build a fresh oasis and create
inner islands of happiness but not isolated
from the mainland of our greater seasons.

University of Cape Town

A bridge too far

How do we build a bridge between us
when you see only the virtue
of yourself and your thinking
in all that should be ours?

University of Cape Town

Pain is not permanent

The dark thunderous night
with its jagged teeth, dripping with acid rain
must bow to the triumphant call,
of the morning sunlight and
the sentinels of the arisen day.

So it is with all kinds of pain,
mental hardship and trauma,
their presence is never permanent.

If we can muster strength
to pass through the flames of adversity
enriched and empowered, then only do
we attain the wings of our higher selves
connected to the rhythm of our greatest symphonies.

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Death

Death, the inglorious certainty
of our lives in this drifting planet village.
Is death not simply a journey to the beginning
for all of us? A greater cosmic embrace, filled with awe and beauty?

University of Cape Town

I am a vessel in your ocean

I met you wandering
in a remote field of enchantment,
in the bosom of a sun-filled forest,
before the idea of your birth
placed you in my sight
and merged your body with mine.

A stream of celestial light
illuminated the cavities of your soul,
to give inspiration to my disturbed
and fractured thoughts, and so
I became a vessel in your great ocean,
swept along by tides and dreams
and winds and waves

You came to me in the morning
of my deepest awakening, and
your presence did not surprise me.
Even though our fingers were strangers
and our eyes were void of each other,
my heart exploded from the orchestral sounds
of emergent symphonic rhythms, sweeping
through the corridors of my being.

You are a ceremonial song, dancing on
the rolling tide of a heaving and seductive sea,
which sways to the wild drumbeat
of my unrepentant passion dripping with desire.

You are immersed in the lilting liquids
of my enriched fantasies, and truly
your naked expression of transparent joy,
is exalted by the touch of the ascendant sun,
peaking, beyond the distant mountains.

I knew you before you opened your eyes
and announced your existence to the world.

So you have drifted into my orbit
and today, you are the cosmos
of my universe, and the pregnant river
which quenches my unspoken longing,
as I am baptised in a whirlpool
of your fertile sensual splendour,
to become a murmur, sleeping in the echoes
of your vast and endless spirit.

Renewal to struggle

Under the crest of a silvery moon
I enter this vast sleeping city
of alluring and magnificent music,
which dances to the vibrant notes
of the approaching dawn, naked and free.

What manner of elusive and aloof beauty,
displays itself so openly and without regret
and with such enduring melodic insistence,
as it opens the door to the long awaited sunlight
of humanity's looping stride to embrace itself?

In the hidden temple of the sacred ones
I will cleanse myself and pledge my spirit
to the renaissance of the lost brave souls,
who roam in places where no light exists.

It is not only in valleys
of renegade spirits and the damned
that we must be seen but on the farmlands,
bearing the fresh harvest of the courageous
cavaliers who worship honour and integrity.

We must, as truth and nature demand it,
irrigate the fields of the doomed
with water so pure, that the seeds
of the fallen will burst with joy and become
the fresh black and golden wheat of renewal.

So we must challenge and defeat
the aggressive conquerors who seek
to enslave the new generations of hope
who are the crown treasures of our country.

Love is an alphabet

You are the alphabet of my being
and the compass to my roving thoughts,
which reside in the bursting fires
forever entombed in the furnace of my heart.

My desire for you is more intense
than the red hot planet Mercury ablaze,
as it spins in the turbulent energy fields of space

It is from your explosive juices, that my fever
is tempered and I am soaked in the herbal liquid
of your healing fragrance and loving presence.

University of Cape Town

The mysterious hand of perfection

What hand of supreme magnificence
shaped the wonders of life's hidden secrets,
the birth of a seed in the bosom of the earth,
the petals of a flower, the singing of the wind,
the tormented shrieks of a tornado and
the voluptuous explosion of a volcanic eruption,
racing towards the flatlands and the crevices
of soil scorched by lava from yesterdays memories?

At what glorious and endearing moment
in the cycle of humanity has it fathered
the first smile of the newborn and
the restless slumber of raindrops,
as they become the rivers and the tributaries
in unmarked valleys and hidden rolling hills?

What umbilical cord links the polar ice islands
to the blistering sand deserts of Africa and
to the tropical steamy rainforests of Brazil?

Who breathed the first air of planet Mars
and when did the mercurial journeys of asteroids
receive their wings and from which source?

Who parented the sun, the North Star
and the exploding galaxies, and created new planets
and the shooting stars in the corridors of eternity?
Where did it all begin and who can fully explain
this perfect mystery and never ending story
of life's greatest renaissance?

What hand of mysterious perfection
birthed the interconnected web of cosmic beauty,
which placed us at the altar of fire and living energy
and adorned our temples with the spread of flowers,
across the echoes of our greatest dreams
and the ultimate cycle of life?

New enemies abound

We inhabit a changed world
of different faces and shifting spaces
Are we fresh fodder to be fed
to the beast who will devour its own?

These new dangerous dragons
who so freely move and live amongst us,
are the ancient enemies of humanity returned,
to beguile and to enslave us, once again.

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You

When I saw you I knew I had met you
in another place, in another time,
and in a different zone

Your presence sparked memories,
flavoured with festivities
and gaiety and sunshine moments.

You are sublimated to the higher reaches
of my spiritual consciousness.
You are my cosmic self.

University of Cape Town

A shattered moment

One sharpened moment,
in the short cycle of life, shattered
by the silent unprovoked invisible attack
upon her well-honed yet fragile, unresisting body
convulsed by the poisoned fury,
of a battalion of violent intruders
garrisoned at the base of her thought canals.

She who was, so full of promise
and passionate about life, the struggle for humanity,
for liberty and justice and freedom of thought;
Creative and poetic, witty, energetic and bursting
with a childlike enthusiasm and athletic vigour.
She named Hope, fills the spaces of my memory
recalling moments spent in San Francisco,
plotting the downfall of dictators and oppressive regimes.

By what invisible logic and odious reasoning
was she chosen for attack by armies of invaders
to become infected with a deadly brain virus,
to imprison her zest for life
in a body unresponsive, to mental commands,
now dependant and wheel chair bound?

But the bugle was sounded and the last battle for life was lost
when a transatlantic call was received to say
that she had passed beyond the great doors of life
to a resting place beyond our consciousness.

What is the supreme beauty, innocence and meaning of it all?

True love is a circle

Love is the ripened harvest
which gathers the seeds of affection
in a colourful festival of completeness.

Love is not the heartbeat and emotion
disconnected from the social pulse
of its greater self and the universe of tranquility.

Love is the essence, which adds
a wrapping of tempestuousness, to those
delightfully afflicted by its enduring warmth.

Love, true love is not camouflaged
by the tapestry of its complexity,
yet those obedient to its lyrical calling
may lose sight of its vitality but always,
only for a moment, a twinkling of an eye.

Love, true love is a circle of contentment
which returns into itself to guide our lives.

University of Cape Town

No rest for the cyclopean raiders

Let not the cyclopean raiders
of life's precious gifts rest easy,
lest they regain strength
from undeclared moments of truce.

The exploded arrowheads of treachery
always target the innocent and destitute.
Resistance to the merchants of pain,
bloodshed and oppression is a supreme calling,
so that the tears of the morning can be wiped
from the eyes of the day which seeks to triumph
over the malevolent storms which endlessly,
pound the shores of humanity.

The villainous insurgents who move with stealth
amongst us must not be allowed to eat from our tables
lest they poison the waters of our oceans which float
in the valleys of new battle zones for peace.
We must close the oxygen valve, which feeds the arteries
of these arrogant giants, strutting on the faces
of our horizons so that our tomorrows may raise
the banners of serenity and human liberty.

Bleed alone

I must bleed alone
in the twilight of my solitude,
in the anguished fire of my aloneness,
so that the ashes of my raging agony, may be dispersed
to purify my yearning for harmony and peace.
It is in the darkness that we harvest
the light, which splinters itself
into a thousand different,
rays of renewal.

University of Cape Town

Poetic insanity

My disconnected poetry it seems, has infected you
with a peculiar kind of melodic madness,
and dancing, seductive illusions.

What manner of logic creates such breathtaking
boundless silliness, and such unwanted animated foolishness?

Is there no deeper message
in my poems, which direct routes well traveled
with beacons aplenty to guide us, in our search
for our greater dreams, which connect us
to the pulse of the sprawling rivers of the universe?

No, my poems it seems are a source of uninvited insanity
and induced misbehavior, reflective of false signposts
and mistaken meanings, all words jumbled and confusing
to the weary eye, seeking release from other mediocrities,
and interwoven with the dullness of duty and devotion
to ordinary moments, upon which is built,
the foundation of our everyday existence.

In the real story of our lives, we are mostly taken along paths
we choose, and if it is the absence of completeness
and the essence of incompleteness, then our hands
helped to set the compass to direct our futures
and to fashion the garments we wear.

My poems are source of uninvited madness it seems,
of expectations and breathtaking silliness, laced
with huge doses of temporary insanity.

My poetry can only be dangerous to those
who drink too much from its fountain of induced illusions.

Down with oppression and injustice

Down with the fresh faced perfumed oppressor,
who smells more delightful than the morning lily
erect and beautiful, in the plantations of pain.

Down with the persecutors of little ones,
creators of orphans and the wily magician,
spinning out soothing words of illusion
which intoxicates the senses of reason.

Down with the deceptive beauty and charisma
of the well heeled, swimming in pools of money
plundered, from the sweat of the toiling ones,
voiceless, forsaken and soaked in pain.

Down with the handmaidens of the exploiters
and oppressors who seek to beguile and confuse us
with words of identity and common bondage,
false brotherhood and imitation sisterhood.

Down with the agents of injustice
who seek to build their fortunes and careers
on the broken backs of those with marrow
and courage who fear not the storms of woe

Olympics

A festival of athletic nobility
as kings and queens of field and track
outbid human limits
in the star studded arenas of global combat.

University of Cape Town

Celebrate our becoming

The eyes of my longing take flight beyond the words
to which it gives sight, so that we may celebrate our becoming.

Each second a wink
Each minute a kiss
Each hour a prayer
Each day a blessing
Each week a season
Each month an embrace

Each year a rocket, which propels us
to the next level of our unspoken selves,
on the altar of the setting sun which melts our thoughts
and merges our dreams so that we may celebrate
the immortality of life, in the ordinary deeds
of the children, the torchbearers
of the approaching future.

Today we must seize the chances
which life has bestowed on us
so that the renaissance
of our becoming can
be fully celebrated.

University of Cape Town

Tomorrow is Today

We are descended
from a long line of yesterdays
made visible by the rising of the sun
of each new moment in the arena of life.

And we are fertilized in a never-ending cycle
so that the seeds of the day, planted
by the hand of the present
may become the gentle flower
of our tomorrows.

In the present, we create the possibilities
of our hidden desires, by the loins of our seeds.

University of Cape Town

Wanderers

It is the wanderers
who search for solace,
and an escape from yesterday's
broken shadows and the swollen veins
of ripened insanity, who become the pilgrims
empowered to release the agony of lost souls.

University of Cape Town

Rebel against the Philistines

Trees tremble when the warrior wind,
shakes the branches and rustles the leaves
which wave with excitement and joy,
to the passing guerillas moving,
in slow motion, to the frontline.

They travel to the inspired streams,
and drink from the swollen breasts of life,
which succour the weary and energise
the rebellious spirits, to raise their swords
for true freedom, against the Philistines.

Those Goliaths roam the countryside and coastlines
of our motherland, momentarily unhindered
and unchallenged by the leftwing forces
that gather in the dust clouds, to storm the fortress
of oppression and to free the unfree masses,
who praise their artificial liberty, singing hymns
in harmony with their delusions and blindness.

University of Cape Town

A sweet lyric

You are a lyric, a divine taste of sweetness,
a chocolate delicacy, which melts in warmth
and ecstasy, as the memory of your fresh aroma
embraces itself in the slow moving streams of delight.

I long to caress your body as it floats like a feather released
from bondage, swaying with the breezes and tempting my rivers,
which surge forward with such provoked fury and energetic passion.

And yet you are also the seaside of my summer and the evening
glades of my approaching autumn. It is the springtide of joy,
that flows like a golden thread of sunlight, reflected by a
prism of radiance, as it weaves its way through the
arteries of my soul and calms the restless
currents, searching for an island of
tranquility and wholesomeness.

You are a lyric, a divine
taste of sweetness.

University of Cape Town

The wind of promises

You are the gentle wind of my unspoken destiny,
which transformed me into a feather and
lifted my spirit to the uppermost heights
of life eternal and now my soul
has taken flight and merged
with the horizon of my
internal landscapes.

University of Cape Town

Whispers

Love is a cosmic whisper
which finds universal expression
in the depthless soul of life itself.
Love is the undisturbed essence
of our greater dream which mirrors
the beauty and passion of humanity.

Love is a gentle whisper
and the complete story of our becoming.

University of Cape Town

Mirrors of lightness

As we grow in love
so we become the celestial mirrors
of angels and the reflectors of illuminated light,
which shines from the furthest star fields,
in the roaming galaxies of the universe,
to the nearest crystal pools of sensibility
shimmering, in the reborn morning.

The power of embraced warmth and love
infused in the arteries of the universe, becomes
the eternal flame, which inspires the poetic fires
to create new volcanic pools of meaning.

Wholesome love is the source of all power,
which is pure and uncontaminated and unblemished
and elegant in its simplicity.
Love is a mirror of lightness and a reflector of eternal power.

University of Cape Town

In the hour of death

When the final moment arrives
to bid us farewell, what story of our lives
floats on the air streams of our last breath?

What inspired thoughts fly on the wings
of deep regrets of self indulgence and deafness,
to the cries of those whom we in pursuit of self enrichment
cast aside and neglected?

The tears of the helpless and the agony of the destitute
found no comfort in our arms. Why?

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Seasons of mystery

Colourful Brazilian seasons of mystique
and provocative yet delightful sensual intrigue,
which illuminates the delinquent shades
of the approaching shadow princes
flirting, with the gentle breezes
of a day born out of liaison
with night and stars and moonlight,
witnessed by raindrops preparing
the earth bed for new moments
of sun filled pleasure.

So she rises before me
in her glowing leafy gown, fashioned
from the sprawling garden of the rainforests.

But I am cast, into a pit of wakefulness
and the dawn greets me rudely as I search
in vain to recall the tender dream
with all its sensual power.

This dream so real that should not end,
eluded me and made me restless

Sun struck

In twisting magical galactic patterns
which shimmer in the departing night sky,
the freckles of the sun, a fragmented mirror
on the face of the darkened side of the moon,
which connects us to the ring of circles
floats harmoniously in motions of perfection

And so, if you come into my orbit,
I will melt your sensual asteroids with mine
and create a new star with satellites
to crown the night and the glistening body
of the galaxy and its exploding planets.

So we shall become a part of a new line
of mystery and romantic needs,
in a cosmic bubble of dreams

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Her neck

Her neck, that illuminated nape
of her sensual neck
speaks softly to me
with so much tenderness.

Her neck, smooth
artistic yet simply defined,
invites my gaze as my hand
invisible, glides to caress her.

Her neck, that delightful neck
has a story, of passionate chapters,
all of its own.

University of Cape Town

Night-time a special moment

Night-time on all fours,
creeps up on us and soon,
we are covered by the nakedness
of the darkened blanket of the night.

It is the strange sounds of the arisen echoes
of insects and creatures of the shadows,
that dominate the sky waves
when the night is alive,
and the darkened air
is still and sleeping.

The night has its own charisma
and reflects its crystal beauty
and charm, as it beckons
lovers to cuddle
and crawl
into the heart,
of its endearing bosom.

University of Cape Town

Love liberates

To love in harmony with the essence of life,
we must infuse and multiply fresh meaning
in the bursting veins of our triumphant days,
so that we may dream on the restless nights
of our cherished desires, which often time
remain unanswered and become consumed,
by the ordinary patterns of insurgent mediocrities

We are intimate lyrical strangers
who journey unguided on the air currents of
life's greater streams and airwaves.
We seek romance and uncomplicated meanings
in relationships built on bygone dreams
so that we may achieve completeness.

We all nourish our private and perfect fantasies
unblemished by life's deep and aching wounds.
And we shield the idea of sensual tranquility
so that we are kept afloat by the elusive image
which we preserve as our enduring secret.

But fragile contradictions gently merge
in romantic motions of joy which fades and
slowly discolours with the rolling tide of time.

But love liberates, it stimulates silliness
and gives it special wings of sensibility
without boundaries, which float skywards,
to levels of higher reason, which resonate
to the lyrical sounds of the nightingales.

Love provides the compass to the oceans
of dancing melodies which swirl to rhapsodies
and sail on turbulent seas of mystique.

Love is always embraced by love.
Love needs the small acts of loving
and sharing and comfort so that its bosom
may be enriched by the treasures of life.

Love kept in captivity and condemned
to dungeons of coldness and emptiness will sink,
in the quicksand of life, never to resurrect itself.

Love is not immortal, it lives or dies
by the simple acts of generosity and warmth.
Love is the meaning we give it and
our universe is only complete
when we love completely.

Be vigilant new enemies prowl

New predators and pirates encircle us
with perfumed bodies and sweet voices infused,
in the fragrant scent of a fatal magnetism.

Let not our senses become inflamed
by the delightfully deceptive vapours of the meals
prepared by the unseen servants of our enemies.

The medicinal herb of wisdom requires that we overcome
the ever-present danger by befriending the wind, lilies, valleys
and surrounding hills, so that our horizons will remain constant
and never fade and the breath of our struggle,
will not depart from our lungs.

We must in earnest birth the moment of plenty
and scatter the roving insurgent thunderbolts
which seek to penetrate the centurions
of our thoughts and our ideas for freedom.

We are the new guerillas and soldiers whose voices
will sing the glorious song of the revolution
in defence of the poor, the dispossessed
and workers in field and factory.

The battle bugle calls us so that we may take
our chariots and fly to new battlefields,
which beckon only the brave, whose swords
will slice the veins of the new oppressors, so that
they may drown in the churning tides of their blood.

We who honour justice and liberty, have a duty
to mobilize and arouse the working class battalions,
to march against the banners of the imperialists and their allies,
adorned in clothing made from the silver threads of the workers.

We must slay the dragons and their offspring that roam,
unchallenged in the valleys of freedom and hope.

Soul of life

Can the earth, wind, sun, the mighty galaxy
and the stars be separated from the soul of humanity
and the essential elements of universal love?

What then is the eternal soul of life?

Is it only found on a single revolving planet
in the outer space, located on earth, a village of the cosmos?

Is this all that there is to the soul of life, located on a world
gone mad with war, oppression, exploitation and human greed?

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A universe connected

Quietly, ever gently we are caressed
by the glow of faraway twinkling stars,
which lie unsleeping, on a night blanket
of the departed evening sky.

So we are shaped and patterned
by the kaleidoscope of energy,
propelled from the heart of the sun,
which inhales new meaning
and breathes in an assembly of dreams
and images of colourful tranquility.

In an endless motion of unfolding wisdom,
a river of universal reason surges
through the arteries of our engulfed thoughts,
riding the crest of the wave of new adventures,
beyond the touch of new horizons.

The answers to life's vexing questions
all rest in the arms of thoughtful moonbeams,
nature's serene showers of light which stroke
and bathe us, so that we may be cleansed
of our haunting nightmares.

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The Atlantic

The gentle heaving
of the sea's bosom, suggestive
of inner calm, hidden from curious human eyes.

The rolling of the ocean's eyelids
hides a mysterious smile so serene
yet so temptingly seductive.

It is in the secret
of our unresolved echoes,
that the erotic sway
of the oceans's naked body
holds lovers and the idle romantics
captive in its tranquil gaze.

What incomplete pleasure
stirs us to adore and submerge ourselves
in the unfolding story of the endless sea,
the source of so much heaving passion.

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A fragrant whisper

You are the fragrant whisper
blowing in the gentle wind
in slow melodic moments
and in tantalizing rhythms.

You reflect beauty rare,
mirrored in the pool of sensuality,
which resides in your bosom.

I desire so much to drink
from your enchanted cups of passion
so that I may intoxicate myself
and rest in the cradle of your love songs,
delightfully inebriated.

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The children

Bright eyed fragile innocence and beauty.
An unfolding story of uniqueness in a prism of purity.
Such momentary promises belong to the children.

What challenges and fresh excitement waits them
as they rush into the sea of an all embracing humanity,
to become their own streams, in the raging fury and currents of life.

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Who hears my cries?

Flaming spears explode and burst in my soul
as the poison seeps into the meadows of my life
to infect the essence of my being

Who hears my cries
and the anguished metaphors,
which fly from the echo chambers of my heart ?

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Brazilian moments

My thoughts race beyond the echoes
of intense remembrances found in
the imposing majestic hills
of my concealed secrets, hidden
in the royal valleys of my silent needs.

And so I observe her flowing gown
of burning desire as she tempts me,
like a bubbling ripened furnace spewing
with intensity and untapped passion,
which drips with flaming liquid thoughts,
gliding through the canals of my restless mind
to engulf my heart with a blanket of sensual warmth

I am wrapped in a lava of dreams
and drenched in a rich fluid
of rippling currents which carry me
to the gateway of my Brazilian destiny.

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The tree

We are like the trees of life
in full bloom, bearing fruit of certain kind.
Know the seed of your tree and the long line
of rebirth in the diverse forest of kinship
within a greater melting stream
of family and humanity

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Foolish acceptances

How did it happen, that in our innocence
and naïve acceptance of the gifts from our brothers,
we become entangled in the mist of swift moving
scandalous deeds and acidic metaphors more painful
than the whips of the masked men of the north,
who dominate the arena of political thought and meaning?

It is possible to get caught in the underbelly
of the twisted forest branches
arms stretched out
to strangle
the unsuspecting and foolish.

Alert and aware we should be, of the snares
of those who seek to entrap us with easy pathways
and deadly pleasures of the body.

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Natural impulses

Life has natural impulses
and desires for the islands
of contentment and dreams,
of wonder and greatness,
in the shadow of humanity.
So too it is with people,
seeking an oasis of affection
and warmth in the garden of the universe

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Abandoned baby

Joyful with pain wracked hope
a new life of unblemished possibilities
bursts, into the womb of a burdened world
of unrelenting heartache, its umbilical cord slashed,
bloodied now and abandoned on the table of death
as the merciless mother disappears.

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I am immersed in you

I am a lily stroked by your breath
in the serene waters of the crystal lake
in which your fresh and colourful dreams rove,
in the mist of the triumphant morning.

Upright on the belly of your liquid body
I am tantalised by the soft murmurs
of your ripening thoughts, which flow
in the cruising streams of conflicting currents,
surging with an unexplained impatient force.

So I am awakened, to the youthful day, which is encircled
by the radiant glory of the northern stars of the universe,
in celebration with itself and in union with the constellations
of light years, not of the present but of the future.

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Who is responsible?

Who is it Father Africa ..
who birthed the wind
and fathered the seasons ,
which melt and tumble
into the arms of moonbeams
and sunsets and waves,
and weather patterns?

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Weeds

In the garden of life
it is always the muscular weeds,
which have the most robust tentacles
and the deepest roots, virulently fertile
and capable of rapid growth and powerful in its grip
of flowers and other living things.
Why is this so?

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Tiredness

It was a long night
and a sea of untamed madness
and frustration anchored me
in the swirling storms
of the day as I drifted
like sea weed
cast adrift
waiting
to be
rescued
by a deeper tiredness
which has denied me relief
so that I may descend
into the wells of
my dreams.

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The wounded sky

The overburdened sky, wounded,
cries out in showers of immense joy,
to bless the barren land with new possibilities:
it gives direction to confused twigs floating,
drifting, on the swollen rivulets singing new melodies

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