

Reflections



By and for men and women of
good will

Issue 61

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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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Immortal Feast

We are Immortals
Dreaming here in time
Who, stirring to enjoy the feast,
Bring to Earth the peace of the sublime.
Take then and eat.
Self-knowledge is the food.
By this the body knows its true estate,
Lost when we forgot our spirithood.
Come, share my bowl,
For I am fortunate:
I was visited by Love indeed
Who whispered, "Stir, for it is not too late."

So I arose and ate
Who had slept long in time:
My eyes were opened
To the Lover's clime.
O kindred, take
The glory-bowl and share,
For, wide awake,
We are already there!

The nightmare ends
When we absorb our Truth:
Form reascends
To peace and ever-youth.
Any may share my bowl
And awakening of mind --
Immortals are we all
Who call ourselves mankind.

Then free the rhythm now.
Pass round the bowl and eat
That in your hungry hearts
Eternity may beat,
That to your slothful bones
May come remembering,
That in your quickened blood
The Lord of Life may sing.

Then will your vital Selves
Bring peace to all the Earth
Which every Immortal knows
As the Land of higher birth,
Where Love alone may rule
And all but Love will cease.
Come -- share my glory-bowl
And enter in your peace!

AMORATA

In The Cerulean Sky...

Guided, in the weird dimensions of materiality,
Flowing completely from one side to the other,
Here the metagyres, near the planar edge,
Near the byways of permanence, are luxuriant,
Above the sapient highway, seeming still, gathering form...

M. COURTNEY SOPER

Moonrise

The city feels you drawing near,
riding with the foaming tide -
a pearly nautilus, sublime,
agleam with fire on ice.

Towers stand on tiptoe
twirling spires of light
as you appear, jittery
as women on a blind date,
unsure what to wear.

The river undulates,
adrift in narcissistic reverie,
adorned with glowing
spirals and ellipses
you bestow so freely.

I await you at my window -
Juliet's proud Romeo
could not inspire
such heightened states
as this moon-vessel's
precious cargo -

Let me be your cup-bearer
for just one night,
your acolyte...

DMYTRO DROZDOVSKY

Of A Happiness Based On Precarious Foundations

I know they will pass soon, these vanishing days
Of blessings too fragile and poignant to capture,
Cloud like the glass that grows dim as I gaze,
Breathless with rapture,
And the brightness be darkened - I know it, and never
Have I endeavoured an instant to chain it,
Have I in dreams or imaginings ever
Thought to retain it:

If, knowing the dawn on your eyelids that dooms
The vision to darkness and shatters the mirror
Of shimmering heavenly images looms
Steadily nearer,
You have paused at that place where sleep melts into waking,
And the dark was a glass and all paradise lay there,
And while your heart yearned the enchantment was breaking,
Barring the way there;

If at the dim entrance to sleep the Ideal
Has ever suspended before you an error
More acceptable far to the heart than the Real,
Ineffably fairer;
Then must you be too in some measure aware
How sweet to my soul are these perishing blisses
Of Faery that float upon columns of air,
And below-
The Abyss is.

ANN KEITH

Set Free

Metre softly flowing, as the sparkling
Stream, winding through summer's fields in flower
By golden heads of corn now ripening;
Reflections in this place of nature's bower.
Trumpeters of truth sounding forth softly
In the scented air where Truth and Knowledge
Now combine in soulful destiny
Offering up the cup of life by God's pledge.
Along the road on this new damascene
Day, where light comes not within the mind's
Activity, though marvellous that be,
But fills the troubled soul till peace it finds.
Take - drink, rejoicing in the song filled air,
For Love and Mercy never know despair.

G.H.O.L.

Happiness

Happiness sprouts as a humble plant
that Ogre, the purposeful, in his haste
towards a looming ambition can't
spy out, for he has no time to waste.

But Jack, the youngest, forgetting the tale
and hunting for fieldmice on any ground
(imagining lions along the trail)
may find it blooming all around.

THOMAS LAND

Seasons In The City

I stood in the city, and watching the skies
Alone, and in silence, I saw the sun rise.
The city was sleeping, but oh, I could see
The glory of morning ablaze around me.
The birds' early choruses welcomed the day.
My heart was uplifted as I went on my way.

I stood in the city one cold winter's day
At noon, and the skies were all heavy and grey.
And tired cold people stared down at their feet
As they hurried along on the wet shiny street.
They couldn't see colours, but yet I could see
Bright rainbows, of oil in puddles round me.

I stood in the city, and watched the sun die.
And orange and red stained its place in the sky,
And faded to pink as the sun slipped away.
Not one person noticed the passing of day.
The warm evening breeze, flower scented and sweet
Came gently to me as I stood in the street.

I stood in the city, in autumn at night.
A sharp frost was turning the rooftops to white.
I looked at the stars, and I thought, as before
That next to such majesty, we were so small.
And I sat on a bench, for the nights are so long.
And I waited for dawn, and the city slept on.

P. PAYNE

Impression Of A City

On the side of a heated street
the ex trumpet major plays his tune
sword like sounds soaring,
while darting clouds reflect
on the golden lip.
Hope, he plays. Hope.
A seagull screams out of tune.
On top of a hill
a Cathedral rings the evening prayer.
Around the hill
poets talk their art.
As music and song rubs the evening air
the first star shines silver
along the river.
A sleeping baby gurgles in a happy dream.
The City turns with a sigh.

MAUREEN WELDON

Exuberance

It is only when one may be alone,
Away from others of one's kind,
Withdrawn from the external flow
Of competing interests and aims,
That one can feel relaxed and at peace.

For then one may seem to be in tune
With one's surroundings and earth itself
And that universe of which it is part.

So that we may then appear to feel
The throbbing of the creative force.

So that, though perhaps momentarily,
One may be in tune with the cosmic flow,
Invigorated and refreshed,
Replenished in body and in mind,
By the rhythm of the cosmic heart.

SIDNEY MORLEIGH

My Country

Walking the meadows and the lanes,
skirting the fields of corn,
a rural life's the life for me
and that's where I was born.
Smell reaching rain and feel the breeze,
espy the sheep new shorn,
for country life amongst the trees
ne'er makes ones love forlorn.

Follow the hedges, stroll the fields,
rabbits and birds range free,
where field mice scabble in the straw
and hay fresh to the knee.
When skies are blue, or when they're dark,
there's peace upon the land,
the countryside's the place to live
with God's exquisite hand.

MARTIN V. ULLATHORNE



Transition

The older he became, the further he could see.

He noticed distant hills he'd never seen before;
and on these blue hills were thin lines of deeper blue
as of lanes, and glints of sun on cottage windows,
and mountains grew where there'd been only banks of
cloud.

And he himself dwelt half in our small world of now,
half in a larger, where life was art and art life,
so that all around looked strange, but half-remembered,
pale as the ghostly planet of a fast fading star.

He breathed wild flowers; and in his ears was music.

JOHN LIGHT

The Farmer Afield

These are your teeth
in my hand.
Tiny eggs.
Little kernels.

This is your hair
between my fingers.
Tassels of corn.
Raw cotton.

Here is your blood
that I hold.
Waters of life.
The sea of the sun.

And your eyes,
in my cracked palm.
Acorns of hope.
Two ripened berries.

BRUCE MCRAE

The Cure For Forgetting

Remembering the scent of dog roses at noon
the river's ripples and the sandy bank
the days of timeless pleasures,
the joy of walking to old places
in the sunlight and also under the moon
of being dazzled by the berries on the ash.

Realising that if I take the wrong road,
the one that leads to the bridge across the river,
I need not remember the cure for forgetting
but celebrate the earth and soaring sky
my kaleidoscope of dreams and visions
listening in the silence of happiness.

PETER DAY

Human Spirit

Each calamity
a nation suffers
brings tragedy
amid despair;
earth explodes,
waves crash,
cataclysmic moments
written into
history books:
broken bodies,
buried, innocent
families fragile
left to suffer:
yet voices
of children
are forged,
as we begin again.
Confusion causes
tension, panic,
without moments
like these
we stagnate:
fail to face
our differences,
our pinched
prejudices,
all move forward
the human spirit
never dies.

MARY GUCKIAN

White Mare

I washed away the past upon your shore,
Forgot all history inside each wave,
Smothered memory beneath the foam
And drowned self-pity in the yawning deep.

The tragedy of man will never end;
To die; to live; to die; and live again:
But sometimes, in the moments when we dream,
A vision beyond suffering is seen.

Today I saw that world beyond compare;
Beyond the silent earth and vocal air,
The heavens opened up their mystery
And in a second - healed humanity.

JIM SINCLAIR

A Star Is Born

And far beyond the vision of the human eye -
Beyond those distant galaxies that shed their rays
Upon the nightly pageant of the darkened sky
As mystic signposts to the interstellar ways.
Beyond the bounds of logic, formula or plan,
Or range of any instruments, devised by man,
A door was opened, setting free a beam of light
That, shining through the darkness, seemed a cosmic dawn.
For watchers on this planet gazed throughout the night -
And cried aloud in wonder - that a star was born.

SIDNEY MORLEIGH

A Red Admiral In Church

Camouflaged against the gorgeous glass
Quite still at first, the butterfly
Knows nonetheless that a stained window
Is not life, Only a symbol of it.
And that the smell of dust
Is for life akin to death.

Oh God that you would come down
Rend us with your life, more vibrant
Than an organ's playing.
Life! which stirs hearts not dust!
That we may breathe again, and our souls;
Jewelled, fly up to thee.

MICHAEL HORSNALL

Nonconformity

Built out of corrugated iron not stone,
On land they had saved up for, willows lean
Towards the river; standing on its own
The chapel painted quiet shades of green.

Some distance from the village, set aside
In comfortable, discreet obscurity
Oak pews and simple furnishings inside,
Their private gateway to eternity.

What they believed remained their own affair,
That freedom precious, consolation real -
Years passing have not tarnished grace found there -
Though sinful, envy is not hard to feel.

CHRISTOPHER BREWER

Spring

Buds that show great promise
Reach to meet the sky
Stored with wealth
And potential
Just as you
And I
In growth
And in light we develop
And by strength in roots
We are upheld
From the Source of Life
We are nourished
Then shine
As beauty unfurls

LYN SANDFORD

Learning The Ropes

Launching with high hopes
after being shown the ropes
will be what we need to know
to run with the ebb and flow,
shelter from rough weather,
roll with pitch and sway,
pull up anchor in the bay,
or, without moorings, content to drift
wait for the depression to lift.
False starts and bad navigation
due to our own creation
may depend upon the boat, and
how her mariner keeps her afloat.
The skeletal hulks all around
reminders that timbers once sound
will sink back into mud and clay.

HEATHER GRANGE

A Trace

The way opens into a broad clearing;
We listen to water falling in near darkness;
Still travelling, uncanny figures glimpse memories,
Tears and smiles are softened by words of peace
Written on the damp earth, patterned with the shapes of leaves,
Echoes released by light and the loneliness of being.

We are given a trace of dreams;
Terse phrases speak the earth, our future, our dwelling place,
The smell and sight of the trees, the grass, the air,
Awareness of clouds and sculptured shadows,
The earth in our heads, the living space of words,
Do not disturb the colours of quietness.

PETER DAY

The Hermit

They draw us ever closer,
These extremities.
By firelight we mull over
Sublime wine.
Each other kiss
And feel our skin
Transmitting messages.
Our essence stilled.
You turn
And offer me your world;
I burn
A memory in your heart.
Together we're a part
Of something greater.

I am the hermit in your shell,
You are the window in my cell.

JIM SINCLAIR

Opening The Door

You can't see it at all:
only when the door swings open -
light burns the eye, air rushes in -
do you find yourself in that dark room
and the shock of breathing
knocks you to your knees.

Then the dry dullness growing thick
on each lethargic second
as you withered in that airless place
trails away like a broken cobweb.

You can't see them can you?
The disordered ups and downs
that sweep through life,
frustrating, invigorating,
like fighting through
the surge and pull of the carnival crush;
You can't see till the door opens.

What turns the handle?
Stubbing a toe? An unexpected cry?
One night's unburdened peace? Or finding
Some small thing lost weeks ago?

Hope teeters on that odd happening,
Something unknown behind the closed door,
that it can open.

J. H. YONCE

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