

Reflections



By and for men and women of
good will

Issue 62

Price £1.10

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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'Reflections' is published four times a year.

Subscriptions:

cheque or postal order (sterling), payable to 'Reflections'

UK: £1.10 + 40p p&p (£1.50 per issue) or £6 sterling annually

Europe: £1.10 + 90p p&p (£2.00 per issue) or £8 sterling annually

Other: £1.10 + £1.65 p&p (£2.75 per issue) or £11 sterling annually

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The Glory Of Placelessness

Swiftly embrace the lotus feet of God's grace,
Or, suddenly, they may stand up and run.
But don't hold them tight, like a drawn bow,
As they stray away from strained heart strings.

Her grace sports many differing disguises,
And performs magical conjuring tricks;
She often descends in form, but departs as spirit.

Seek Her in the night sky, She shines in water,
A mere reflection, like the Moon in a deep pool.
When you try to feel Her cool wetness
She goes back to the blackness of the night.
So seek Her in that 'mysterious placelessness'.
She'll soon position you in your rightful place,
When you try to reach Her splendid Glory.

As an arrow flies from an archer's bow,
Like the golden eagle of imagination,
Know that the Absolute speeds away
From over fanciful speculation.

I fly from distractions of 'this and that',
Not from wearisome fatigue, but from fear
That my dearest love will flee from me.

Like the soft summer breeze I'm fleetfooted,
In love with my mystic Rose; She's its scent.
That Rose, from winter's dread leaves the garden,
Her grace will flee when She sees an attempt

At scholarly rational explanation.
You won't be even able to say 'she flew'.

She'll vanish if you limit Her boundlessness,
She'll leave your burning Soul without a mark !

ALAN JACOBS

Returning

There is an old part of ourselves we now must find,
Down the dust-worn musty cupboards of the years,
Concealed in forgotten shadowed light,
Off some far dim corridor of our life.

We shall seek an aged oil lamp to light our way,
Retrace lost steps that tread to misty days,
To where an old yellow sun shimmers yet in space,
Suffusing pale a silent high windowed room.

On peeling shelves a spotless jar awaits;
Solitude's lantern stirs bright within it's depths,
As of an ancient Summer's effulgence calling;
For 'tis our Self robed new in mystery's flame....

MIKE PENNEY

Poet's Homeland

The lights go on in Sharkti,
The sealed lips speak again.
The poet's heart whispers,
"Here is my domain!"
For these were never mentors
Who stand to greet me now
But descended souls who followed me
From beyond the mighty Plough;
And now, the violescence
Which forms my Sharkti home
Is the light of transformation
On the mind's translucent foam.
Christ stills the waters;
The urgent torrents cease;
And I enter the Realm of Sharkti
And all heart's peace;

And the heart's Lord answers
In rhythmic sympathy,
"I am the harbour of the soul
And the port of Eternity.
In Me is safe anchorage;
In Me, the tempests still.
I am three points of reference:
Desire, love and will.
Oh, leave the guiding waters
And dwell on changeless ground!
We shall be one foundation
United and profound.
Drink at the font of wisdom,

Sleep in the arms of Now;
For I AM He Who dwelt with thee
Beyond the mighty Plough."

AMORATA

Human Curiosity

Stare at the stars
Wondering
Which one is Mars,
Face in the Moon
Remind me of whom?
Group of stars
That make up the big bear,
Twinkling up there.
Where are the guiding hands,
That guide the plough.
Will these invisible hands
Human curiosity guide?
Will it be common
For star ships
To fly by?
Clouding over,
All my starry wonders
Drift behind the clouds,
No clouds
Shroud
My wonders.

BRYAN CLARKE

Areas Of Mystery

There are places that seem reflective
Of the changing moods of time,
Conveying a strange impression
Of the normal and the divine.

We can view them in their splendour
In the golden glow of day,
Linked with a rare enchantment
We can sense from far away.

With twilight they undergo changes
To their auras of mystical thought,
As though radiating an essence
The inquisitive mind may have sought.

Then with night the mystery deepens,
In the light of the moon and the stars,
As if they are at one with the wisdom
Permeating space from afar.

For we then seem but part of the cosmos,
Caught up in its whirl and its flow.
Moving on with it to fulfilment,
With sights that it yet has to show.

SIDNEY MORLEIGH

Tintern Abbey

Dusk in contention with the orange glare
Of an exhausted and absconding sun,
Lurks on the hillside menacing the air,
Asking no quarter and extending none.

The abbey stands, its roof long since removed,
But otherwise enduring in its promises,
None of its fundamentals yet disproved
By this uncanniest of silences.

The river flows unhindered, current strong
Between dark banks, where briefly grey owls glide
Like scurrying figures there for evensong,
Their prayers secret, piety untried.

Shadows are stalking eastward, effigies
Enfolding in the blackness out of sight
The abbey and its keenest mysteries,
According them the camouflage of night.

CHRISTOPHER BREWER

Cruachan

The golden sun draws molecules
of water from the shining seas
and clouds of vapour shed their load
on Cruachan in running streams.

Deep in the mountain dragons sleep
till torrents wake them in their cave
and set them roaring where they lie
chained to pulsing grids of power.

This energy of dragons weaves
electric nets that bind men fast
in unending toil and pleasure,
hidden from the golden sun.

JOHN LIGHT

Bones At Dying

Bones at dying shall not quake
Nor decay with the feasting of the worms
For the spirit of this God loving soul
Shall never harbour in the ground.

For I have burst free with that force
Which drove each flower towards the light
Soul tossed by furies from purple storms
I shelter safe where the mind creates visions.

COLIN IAN JEFFERY

A Prayer

Empty me
Not a golden goblet but
A simple, enamel bowl give me, will you
Wash me clean of yesterday's grey

And then prompt me daily
To be filled with the frustrations, fears and
"I'm gonna' burst if I don't tell you...!"
Word for word, of others

Patience:
Teach me to listen daily
To the outpourings of those I blithely call
Sisters, brothers

And humour. Teach me, do
To laugh unrestrained
At the foolishness of the oh so earnest person
I see everyday, myself

A. MCMASTER



Rootstock

You were well rooted,
a frame to my climbing
until I reached
to search for earth.

And still you were there:
I was trapped to your pattern -
a tangle of lichen thickness
earthy, inflexible, resistant -
everything I was not

My reaching found me
inching over desert;
wire, rock, down and down
through a chasm in the dry
sterility of cement
at last to lucky earth.

Stability changed everything:
anchored I grew strong,
gained height, perspective,
slowly gave up fragility
For a steady bend and sway.

My roots draw from the same
Source as yours; my skin thickens.
I gain substance, develop shoots, make
An excellent frame for climbing.

J. H. YONCE

Happy The Man Who Perceives He Is So

Happy the man who perceives he is so - -
Through his gardens, all nectars and essences flow,
His fancies prepare him pavilions of air
And lavishly feast him on miracles there;
Whose thought can pierce through the veil of the true
To kingdoms of Faery perpetually new,
Unseal and unbar all sealed things that are,
All sealed things and secret to fashion a star,
And make it to rise and blaze in the skies
With a splendour too great for material eyes - -

And the waste places glow and the valleys below:
And happy is he who perceives he is so!

ANN KEITH

Flight

Flippant flight on a butterfly's wings -
life, adult life, life, life:
born from coincidence, changing, passing,
soaring above the riverbank's grass,
shaped from the yearnings of distant childhood,
venturing over the menacing waves,
lured by the nectar of pulsing flowers,
sharing the sun with invisible stars.

THOMAS LAND

Close Sunday

In one's heart
There's a Garden of Eden -
A picture so serene -
Where whispering trees
And a warm gentle breeze
Dapples the sunlight
With green

There's the musical lilt
Of the songthrush
The notes of the robin
And finch
The coo of the dove
As it sits on the bough
Lending solace and peace
As above

In this place where God's Spirit
Shows haven
Where there's freedom
To learn
And to play
Where the skies are as blue
As the cornflower
The sun gives her warmth
So to heal

There's no room for sorrow
Nor parting
As each gives his soul -
That is all -

And each life
Therefore fruits
From the flowering
And each thought
Lifts the mind
In
Applause

For Marie - 13.08.06

LYN SANDFORD

Icon

I lift my eyes above the sumptuous ancient screen
to One who seeks no advantage and does not compete.
I need to find understanding, let myself be seen,
to seek more order, taste the bitter sweet
culmination of a life of total trust and love.
I see the icon: copper, wood and gold, arms stretched out above,
draw from it more than mere lip service, more than pious fear,
awestruck commitment to the Spirit's glory here.

*(Christus Rex (by Peter Ball 1987) a great figure in
wood, beaten copper and gold leaf hangs high above
the fourteenth century quire screen in Southwell Minster).*

PETER DAY

Mandala

Smell the Indian Ocean
turquoise as a jewel
at the dead-end of desert road,
horizon of heat,
mirage of magic.

Tied by camel hairs,
cobweb threads
amongst rainbow cloth
unravelling fears
to adventure further
along the fabricated bias
of my dancing dress,
dreams flick their rapid eye movement
and three voices begin.

PANIC: Give up,
you will die.
As strength is evaporating
so you will spend days deep in dust.

INSANITY: Travel on,
you cannot escape.
As madness spreads her mantle
so you will scream to the four winds.

STRENGTH:

Keep going,
you will win.
As destiny plaits her pattern
so you will twist into the light.

Lying back in sheets of sleep,
witching moons sigh with wishes.
The mandala spins -
an oasis of hope.

VIVIEN STEELS

A Pattern

Motifs in the pattern
do not change:
robins winter in skeletal
lilac near the dry-
stone wall; a painted ketch
warps in on pristine mornings
trailing silver skeins;
shepherds with their goats
and sheep still scale
the limestone crags and scree,
the north wind seeks
the cochlea of caves.

We are the break.

DMYTRO DROZDOVSKY

The Hulk

The black shattered ribs point up to the sky,
a dinosaur carcass that lay there to die.
Forlorn wooden frames form this tragic sight
against the mud flats that low tide yields to light.
Her keel, now submerged, 'neath mud and dense slime,
is like solid bog oak suspended in time.

Rotting planks protrude from oozing morass,
spongy frames camouflaged with seaweed like grass.
Her transom painted with mire from the sea,
her port sides garboard is a barnacled lea.
Her crumbling stem post still curved and upright
grips soft decayed planking along its full height.

Broken bulkheads and beams lay all askew,
a skeleton deckhouse stands way out of true,
rope wire lengths coated with mud and algae
hang down in festoons from a mast stump once high.
Cracked rising remains hold dank frames apart,
the bleak wreck is so sad and tears at one's heart.

Like a spectre she soars from the tide cast,
what kind of vessel had she been in the past?
What brought her to death on that bed of mud,
had her crew all survived or shed salty blood?

You fancy she'd been a proud sailing ship,
bright paint and smart lines since her launch from the slip.
Had she been a coal boat, or coastal tramp,
working her passage, lured to shore by a lamp?

Rising tides cover her timbers with brine,
from the world she then hides with nary a sign,
she's restored to life, not dead anymore,
for fish and sea creatures a ship to adore.
We think of the sea as her flowing shroud,
but for nature she lives, and serves it so proud.

M. V. ULLATHORNE

Rise Up, Small Bird!

Rise up, small bird!
Rise up, tell forth the nature of my dream!
In joy conferred
By soaring vision, you have caught the gleam
And are my Word.
Tell forth the Realm of Ecstasy supreme!

Far, far below
The waiting earth grows urgent in her cloud.
Her labours grow.
Her cries for swift delivery are loud.
O let her know
That in our Realm the answering Angel bowed!

AMORATA

The Harbour Of The Heart

A warm summer evening:
The sun is laughing at the antics
Of the people who play under the skies.
They celebrate for no reason;
They've all come out of the shade
And into the light.
The mountains tower above them,
Guarding them from harm;
Into the depths of the ocean they go
And re-emerge
Revitalised, ready for play once again.
The child of tomorrow
Is full of will,
Strip his flesh to the bone
And he keeps going still!
There is no end to the past,
No beginning to the future,
The gates of the park are open all year round
To those who know only one season -
The season of joy.
Tap the well of the soul
And give freely of its waters,
You bright ones of the earth!

JIM SINCLAIR

ISSN 1354-9391