

# Reflections



By and for men and women of  
good will

Issue 63

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.

Poetry and/or photographs should be sent to:

**REFLECTIONS,  
PO. BOX 178,  
SUNDERLAND.  
SRI 1DU**

Alternatively email to **reflections1@fastmail.fm**

Work can only be returned if it is accompanied by an S.A.E. and no payment can be made for work published. Contributors should indicate how they wish published material to be attributed.

'Reflections' makes no claim to the copyright of any material published.

'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

## CONTENTS

|    |  |                                      |
|----|--|--------------------------------------|
| 1  | Dialogue   | Vincent Berquez                      |
| 2  | An Arretine Vase   | Dmytro Drozdovsky                    |
| 3  | The Boat Of My Being<br>Falling                                      | Alan Jacobs<br>Peter Day             |
| 4  | I Would Be<br>The Commuter's Haiku                                   | Malcolm Currie<br>J.H. Yonce         |
| 5  | Humility And Water   | Bob Kelly                            |
| 6  | Joy<br>Eternity  | A. McMaster<br>Thomas Land           |
| 7  | Regeneration   | Ann Keith                            |
| 8  | In Universal Greeting  | Amorata                              |
| 9  | Harebells  | Pat Kelly                            |
| 11 | Just Glimpses  | Roohi Majid                          |
| 12 | Forward Planning II  | Lyn Sandford                         |
| 13 | Wandering Sailor   | M. V. Ullathorne                     |
| 14 | May Eve  | Mary Guckian                         |
| 15 | Unsung<br>My Favourite Painter: Jean-Léon<br>Gérôme (1824-1904)      | Christopher Brewer<br>Heather Grange |
| 16 | Love   | Colin Ian Jeffery                    |
| 17 | Mindscape  | John Light                           |
| 18 | On The Contract Between<br>Rachel And Leah For Reuben's<br>Mandrakes | Neil Leadbeater                      |
| 19 | Ambitions Change   | Sidney Morleigh                      |

## Dialogue

I have spent much time with my maker  
in a dialogue of solitude  
along the footstep of the us together.

Most times the concepts driven  
inward and outward were too big for me  
to understand my role within this grace.

Sometimes harsh words drove me deeper  
into the woods and land of darker forests,  
into the scorching deserts of bleached sands.

Sometimes my inner words seemed futile,  
fluted within the aspirations of the ego  
and fear of places unknown.

The dialogue reassured my mind's language,  
through the thoughts we had in glades  
of grander designs that helped to celebrate  
the mixed blended before the resonance,  
my maker suffused the contrasts before me.

VINCENT BERQUEZ

## An Arretine Vase\*

Glazed in sanguine terracotta,  
moulded in relief the lovers  
lean to meet the viewer's gaze,  
limbs articulating languor,  
warmed by sun on evening fields  
clotted with anemones, beside a river  
veiled in golden haze.

So many centuries since then  
he bears her to their curtained nest,  
head inclined to hers, whose bright  
corona rests against his breast,  
irises concealed by lids that flicker  
with dream-images, lips eloquent  
with murmured words of tenderness...

Contemplating grace in stasis,  
would I release them from the vase?  
Or would I rather take their place -  
ecstatic in spring's first embrace,  
embodied by the artisan whose hands  
serenely shaped the clay,  
evoking an idyllic Arretine  
that has never been...

Tempus fugit, fugit, fugit...  
Eros hurries on his way.

*\*Arretine vase, 1st century AD, now held in the British Museum.*

DMYTRO DROZDOVSKY

## **The Boat Of My Being**

One evening a crescent Moon appeared,  
Descended from the night and gazed at me.  
As a falcon catches prey at hunting time,  
This Moon snatched me up, orbiting the sky.

When I looked attentively, inside myself,  
There was nobody there for me to see,  
Because in that Moon's deep gaze my restless mind,  
Through God's grace, was taken to my heart  
And all Divine secrets, stood revealed.

The spheres of heaven merged in that bright light,  
The boat of my Being sailed serenely in that sea,  
Its waters became ruffled by mental waves  
And the voice of Wisdom was gently heard.

Then the sea foamed, and at every fleck,  
Figures formed and frothily flooded forth.  
Each received a signal from within this sea  
And dissolved as Spirit into that vast ocean.  
Without the great power of Almighty God  
One would never see the moon nor be the sea.

ALAN JACOBS

## **Falling**

Sense  
the storm  
beneath the horizon,

not reaching us.  
Still falling,  
rain's music  
reclaims calm.

It is simple,  
the colour of rain.

PETER DAY

## **I Would Be**

I would be where islands are,  
For there all winds run true,  
And clouds in skies exult.  
Sea sings to sand of times ago,  
And in a full sea flowered pool  
I may find harboured safe,  
The love that I once knew.

MALCOLM CURRIE

## **The Commuter's Haiku**

Above the exhaust  
Dove up-claps sharply. This is  
Spring's first quiet moment.

J. H. YONCE

## Humility And Water

Water doesn't stay on high ground  
It washes The loftiest peak  
The noblest head  
Yet always seeks the low ground  
Though itself it may be pure

It washes all regardless of who  
The feet of the leper The king  
And then  
    Flows on  
Often out of view  
Vital water  
    Living water  
Always seeking the low ground

Joyously bubbling in the drain  
Unaffected by any stain  
As great as any  
    Jordan or Ganges  
Flowing on  
Until lost in the sea

Found in the ocean  
At one with all

Humility and water

Raised up again by the sun

BOB KELLY

## Joy

Joy comes like a thief in the night.  
As mist folds its gentle mystery over the cold old play  
and the closely moulded blankets,  
yours and the world's are pushed away  
joy comes unannounced.

As just a little light escapes from the grey stillness  
dawn yawns slowly, with sleep in its eye over the horizon  
glimmering pale yellow through ink-black trees:  
winter's own silhouette.

And chinking in, shy but insistent, lancing through  
the window, there it is come to say:  
"Hey, let there be light stuff, and joy, joy to you..!"  
That is all... and enough

A. MCMASTER

## Eternity

*A decade has passed since I saw your eternal smile,  
said the Poet (in classical Greek) at the Louvre to the  
Horseman.  
Stone lasts. Your millennia dwarf my little while.*

*How sad, but your self-pity leaves me cold, said the stone,  
for I am only a lump of marble carved by a mortal:  
my envied eternity thus is really his own.*

THOMAS LAND

## Regeneration

In days not very distant I believed  
(Bowed down as I must be by such a load)  
My fate fast sealed, my destiny achieved;  
I could not then have dreamt that bitter road  
Would lead to this secure and far abode.  
But such is man: The deepest griefs decay  
By slow degrees as day succeeds on day.

Surely I had then ample cause to crave  
To make an end of all things and to die,  
Looking to win to safety in the grave,  
Fretting impatiently at every tie  
That held me still to life - - yet here am I,  
A thousand leagues from native soil and sky,  
Possessed of life and not devoid of peace,  
With strength and hopes that every day increase.

All arguments may be employed in vain;  
Persuasions the most cogent may be tried;  
And all shall be rejected with disdain.  
Yet pain shall not eternally abide;  
With time its fluctuations will subside;  
The turbulence and vehemence and alarm  
Shall be succeeded finally by a calm.

I now recall with wonder and with shame  
The wild infatuation of those days;  
For well I know I am not now the same;  
A change has come; I walk in other ways;  
I showed no fortitude, deserve no praise;

But imperceptibly with passing time  
New thoughts replaced the old within my mind.

I marvel now I could not realise  
That all the beauty held in earth and sea,  
And kind affections, and the exercise  
Of human sympathies had power to be  
A spring of comfort flowing still for me;  
And labours after wisdom yet might teach  
A means of happiness within my reach.

ANN KEITH

## In Universal Greeting

Now may Man's true self step forth  
In his rainbow cloak of virtues  
On the sure ground of first principle  
To engender peace on Earth,

For this Man respects all people  
In the Family of Nations:  
His fire of being seeks to reveal  
The unity of all.

May we, in the cosmos forming  
Out of a time of chaos,  
Greet this true self in every man  
Till peace prevails on Earth.

AMORATA



## **Just Glimpses**

Just glimpses  
Light and dark  
Images and forms  
Just colours  
Emergent intensity  
Growing, subsiding  
Just signals  
Imprints of transience.

Imprints of transience  
Nothing - still  
Form and colour  
Nothing to rest eyes on.  
On the move  
Palest pale, brightest bright  
Mauve, lemon, pink  
Lilac, purple, fuchsia  
Moving in - out  
In pursuit, in love  
Attraction, rejection  
Emotions in flux.

Emotions in flux  
Energy expanding, declining  
Floating organisms  
Rebounding, regrouping -  
Dots, commas, question marks  
With overwhelming speed  
Overflowing regeneration  
Creation - illusion.

Unborn, unformed  
Just glimpses,

ROOHI MAJID

## **Forward Planning II**

The warmth of the sun  
Shall caress the soul  
As sight of new growth  
Brings delight to the eye

The smile on a face  
Brings love to the heart  
As Spring turns from Winter  
And with season -  
A fresh start  
There's the promise  
Of joyfulness  
As the months follow on  
And Spring becomes Summer  
And Life's colour  
Leads on

LYN SANDFORD



## Wandering Sailor

Bring me to the seashore,  
let me behold the waves,  
face me to salty windward  
that I may live again.  
Let me breathe the swirling ozone  
and watch white horses prance,  
that I may dream of years gone by  
and accord past times a glance.

Hear the short waves slapping,  
come hissing up the sand,  
let me view receding ripples  
vacating fresh rinsed land.  
Let me hear the stormy rollers  
crashing forth discordant riffs,  
and I'll feel the briny spindrift  
flying high above steep cliffs.

Let me travel surfing waters,  
caress the swollen sea,  
for there my heart is carried  
to seascapes wild and free,  
then return me to my loved ones,  
with soul refreshed and clean,  
to the family that I treasure  
no matter where my mind has been.

M. V. ULLATHORNE

## May Eve

On May Eve we picked  
yellow flowers from  
the road meadow where  
a narrow stream flooded  
over the ground, leaving  
stems fat and rubbery.  
We reverently placed  
the green bunches by  
doorsteps of our homes  
and farm outhouses.  
Making a wish for good  
weather, we prayed  
for a plentiful harvest  
along with abundant  
fodder for our cattle.  
Lying on the ground  
until they withered  
we watched lively May  
winds scatter the fading  
petals across the farm:  
heavy showers pushing  
them back into the earth.

MARY GUCKIAN

## Unsung

Such songs there were in those days of our youth,  
Great songs composed by only God knew who,  
Bright, lovely songs, unsparing with the truth -  
Hearing those verses was the thing to do.

Songs could attract a cold, official frown,  
Endanger their performers mortally -  
Brave songs of old, clandestinely set down  
Those dark days of the twentieth century.

There seems no appetite for songs today -  
Poets and minstrels should be flourishing,  
But they are silent or have gone away,  
Afraid the world would not be listening.

CHRISTOPHER BREWER

## My Favourite Painter: Jean-Léon Gérôme (1824-1904)

Travelling as far as Algeria, Syria, the banks of the Nile,  
and the Gulf of Aqaba,  
seeking out old histories, oriental scenes,  
harem ladies, elaborately carved screens,  
bedouins on donkeys, camels, steeds,  
crossing the desert, caravans in single file.

Capturing on paint suggestions of hidden restraint,  
foreign contacts forbidden,  
representing intrusion of contentment, seclusion,  
writing history with his brush  
Around the oasis, the lush vegetation,  
women drawing water, never alone,  
men answering the call to prayer,  
evening shadows along the wall,  
evoking a secretive air,  
Insights into an ancient civilisation.

HEATHER GRANGE

## Love

Love is never boastful  
But patient, steadfast and honest  
Moving mountains in its path.

Love is never jealous, wicked or envious  
Nor does it keep records of wrong doings  
But smiling walks the extra mile.

Love is never self-seeking and proud  
Does not delight in evil  
And will never be bought and sold.

COLIN IAN JEFFERY

## **Mindscape**

Through the thick forests of my mind  
I journey to bright silver cities,  
Stores of ancient lore and arcane knowledge,  
A heritage for me to find.

Concealed amidst the dendroid deeps  
Of my mind's arboreal heartland,  
Are moonlit glades of flowers and faery  
Where fabled unicorn still sleeps.

Far beyond this mossy kingdom,  
Beyond the uplands flower bedecked,  
I see the strange subconscious ocean swell  
In whose depths moves primal wisdom.

Asleep in mist-lapped lonely halls,  
A secret people dwells forever;  
Folded in lost valleys of awareness  
Where still-born thought in silence falls.

If I could thread the hidden ways  
Through the winding labyrinth of self,  
I would roam across that boundless mindscape  
Where the wind of spirit plays.

JOHN LIGHT

## **On The Contract Between Rachel And Leah For Reuben's Mandrakes**

Rachel envied her sister's fecundity, the coming of  
Reuben, Simeon, Levi...

*Give me children, or I shall die.*

And so Leah gave her the mandrakes, the narcotic  
mandragoras.

Holding the root but not the plant  
she did not see their ample leaves, could not conceive  
of the pale blue flowers, the orbicular  
globose berries,  
those devil's apples that had fallen far  
from the comfort of their stems.

Each one was a spilled seed in the bride-white double  
border.

But God remembered Rachel  
and gave her a son she could call her own.

When she held him in her arms  
she knew she would remember  
his hue and his cry  
for ever.

NEIL LEADBEATER

## **Ambitions Change**

I hoped for great accomplishments -  
A peak to my career,  
And on occasion naively felt  
That fame was drawing near.  
My published work roused interest  
But finance was denied -  
And hence restrictions were imposed  
Through which those projects died.

But then I found a stimulus  
In viewing broader fields,  
Where nature offered challenges -  
Despite uncertain yields.  
Through this the most unusual tasks  
Were soon to me assigned,  
For I was sure that these would help  
To activate the mind.

In retrospect I am content;  
My aims may now have changed,  
But yet I feel those things I sought  
Are merely re-arranged.  
For in the end the aim should be  
To ease the plight of man -  
And if my work can somehow help,  
Then that must be my plan.

SIDNEY MORLEIGH

ISSN 1354-9391