

Reflections



By and for men and women of
good will

Issue 64

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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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A Leaf Stirred

A leaf stirred. All was still. There was a slight
Rustle of reeds, a whirr of wings in flight;
While faint from far-off forests I could hear
Waters that rolled in flood beyond my sight,
Rushing on granite stones in swirls of white,
A distant roar across the midnight air.
Softer than these, than all that ear can hear,
An unknown angel spoke to me that night.
I did not see his face. I knew him there.

My ears received his tones like whispered sighs;
I marked them in my heart by starlit skies,
As one might hear afar and faint and low
The song of some supreme musician rise
And mark the bars and chords to memorise.
My life has been a strange succeeding flow
Of dreams half-seen in wisps that come and go,
Of worlds that flash and fade upon my eyes --
Heavens above my head and hells below.

I see the skies divide and shed around
A light at times in which my path is drowned;
The grass, the trees, the very air ignite.
And I have seen the earth give way, the ground
Unclosing underneath me a profound
And hellish gaping hole of blackest night.
One glimpse they give and vanish from my sight --
One fleeting glimpse -- and fade too soon to sound
The deeps of darkness or the heights of light.

ANN KEITH

Youth

--Where to, where to,
young and keen,
on mountain pastures
steep and green,
climbing a course
so tough, so straight:
where do you seek
your urgent fate?

-- *Look at the summit
white with snow:
there to the summit
I must go,
there from the summit
to glimpse at the truth
and there for a glimpse
to pay with my youth.*

--What truth is worth
such a price to pay?
Savour your youth,
silly child, and stay.
--*Remain or ascend,
the price is the same.
It must be paid
I pursue my aim.*

THOMAS LAND

Searching

Tell me if you can, mon père,
what inspiration I should seek
to bring fulfilment to my days
and to vanquish life's mystique.
Oh Father, please, hear my voice,
your experience and technique
relate to myths of our forebears,
for their words of wisdom speak.

The answer came. Son, hear me,
I will endeavour to be wise,
for inspiration you will find
dons many a strange disguise.
Our ancestors had need of food,
they observed nature's seedlings rise,
they found that they could till the soil,
sustained crops became their prize.

Go to where the mountains climb
their summits thrusting to the sky,
for they'll stir passions in your breast
as their beauty drowns the eye.
Trail clear streams towards the coast,
how they converge and unify
then form great rivers wide and deep,
to the sea they satisfy.

Watch the white topped waves roll in
their ceaseless efforts to be free,
they'll rant and rave, then wallow calm,
don't forget they are the sea.

Walk through the thickest forest,
there note the spreading of each tree,
see in the tangled undergrowth
where their route's no guarantee.

So, you see, there's no advice
that mother nature cannot give,
from artists to the engineer
they find her most talkative.
To seek your inspiration,
somewhere in nature it will live,
our ancestors found wisdom there,
negative and positive.

M. V. ULLATHORNE

Laugh Like You Have Never Known Sorrow

Laugh like you have never known sorrow,
Cry like you have never known joy.
Play like you don't know work,
Live like you don't know it will end.
Live like you don't know shame,
Keep the company of your friends.

Find freedom, without getting lost,
spend time, without knowing the cost.

Know that youth will only pass,
to the ancient of days.

Build ships to sail away in,
across an azure sea of dreams.

Laugh like you have never known sorrow,
Live like you have never known fear.

Laugh like you have never known sorrow,

Cry like you have never known joy.

Play like you don't know work,

Live like you don't know it will end.

Heal like you have never bled

Live turquoise, like you have never known red.

Live rich, live well, live long,

Live for today, for tomorrow, for yesterday.

Live like returning, live like running away.

Live like Saints, live like sinners,

Live like the old, and like absolute beginners.

Live like the moon, live like the stars,

Laugh like you have never known sorrow,

Cry like you have never known joy.

Play like you don't know work,

Live like you don't know it will end.

Live like you don't know shame,

Keep the company of your friends.

BEN MACNAIR

The Elusive Path

There are many roads that stretch away,

But only one will take

You through the strangling wilderness

To where you can awake.

Directions to the elusive path we

Desperately wish to find

Are absent from illusion, so

We need to hone our mind.

Everything we learnt in life whilst

Struggling with the mortal;

Becomes inconsequential when we

Find there is a portal.

A path to peace and happiness

Within one's very soul;

For our fragmented pieces,

To meld and become whole.

So through life's small distractions

I will steadily pick my way;

And hope the light of knowledge

Will empower me each day.

SHONA TINDALE

Imperfect Image

Distant Neptune's azure orb I see
through Voyager's electronic eye,
turning on my television screen,
a cool disc of lonely loveliness.

One vast enigmatic cumulus
of cold unearthly chemistry
drifts through the planet's atmosphere,
driven by winds of awesome strength
unheard across the deadening void.

Why is this one imperfect image
so much more beautiful and moving,
more mysterious and inspiring,
than a work of art can ever be?

JOHN LIGHT

Born From The Sea

When sparkling foam heaves from the sea
And breaks upon the shore,
And details of its filigree
The rays of light explore;

When from the depths it finds release
Luxuriantly to play,
While beauty, strength and charm increase,
Though destined not to stay -

We understand what Ancients tell
Who lived at culture's dawn:
That Venus on a giant shell
From dazzling foam was born.
Thus fertile minds upon the earth
Embellish such a birth.

ANNE SANDERSON

Visions That Enthral

There are those days we often will recall
When all was well, the heavens bright and clear,
For soon those wisps of cloud would disappear
To leave a scene of beauty, to enthral.

Those days, those spells, when nature voiced her call
With songbirds telling us of joy sincere,
Midst landscapes, seascapes, townscapes we revere -
A pleasure of the mind that comes to all.

For inspiration then can reach the skies
With clarity of vision and of thought,
That with it will bring wonder and surprise
Which we ourselves had hitherto not sought.
As though a window had been opened wide,
With countless splendours showing from inside.

SIDNEY MORLEIGH



Jnanasphurti / Divyasphurti *

Whence comes this need of mine, from time to time,
To write a mystic verse - or pen a rhyme,
Extolling knightly deeds of long ago?
Forsooth, I know not - yet I am aware
Of words and phrases wafted through the air;
Always in secret, from some distant source.
Perhaps those daughters from the loins of Zeus,
Who cast their random spells without excuse,
Seek to inspire me with a wayward whim!

In magic moments just before the dawn,
Urania, with her artistic skill,
Lights up the diamond, Venus, in the sky;
While Enterpe, with haunting flute or lyre,
Now charms away the morning mists entire.
Then comes Erato's turn to foster love
And influence new poets from above;
While Calliope, not to be outdone,
Recalls an epic tale of valour won .

Thus I'm an instrument of their delight -
And so must needs surrender to my plight!

* *An attempt to capture a suitable Sanscrit word for Inspiration*

ROBERT GOSLIN

Inspiration

Brain wave,
Flash of Inspiration,
Quick a pen and paper.
This thought not the average,
Table napkin or a corner of the table cloth.
Better still a margin of a newspaper.
Before this thought wave
Gone.
Any thing to scribble on,
With this must be brave,
Quick before the idea gone,
Scribble it down, to think on,
An impulse, a mind rave!
Should carry a note book?
What a brain wave?
This Inspiration is,
A winner if ever it is,
Don't be lost in mind's enclaves.
Never know 'til it's wrote down.
Read and judge,
A classic wave.
A best selling thriller,
Or a waste paper basket filler
A poor Inspiration brain wave.

BRYAN CLARKE

Sun-garlands

Planet Earth is parched - thirst for humanity
Heavens spin... off course.
Mortals play god... decide who live, who die.
Human cost spirals like sonic booms.

None of this is of our choosing or making.
Some of us engage in protest march, peace-talks.
Others in goodwill, prayer, meditation.

Eyes shut, heart open ... we meditate.

Avoiding sense perceptions
I wait for signs, signals, clues,
envisage a path of Peace and Hope.
I contemplate on a violence-free world.

Eyes shut, heart open...

Shapes and colours pass through this duration.
They come and go at will - appearing, receding.
Changing forms, patterns, intensity.
Mind bewilders... a mystery... a gift...

Eyes shut, heart open ...

On this ephemeral screen of the inward mirror
images dance...
Visions dim and glow, radiance loop and scatter.
Stars pale in ebony night until... until Usha,
the goddess of dawn steps from the East carrying

Sun-garlands - Flowers of Light and Colour woven in Hope.

ROOHI MAJID

Inspiration

Who will raise a mystic hand to the stars above
And send forth the single ray of Mind
To worlds beyond deceit,
Where Truth instead is 'shrined'?

Who will carry to earth my golden seeds of hope,
Loving gifts to the righteous few?
Who will lift up their tearstained eye?
Who will come forth by Day, and the ancient pledge renew?

Where among you is the peace, and where the simple joy?
Where the bonds of love,
Those sacred ciphers of the sun
Reflecting here below their home above?

Those among you who are far afield,
Come dream the dreams of our dim-remembered yesterday.
And those whose tongue still lives,
Let them sing the songs of the sunny ray.

Have them stir the heart of everyman,
And put to flight the shadowed horde
Whose race is all but run.
And let them fear not, for the Light is soon restored.

PAT KELLY

His Inspiration

Your naked flesh awaits his kiss
To propel you to dreaming bliss;
Your eyes are closed, your body raised;
His open mouth projects the flames
To release you from lonely nights
And welcome you to heaven's heights.
You'll see only beauty and truth
Made one flesh with eternal youth,
No bondage will you ever know
But freedom from the world below.
Though it is cold on rhymer's heights,
You'll feel the warmth of loving nights
In his strong hands; hands that will hold
The quill, the ink and parchment old
That will attest to your true worth:
His inspiration until death.

JIM SINCLAIR

To Me Reality Spoke

To me Reality spoke,
His golden voice,
Enrapturing, made
My dancing dust rejoice,
Till I arose
Who slept upon the earth,
Casting my cloak
Upon the route of birth.

I feel my Inspirer's
Heightened frequency;
Quickened, I run;
Now, full awake, I fly.
Reality clasps me
In his swift advance,
And we ignite
Whose name is Radiance.

AMORATA

Good Morning

On rising, Emperor Sun rubs wry eyes
And mounts his car of scintillating fire,
He quakes quarks, atoms, molecules to dance,
All acts pirouette in space from tomb to womb.
Awesome in his gleaming garb of ruddy gold,
But black storm clouds blitzkreig in from the west
And violet-veil his effulgent face.
The flock are frightened, pray and wait in vain.

My thoughts are shrouds before this mighty King,
All chatter, mutter, stutter and splutter.
If I'd sit quietly, gloom would glide away
And the righteous Sun blaze forth for evermore.
For He that's in the Sun is in my Heart.

ALAN JACOBS

A Gathered Harvest

A library is like a gathered harvest
And what I seek there
Is inspiring thought and idea

That
The shining scriptures of the world
Are as vital as ever

That
Something as soft as water
Can shape and smooth
And win a way through hard rock

To be made aware that
A wall of stone
Is known by the seer
To be space condensed
Or more encouraging still
To be condensed consciousness
Nearer yet to spirit itself

That
The poet labourer John Clare
Is published in full by Oxford

My library is a harvest of thought
Read and be freed
I pass on the torch to you

BOB KELLY

Inspiration's Source

That inspiration for which we are yearning
Is often quite near, although awkward to find,
And not readily invoked by reflections
To form visions and images, sparkling with life.

Yet it may spring from the splendours of nature
In a setting that has beauty and peace,
Or the trauma of a crowded kitchen -
With its problems that all too rarely cease.

It can emanate from the darkness of dungeons,
From fetters of the body or mind,
Or events we do not seek to remember -
That quite unexpectedly unwind.

It may come from the distance, from voices or movements,
Which we can only vaguely discern,
Or from places and associations
To which we frequently return.

Yet inspiration's arrival is sudden,
Regardless of intention or aim,
For it will overwhelm us without warning -
Like a spark about to burst into flame.

SIDNEY MORLEIGH

