A photograph of a narrow canyon with a rocky path leading towards a bright opening at the top, framed by dark rock walls. The scene is illuminated by warm, golden light from the opening, creating a strong contrast with the dark shadows of the rock walls. The path is composed of small, light-colored stones and leads the eye towards the bright light at the top of the canyon. The overall mood is one of mystery and natural beauty.

ESSENCE OF THE LIGHT

Chris Cypher

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CONTEMPLATIVE POETRY

By Chris Cypher

Essence of the Light

Chris Cypher

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To my beautiful wife and loving sons and daughters



FOREWORD

The grey haired gardener stands “empowered by the view of his precious blessed garden’s plot”. Is “dazzled with delight of the privilege of seeing minute exquisite living images of the Creator’s gifts, dance before his eyes”.

Chris is the gardener with “creased lined face” who, allows “fragrances to waft and tickle the nostril’s senses. While vibrating shimmering images filter into his mind, delivering inspirational messages, as he views a gentle feathered chirpy garden friend of God’s creation”.

“Spasmodic sunlight beams escaping from great grey rain bearing clouds,” witnessed by the gardener, show Nature’s playful elements. Whimsical unwritten rules of cosmic forces, rhythmically whispering amongst the trees. Sending delightful thought provoking messages, touching the inner soul’s spirit, hoping to lift the reader’s joy to see the beauty of the world.

When time allows, he is the gardener whose mind has “wondered deeply”, whilst pausing upon an “old bench log to sit and muse in a restful silent cove of Nature”. Listening to a “myriad of birds warbling, bold feathered flicking magpies and diligent feathered food searchers” flittering about the garden paradise.

Words within these pages are an enlightening Spiritual beacon, leading the reader towards an in depth understanding of Nature. These words speak for themselves whilst whispering, tantalizing, invigorating and mysteriously entwining imagination.

This gardener, a quiet achiever, certainly has a gift and is presenting this flair wrapped within the pages of this little book. Sharing his utter amazement of Nature’s diverse patterns and enchanting idiosyncrasies.

Sharing with the reader, our Creator's iridescent tinctures with shades of light. That resonate onto a brilliantly styled canvas, pausing to encompass every imaginable hint of colour.

Yes, there is the Essence of Light touching your words Chris, filtering and enhancing one's internal Spirit. Vibrating and resonating with purposeful meandering to the Soul. I enjoyed feasting upon these words of wisdom, strolling through the pages of the Gardener's mind in print with enchanting words and indelible images.

Katherine Tickner September 2011

INTRODUCTION

I had a great deal of difficulty selecting a title for this book. The final decision occurred after I had been working in a garden. A thought occurred to me that without light, I could not see the world. I could not appreciate the texture of the soil or the colours, beauty or delicate patterns of the plants as I worked. I realized that everything in most people's daily lives involves the use of light.

I realized that the Creator had given humanity the gift of light so they could enjoy the mystery of creation, life and the extraordinary diversity of natural beings. It is a source to stimulate the mind and thoughts in every possible way. Often I have seen the quote from sacred scriptures: "You are the light of the world". This may provoke humanity to see the uniqueness and a spirituality of every thing created upon the incredible rich planet earth, but also in the vast outer limits of the universe.

Without light we could not see and appreciate the beauty of Nature. We would miss witnessing the amazing awesome power that humanity, despite the belief in its superiority that it can control nature's very essence; it is often humbled.

The Creator's gift of the servant Nature for humanity to study, understand and acknowledge, particularly in these day's when science believes it can master everything; is a power to be reckoned with in all its behavior and whims.

Essence of the Light contains my observations in poetic form. The beauty and glorious spectacle of flowers, trees, rock formations, the oceans and rivers and fauna in all their complexity and diversity. It is only necessary to choose to recognize them.

Whether minute or large, beautiful or ordinary, that they become precious, and of intrinsic value, to us all every day of our lives no matter where we are located. We have a choice to either acknowledge the generosity of the One who offers so many forms of beauty, and sometimes terror, or reject these gifts without a care for the consequences.

Essence of the Light challenges the mind and senses. It offers the opportunity to find, perhaps in a personal quiet place, the spirit's soul, to frolic in the freedom of the rhythm of Nature's calming and soothing peace. Release the human mind to dream of the beauty of the natural world free from the restrictions of every day life's demands, hustle and bustle of the modern world's daily life struggles. To find reconciliation in the freedom offered by the Creator for human enjoyment in words hidden in the poems contained in Essence of the Light.

To achieve a depth of peace and tranquility in our daily world that lifts our hearts, to acknowledge the mysterious love that the Creator has for all. I hope that the words in the poems offer the reader this joy adding more meaning to their daily lives.

I pray that some words will offer a source of thought, that provokes opportunity to look carefully at the rare beauty of Nature; robust and yet so fragile. Perhaps it calls upon our modern world, to think carefully about the influence and effect that changes in scientific and social decisions will create, upon nature's resources and both their survival into future generations.

Chris Cypher



AFTER BURN

God of mortal life kept me safely away that day,
when nature's heated breath responded to energy's burning power play,
swept across the sacred space of green treed gentle sloping terrain,
hell's destructive red heat accompanied pitch black smoke companion,
consumed every tree's green dressage, eliminated any fragile plant
unfortunate to be touched by ferocious death dispensing flames.

One could be forgiven,
if thoughts that this black scene of burnt dust scorched earth's landscape,
as far as the naked eyes could see, was the epitome of conclusive death.
Devastation was the only view to mind's eyes that could be identified,
thoughts recoiled within the mind of how anything could live,
in this burnt out environment again?

Oh, how so limited is the scope of human mind for mercy,
difficult to appreciate the mystery of the Creator's gentle capacity.
To forgive the soul's tender spirit, saddened by any transgression of its
human frailty. The power to restore the fierce destructive damage caused,
by the behavior of His servants. When they occasionally loose their calm,
succumbing to instant whims of brutal mischievousness tantrum's injury,
upon the fragile natural inhabitants of the planet earth is mysterious.

Nature's temper eased away rapidly, when all appeared consumed,
only burnt coal black skeletons of trees hung like sacrificed bodies,
starkly etched against the pastel blue of peaceful sky.
No longer smeared with oily coal black graffiti messaged smoke trails,
that oozed across the landscape like written warning,
of the power of nature's extraordinary whims of behavior
upon the Creator's earth, when exercising her freedom of playful games,
upon the living flora and fauna of her vast expanses of the Australian bush.

Silence allowed healing of the resilient bush's plants, sprigs of new-life green sprung up upon black scard tree branches, while about the barren landscape numerous black stumps, like formations of a past civilization, joined little tufts of squarish patterned long fibrous foliage of ancient Xanthorrhoea preissii burnt tops reaching up to heaven in grateful thankful prayer of praise to their ancestral Creator, for the generosity of nature's gentle peaceful silent regeneration of renewed life, from the fire's of death, forming upon the scard beauties of the bush.

Heart's spirit clutched at tender emotions of radiantly beautiful new life, regrowth stimulated by nutritious soft thirst quenching winter rains. Spectacular floral blooms cast angled golden yellow patterns, across the burnt landscaped scene to dazzled the observer's eyes, blessing Creator's angel's had invoked a gift of restoration, offering vibrant landscape from the torment of burning dust creating heat.

Nature's artistic imagination created the haven for pollen collecting busy bees feasting upon the heavy drooping golden orange-yellow blossoms of late Spring's magnificent West Australian Nuytsia floribunda, colour's brilliance enhanced by the fire, emphasised the brilliant glory of the extraordinary golden-orange blooms of the Christmas Tree.

Stood proudly aloof in their renewed greening bushland setting, among towering Xanathorrhoea adorned exquisitel in unique fragranced white flowered spikes atop lush green long stringy leafed drooping skirt, fire burnt-black leg-like shapes contrasting with blue sky's background.

Nearby, beneath their unique ancient warrior shaped shadows, newly growing multiple patterned ground covers, camouflaged the patches of burnt black soil's past experiences, forgotten in the passing of time, new eyes delighted human mind's thoughts of the Creator's true love, for the rare earth of the outback's once more vital living bushland scene.

BECKONING

Rippled tarnished gold rays whispered
across the space of morning's time,
tingled the heart's strings of life's mind stirred emotions.

Struggled to hear clearly the sky's reflected dazzling call,
nerves strained the body's inner throbbing tissues,
alarmed trembling sensitized thoughts within the mind.

How can mere man, translate the power of vision's images,
of such awesome creation's splendor,
that illuminate the sensitivities of one's inner core,
as if exposed to an invisible voice communicating in unknown dialect.

Mind frightened to acknowledge gifts granted to his humble personage,
perceived as the gentle love of His Creator.
A gift he cannot understand,
but given to others to uplifting their joy, he hoped.

Words of a quiet voice resounding in his head guided on the flimsy pulse,
of Nature's airways energy's flow undulating across landscape mixed
with freedom's peace permeates the heart's rhythm with such tenderness,
like the gossamer soft touch of a kiss upon a lover's cheek,
affirms a love so deep, that only a fool would turn away from such a caress

Heated body sort comfort of wet morning's cooling breath,
reduced trembling of the mind's nervous state at this daunting experience,
of the rising lights impact upon the old gardener's confused thoughts.

Fragranced jonquil flower's lips tipped with crystal balled droplets,
cradled in their long green slender leafed abodes called gently.

Pleaded with eyes to leave alone a moment the image of morn's rising and
feast upon silent dappled tan spiked barked companion tree's,
majestic winter coat offered those of the lower garden kingdom,
safe cosy haven from the threat of Nature's rain bearing breezes,
slowly building momentum around the watching groundman's work station.

Drippy wet green veined nasturtium's firmly rooted in their garden space,
among the awakening droopy eyed mauve daisy flowers heard,
bird's call echoing about the speckled pastel yellow clad Liquidamber,
towering above the garden where new Spring season gardens,
being prepared with nurturing gardener's skilled hands and mind hopeful,
Nature's blessing for another spectacular array of blazing flower blooms,
to celebrate the Creator's gift of new vibrant life in the vast garden's.

Chuckled squawks and shrill whistled calls ricochet about the ground's
green open spaces carried persistent whispering to the soul's spirit's,
emphasised a closeness of a Presence offering reassurance to accept,
the body's trembling sensation of closeness and mind's puzzled response,
that it's probably only the cool low rain bearing air teasing ,
skins sensitive receptors to the awareness of impending close by rain.

Be more gentle with self and accept without so many questions,
or in humorous thought:

Is your name Thomas?

Accept willingly the Creator's gift He has given so freely,
to carry out the works He has chosen for you to perform,
even if you can not understand their purpose.

Pray that He gives you a blessing,
strength and determination and the precious gift of time,
to achieve what ever the Creator has placed in your responsibility,
reflecting his joy and beauty of Nature for humanity that he loves so dearly.

BLAZE

Autumn's sunlight bathed the day over head,
with warmth of white light's gentleness,
like some ancient thoughts of angel's presence,
sky birds winged aloft, casting flittering shadows,
added their whistling calls to day's choir of rhythmic calls,
upon earth of walker's pathway and native gardens growing..

Far away meandering thoughts reviewed past day's times,
when the very inner realms of life's sensuality twinkled with delight,
at such blatant stimulation of deep senses witnessed the blazing beauty,
of God's presence in this living oasis of native garden's grand diversity,
reached deep into the heart of His promise: never forget I love you so!

Enjoy the essence of gifts twirling the spirit's soul with vision's excitement
of dainty dancing fiery brilliant red yellow lights dazzling reflection,
mirrored from bush tree leaves dangling carefree in the rhythmic motions,
of Nature's amazing subtle contoured slim limb lines enclosed in silence,
while caramel and tawny brown trunk hugging barks smooth and rugged,
touched the soul's core with ecstasy of Australian bush leaves happily
wearing the dusty waxy hues of tripple shaded green-blue leaf colourings.

Frenzied freedom's swirls in sneaky breeze twisted nearby shee-oak's
narrow slender leaves, shook sharp indented patterned banksia leaves
with fading cone blooms and creamy white orange toned plumages,
joffered human senses teasing fternoon's sweet sea air laden fragrances.
Emotions played with bush's imaginative Creator's whistled air tunes,
shared this sacred moment of unique peace of the ancient land's spirit.

Lone walker's body responded with energy's release at early day's cool,
warmed by sheer gladness light's creation of vivid s splashes of colours.

Bumpy little mitre shaped crown buds, of such delicate jeweller's design,
decorated in brilliant red caps breaking apart with new life's arrivals,
spectacular myriads of quadrupled grouped yellow blooms bursted forth ,
splattered the sky view with splendid circled frilled coloured delight.
Ecstatically celebrating its moment of life's freedom before fading,
like older nearby blooms, their nectar bearing offering and sparkle waning,
as decreed in Nature's life's cycle in the next phase of aging experience.

Stirred up mind with passionate thoughts of bliss of loves experience,
in leafy greens, red and musky-grey shaded tree branches surrounded
by busy honey bee's hissing, as if in reverant prayer to Nature's gift,
yellow-greeny fresh spiky bloom offering sweet nectary gift.

While frisky grey-white pin striped honey birds poked slender beaks,
into these juicy sources of season's nutriant, flittered about elegant
angled pink brown speckled body branches bowed low to touch,
in grateful home and submission in leaf sweeping kisses the very vitality of
Nature's artistic mural of sedate bushy scene and vitality of the earth.

Little breeze laughed with joy and tickled quietly bush walker's thoughts,
of slowly fading joys of youth to blessing of mature age,
all living things can not avoid the end when their brilliant kaleidoscope,
of colours fade in the deep felt experiences of human daily life's mosaic.

Great shimmering crucible's body slowly decending cast shadows,
over bleched pink mitre shaped crowns and browning-yellow leaf patterns,
of unknown artist's thoughts portrayed upon bumpy bush's soil,
in final moments glimpse of bushland's gentle serene silent habitat,
as day light slowly settles into distant evening's western curved horizon,
greying dusk's sky interrupted moment's intimate thoughts of infinite life,
sustained in relationship with his God that harmonizes the fragile balance,
of Creation's wonderful and fragile ecosystems on the planet earth,
and the unique responsibility humanity carried to preserve all fragile life.

CELEBRATION

Aged bronze wings beat gentle air waves in hovering motions,
sent urgent rhythms of time that urged the spirit's soul,
to listen to the symbolic songs of vibrating kisses caressing,
silver slivers of light's pleasure playing,
across the lines of merry emerald grasslands.

Glistening dew welcomed to pond's watching guardian,
while hovering sky bound wonderer moved away in swaying patterns,
embossed across the mind's vision little written reminders,
for the heart to record the memory of this moment of delight,
the white tendrils of aquatic garden plants life roots silk slender threads,
trembling in rhythm with water's breathe as if speaking of secret words,
of life's cycles complimenting the harmony of God's presence,
among the weaving clarity of the fish pond's mirrored waters.

Round eyes of mellow brown, scanned across the shade dappled waters,
body serenely safe in screened look-alike little hollowed habitat,
among the overhanging bulrush wind bent broken leaves,
permitted the keen observer to spot the regal aquatic king,
robed in sun shiny freckled-brown body coat lime-emerald piping edged
serenely observed with beady eyes vision a cursory check for peace,
in his watery realm, the disappeared from view into his watery kingdom.

Flights of gorgeous royal blue, orange-fiery red tinged winged dragon flies,
flashing myriads of brilliant coloured lights of day's light,
set alight the inner soul's sense, like fiery glitter of precious opal gemstone,
pierced by the correct angle of brilliant crystal beam of powerful energy,
created awesome operatic display of blazing brilliant coloured prisms,
captured forever in the glory of solid jeweled stone creation's faces.

Nature's jewel-like coloured harmony kindled the moral human soul's spirit, stimulated imagination's wonder of amazing gifts presented to the senses, delighted and excited the human heart's desire to celebrate the challenge, to understand and acknowledge the Creator of all this earthly beauty.

As if in response to a hidden sovereign's words of command, vivid coloured visions burst into the very depth of heart's memory, as if perhaps the hand of God had reached out and touched the soul, with soft calming elixir of joy at exquisite garden's pond's reflected images.

Broke open locked away memories of a life times experience, the Creator's generosity of the joys and love of vital living life in images, made visible in Nature's glorious luxuriant colours of plants and earth alike

Thoughts reeled away like phantoms of tinged used light, upon the busy winged glittering skyway markers, like the star burst shaped spiked red blazing diamond flashes reminisce, of firework sparkle's instant ignitions from hot touch of a lighting match, dazzling the eyes momentarily with rich blood red plum colour.

Harmonised with delicious deep green glossy leaf, hidden in the weeping trees quietly protective shady garden offering, extra joy to tiring senses indulged by generous Creator's excitement, to lift mortal's mind to thanksgiving for the joy of life.

Perhaps the two feathered lovers in a hectic dance of aerial skills, playing peek-a-boo and catch-me games in joyful partnership, flittering among their green hued tree companions that silently watched, their joyous little courtship antics sent the final blessing mystic message, of lasting loving companionship the ultimate gift offered to human-kind, and all living beings upon the earth by its Creator.

CREATION'S GIFT

Dried blood hued rock pillars pointed angularly upright,
exaggerated their sheer glazed surfaced walls holding back,
playful waving seas from invading the tough green creviced land.

Speckled stone chipped by ancient folk lore inspired image,
circled eyes watched in silent solitude of captured spirit's thought,
sun's energy reflected Creator's glory off glazed mirror rock faces,
across the massed colours of Nature's creative earth soil's artworks,
in homage to the Master's universal power upon the seascape scene.

Gone now those patient artists of past's era witness of the changes,
in season's influence upon the sculptures of the rolling hills,
soothed from jagged teeth of coastal edge, as if in a moment of rest,
Nature had relented from the stress of creation's frenzy,
to weep in smooth grey of basalt tears.

They'd slipped between valleys of splintering jazzed rock cliffs,
to form clean solid rounded walls of algae ocean's tinged greys,
to kiss the turquoise sea's with tenderness for its gentle caress,
in a moment of serenity and peaceful rest.

Mortal eye's collaborated with heart's pulsing beat at scenic flashes,
joyful colours from green waving hues of grappling vegetative life
set in pure white of sandy soils, uncommon in the harsh red setting,
celebrating their uniqueness in the shade of valleys deeply mystic,
yet to be bathed in day's full energy's white light.

Such beauty screeched out to the soul's spirit with sincere prayer,
the gift of sight that stimulated delight for mortal soul's blessing,
shared the excruciating beauty with the Oneness in the human emotions,
of the heart's beat and deeply appreciate the gift of God's light to the eyes.

Dazzling timid tangerine clusters joined white speckled persimmon pink,
at weathered bald rock cliffs water's edge welcomed gentle sea's waves,
like a mother embraces a loved child to her breast with intimate joy,
laughed at sky blue to set afire the inner mind through mind's optic senses,
Master's gift of myriad clusters exotic natural sculptured island creations,
offered in His caring wisdom creative themes for deep thoughts,
of wonder for seaborne travellers mind's to ponder as they travelled.

Awakening imagination's passion to comprehend the Creator's message,
tugged at inner heart's thoughts at the blessing of being present,
in the company of the Creator Supreme in this paradise of Creation's birth,
in the ecstasy of freedom of the mind in the safe sanctuary,
of the ancient Burrup Bay's sea of soul inspiring restful peace.

DAPPLED LIGHT

Dancing shadows played across the vision's view
yellowed glistening leaf disks skewed about the sunlight's beams
while chequered Acanthus Spinousus pastel-purple lipped flower's laughter,
taunted tender soul's deep spirit,
tinkled mind's sensory thoughts of incantation's rhythm,
perceived the mantra's solitary truth;
somehow bounced across the resonant chambers of mind's thought;
Oh, how awesome is God's love.

Confirmed through daylight's shine,
reflected from leaves twirling,
released from mother tree's great boughs,
yet man's mind churned, oh so slowly,
at why the wind teased sunbeam's twisting,
kept reminding the soul's spirit of the calling,
emanating from the silence of the sunlit scene?

Set alight the soul's deep yearning,
to grasp the exhilaration of his life's being purpose,
exposed so brilliantly from the garden's diverse coloured blossomed face,
that travelled the realms of Nature's created grace.

Deep joy of peace mellowed the old man's pensive attitude,
left heart's spirit touched with an unfathomable unexplained experience,
of his God's presence,
in the music of Nature's tickling breeze
among the jagged rumpled skinned old oak grove's
silent dappled light embracing tinged shadows.

DARK'S PEACE

Deep morning's chilly air add mystery to black shadow's quiver,
at call of remembrance of perhaps some ancient ancestral memory,
shrill airborne call of invisible being,
shattered the tranquility of peaceful darkness.

Accompanied awakening dawns hued greyish filtered fingered shadows,
changing shape and varied lengths of outreaching softness,
to silent figure's contemplating human soul,
standing in the dark ancient high arched covered open walkway's path.

Mind's spirit gasped at the prayer of the Presence,
seeping through the layers of dream's fading influence,
from night's disturbed peace,
sparked thoughts from eye's adjustment to the calm and beauty,
of Nature's scented night's garden's intoxicating serenity.

Teased thoughts behind closed eyes viewing exquisite images,
of perceived tangible companionship with the initiating powerful wonder,
at the moment of creation's birth of day from night,
inherent somehow in the myriad of darkened shadowed forms,
that in youth had terrified the uninitiated.

Left the older man with weeping heart at the loss of time of appreciation,
at the experience of the awesomeness of the companionship of the One,
that offers gifts of calm subliminal meaning of human life,
even in the pitch black of night departing as commanded,
by the cosmic life's cycle of this little solar journeying planet earth.

Pink purple slivers sliced away the darkness to hues of greyness,
penetrated the soft opaque membrane of closed eyes sensitive shields,
with deep mauve-blues of sun's entry through cloud's shrouding cape,

allowed spirit's gentle entry to deep mind's reminiscing of peaceful theme,
of heart's resting life supporting blood streams's beat.

Stimulated emotions tingling through the body's soul senses,
at new day's coloured entry of excitement and challenge,
fortunately as the Creator's often wills,
in the unpredictable occurrence of life's event.

Emotions trembled at a wish to shout out loud to the world at large,
words of veneration at the awesomeness of Creator God's wondrous gift,
of sun rises artistic exquisite colour combination,
that set the mind alive with exhilarated excitement,
of another day's gift of the power of human intellect and creativity,
to enjoy the beauty and extraordinary vitality of all earth bound living life.

DISTRESS

Soul would not stop weeping,
spirit clung to every word the youth had spoken,
Oh, for such clarity of the Spirit's power,
conveyed in thoughts of depth from musical mind,
spoke of joy of life almost forgotten.

My that boy Jacob was so wise for his short life's span,
radiated an inspired faith and hope of youth,
willingly shared his thoughts,
listened with mature attention to the old man's fear,
of losing spirituality and joy of humanity's community.

Sky wept too, raindrops splattered leaf of green grassed lawn,
as if heaven was offering empathy from the Creator,
to the ageing man's deep thought of loss,
no words had been granted for some time now,
he'd felt forsaken from the Source that offered soul's spirit peace,
in the companionship of the Holy One's presence in his life.

Low deep rumped cloud persisted to dribble droplets of purest liquid,
upon the trudging figure's lowered head,
nostril's flared at Nature's elixir of fragranced early morning's air,
stirred dormant mind's with thoughts of excitement of the spirit aroused.

Almost terrified to allow the feeling's to be expressed,
mind fought the joy a moment,
then eye's grasped the excitement of viscous freshness,
that only vital living green plant's leaflets can provide,
lifted glistening lights of dimmed reflections,
restored the spirit's solace with heart's excited beat.

Mind rebelled from suppressed thought,
leapt among the yellow-mauve daisy flowers and rejoiced,
with brilliant red geraniums in full flowering beauty,
bobbing in the slightest movement of dawn's breath,
to join their celebration of Creation's beauty.

He'd missed this joy earlier in dreary pacing doldrums soaked reflections,
almost burst with thrill of rejuvenation too painful to embrace,
turned spiritual inner soul to the great sunlit broken clouds,
screamed out aloud in exhilaration to the God Creator.

Heart felt thanks for gift of light's early mornings generous raindrops,
offering a little relief to week's of sun parched dry earth gardens,
refreshed the dryness of sustained heated earth's surrounds,
washed away the thoughts of lost companionship,
restored to the love of the Creator's generous gift of Presence,
appeased the soul to gentle peace and lifted thoughts ideas aloft.

Not quite to dancing exhilarated rhythm,
but to lightness of delighted heart,
determined mind joined meaningful pace to grasp desperately,
at every moment of this new day's gift of love for life.

Almost forgotten in pitiful human doldrums,
thankful for the little blessing received,
in the sharing with the thoughtful youth's optimism for the future,
like the little raindrops falling gracefully to earth,
restored vitality of human spirituality and love,
for the Creator's presence in his and their daily lives again.

FRAGILE THOUGHT

Time floated leisurely among speckles of glistening raindrops,
sung to fluffy white young flowers waving from sea of foliage green,
beckoned visitor's eye to seek the sky's blue deep universal infinity,
pierced by ancient angled old greyed skeletal towering form,
pointed to signs of modern world's progress,
death's dance connecting earth to sky.

Mortal emotions felt the twinge of human's lack of care,
progress at any cost seemed the modern culture's creed,
forgotten in the urge of temporary belief,
that humanity now gloat as if God,
with its self belief in the edifice of scientific knowledge,
to answer the inevitable question of the human psyche,
the meaning of modern man's seemly softer mode of life.

Cool soaked ocean's air fragrancd with salty twang,
penetrated across the ailing forest bordering the land's coastal fringe,
guided curved yellow fading old gum's new born leaf,
released by Nature's permission to glide before the old man's eyes,.

Teased the spirit's soul with the memory's of life's experiences,
among great forest of former green branched towering giants,
caused the mind to ponder when he'd been,
just like this twirling leaf's final life's passage to the disturbed earth,
hoped he'd be blessed when the call came,
to rest as peaceful within the sacred earth's embrace.

Savored this moment of virile life's green treed foliage,
would in Nature's due cyclical course,
turn to dust and become an integral participant,
in the Creator's plan for creation's jigsaw of parts,
dutifully continue the eternal life of earth's existence.

Despite human kind's neglect to acknowledge,
the awesome power that is infinitely within the human soul.

Ordinary mortal's fragile daily effort to live in harmony with Nature's gifts,
fanned smoldering embers of embryonic fire residing deep within,
the mystery of the secretive human psyche's deep yearning,
to shared the spirit's community with the Awesome One's divine estate.

While body rested peacefully inevitably,
in Nature's ordained ritual return to earth's dust,
to joined the affinity with the Creator of all earth's varied inhabitants.



FREEDOM

Swirling puffy grey tinted clouds clothed ancient mountain's coned top,
outcropped jaw of wind worn granite circled by constant cross winds,
rollickin g airs dashed among crevices and rocky mounds
laughed at threatening grey cloud hung low across stretched out plains.

Deep red monoliths of bold companions of lesser age stretched to the sky,
reaching tenaciously to their ancient mirrored angled sun's lights contrasts,
reflected off hues of grey-blacks and tarnished blue-greens entangled,
remnants of damaged rolling bushland scene.

Denuded plants of all shapes, endeavoring shyly to hide their nakedness,
of ever watching great curved rounded walls of rippled caramel yellow,
delicately designed in ribbed patterned ridges smirked in their immunity,
unlike the struggling fragile plants of Nature's great plains garden,
recovering from the power of raging red-orange hot flames intensity,
no harm inflicted upon their ancient tarnished stone hard hill side facade.

Persistent plain winds shaved rippled ground topped shrubs peaks,
smiled beautiful green tinged brilliant canary foliage faced tops,
wiggled their plumaged deep green leaf fire blackened trunks in rows,
like a dance troop's finale line, extended across the vision's view.

Sunlight shiny beams scattered wide, lit up the giant mountain's peak,
sparkling like a million volts pure white
like an artist's imitated painted zigzag mirror's reflected mystic message,
upon a upreaching neighbour's apex uniquely crafted like flamboyant
Frenchman's angled-style beret covered its rocky head.
Nature utilized weather's wind and elements as sculpturing tools,
carved out from solid granite rock face magnificent angled formations
to deceive the mind's eye with sky's lights, like a Siamese cat's sly smile.

Created optical illusions for the mind to solve and understand,
while crescent gaping space allowed a distant vista view of the great land's
open purple blue scene tinged background plains, of rugged mystical garb
of low vegetated lazy undulating plains.

Nature in a moment of exerted energy of freedom's power,
had flashed a bolt of searing heat crashing to fragile earth's bush beneath,
set ablaze the fragile landscape and consuming all, like imaged hell,
massive red-orange flaming all consuming moving wall,
until exhausted flamed out, spent of its moments of erratic play,
left black skeleton shapes among the scarce scorched living greens.

In empathy with earth's great plain's garden's damage,
Nature was compensating slowly, harmonized the remnants of burnt life.
Hope filled vibrant existing stronger wiry shrubbery struggling,
cute wisps of rising new born slivers tender light greens with vigorous
renewing strength of gifted determined life pushed aside,
grey tinted craggy cracked and weather old rock soil to face
the blazing redeeming light of energy restoring each new day's effort,
with friendly helpful weather's nourishing gifts.

Wild thoughts of wonder set the heart's blood bubbling with awe,
at Nature's diversity while eye's vision fed delicious thoughts of joy,
at landscape's yellow-black faded green panorama pointing ahead,
to coastal oceans turquoise frothing white topped blue waves smashing,
upon treacherous surface of great smudged-pink smooth rock shores
where sun aged-black algae edged rocks set a deceptive line,
for soft relaxing sea time level of innocent appearance,
of dangerous slippery surface for unwary careless walkers

Monoliths of eons old tarnished pink-reds silently gazed from angled face,
across neighboring lush salt tolerant tender green foliage splashed with
occasional glitter of minute mauve and open pink faced flowers.

Added a touch of soothing serenity to mind's exertion and of excitement,
at glorious beauty of Nature's work of rugged weathered deep south
coastal uninhabited by human settlement.

Yet in some secret combined mood offered sacred space community,
of weathered pocked tall rectangular pillars tarnished watermellon,
celebrated the harmony of sea and earth's special sensitive relationship,
in God's creation of life's existence in this divine soft blue-mauve place,
beneath the guardianship of sky's ever changing patterned ceiling.

Mind's thoughts drifted upwards joined gliding king of sky's realm,
shinny tanned sky hawk soared effortlessly in its perfect aeronautic shape,
beyond the constraints of mother earth, studied every rook and cranny
above artistic created ancient rock sculptures and undulating landscape,
ancient floral design offering shelter to his next hard-gained feed.

Angels present could not be seen here,
yet their presence seemed to hover in inner sanction of the soul,
entwined in the joy of my spirit's delight of momentary escape in the
paradise of vast land's peace, floating in the moist whispering clouds,
as if of a force of invisible wings disturbed the twisting celebrating airs,
felt the gentle touching companionship of the essence of all being,
in the freedom of the open space of ancient lands and sky..

Soul intoxicated by spiritual prayer influenced by celestial freedom,
sea's fragrant breeze's breath twicked dreamy thoughts awake,
human reality felt the warmth of heated dry environment, a caution,
to human frailty in harsh weather tough landscape not to forget, Nature's
influence upon the land, yet allowed humanity to celebrate the mystery
and antiquity of the glorious outback land's extraordinary rugged beauty.

GARDEN'S PLAYMATES

Blustering winds crashed without finesse,
among slim broad veined leaves, buds and flowering blooms,
thrust through their myriads of woody sunlit irregular shady spaces,
raising rustling protest at excessive force upon the living structures,
raced robustly across enclosed and open garden spaces without apology,
tumbled tawny dead loose leaves about haphazardly in patterns swirling,
that gently trickled down to rest upon the new mowed lawns.

Gardener donned his sunglasses as his hat rose from his forehead,
eyes squinting in reflex action to protect his vision's delicacy,
from straying debris dangerous to precious sight, cast off by cheeky wind,
paused a moment to smile at such frivolous wind current play,
continued pruning orange-green rosehip clustered thorned rose shrubs.

Mind responded to excited garden's loud clicking-rustling voices,
felt the vibrant sounds of wood's leaf chattering,
aroused by swishing morning's breeze that jostled bold magpies feathers,
chortling to each other intently beak-spiking unsuspecting fat grubs,
from earth's green grass clad lawn cloak.

More black and white pied curious individuals moved closer watched,
colleagues feasting on their subterranean catch cautiously examined
nearby gardener's digging progress exposing potential increased food
source of easy morning's pickings from gardener's earth disturbing
rose bed nurturing amused the gardener's mind with their composure,
their contented calls of well-being drew his eyes attention to look afield,
could not ignore a distant blurry vision across the garden's space,
a waving gesture from the shadowy greyish oak groves foliage edge.

Dappled earth's design, swayed among delicately leafed untidy shrubs, hindered the vision's interpretation called for concentrated patient thought. straightened up from bended back work, finalized his pruning task, ambled slowly towards twhere he'd seen the beckoning motions display, attention distracted by raucous whistling calls of diligently food searchers scrounging morsels among the garden's brown earthed gardens.

Sun shiny black and white coated elegant birds had left their eating frenzy, were now engaged in robust games of love, prancing, preened and tumbling with each other in joyful play, oblivious to the gardener colleague's amused heart touched feelings, recalled from experience of his life's time of joyful shared intimate times, mind's tears of deep memory tore at the very core of inner being, of the Creator's blessing of this gift of his life's experiences.

A partner chosen, influenced by a great caring being, he'd thought it had been his own to share with a loved companion, the energies of lives shared in deep physical and psychological partnership of life's process of procreation given to human kind to bond and love, as a gift of love from the genius of their Creator.

Thoughts were broken by frenzied flapping wings seeking escape, alarmed at shrill call of alert lookout flew away to the safe privacy, of their great Norfolk Pine high home sitting close by each other secure, watched the world's view upon their great green high branched home hide-out of harms reach from silent garden's hungry predator's threat.

GARDEN'S LIGHT

Pungent, nostril teasing scented wormwoods,
attired in glorious green silver livery,
reach out their delicately soft leafed arms as in welcome,
towards the sole visitor brushing against their low hanging branches,
twitched their little yellow pin-spotted flowered bundles,
puffed into the air fragrance rare to the mind's senses,
aroused the soul's spirit to the memory of this plant's sacred ancestry.

Wide veined majestic Monstera glossy green foliage,
bobbed about the pathway's air space exposing their enticing fruit pods,
white curved pointed tips skyward pointing, not yet ripe for harvest,
awaited their opportunity to become a delicious feast of juicy repast,
for attentive human fruit connoisseurs or quick hungry garden hosts.

Musing walker moved softly silent beneath gigantic Ficus treed cathedral,
faithful ferny congregation hushed as in prayer to some great divinity,
gently reaching forward to offer the wanderer welcome friendly touch,
excited to share their knowledge, he's yet to learn,
of the deep secret of life's mystic contentment,
perhaps to ponder in his thoughts as he casually paced,
along their checkered broken woody garden path.

Little multi frilled leafed ferns and cheeky Monstera leaves,
tickled naked limbs, as if in final request to the traveler's thoughts,
as he passed grey brown arched branches in glossy heart leaf attire,
not to forget the prayful peaceful serenity in this cool garden's sanctuary.

Rows of lilac blooms joyous in liquidly coloured laughter,
frolicked with cotton stringy white tipped fan shaped palm fronds
danced in the carefree force of Nature's whimsical breeze.

Dazzling sunlight lit up a great oaks dappled barks,
sent jagged wonderful fluttering images to heart strings,
triggered gentle soul relaxation to calm jaded emotion,
slowed the pace of walk allowed clearer imagery,
like a mental magic uplifting of the soul's deep spirit excited
at Creation's splendid gifts welcome comfort in droll mental anxiety.

Eye's minds attention was snatched from reminiscing his world's life,
gnarled old branches supporting leafy clusters of dapple greeny lights,
revealed at its bowing apex, a crown-like configuration of exquisite form,
as if diamond flashing eye striking rainbow.
Surely the work of master jeweler Creator's designer skills,
a crown woven of most delicate intricately finest thread,
flawless circles joined ~~photo~~ perfect measured distances by slivers,
of radiant prisms of light reflecting from perfect circular woven netting,
allowed golden beams of day's light to emphasize this amazing creation.

Exposed its minute little night time worker calmly resting its regal
glittering rhodonite livery clad body upon a softly hued grey background,
hidden safety among the leaves, to regain its strength and replenish,
ebbed energy with a plentiful supply of food in this new adventurous day.

Garden wonderer's mind dazzled with delight of the privilege of sharing,
in garden's community's harmonious peace and minute exquisite images,
His gifts to humanity's lives illustrated the Creator's abundant love ,
for this little planet earth's bounteous natural beauty,
set heart fiercely ablaze with renewed strength of the spirit's vital energies,
witnessed in creation's spectacular beauty,
upon a deep shaded twisting pathway in a greeny garden's realm.

GLIMPSE

Softly shadow reached across the open space,
to touch with kissing lips tenderness
gentle sensuous edge of mind's emotional state
to excite the mind's tender senses,
with early mornings sunlit dimple leaf reflected lights.

Majestic tubular stems of regal upright bearing,
angled their sky blue-mauve delicately tendrilled crowns,
inset with jewel-like brilliant white striped pastel blue stars.
delicately fragile petalled design, imaginatively crafted,
by exquisite enamel jeweler's skillful hand and eye.

Shimmering in the sky blue clearest light beams,
appropriate worthy crown for any royal head to bear,
studded with golden black-striped flying flittering staminal collectors,
guardians of the precious sparkling yellow flower's pollen.

Most vital commodity for the survival of its queen, all members joined,
in buzzing busy honey making community hive turned gracious bodies
towards the gold sun's globed source of energy.

Dragged startled vision's thoughts away from dreams,
red-white flushed blooming flowers garden edges
glimpsed the delightful prancing, sly zephyr driven palms.

Each precise piece of slim pointed segmented yellow-green frond,
perfectly diagrammatically shaped to relish playful joyful freedom,
in garden's early hair teasing rhythmic airs,
dipping towards the earth in some exotic mysterious spiritual ritual,
bowing in graceful acknowledgement to the source of its movement.

Sneaky sunbeams created gorgeous filigreed sculptured ferny shapes,
beamed sunlight golden from elegant grevillea silver backed foliage,
with glorious cape of gentle greeny shades.

Vision's senses reacted in mind's imagination at flashes unexpected,
fire burnt tinted golden orange instantly reduced to demure response,
at tri-coloured gentle tinted greens of delicate leafed foliage swayed,
teased by gentle eddies of invisible air moving garden's living companions.

Mind's eye not satisfied by glimpsed first interpretations sort to confirm,
glorious illumination of golden early morning's fleeting image,
of jitty orange-yellow filigreed fine curly finger edged blooms among shady
angled reflections off glittering green faced clustered leaves.

Subtle elongated heart-shaped minute hairline patterned leaves,
set a romantic theme to quiet little flowered enclaves scene,
waved in fan-like movements to silently observing lonely standing figure,
created thoughts of obedient caring servants paying homage to their royal
Creator for the privilege of their presence within this sacred appointed little
plot of fertile life sustaining earth.

Fragrant scent of pink-tipped delicate Chinese Tallow leaves,
cunningly hiding mustard-green sticky seed bloom tails full of sweet nectar
buzzing honey bees borne it away upon gentle air waves challenged
the appetite of life's vitality, not food for body's needs, but nourishment
or the deep softness of the soul's spirit soothed by odours of sacred
incense burned to celebrate a divine presence, questioned moment's
glimpse of soul's life touched by the uniqueness of Nature's diversity
share with human witness of life, in the presence of the One,
in sun's energy blessed garden's beauty on the spectacular planet earth,
that left the old man in awe of the powerful influence of the world's
gracious Creator, embossed for all living time upon mind and spirit's soul.

GUARDIAN

Your home did not slope into the sky,
casting daytime's brown black shadows far and wide,
across the ragged rock strewn cliff tops,
that hid the secrets of your minute garden's glory.

Enclosed secure among fragmented rocks of ancient times,
left behind by the Creator's joy of powerful land extraordinary upheaval,
created in birth this earth's unique landscaped sea's enclosing girth.

Sunbeams defied the dark shadows,
danced among the crooked crannies between countless cracked rocklets,
bewilderingly balanced upon each others lineal edges,
defying the laws of Newton's gravity theory,
till some careless mortal's climbing foot pace displaced this harmony of life
and clicked the silence with rock falling progress's noise.

Did not distract the wonder of your patient steadfast guardianship,
over this diverse grey-blue green hued vegetation surrounded home,
massive towers of granite monoliths strained skyward reaching,
reveled in the silent peace of the Creator's presence,
in the tranquility of the misty sky's uplifting tranquility.

Angled light reflected upon rock artist's images,
ancient past human inhabitant's record of their reverence and spiritual ac-
knowledgement, of the Supreme Being's presence in every aspect of their
daily lives activities.

Now only visible in chipped out weather worn rock faced artworks,
created in the images of an ancient wisdom of spiritual contemplation,
of the Creator's love for their humanity and unique affinity.

Captured the essence of the deep red rich earth's abundance,
in gifts of sustenance and succour, the relationship with the core,
of life's survival, in both fresh and salted waters, gifts so freely given.

Reminded new age human visitors of life's blood rich symbolic offered,
to soul's spirit's eternal memory of the Creator's love for humanity,
a sharing of divinity with the human psyche with the Creator's mind,
the sublime beauty of Nature's influence in the breath of life's vitality.

Tickled the soul's spirit with delicious delight at believed relationship,
of Supreme Being's companionship for mere mortal's tentative life,
standing in the openness of shimmering light in peaceful bliss,
upon this blessed soil pondered life's meaning like those nomadic travelers
of the land's past, shared distant ancestry in ancient history, in the same
shadows of the jagged amazing rock formed bordered lands.

Privileged to celebrate in awe struck amazement the scenario of a world
bathing in the glory of that special moment when Nature reveals her heart
touching gentleness for mere humans to enjoy and appreciate the love,
the Creator has for all the members of living Creation.

Not all growing life had the height to reach upwards to the limits of the sky,
to enjoyed the loving relationship with blessed earth, shared exquisite
display of ornate foliage patterns in fluffy edged leaflets fluttering
contentedly golden on sunbeam's waves of energy smiled in dipping,
quivering rhythm of little zephy's tickling laced leaf hiding under branches.

Exposed deep thoughts that urged the soul's spirit to heights of ecstasy,
at being partners with solo flight capable guardian watching attentively
from squared top palace ablaze in purest light that exaggerated glorious
tones of magnificent patterns, pure white hood and brown gold feath,
a gown only a lord of the sky possesses in their regal status attire,
divinely assigned to guard Creation's great landscaped island gardens.

HEALING LIGHT

Hidden from eye's vision,
trilled tune pierced to the mind's hearing senses,
awoke the slumber of the night to the beauty of new day.

Joined prancing shadows of creamy greys,
entwined with energy's pure slim shafts of brilliant illumination,
strings binding precious green earth to the sky of pastel blue,
dressed with sparkling delights of amazing starlight flashes,

Spring's newest little leaves of growing life,
like starlight flashing disks,
aroused the mortal thoughts of the generosity of the Lover
offering excitement of another day's inexplicable gift of life.

Plump wagtail snipped away blissfully chirped with ecstatic delight,
at flighted food sources that flicked about from hidden places,
for this wondrous bird's hippy hoppy erratic passage,
invisible to the clothed wrapped man's sight,
among the gold bars elongated lawn shadows,
mirrored crystal light reflecting from stippled broad-leafed grass tips.

Tickled inner realms of imagination's depths,
with ideas of peace expressed in life's rhythmic breath,
when expelled little clouds of heated air dawdling momentarily,
until frozen in chilled morning's airy atmosphere,
lifted eyes visions to absorb the beauty of Nature's generous present.

Twinkling silver entwined grey shadowy lights,
filterer through the dainty crepe myrtle's branches,
casting patterns upon the dewy grassed surface.

Appeared to be writing out a message to the watching mind,
that the silence surrounding this sacred plot of earth's bounty,
holds the Presence in its quiet surrounds.

Set the soul alight with gentle peace that stirs the spirit to rejoice,
at the body's feeling of a blessing of stillness of troubled soul,
bestowed by the Creator upon this early morning's mortal worker.

Gasped at day's new tunes bouncing upon the morning's air waves,
left the mind's senses daunted by regrets of omission to remember,
The Creator's love is ever present.

Even when the mind is apathetic with blue thoughts,
that hover among the shades of darkened shadows of forgetfulness,
that try, oh so hard to hide the glory of the healing power of light,
clasped within the spectrum of living coloured grandeur of garden's plants.

So like the tender psyche of human mind fails to see the power of the One,
whose love is said to be unconditional,
despite the frailty of imagination at times of life's dimmest views.
Quickly forgets the glory of the healing power of The Light,
upon the mortal body, mind and soul.

Yet released at the unexpected occurring moment when visions,
are created for our mind to grasp,
as if a hand outstretched to help our internal spirit's flame ebbing,
lifts the Being to achieve the goal's hidden cunningly within the depth,
of our humanity, the spirit's invisible power to restore the soul's beauty,
unexpectedly, frees the spirit to relish the delight of another day,
in the simplest of experiences, like the delight of flickering gold dancing,
casts shadows of exquisite lights upon the scattered tree's leafed patterns,
offering blessing to the vital soils and grounds of our sacred home, Earth.

HEATED CALL

Sunlight's silver-white light eased across the garden scape
of open scorched grassed spaces,
danced in shadowy eye's vision along with little wisps of heated air,
teased contours of garden's edges little short cut grass hillock,
kissed the old man's creased lined face,
teased his reflexes with thoughts of seeking a move to shady place,
than where he stood beside the rose garden beds.

Eyes saw the struggling beauty,
mind chuckled at visual electronics media's hype,
perhaps to alarm the populace of the menace of Nature's ways,
or a hidden agenda to create a worthy news event,
with threats to life's modern survival without an electronic air conditioner.

Pensively watched his newly planted,
precious puffy petalled delicious yellow ball-like flowered Marigolds,
he'd tendered yesterday with cooling thirst quenching water,
struggling valiantly in the reality of Nature's silent awesome powerheat,
pungent fragrance reaching upward to the nostril's senses,
like a silent help-seeking plea for cooling help,
wondered if their and his Creator was testing both man and plant,
in the garden's heated plight.

Effortlessly heat's radiation touched both man and plant remorsefully,
with intensity of invisible power,
man coping more easily it appeared to thought's idea,
even though the oozing body sweat slowly soaking his clothing,
eye's mind could not avoid the saddening sights,
like the expectations of a prayer's answer to be given at his wish,
and not in the cosmic creating mystical time frame of His Creator whim.

Gorgeous green hues of vibrant dainty little serrated leafed marigolds,
fragile limbs withering and drooping low to the earth's gritty soiled surface,
bowing in supplication to the supremacy of Nature's silent,
onslaught of energy's light's furnace like hot power,
seeking the very essence of life source from these beauties of the garden.

He'd turned his sweaty face aside in embarrassed thought,
Time whisked away in a moment, he could offer not assistance,
yet focusing on the now still silent shimmering air,
touched all things present with equal intensity,
thoughts skimmed across the soul's mind,
didn't his mortal spirit have such vulnerability in its relationship,
with the Creator's commitment to his life too?

Heat drove the body to seek the coolness of a nearly shady tree,
but the little yellow bloomed garden plant didn't have this alternative.
Emphasised the blessing to humanity,
even in moments of adversity,
they could turn their inner gifted resources and intellect'
to body and soul's survival.
This fragment of Creation's living life had to demonstrate,
to this human observer's mind, to old adage,
that life really was about the survival of the fittest,
applied to all living beings including mortal human's too.

Eyes dipped a moment in deep self-conscious reflection,
his prayer and hope was for these little dainty serrated leafed marigolds,
newly planted tender vital subterranean sustaining fibrous root tissues,
would receive the Creator's cool blessing and survive the test,
and live on to see the glory of the new morrow.

HIBISCUS KISS

Heaven's crystal droplets tickled fragile exposed petalled cheek,
as you danced so happily in frisky late winter's breeze,
delicious pink tinged mellow apricot flushed face,
surprisingly appearing early Spring season's solitary flower,
smiled towards the source of life,
filled the weary watcher's soul with refreshing delight,
while pink frilled stamen's tongue flicked about at clear water's touch,
as if in desperate effort to gain the precious drops of fluid drink.

Delicate textured bloom,
gift of the Creator's heart to warm the mortal's soul,
Oh so comfortable,
in sensuous touch of warm emerald embracing shiny arms of green,
surrounded your regal personage in their guardian duty,
ensuring you did not fall before Nature's gusty breath,
held you fast from danger's risk of fracturing your delicate floral serenity.

Sunbeams sparkled glossy images of their parent's radiant power,
released golden shadows to play in airy spaces
between protective leafy screen, allowed bouncy pesky raindrops freedom
in their unfettered fall to perform their special mission.

To ensure that life will continue far into the garden's future,
as each drop splattered upon the earth,
to be absorbed hungrily into the black rich garden's soil.

Fulfilling their appointed task of the Creator's vision for sustenance,
for every garden plant's eager nourishment seeking subterranean root
to gather its quota of the precious life sustaining liquid food.

Nearby tufted coned fragrant petalled headed lavenders
waved in jubilation at sharing in this wondrous gift from the heaven's
with their gorgeous flowering neighbour's showering garden's surrounds
with splendid display of rich ripe apricot coloured splendor.

Pastel pinkish apricot smile penetrated deep into the soul's spirit,
to join soft emotion's of colour's power to set the heart beat racing,
with idea's of the exquisite beauty of the solo flower's image,
that reflected the perfectionism of the Creator's artistic touch.

Oh what blessing, such beauty bestows upon the viewer's inner mind,
that recognizes in the flash of moment's light,
his love expressed in the silent coloured prayer,
the magnificence of a single bloom's kiss to life's light,
within the diverse plants universe contained in this small plot of earth,
gives a simple mortal such joy and pleasure
of being an intimate partner of the Creator's gift to all living creatures,
to live in harmony upon this precious fragile planet earth.

HUMBLLED

How could it be, the brain shouted.
Hurt the heart with pain,
at sight of Spring's thrilling expose,
beauty that tried valiantly to overwhelm the heart's responses.

Tears welled behind the yes,
gaspd at exquisite little buds bursting
with feathery fluffy new born freckly greenery of leaf, at last!
Spring's creator had calmed the melancholy weather.

Lifted the blue-grey of Nature's whimsical
cloud rain-bearing weather,
as if with touch of hand so gentle upon the soul,
had given the wondrous gift of Nature's new birth.

Radiant little buds adorning sinewy oak woody arms
that held securely in gentle embrace the shimmering face of
glittering sunlit circular perfectly spun spider's web,
splashing silent silver sliver of energy's powerful light.

Uplifted the old gardener's weary heart's spirit,
as if a blessing had been seductively granted
to the body's soul,
as he began his daily garden tasks
among the dank rain sodden gardens.

Trigger fears of transgression human mind,
towards his life's benefactor's compassion for frailty of forgetfulness,
to offer heart felt thanks to his Creator for the gift of His presence
that touch to the quick of the soul's heart spirit.

Set ablaze the senses with excruciating excitement,
the urge to shout to the choralling garden's shadowy hidden songsters,
his heart felt praise to the Creator for His Presence
at his human body's side,
in the silence of the peaceful solitude prevailing upon the person,
within this morning's glorious sunlit glistening garden's environment.

Left him humbled, head bowed and tearful eyed,
at the exhilaration that he had experienced,
the spark of life's delicious response,
as if he'd received the generosity of a divine blessing,
in the beauty exposed in Nature's vitality enriched garden.

IMAGES OF LIFE

Arms of razor sharp sword edged,
body poisonous needle tipped for some,
guarded with ferocious threatening pose,
soft milky palest green new born life's tender yucca buds.

Creator's servant nature held delicately upon leaf's tips,
blessed with jeweled droplets of crystal clear orbs,
casting to the world at large, gold beams reflected radiating light,
from the fiery glowing source of life's energy support,
sat serene in garden's setting sharing split fraction of moment's time,
flittering anxious shifting sunbeam's arcs and shafts of light,
revealing images of the secret mysteries of life's new birth.

Fragile opening bud's tender tendrilled form,
protected in the clustered stems of protective parents curved arms,
held tight their creamy pink splashed heads,
embraced in safety of dazzling silver threaded paths,
across spear leaf guard's gauntlet crafted in the quiet of night's silence.

Shiny ebony and glittering tangerine minute spider,
suspended among its silken intricately patterned webbed home,
displayed momentarily in airy space of day's light.

Quietly resting between four vicious pointed pillars,
unperturbed by keen observer's eye,
patiently waited for morsel delicious insects,
to join those already head fast in web so fine,
unseen by victims flying past,
freedom's flight not ended in sticky enclosed trap of death.

Light's golden shafts changed the scene,
turned exquisite balls of dew,
hanging precariously upon black tipped leaf,
reflected miniature images of the great powerful orange-gold,
balled source of all life's energies,
dominating the cosmos of earth's pastel blue sky.

Eyes pleased at this coloured beautiful display,
stirred the mind with images of floral beauty rare,
touched the very depths of inner soul,
awakening senses dormant for past night's dreaming,
struggled to comprehend this early morning's new life budding gift,
spectacle of the Creator's new garden joys.

Shafts of gleaming white, caught precious blood reds in delicately design,
sparkling fresh dewy flowers of elongated extended tubular petals,
multiple heights and numbers of varying lengths,
as if one of vast galaxy's sky stars had exploded way out in space,
scattering slivers of shimmering orange-red purples in all directions,
to form excitement behind the mind's eye,
in spectacular shaped flower's blooms to dazzle sight's delight.

Flying rays of amazing angled coloured lights, in joyous games,
flicked across the mind's senses, stimulating the soul's spirit,
at diversity of mind's created images of the Creator,
speaking in colours to His mortal thinking beings,
in the spectrums aroused in the spectacular visible patterns,
mind recorded exquisite experience of body's spirit trembling emotion,
at the blessing of peace at Creator's presence, watched while standing
in the silent gentle peaceful presence of tree's shady embrace,
in this moment's special place in the quietness of nature's garden's.

JEWEL

Sky was clearest blue from crescent coastal edge to horizon,
energy's great ball of fierce red-gold fire illuminated everything,
offered blessings images to mind's visions realm of mighty Creator's realm.

Emerald water played white topped games in rhythm,
with day's tidal flows and ebbs of ocean's vista while body smoothing
sea breezes cooled all from promised excessive heat.

White miniature angular silicon chips of sands reflected glistening patterns,
where one stood absorbing the peaceful wonder of curved coastline,
of scratched weathered patterns etched into cool water's edge sand,
mind pondered at distance from this white rumble tumbling sea's shore,
to world's edged outcrop of greeny hues of distance scenic island.

Graceful curling walls of ocean's greens mixed in foamy joy,
with multi coloured fibrous fragments torn from ocean's garden floor,
smashed down with roaring delight of scattered white lace bubbled sheets,
rushing upwards in little happy gurgling myriads like shattered wet glass'
instantly disappeared in minute holes left among the glistening sand,
leaving erratically lined patterns galore for eye and mind to try to count,
before next cyclic wave's passage eradicated their mind teasing presence.

Slivers of pearly pieces, remnants of once beautiful vital living sea shells,
twinkled in the sun, like diamonds of a precious jewelers setting,
casting rainbow flashes off the sunlight's glorious angled rays of light,
lifting the soul's spirit to sing in celebration,
another human year ceasing and another about to begin if so deemed,
oncoming sunset beckoned black nights moment for reflection of the past,
before new rising sun herald in new year's calendar for all of humanity.

Silvered scene startled slow searching mind's eye with the glitter,
of immense beauty reflect back through vision's senses filtered lemon hue,
stirred mind's senses in collaborated of unexpected excitement.

Within a minute sandy vee-indentation sparkling with intense beauty,
lay a gemstone yellowed aged golden sea jeweled leaf of exquisite pattern
set alight the mind's imagination, the glee of joyful discovery,
for an old gnarled red earth outback gold prospector, a dull dirty nugget,
unearth by footsteps brush, from deep red earth eon's hidden secretly, in
desolate sun burnt outback tree-less gold field location formed by earth's
creator's artistic hand, a blessing to its finder's psyche and good fortune.

Yet this exquisite golden jeweled ocean creation set with filigreed edges,
one side clasp-like shaped as if intended to retainer a rare ocean gem,
a black-grey pearl, a thought of brilliant rare beauty, oh so rare!

Other side a solid indented raised plain with a crescent side tapered,
tapered like a tail, surely from an imaginative jeweler's radiant mind,
reflected clarity of ancient regal royal purple completed the jeweled leaf
pattern set the heart's pulse alight, with pure delight to be worn,
with extraordinary pride, upon a beautiful woman's elegant ball gown.

This gorgeous ocean jewel's design imposed upon the mind an intricacy,
that touched deep the heart's pulse of the Creator's love and beauty,
shared and given so freely without cost to humanity freed the senses of
beach sand wanderer's wonder at Nature's glory on this beautiful day.

Such rare magnificence dazzled inner reminiscence to never forget
the thrill, to the soul's sacred place in memory of a spectacular treasure,
for human enjoy of this world's great Creator's spectacular treasure,
as if casually abandoned upon a great expanse of wind swept beach,
for a simple human to discover and celebrate its delicate beauty.

LAUGHTER

Energy's globe had not reached its zenith,
heat still itched the skin to dribble body's streams,
as hands clenched again around summer's burnt crinkled crisp
Petunia's appearing lifeless leafy remains.

They laughed at bowed man's mind,
with thoughts of last moment's of life,
it's not unfair another thought niggled,
crept across the waves of mortal's thought.

Oh so awkward,
with nature's life wisdom's cycles, little man.
It was grateful achievement offered in the Creator's plan,
life sages often quote in spiritual context: You must die to live again!

Crunchy crackles joined the ripped up old plant's journey,
briefly lifted in airs caressing breath,
to be dumped unceremoniously into the barrow's deep bodied tray.

Sandy droplets sprinkled from the coarse remnants,
of the once glorious blood-red and moonbeam white bloomed plants,
that entertained the spirit's vision in colour delights,
in what seemed like a few day's time past, upon vibrant limbs,
sparkled grey-silver shafts of wavering light,
reflected from grains of earth,
released from stringy fibred roots to finally touch with mother earth.

Settled like new born babes,
to their mother's nurturing bosom , of their new home
among the green comfort of garden's broadleaf grassed edge.

Tears fought the heart's beats at sombre thoughts,
of the Creator's message overlooked by careless mind,
this mortal feared the concept of eternity's plan,
in the unknown challenge of a renewed life's style,
yet the garden's fading companions still smiled with crinkling glee,
as the gardener continued his appointed labouring day's task.

Unknown pheromon seemed to lift the haze of fumbling man's thoughts,
of the beauty he'd been granted on this special selected heated day,
to join in the freedom of the earth's sparkling soil's touch so intimate,
that still the soul's spirit trembled,
as if a hand of such tender feeling's touched to the aching heart,
gave solace and peace, that opened up the being's senses,
that the tree's above burst into mind's receptor's of hearing.

Calming songs of whispering leaves juggling and rejoicing,
with a chorus of bird's excited sweet chitter-chattering song,
the celebration of unfurling new day's life.

Memories of a lost joy's wonder haunted the canyons of mind's recordings,
of life passing rapidly, and for a brief moment of time wondered,
if his feelings were the companionship of his Creator's presence,
as he cast the last handful of garden's old life's stringy plant's body,
upon their last earth's journey carriage.

Straightening body slowly, with gift of aging vital muscular body power,
glanced with eye's mind satisfaction,
at the new garden's living space for next season's seedling's home,
moved silently away face creased with shy smile of a secret shared,
yet unexpectedly in peaceful contentment,
moved gently upon the sacred ground's surface,
to the next garden job's location.

Sharp eyes penetrated blue from pinnacle rock sky high above,
watched silently pointed shaped crafts cruising in ancient waters flowing,
beneath his realm of solid skyward reaching granite hard earth.

Creation's azure grey and blue line cut earth from the sky,
puzzled seaward wanderer's minds as sea creatures teased the passions,
of thoughts deep prayer of intoxicated life of aquatic pleasures,
at Creation's divine design of circular silent patterned swirls of currents left
indelible impressions on the soul's spirit of life's incredible vitality.

How had they been so blessed to be in this esteemed companionship,
with great structures of earth's birthing pains thrown up from the depths,
sounds no longer heard of earth's surface establishing gasps.
Tingling sight senses aroused thoughts of Nature's awesome power,
twiggled nervous emotions with spirit burning visual delight,
burnt caramel cracked scarred cliffs of multi angled stones,
so great in eerie shadowed shapes that stretched the mind's imagination.

Gasped scared red orange glorious scraggy stone fingers stretched,
to gentle encroached upon massive upright skywards thrusting obelisk,
squared edged grey ancient granite sunbeam kissed towers.
Separated by cracked fractures of gentle soothing green lettering,
an inspirational theme of Nature's artistic communicating whim used,
sturdy deep green leafed short sturdy salt loving little shrubs,
imbedded craftily in red earthed plotted patterned cliff edges.

Raised contemplative thoughts from chocolate shattered prehistoric rocks,
to search deep within the mere mortals psyche:
Who really was the greater power,
the master or the obedient creative instructed servant?

Spirit exhilarated at the heart's joy,
admiring the upward thrusting to the sky,
of Creator's jagged palette of shapes of tangerine oranges,
mixed with the wind's soft crafted gentle basalt greys softer tones,
that harmonized to sounds of sensual whispers teasing,
deep internal tissues of life's sensitivity of heart soft beat sound's
emanating from the Creator's gift rarely given of sensations of peace,
in soft atmosphere of scented shadowed ocean's edges.

Gently eased the blood's pulses beat at the exquisite visual beauty,
of this blessed day for these intrepid sea travelers offered the gift,
the opportunity of participating in the joys of maritime excitement,
upon the swaying seas of the vast expanses of the Burrup's Bay.

Not disturbed by interference of the hustle of modern humanity's bustle,
often inattentive to the human emotional needs,
without due reverence to the soul soothing wonders,
of the Creator's gift of solitude of mind shared by nearly silent islands.

Gleaned from the vision's interpretation of the sheer wonder,
hues of green-turquoise swells and sways rocked their little craft's motions,
joining the rhythm of the eternal life 's rhyme,
to give the traveler's the solace of a Presence,
to fill their day with the surging vitality of life,
among the very building blocks of their ancestor's antiquity,
of the aquatic beginnings of fragile mortal's life.

Quiet thoughts blessed the power of the gentle Creator's spirit,
that the man-made roaring red black hell spewed skyward on thin stems,
were blowing away from their gentle quiet pastel blue watery paradise,
ensured the safety of human body and soul on this exquisite sky blue day.

LIGHT

His love light lit up new day's arrival reflecting,
off drifting misty mauve-grey ground level morning's gloom,
meandered across silent sleep-dreamy daisy's head settled comfortably,
among the little oaks splendid serrated edged new season's leaves,
watched the man plod across the garden's spread wide lawn.

Dribbled drops of sky's reluctant rain,
teased the capped head visor's tip and soaked the cloth,
so feeble in its intend to play the annoying game of tag,
faded away leaving gentle touched naked arms skin responses,
cool spotted twinkling liquid drops reflecting from skin sunburnt brown.

New Spring's lilac tinted blue slender fingered agapantha blooms,
reached into the light's resplendent spacious field,
welcomed flutter flapping white yellow spotted winged butterflies,
to alight in safety on their slender slipped held flowers,
for a fraction of a moment's time.

Then flittered away again having perused the scene,
watched the misty film of morning's gloom dissipate,
into the garden's kaleidoscope of coloured blooms,
while delicate orange-brown centred yellow petalled nasturtium,
happily displayed gorgeous reflections of angled Creator's gift,
perfect light's source for solo viewer's mind's imagination and delight.

Casting a prayerful spell of God's love to satisfy a thirsty soul,
dawdling about within the old man's inner heart's rhythm,
stirred memories to kindle up deep thoughts of thankfulness,
for the gift's he'd received of new day's life again,
after night's dreamy restful forgetfulness had given his body rest.

Not alert to day's generous blessing vitality of another day's challenge,
now guided to coloured garden's silent thankful prayer of praise,
garden's multi-coloured blooms inspired the softened heart's strings,
to jingle with gratitude in ecstasy of excitement at light's beauty.

Resplendent in each special bloom in the garden's wonderland gifts,
his caring tender gentleness of peace reignited the spirit's gleam,
as if lit up by the clarity of day's gift of the divine lover's light.

Reminded patient observers thoughts of ancient mystic's quoting,
that The Creator knew everything of this mortal human's formation,
even before his mother gift of birthing him,
is every present, though not visible to the human eye,
joined in eternal companionship, as with the light of day,
as the man walked so slowly upon this sacred place of Earth



LOVE

Frothy laced ribbons topped the greeny-blue tinged sensual curves,
rolled in crumpled nonchalantly form atop the gentle ocean's swells,
lazily contented to swirl in close knit family familiarity of earth's formations,
living waters shimmering in energy's influence to blue eyes vision senses.

Boomed in cascading exhilaration at land's eon's old edge,
showered splintered sunlit diamond prisms refracting upon dancing sands,
rainbow myriads of coloured streams of searching watery hands,
one moment moving landwards,
then retreating back to mother's pulsating white-blue bosom,
to await the next rhythmic beat of powerful saline waters,
to consecrate eternal companionship of cosmic Creator's loving creation,
of the unique life supporting planet earth's beginning.

Human travelers upon fragile plastic hulled conveyance,
felt the tremble of awesome emerald swell of ocean's unseen power,
deceived mind's eyes interpretation as translucent clear liquid forms,
teased the body with the indulgent gentle massaging therapeutic touch,
of unexpected tickling ocean's waters rolling splash,
across the paddle craft's low water line deck.

Minute bubbles entwined with air, tempered tingling teasing skin's surface,
as if a caress of blessing touch for care upon the travelers,
from unpredictable bulge of watery whim of ocean's formidable body,
gentle now in early autumn's early morn indulged the human's delight,
a moment's privilege to be intimately embraced,
rocking subtly with the soul's inner joy of blissful silent peace,
in prayerful solitude of open ocean's space.

Tangy salty scented air permeated the nostril's tender senses,
teased body awakening sensations with cool water's sensory touch,
like a lover's touch upon the warmth of heated aroused partner's body,.

Increased the deep spiritual experience offered by the senses sensations,
of the essence of companionship and presence of the Creator,
in the reality of life pulsating energy as time and motion past the vision,
in images created by sparkling shards of watery light reflected,
upon paddle splashed streams of ocean's light filtered waters reflecting,
sky's globe source of white lights like caressing songs of peace,
release stress of soul spirit's with soothing healing ocean's rhythms.

MEETING

White rimmed smudged ring cast speckled spots across the sky's horizon,
mixed with specks of falling crystalline watered lights,
drew idea's visions energy to grapple with thought hanging,
on threads of glorious orange filigreed wooden meshed net,
of tree finger tips bared of their leafy dressage.

Cooled air caught the sound of heart's beat pulsating,
rebounding echoes of inspiration in space between eye's vision and body,
apprehensive at the thought of awesome Creator's nature's beauty,
penetrating to the vulnerable inner mind's peace,
disturbing thoughts of struggle with inner perceptions of a gift,
define by perceptive wiser persons,
yet incomprehensible to its owner's mind.

Sounds of early plumaged singer's slipped through dripping apparition,
between the entwined tree branches trembling crystal screen shimmering,
rainbow droplets to frighten fragile senses,
tried to escape the responsibility for freedom of the Spirit's expression,
imposed by a greater Being to define the Presence in daily life's struggles.

Heart wept at such cowardess to new experience,
tears gathered behind the eyes,
at frustration to articulate the feeling of mixed grudging acceptance,
caused the senses to spasm in fright,
of how this could be happening, to such a simple man.

Surely not the answer expected from a brief prayer,
on knees in pardon begging knees in silent dark chapel's pew,
felt errie sensation that lfollowed close to the old man's right shoulder,
as he left the comfort of the tall arched chapel's friendly shelter.

Standing in verandah's shadow and admired with sight's gift of recording,
life's energy unfolding in the misty smudged morning sky,
heart cried till emotion expended in silent shadowed pillared corner,
kept his eyes lowered for a while,
so others arriving with kind welcome,
could not detect his exposed vulnerability,
trying to understand the phenomena of mystical presence,
of the early morning's meeting
he could only imagine its description,
with His Maker's aura.

NAKED

Nature's sky furnace glistening crescent's tip,
crept along the glittered contoured misty grey cloud horizon's lip.
Threw javelins of sheer pure white light,
towards the heavens in star burst shaped delight.

Cast shimmering slender golden shadows across rain cooled gardens,
touched the heart's quick,
set afire the passion of man's inner heart's softness,
to thoughts of the awesome God's love.

Delicate naked beauty, dared glorious sunlight beams to look closer,
lit up the delicate textured creamy coffee toned skin,
of elegantly shaped limbs, surely only created by a master artist,
titillated the sensitivities of mortal man's emotive responses,
to a rare exposed garden beauty.

Heart' mind experience the exhilaration,
like the thrill of first love's experience,
awakes the heart's blood with wanton desire for possession,
of the powerful imagery of the loving desire's thoughts given,
at sight of exquisite light shimmering shadows upon a solo figure's beauty,
pride of place in its nakedness,
among the radiant reds and greens of topiary cropped,
closeby neighbouring garden's shrubs.

Eyes followed smooth contoured limbs,
like smooth fingers touch to velvet skin,
sent shivers through the soul, each time a slightest change occurred,
to caressing hand's touched upon an unexpected beauty spot,
upon near perfect soft silky skin.

Flamed the spirit's soul with feelings of inadequacy to truly define,
the exquisite beauty of this radiant tree's body beautiful..

Delicate fibred twiggy branches reached out,
grabbed at darting sun beams playing among its gorgeous toned limbs,
highlighting the adoration,
God's light has for one of Nature's magnificently created trees,.

Blessed gift to this garden's scenery,
to be adored in its simplicity of Season's nakedness,
before redressed in green and double pink bloomed regalia
of resplendent Spring's new gown,
to complete the picture of all season's majestic limbed body,
the spectacular Crepe Myrtle tree.

A responsibility for gardener's caring adoration,
a living blessing for humanity to admired and be grateful ,
for the generosity of fertile imagination and joyous celebration,
to see the glory of one of Creation's seasoned naked trees.

NEW BORN DAY

Startling spikes red-yellow dazzled the dormant canyons of the mind,
setting afire thoughts of joyous moments,
celebrating the wonders of the new day's view.

While eyes, reflected images of brilliant creamy-white greens,
awash in drowsy dewy leaves,
awoke to memories of luscious moments of delight.

Staring wide-eyed into the light blue expanses of the world's horizon,
pondering the awesome creativeness of Nature's vivid coloured scheme
that brighten up the environment that we dwell in

That tingles the mind's impulses
to acknowledgement of the wondrous plan,
given so extravagantly by the Great Architect of the universe,
for the enjoyment of human kind.

Shadowed cool breezes teased the flesh,
while searching eager eyes wandered through the grey patterned pathway,
encouraged by five-petalled pink hibiscus blooms,
deep-red tongues leisurely sipping the cooling air for nourishment,
whilst bathing in the golden sunbeams of life,
flickering among the meandering passage way of modern interpretation,
of the historic memories of the Emmaus path.

Flashing nectar feeders, masters of the airway bustling
among the sweetly flavoured red-orange cascades,
of drooping grevillea shrubs,
squawking their excited garbled notes to the world at large,
as the slow ambling human figure pasted by.

Then flittered away in jubilation at the generosity of Nature's whim,
to disappear among the silent guarding sentinels of oak,
watching the quietly contemplating soul pass by,
caressed by the spirit soothing beams of sunlight.

Warming the inner core of the human's searching mind,
and soothing the heart-strings of daily stress,
to compliment the gentle embellishing of God's gift of life,
relaxing the mind to dreams of God sent bliss,
of joyful blessings shared on a glorious new born sunny day.

OFFERING

Sunbeams played with mind's vision,
reflecting angled lights with sparkling precision,
among the shepherd crooked topped orange filtered tendrils,
of nature's wondrous grevillea blooms.

Sent thoughts shivering in airways rhythm,
among the mind's doldrums,
lifted curtains shorting the sight,
awakened the sense with Creation's curled coloured beauty.

Encouraging the celebration of life's ebbs at this very moment,
before the Maker decides the inevitable fate,
calls the final glimpse of mortal kind's,
of the living witness of diverse kingdom of servant Nature's
before the call arrives for creation's garden's and human views.

Cheeky shadows danced upon love-heart shaped green glossy leaves,
joined gentle air's breathe flow,
reached across invisible colour of space and touched the skin's face,
as if a fingers of gentlest loving care's touch,
caressed away the melancholy thoughts of sleepy mind.

Energy's golden light seemed to carry within its flittering power,
a source of comforting essence of restfulness,
as if one had received a divine one's special blessing,
to open up the mind's closed thoughts, with a peace offering,
enclosed within the graceful waving rhythm ,
of this moment's glimpse of life's choice of freedom,
written on the shadowed patterns of this minute garden's space.

Offering the Creator's gift of grace of peace,
in the solitude of silence of shady enclave,
and its powerful soul spirit's soothing cool comfort,
without the interference of nights interfering daunting thoughts,
imposing images upon the beauty of day's new pattern,
see clearly the wonder and excitement of creation's bright new day,
challenging and offering new vision's of life's amazing delight,
in the wonder of the presence, of the world's invisible caring Creator.

ORCHID'S SMILE

Heart's tender tremble joined mind's kiss,
of morn's silver-lined cloudy tinted blue sky,
soul's spirit reached with gently invisible touch,
grasped the beauty,
of Nature's floral purple-pink tinted orchid bloom's smile.

Fragile creamy-pink stamens, yellow curled twinkling in sunbeam's light,
simmered above earth's cool surface,
while life marked man stood and dreamed of Creator's beauty supreme,
accepted the gift of spirit's life invigorated,
by clustered beauty among naked silver fawn branched tree.

Stretched upwards among thermal spaces high,
reached as if in complete submissive urge to prayer,
searched with humbled man's thought to the source of heart's joy,
thankful for the peaceful companionship of the Presence.

Accepted freely offered ecstasy of joy's exquisite coloured glory,
setting alight the flame of life to strive to remember,
the gift of life is yours to relish,
until the call comes in unexpected silent moment,
the human return to its earthly grounds dusty origin.

OUTBACK CASTLES

Salmon sand held fast,
supported plum gun-metal blue limbs,
surging forward across pocked ringed surface.

Bush toughened body,
support for alert eyed land,
paused among sun faded yellowed spear pointed spinifex base.

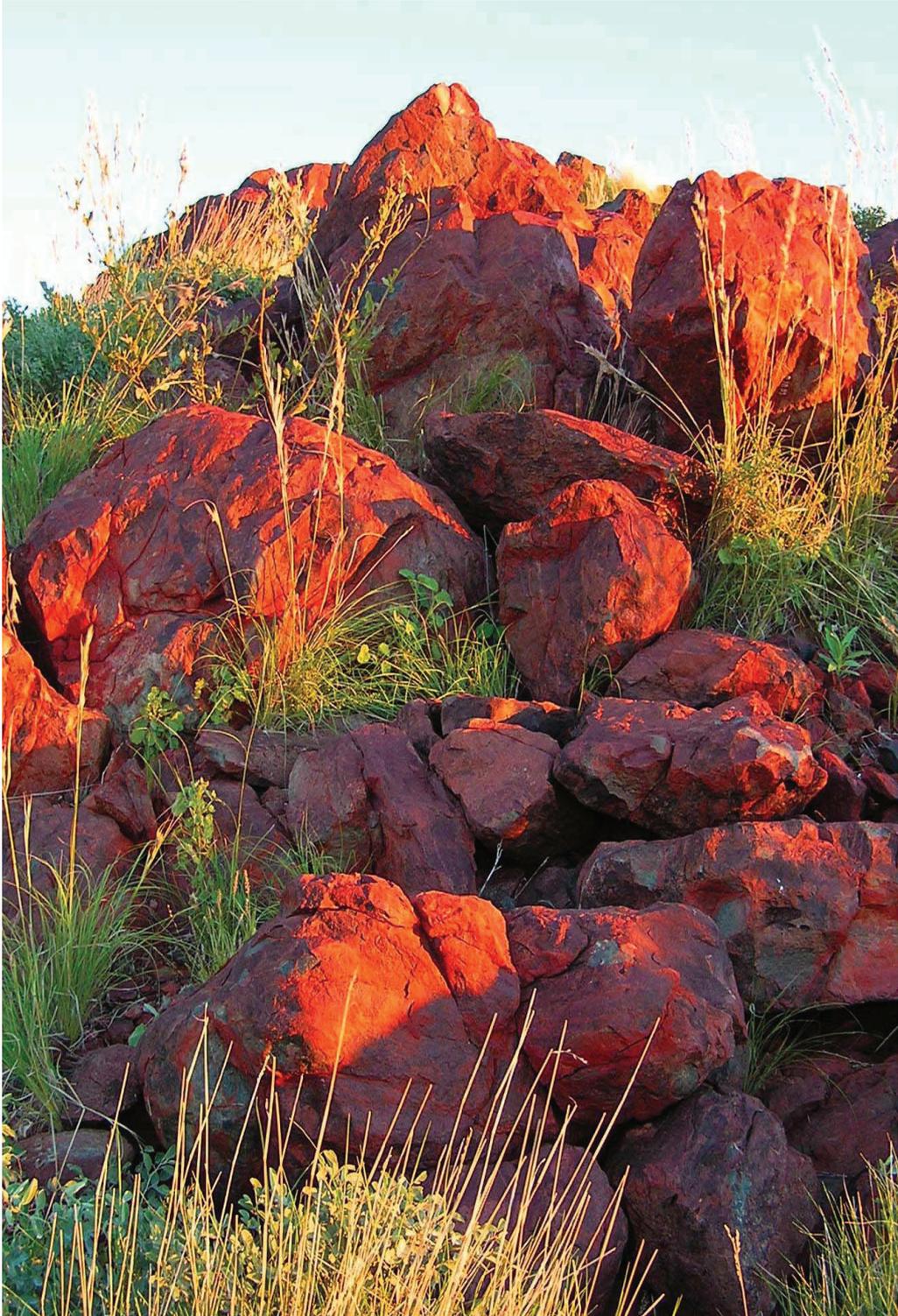
Struck forward with opened crescent shaped mandibles,
grasped crumpled white morsel,
day's sustaining food supply,
then scuttled across open hot sandy plain,
vanished down circled dam-walled secure home.

Observer's eyes lifted to sky blue,
took in cone packed termite mounds,
pondered the antiquity of these silent sentinels of the Pilbara,
just north of Tropic of Capricorn's line.

Considered ideas of Creator's thoughts,
at exquisite harmony and balance,
of the horizon's red touch grey-green ground hugging shrubs,
and great sharp point topped castles,
of insect process rich chocolate red structures,
dominating the outback scene.

Slim slivers of weather toughened sun tinted tall bushland grasses,
danced in little airy eddies,
like small fans of cooling motion paid respect to the regal monuments,
standing aloof over their undisturbed peaceful outback worldly realm.

Balanced in harmonious splendor macro and micro scenes
of different Creator's outback grandeur of garden bush land scenes,
and living beings eye's appearing to the inattentive,
to appear uninhabited deserted of Nature's diversity of life,
was an exhibition to humanity's limiting thoughts of the intensity,
of Nature's imaginative creativity in the wildness of its raw beauty,
in the serenity of the purple blue eternity,
of the dirt red castled dotted plains of the outback's landscaped scene.



PHANTOM

Straw streamers cast by busy arm,
fluffed about like frisky flumes in morning's air surges,
too busy in directing this dusty rose gardens new protective covering,
I'd not looked up to check the nearby garden walkways surrounds.

A presence felt behind me on the right side,
I call a morning's welcome,
surely a friendly work colleague's passing by me on the paved path,
yet I heard no reply.

Turning to check their identity and smile a welcome,
all I saw from brief eye's look,
a figure in brown fawn squashed circled patterned attire,
raised my curiosity to look again,
but this phantom had moved on,
I rotated further to look for their body's presence renewed, but to no avail,

Yet the inner heart's senses reeled at the realization of a presence,
my eyes could not detect any physical presence in the garden's surrounds,

Stopping work I fully turned to ensure it was no mistake,
but there certainly wasn't any person in my sight,
only a firm impression on my spirit's mind
of an image of a humanly shape.

Left me awkwardly puzzled and awed,
whatever would caused me to respond to an image,
of somebody close beside me (I could feel the body heat),
all I saw was shining air and not a person in my vision's sight.

PRECIOUS

Delicately ornate pink orchids with their Bauhnia butterfly leaves,
swayed gracefully from their skyward homes,
their fragile beauty touching the inner spirit with delight,
reflected the morn's cool early clear light,
energies great golden ball could not be seen,
hidden from vision's eyes beyond the garden's green tall veil.

Lovers in eye charming browny grey with distinctive white-striped garb,
chuckled and crossing beaks as if in tender kisses,
playing their happy game of love among the naked bouncing limbs
of the elderly Jacaranda patiently awaiting for its Spring green dress;
anxious for its bud opening warmth of times release;
to unfold in glorious shady patterns of finest ferny hues of greens.

While oblivious to all others skipped from shinny branch to branch
in catch-me-up fun, together again, crossed beaks in caring intimate touch,
Instinctively aware of freedom's space in morning's grey blue chilly air,
a gift of wondrous Nature's gentleness to comfort the soul's dreary heart.

Earth still retained the cold, as if it were still winter's season soil rested,
hard winds and storm rains impact, not prepared for the toils of Spring,
nor expectations of the Creator's, benevolent enthusiasm to transform the
quietness of winter's scenes to new creation's of season's change.

Mind prayed in hope that magnificent gardens colours be an inspirational,
compliment by airbourne sweet beauties of trees delicately fragranced
uniquely sculptured bloom's source of sweet bountiful food resources,
for winged elite to buzz and flutter in the abundance of life's nourishment. .

Herbaceous plants, no matter how elegant, exquisite of leaf or flower, some probably of ancient wisdom's knowledge a benefit to human life, now long forgotten to modern man, others not so helpful to human kind. Out of place in carefully manicured and planned order of new garden's they were not for public floral display; this was the season of their fear!

Equality, in earth worker's philosophical debate of life or death decisions. Unkindly regarded, in garden jargon; declared and harshly condemned. Obnoxious weed, damned to a quick steely death by strike of trident curved talons of hardened steel, removed with abrupt potent biting force.

Deep beneath the surface still of living place, their space in precious sweet crumbly earthy odoured soil, received its replenishment of nutrients. Tilled to conforming tidy rows of splendid greyish black furrowed earth, tinged with deep chocolate brown, received tender leafed seedlings, yet to learn the harshness of established garden life.

Selected for their coloured part in new garden's planned decoration. orderly rows of alternate red and whites new petunia seedlings, Earth now responsible for tender caring stewardship, in partnership with Nature's weathery whims patiently await maturing blooms.

The gardener's prayer intent, to empower human hearts with joy, of spring's rejuvenation, igniting inner spirit with Nature's generosity, new views for the sighted and fragrance scents to enhance the lives, of those not so fortunate to have the gift of sight.

Such earthen texture and earth's aroma reminds human thought, that soil has a deep affinity in the inevitability cycle of life's birth and death, an inescapably linked to the mortal body, no matter what their status. all members of human society are confronted with this final reality.

Ancient words of wisdom and creative divine spiritual philosophy,
espoused in deep and religious belief and sorrow:
say human beings were created from dust.
Offers humanity the choice for final resting place,
body's infinite repose in the sanctuary of the peaceful earth.

Great ball of light's energies enrichment hovered within the pastel blue,
of skies decorated with little whitely cloudy puffs moved casually,
in the high thermals, beams of warm air reaching down to touch nearby,
patient gardener slowly planting out the new garden's seedling borders.

Enticing the scents of glorious deep velvet-red gorgeous rose blooms,
ebbed with mysterious intricate signals to the worker's living spirit,
kindled deep inner soul's joy of the company of his Creator's presence.

Head bowed low as if in earnest prayer of heartfelt appreciation at the gift
of working intimately with the precious gift of this earth's soily textures,
places with caressing hand each tender new fragile greened leaf seedling,
in its rejuvenating soiled home; wishing every hope for a successful life,
and be blessed as companions within our immense living universe.

Planting out completed, arises and observes with joyous satisfaction,
lifting head high and shaded eye, enjoyed his labour's view,
new laid out green garden, deeply hopeful of the great One's blessing.

Freely grateful and looking forward to being tantalized by bloom displays,
of radiant colours to brighten up every person's new day' awakening,
in spring's warmed days, a paradise of glorious colours in the surrounds,
of this gardens quiet giant shimmering leafed tree bordered surrounds.

PROGRESS

Tiger wings shimmied upon lemon fuzzy slender body,
maybe it was the air whispering vibration man-made machinery's actions,
or simply trembled fright.

Sweet delicately curled lipped honeysuckle sweet fragrance,
whiffed between dusty puffs of destructive machinery's diesel's foul smoke,
tried to soften impact of progresses desecration of fond memories,
of weathered kiln-fired orange-tangerine with smudges of burnt blues lines
of harden clay bricks set in long straight walls of alternating pattern set,
by experienced mason's hard worked skills.

Weather time scared gently grooved old tinned roof had seen the passing,
of human lives habitation and experiences, now facing obliteration
from grasping tungsten tipped jaws of clever angled steel teeth,
of labour's time saving snarling battered dirty yellow crawler machine,
specifically built for house wrecking tasks.

Twisted metal joined fractured masonry and seasoned jarrah lengths,
once a human family's home, now a heap of mangled junk transferred,
by skilled operator in squat monster belching blue diesel smoke,
in airconditioned dust protected clear glass module, guided mouthfuls,
of scruntched debris to waiting great square fronted red haulage trucks
with dented grey-silver trailer, to dispose of in landfill dump sites far away.

Human mind's eye watched in silence, sought solace of progress's pace,
in temporary safety of green creepers and solitary crinkled skinned old lilac
that had shaded many in happy childhood moments in its many years,
of peaceful backyard growth observed the final sign of violence left behind,
blackened tractor traced grooved wrinkled lines naked and exposed,
for the elements to entertain themselves in play at nature's whim.

Men in white safety helmets worn at swanky angled upon their heads,
unrolled parchments upon silent trucks silver bulldog motive ornate snout,
pointed fingers and shook heads in mind concentrated consultation,
for future plans for this forlorn little piece of old vacant land's space.

Smiled creased the observers aged wrinkled face at the oddity,
they'd left the old gnarled sweet fragranced velvet red bloomed rose tree,
like a guard dog to ensure the security of the rectangular cleared old block,
sprawling aged lilac gathering in the sunray's warmth upon wide spreading
new season's creamy green foliage laughing in its spared moment of time
to enjoy more of life's exciting freedom.

He wondered how long before the fateful decision came, life or death;
all in progress's sake when new designed house plans were implemented.

Belching blue oiled smoke announced the answer to the pondering,
chain saw screamed its vicious snarl began its relentless chewing action.
Severed branches in wood-dust and life's tissues sap in spewing motion,
reduced the splendid boughs to a pile of hewed edged broken pieces.

Smash in moments by angry razor sharp grinding teeth of the smartly
digitally created signed tree lopper, dumped fresh fragranced produced
wood chips in a neat coned shape to warm in energy's heated glow,
awaited transport, its next phase of life's cycle relocated unceremoniously
to busy landscaper's garden planned protective mulching work site.

Dangling clusters of red tubular Fire Flower's delicately extruding yellow,
stamened snouts and ferny leafed foliage collected minute fragments,
of dusty earth, held firmly to homely spot on old twisted jarrah fence paling,
joined brilliant orange bloom offering their graceful faces to be admired,
by anyone who could spare to time to admire their floral beauty,
hoping to be washed down in next downpour of long awaited rain drops.
Probably wondering what day they'd hear their end of life call too,
erradicating the old property's remaining momentos of an era past.

Afternoon shadows triggered workmen to look skyward, faces showed questioning expressions, shrugged shoulders in unison, as if in some ancient ritual agreement, rolled up their parchments, returned them to circular tubular safety cases while leisurely walking to roadside parked sparkling vehicles emblazed with the latest signature, of prestigious styles and model.

Parked so long without trouble, obviously with generous legal permission, deprived notorious City Council's money collectors usually hovering about, to issued infringement notices without the least qualm for unintentional, or deliberately careless motorists for incorrect parking to increase, the municipality's money coffers for the benefit of the city's populace.

Pleasant memories of friendly voices, flitter about the old man's mind, reminiscing as he ambled away for the comfort of the familiar surrounds, towards his old home, a stone's throw down the road, wondered at pace of life, and life's progress, from birth to maturing age. Day's observation influenced bitter thoughts of corporate media's hype, of technocratic superiority who possess the commercial, monetary and political power of influence to coerce the mode of modern thought.

Encouraging monetary gain as the favoured modern variant above, the needs of aging process of human communities changing, made to sound, as if contemplating the experiences of the past, for human survival, was a hindrance to the almost inhumane super busy ideology, of modern human society.

These influences concerned the contemplating old man as he strolled, beneath tree lined avenue towards the comfort of his loved ones, could not resist the heart's spirit's humble quiet question, how long before progress and life's age determined process, eradicated his time from human memory, and its relationship with the Creator's plan for human harmony of creation, and the ancient spiritual love for the earth created for their habitation.

Eyebrows flickered in lights teasing game of thought shadows,
while ribbons of spiked green and ruffled border black,
bound rippled contoured garden's precise cut edged length,
set alight the spirit's flame within the heart's beat,
to grasp the light of life's splendid phantom of unexplainable delight,
exhilarated at excitement of angled greens of dewy garden's scene,
beyond the bordered yoke of soils rich gleaming ribboned edge.

Spiked orange blue crowned strelitzias pointed pink tinged nosed faces,
encouraged cheeky mauve blue tipped white daisies to smile,
in child like secret of moment's shying hidden treasured enclosed,
in small silk smooth fingered hand.

Awaited in heart's thumping excited joy to share their moment,
of mind's dreamy ecstasy of floral gem's beauty,
of decorated petal bloom's imagined treasured gleaming jewels,
with loved parents completed the thread of life's unexplainable moments,
of joyful ecstasy of revelation of undisclosed life's meaning's discovery.

Confirmed their deep love's bondship, that only life's birth experience,
could appreciate in the miniscule of silent tears of communion of spirit's,
the joy of creation's wonder in the kinship of their kind,
with the Creator's plan for human life's affinity with its living environment.

Branch tip buds of red lantern blooms, yet to unfurled at nature's order,
bobbed in breeze's chilled breath,
collaborated with acacia's yellow sweet fragrance blossoms caught,
watcher's sense in their net of Nature's intriguing shape changes.

aroused admiration of the Great Creator's gift of sublime peace of mind,
captured in the grace of undulating green open space's tranquility,
curling in the wisps of earth's contour hugging airy streams.

Life's cycles passing by eye's vision in silent exhilaration of body's spirit, aroused thrill of the Great Creator's gift of sublime inner peace of mind, captured graceful undulating green surfaced open space's tranquility, curling in the wisps of earth's contour hugging airy streams.

Lips mimicked sounds of mind's thoughts of sacred life's love's integrity, strained to understand the emotion's message without embarrassment. Grey-blue eyes gazed across the dewy sprigs of yet untended grass leaf, watched measured graceful dusky white plumed Ibis hunter's pace, accompanied by chortling plump magpies, rapier sharp beaks probing, for succulent life supporting morsels hidden beyond human eyes sight, deep within subterranean earth's mysterious world.

Toadstools stood tall reflecting silvered dreamy white shades, sprinkled with silicon chips of earth's soil's wind mixed partnership, changed skin textures of life passage in dappled cracked light browns and aged tawny nutmeg flashed by mind's thought in a minuscule of time, hugged close to earth's warm embrace partially hidden in little indents beneath alcoves of wood chipped decorated fertile loamy earth, with tall flowering scented garden companions embracing, day's light's energy grasped the moment's prayer of thankfulness , or their visibility, before they disappeared from vision's thoughts, and energy's light beams.

Beckoned quietly watching man's life phantoms of a dream's imagination, deep flow of human kind's thought of the brief intimate relationship, with the fragility of all earth's living life's environment disappearing in the reality of crumpling dainty white silver domes, changing in light's influenced shadowed shapes of earthly existence, to join the subterranean world beyond the experience of human thought, awaited their Creator's call of responsibility to revitalize and rejuvenate, earth's vital essence of life's support for all future vital living lives.

Emotion stirred fluttering memory's fragile recognition of life's value, like the invisible threads of human affinity with the infinite spiritual waves, of a silent whispered prayer delivered in a quiet moment's respite, responsibility for the health of their temporary eternal existence, often forgotten in the bustle of their new found human intellectual powers, mighty technological monetary driven discoveries influencing the fragility, of the environment for all living beings upon this space floating sphere, some people's minds cannot forget the mystery of the awesome power, and a spiritual connection with the sacredness of the this little planet earth, in the great cosmic universe.

Lengthy shades of grey-browns and greeny tree limbs could not breach the embracing contoured undulating black soiled ribbon edge joining the fervour of garden community touched by caressing vitality of life's joy, carried like a whispered message in icy morn's zephyr swirling tickling airs upon old gardener's bared skin senses sent reeling in exhilaration, of clear of rippling rhythm of red ruffled edged puffed faced geraniums, laughing in celebration with brilliant glossy yellow daisy petalled blooms, like split tailed ribbons fluttering in a grand celebrative parade,.

Defined the exquisite garden's vast arena of spirit's tranquility for the soul, offer body's choice for motion and health encouraging opportunity to walk across smooth manicured lawns and curved black topped roadways, a collaboration of Creation's prayer and silent human acknowledgement, the mystery of the truth of the Creator's gift of human kind's intelligence, that holds the choice to retain, destroy or maintain its safe survival until, the appointed end of their living time, the treasure of their unique human existence in the vastness of the puzzling cosmic universe.



REJUVENATION

Pastel yellow heart shaped leaves,
lifted their gorgeous faces in happy welcoming,
to the rising blazing star-ring of fire sitting in its appointed place,
in distant heaven of horizon's blue sky.
Delicate daisy leaves patiently watched this display,
unaware of danger close at hand that would end their living days.

His braced stance was one of stern concentration,
to complete the clearing task, begin the creation of a new garden.
Where green hardy daisy bushes held fast,
settled in their earthy allotted spaces given by the Creator,
not of man's garden design placement.

Strong muscled arm wielded the black coated shovel,
carborundum honed razor sharp cold steel cutting edge,
struck with sheer force of shoulder weighted power,
dug deep beneath the green shrubs body,
pierced a slicing blow deep beneath the brown-greyled granulated soil,
severed the deep roots of plant's life beneath the garden's soil.

Crunch of death, echoed though the hearing's mind,
repeated back along the canyons of the soul,
loud even among the shadows of the nearly woody groves,

Tingling muscles and nerves flexed in exertion as repeated blows landed
precisely timed and spaced in ripping digging action,

Lips mimicked sounds of mind's thoughts of sacred life's integrity strain,
to understand the emotion's message of love without embarrassment.
Grey-blue eyes gazed across the dewy sprigs of yet untended grass leaf,
watched graceful of dusky white plumed Ibis hunter's measured pace,
accompanied by chortling plump magpies, rapier sharp beaks probing,
for succulent life supporting morsels hidden beyond human eyes sight,
deep within subterranean earth's mysterious world.

Toadstools stood tall reflecting silvered dreamy white shades,
sprinkled with silicon chips of earth's soil's wind mixed partnership,
changed skin textures of life passage, dappled cracked light browns,
and aged tawny nutmeg flashed by mind's thought in a minuscule of time,
hugged close to earth's warm embrace partially hidden in little indents
and alcoves of wood chipped decorated fertile loamy earth beneath
unwary undergrowth peaked out from beneath tall flowering scented
garden companions embracing day's light's energy,
grasped the moment's prayer of thankfulness for their visibility,
before they disappeared from vision's thoughts and energy's light beams.

Beckoned quietly watching man's life phantoms of a dream's imagination,
deep flow of mind's thought of human kinds brief intimate relationship,
with the fragility of all earth's living life's environment,.

Disappearing in the reality of crumpling dainty white silver domes,
changing in light's influenced shadowed shapes of earthly existence,
to join the subterranean world beyond the experience of human thought,
to awaited their Creator's call of responsibility to revitalize and rejuvenate,
their vital essence of life's support for all above earth's future living lives.

SCENTED EVE

Wind swept desert heated breathe,
whirled about the contours of land and man,
scorched all living beings with its threatening presence,
searched every crevice with its invasive touch,
aided land's ancient silicon minute grit to settle unobtrusively,
upon all surfaces wet or dry to irritate in smothering annoyance.

While all about silence shattered at wind's growing persistence,urge,
Nature exercised its powerful summer's heat upon undulating landscape.
Night's cloak's shadow fell aside,
as if in acknowledgement of celestial circle's glorious light white,
followed obediently antiquity's set cosmic course,
unobstructed in the silence of heaven's space,
casting peaceful spells of calming shadowed ghostly light,
upon the tormented earth's great open living plant life.

Offered peace to mortal being's soul awake this night,
but did not interfere with tasks assigned to battle Nature's unexpected,
raging red-orange ravishing wall of skyward leaping blaze's destructive fury,
angrily consuming all green living life, both small and tall in stature,
emblazed upon the eye's vision reflected to the mind by black night's sky.

Eye lashes flickered to protect sensitive organs invaded,by invisible heat,
grit bearings winds forced instinctive reflex to close vision's sight,
nostril senses could not avoid acrid whisks teasing as if tasting,
bitter burnt essence of once living eucalyptus leaf reduced to ashes fine.

Imagination's thoughts sought some solace from the distance night's scene
great land's mortal destruction evidence of fire death revealing odours,
face turned away from orange-red tints of distant bushy land fires,

Thoughts sought relief in rhythmic pounding of nearly ocean's waves,
ever persistent caressing of land's sand shore course reflected'
little ribbons of moon's white lines upon wavelets in ocean's rising joy,
marked the presence for re-opened eyes,.

Musing man stood upon land's raised vantage point, viewed night's world,
momentarily spied the multi-colour flitter of distant cosmic diamond bodies,
before a shadow passed across the moonlight's sky smothering
all vision's thoughts of celestial peaceful night's beauty.

Perhaps, it was the change in night's black hues,
or the powerful breezes influence, that nudged the senses,
with melaleuca's musky fragrance, its pungent reminder of accumulated
dusts of season's touch, cast about by tussling clustered leaf shuddering,
released its contribution to the night's tumbling air's aroma.

Man's senses focused towards the sea, this night was not offering joy,
the usual free bouquet of ocean's land fall sea weed's contributing aroma,
nights land winds were blowing seawards obliterating any nostril teasing
odours from ocean's direction.

Burnt eucalyptus scent teased the mind's inner memory,
like the joy of calming incense burning in a holy ceremony,
relieved the anxiety of the night's dark wind's frenzy and raging fury,
of bush fires malicious distant consuming intent.

Moon's glorious whiteness peeked through the shadow offered the balm
of peaceful viewing of stwinkling star studded heavenly universe,
reminded the earth bound man of the blessing he'd received
in this moments time safety from the ravages of Nature's angry moments,
shut out from mind's thoughts the noise of wind's persistent racket,
to enjoy the soul soothing closeness of his Creator's being,
in the dark scented environment of the evening's quiet.

SILENCE'S CALL

There was something unnerving about this early morn,
silence so thick, like an invisible cloak wrapped round the body,
exerting such influential power upon the mind,
that grabbed at the very core of my being's essence.

As if my inner soul were turned outward,
its vulnerability exposed to eyes of the world's Creator,
left me trembling at the experience and confused,
why was it hard to appreciate?
This new day was beginning: without a noise!

Sun's creeping light cast shadows across the open spaces,
friendly lent their gracious contoured body form reflections to the ground,
perhaps to tease mind's imagination's sight of quiet concerned observer,
pondering the phenomena of no early morning sounds,
in the great garden's green arena,
only the echoes of paced out footsteps and loud tingling mind's thoughts.

Silence oozed about the body as if in a tomb,
even in the temple of praise,
among the tranquil serene enclosed man-built home of divine inspiration,
seemed to touch his soul from quiet angled spaces as he tried to pray.

Feelings of unease lingered close by, irritating his senses,
twitched mind's thoughts, increased the urge to be outside this enclave,
to rejuvenate the spirit's thrill in the Creator's gorgeously created day.

So much silence unsettled soul's spirit, seeped like a soluble mist,
into the soul's inner depths churning emotions missed early morning calls.

Radiated from the ground's green topped foliated giants,
even the early morning's sky's seemed forlorn and foreboding,
to the mind's eye; had he become deaf?

Silence stifled the mind's direction,
eased as spirit's released by unseen resourceful power,
began to sooth the mind's unrest,
gently open up the senses to new arising early morn's little zephyr,
heralding great energy's blazing brilliant rays to uplift all life.

Gently, like the touch of silken thread upon the naked skin,
air's little breath tingled overhead leaflets into rhythmic dance,
like percussion instruments beating soft rhythmic sounds,
that subtly sneaked into the hearing senses stirred anxious mind,
to recognize that silent experience, could have been a prayer bestowed.

The power of silence's caressing peace, missed by mind's uneasy haste,
this lowly being, seemed to overlook the opportunity to receive,
the unique gifts for all humanity to appreciate, the silence of love offered,
freely by the Creator of all things.

Sunlight shimmered between myriads of leaf clad tree brown branches,
emphasised the friendly colours hues of garden soul restful greens.
Soul's spirit relieved at vibrant vitality of being present in the realm,
of garden's rainbow coloured floral bloomed kingdom's shady venue,
created avenues for compassion and forgiveness for omission and,
misunderstanding in mortal's mind, of the Creator's mysterious ways,
of communicating silent joy to all His earthly bound beings.

Resoled their frailty of misplaced anxieties and frailty of thought,
of Nature's curing balm of of garden's red and yellows that fire
the human spirit's enthusiasm for life's excited renewal.

SILVER TIE

Raindrops bedecked yellow daisy blooms smiled into the sunbeam slices,
left the mind tingling with excitement at garden's new morn's fresh garland,
Wagtail provided melodious chirping song,
harmonized with the serenity of the garden's dewy peace.

Sunlight ribbons set alight fragile fading autumn Jacaranda's,
resplendent fern patterned leaves shimmered in new coats of gold,
highlighted the chain link patterned rich brown straight bough,
skyward elegantly reaching garden's solitary sparkling tree.

Surrounded by light's silvered reflecting spears,
recalled memories of divine pleasure,
provoked by spiky dark green grooved leafed Rosemary,
attired in delicately pastel mauve flower,
no inhibitions with its innate beauty,
released abundant quantities of fragrance to arouse sweet tender thoughts
of love for Nature's gifts imaginative floral creations for new day's garden.

Friendly little breeze performer the skills of a perfumer,
mixed aromatic exotic diversity of flower's essences,
their fragrances enhanced by purified scent of raindrop fresh new air,
conjured up thoughts of ancient sacred ceremonies use of incents,
to acknowledge the divinity of the Creator God,
still offering His unceasing love and care to the modern human kin.

Nature tugged at lazy mind's visions intoxicated by garden fragrances rare,
guided thoughts to connection of the soul's relationship, to the intricacies,
of living earth's crystal stringed threaded web globules jeweled pattern,
suspended exquisitely free in sky's rhythmic trembling waves,
delicate display of skilled garden weaver's intricately weaving skills.

Spectacular circular works of art by skills of gifted creativeness,
demonstrated the infinite relationship of the precious earth's environments,
connected by the symbol of these sun shimmering rainbow lit lines,
reaching out in fragile touch to tendered plant branches budding,
with new life dependent on the rich earth's soil and energy's light for life.

Sparkling multi threaded swaying labyrinths reflecting sun's glorious glow,
twinkled subtle trembling, like the fragile breath of man's sustaining breath,
in the mystic rhythmic sway with Nature's little zephyrs,
not breaking a single crystal clear ball away from its tenuous hold,
upon that intricate woven shimmering day's magic crafted web,
silently serene in its sky borne home.

Tying in intricate silver light embrace every heart beat of vital life,
reached out in partnership with the blessed gift of the fertile earth,
the ultimate physical source of living sustenance of all living beings.

Reminded quiet thoughtful observer afresh of the blessing,
he had received in the sight of Creation's purest aquatic creations,
felt the intimate gossamer touch of purest fresh lung filling air,
from cool scene of dewy laden delicate balanced spider webs,
suspended between living autumn naked slim tree branches.

Symbols of life's fragility, these silver threads so tender,
yet so securely tying together the power of Nature's elements;
like the link of unique partnership between the sacred domain of earth,
and the living vitality of the created glory of the universe,
like the intimate affinity of the human's soul's relationship,
Creator's promise of love and spiritual nurturing of mortal humanity.

SKY'S SPIRIT

Gone golden dawn's sky of yesterday,
grey blooms white –tipped bundles of rain cloud hung,
suspended threatening to fall to earth,
held firm to heaven's by brilliant white sunbeam streams,
smiling through cracks in grouchy greyfaced blacked centred clouds,
stretched across horizon's scene of violet-blue hue,
of misty dripping fine droplets of rain.

Creation's artistic florist's radiant pink-white trumpet blooms,
giggled to the spirit's inner dancing life's beat,
tickled messages trembling through to heart's tenderness,
Conveyed invisibly by dangling yellow-tipped stamen tongues,
almost lost the excitement of the content's essence,
in tumbling winds rustled noise of overhead tree's shining wet leaves.

Fragranced lilly's white elongated flowered blossom deciphered the call,
tendrils fibrillating centred heart clustered dusty golden heart throat,
heralded tunes of celebration of Nature's special day's gift,
the rains had returned again to refresh the parched earth,
offering all living beings in garden's blessed space; peace!

Rejoiced in rumbling turbulent air's dance,
while raindrops beat in world's life mysterious rhythm,
could not dampen the soul's spirit tears of joy,
Creator's generosity once again displayed unashamedly,
before human eye's mind slumbering thoughts of doubt,
the blessing offered of silent confidence of love,
despite the threat to country's of life's certainty by drought,
momentarily relieved by rain's liquid bounty.

Again restored in little puddles trickling upon hardened earth's surface,
offering run-off to greater accumulation for another day's needs,
restored humanity's fragile belief,
if only in this fraction of time's present reality,
to reduce the loss of vitality of green earth's beauty's growing,
the threat of turning deathly yellow.

Today the wind's song of Creation's majesty,
leaving humanity to ponder its depths of wonder,
the unpredictable mystery of the Creator's plan,
for the fragile planet earth's survival.

SWEET SOIL

Heart did not weep at thoughts of soil,
dry dusty reputation of mortal's future,
reluctant tendrils of living trees nutritious roots of life,
succumbed to force of razor sharp digging tool,
rolled over in ordered new tilled lines,
revealing to day energy's source,
the fragility of their subterranean life.

Calloused hand reached out in tender touching acknowledgement,
of disturbed soil's silent kingdom,
grasped crunchy handful of the earth's richness,
then let it slide slowly through splayed fingers.

Each granule's textured rubbing its body, oh so tenderly,
upon the skin's sensitive surface touch receptors stirred deep thoughts,
of words of final mortal ceremony whispered in anxious inevitable,
acceptance of reality; the return to earth as dust!

Eyes without tears of fear raised high to lush green friendly bowing fronds,
of towering fawn-brown patterned nearby palms, gathered into mind's eye,
the delicate pinky white beauty of new season's viburnum flowers.

Smiled gracefully through moisty gathering mist,
lifted soul's spirit in ecstasy at their exquisite fragrance,
carried upon little zephyr to pondering garden worker's mind,
he'd not heard the word, yet blessed his Creator for the time grant,
to view the splendor of His garden's diversity of winter flowering plants,
yellow, reds, pink and white that share the nutritious benefits,
of earth's rich soils, that he was lucky to be working within,
creating a new flower garden's bed for Spring's coloured glory.

Hopeful of near future's blessing, to be filled with spectacular floral display,
an abundance of brilliant red and white petunia blooms,
glowing in the gold richness of the gloriously radiant globe of life's energy,
that he could quietly stand in contemplation in a free moment of time,
the mystery of life's gifts granted using every minute to praise the wonder,
of his Creator Divine's creativeness of Nature's garden's wonders,
magnificently vibrant, soul arousing, flowering vitality,
offered from soils' sweet life granting fertility.

SWEET TOUCH

Heaven's summer hot breath wafted across,
the little tree shaded garden's open space,
lightly touched the cheek of seated figure,
reclining on the old weathered garden seat.

They'd much in common as they sat in communication of presence,
participating in the grace of vital life's peaceful essence.
Cracked varnished planking of dulled decorative iron ornate frame work,
matched crinkling aged skin and thin white-haired old man's countenance,
as he sat in quiet, eye-closed listening solitude,
contemplating this day's life ebbing.

Sticky surfaced creeper's explorative extended tendril's touch,
upon naked arm awoke the body's senses, stirred meandering thoughts,
of life's experiences passing through time, as if an angel of the divine,
had interrupted his musing with a sublime influence of a greater meaning,
for his presence in the garden alcove's serene peaceful setting,
bathing in the calmness of shadowy lengthening day's light.

Exquisite sweet fragrance aroused the nostril's tender senses,
to memories of past's experiences in the fresh crispness,
of early morning's sojourns after night's rains,
in a crystal dripping great tree bordered garden's cove,
haven for the feathered beauties of the sky that lingered high above.

Eye's slowly widened, searched for source of the sweet perfume,
hidden among the sparkling deep greeny leafy vine,
focused upon a solitary glittering white five petalled bloom,
with central perky yellow stamen slyly peeking out,
upon the greater world of the small enclosed stippled sunlit space.

Quivering air ruffled the entire wall clinging creeper's leaf laden body, exposed a delightful display of myriad of glorious delicate white blooms, unseen until this moment hidden carefully in leafy secret home, disappeared in a shower of refreshing perfume after the brief exposure..

Intimately touched to the deepness of human intimacy of heart, man's focused thoughts on the rarity and beauty of creation's floral art, held so fragiley in the care of Nature's unpredictable whim, qualified the authenticity of the gifts of special gifted blessing continuing so short lived by both plant and mankind alike.

His body enjoyed relaxing upon the hard old seat's curved surface, soothing thoughts of Creator's wisdom and abundant gifts his eye's spied, smiled at timid faun-yellow feathered sky traveler's hesitant presence, tentatively gauging the man's response to its company, as it contemplated a cool drink in safety from worn edged shaded concreted bird bath nearby.

Satisfied of no threat from the seated presence, splurged a quick moment's passion to satisfying its thirst, then as if in a moment's add pleasure to the old man's delight, indulged in a quick feather fluttering dip into the cool bath's water. Hesitated on wide curved bath's edge, shook surplus drops of cool liquid, from its feathered sides, flew to safety of nearby grevillea foliaged heights.

Soul's spirit gently touched by the beauty of the moment's visual scene, motions settled down tenderly within the watcher's body as he mused, the privilege he'd enjoyed of being intimately touched by the presence of his Creator's loving company.

TEAR

Caught within the glitter of sunlight's golden beams,
furious brilliant flashing clustered pink orange yellow blooms screamed out,
in silent style of coloured vision's startling glare,
set among background multiple green hues of Nature's leafy shaped glory,
a spectacular welcome to the day's radiant morning.

Caused deep emotions to burst within the human chest,
unable to fully comprehend with adequate responding emotions,
little tears broke out unexpectedly from the vision's liquid home,
trickled unheeded, tickling down the cheek's skin's pored surface,
rolled slowly down the face's edge, to disappear below the chin.

While emotions stirred deep with the heart's sensitivities,
eyes vision fought to understand the wet responses of sight's senses,
solitary man's mind struggled for meaningful words of description,
of the sheer beauty of the heart spirit's response to the coloured scene.

As if a gentle hand touched to the shoulder in soothing empathetic gesture,
warm sunbeams gently stroked the bowed shoulder's heave,
offering comfort to the body's tremble from so deep within the soul.
What an instant response: how could His Creator be so cruel?

To cast before this humble mind, exquisite brilliant senses thrilling beauty,
so close he could almost feel the intimacy of pulsating joy,
of the glorious exciting vital growing life,
surely a depth of sacred creativity, conjured up this jeweled beauty,
harmonizing bird and Nature's glorious dashing colours.

Minute feather sweet nectar gathering garden friend creamy fawn,
puffed out chests, welcoming in flipping frenzy grey-yellow pin striped
coats flashing trailed tiny shadows upon multi hued green pointed leaves,
body bobbing about within the eye startling pink orange red flowers,
of nectar bearing Grevillea blooms curved like coloured ocean wave crest,
just before it plunges into the freedom of the ocean's floor.

Sucking up the sweet juiced nutrient through slender curved cinnamon
shaded beak, at each breath from cocoon like hunting place,
lifted little yellow hooded head between orange pink stamened bloom,
and nodded as if in recognition of the presence of a solitary watching
silent bewildered figure, then resumed its busy feeding chore.

Fittering winged eager companion alighted upon the bloom,
moved in hippy hoppy fashion, joined in chirped a merry welcome,
to the busy little worker mate, tenderly hopping in amazing balance,
from delicately formed green branches, holding nectar filled blooms,
began to gather up this glorious Creator's gift of life's sustaining juice.

While all about others of greater coloured feathered ilk,
outfitted in glittering greens, reds and blue and burnt orange hues,
shrieked their encouragement to these little heart touching pair,
seemed to wish them good fortune in their day's gathering affair,
flew across the visions view, like a dewy sunlight's prismatic rainbow,
in an early morning's wet arched horizon to earth coloured beam.

Golden shaft of sun beams speckled the ground all about,
the silent solitary old gardener's figure,
lit up like a spotlight the claret greens of elegant slender leaves,
of autumn's seasons dress of the tall Claret Ash tree,
offering protective guardianship of the generous source
of flowered food for the celebrating little nectar's feeder's.

Joined light green Agonis flexuosa clustered leaves,
reflecting in golden green sheen,
the great energy's orbs shimmering lights dream
into the eye's mind to ease the shaking spirit's forces
reacting to the glorious celebration of this morning's gift,
from the Creator that had sent the emotions into spasm
at the sheer beauty of Nature's garden's display.

Penetrated deep within this mortal's being,
set alight the flame of such forceful feelings of companionship,
of his God's blessing loving presence,
in this quiet little cool early morning garden's space.

The solitude of the great garden's scenery,
the splendid sights of Nature's glory in this garden's diversity,
that had touched the heart's sensitivities so deeply,
leaving mind unable to find words to explain this experience adequately,
to stir the little trickling tears of response to the sheer delight
and excitement of this touching moment of morning's sight,
now dried out upon the cheek by gentle warmth of sunlight's touch.

Offered now the comforting solitude of the quiet garden's corner,
to absorb the experience of this unique moment of closeness,
so he thought, with his God's presence in the shining morning's garden,
felt the tenderness of heart's inner tears of soothing joy.

THE FIELD

He leaned against the old weathered fence post,
eased the body to a comfortable stance,
gazed across the once great vibrant garden field lands,
with tears behind his weary eyes.

Sadness crept into the soul's spirit at the desolation,
wondering how his Creator could be so cruel and harsh,
reducing vital fields of grain life,
to ground covered scattered unloved yellow tuffs.

Where Nature had relented, in twirling sand stirring winds,
left spaces of skeleton white slender bone chips scattered,
now lost to memory of previous life's vitality,
sensitivities trembled deep in spirit's soul at loss of crops beauty.

This site could contributed to the earth's harmony,
with the great wide surrounding bush land remains,
left from humanities broad field farming activities,
to give the sparse earth a little protection,
from the forces of the elements upon this vast tract of outback land.

Scared white grey burnt soils caught the mind's eye, reminded of frailty,
like tender skin from sun hiding beneath white bristle beard of an old man,
thoughts watched speckled shady treed quiet resting place without a care,
the world bustled across his visions as he enjoyed, the peace and serenity
of fading life with Nature's amazing living scenes.

Smiled deep inside with satisfaction of memory of youth,
when life was all excitement, like the ripe seed upon the wheat shafts,
hoped that he'd live to see creation's love gift, in new season's harvest.

A prayer reached out to sky's hovering coils of clouds grey with potential,
to ease the dried out pain, but they raced away across the barren land,
to distant hazy horizon, eyes turned away from the naked question.
Mind unable to offer help, turned to stir the spirit's urgent prayer,
behind eyes greyed blue, in search of a symbol of hope to soothe,
troubled thoughts low ebb of any hope or joy for desolate landscape soon.

Dried out hedge line salmon pink creatively twisted branches,
startled the senses as a potent sign of growing determined life,
lifted the inner mind's senses with fibrillating tremors of heart's thrills,
like a prayer answered by the Divine Creator to uplift the human psyche,
wished for vital steady ground soil soaking sustaining rain,
instead of Nature's constant life tests for its outback bush land kin.

Soul's eyes searched great acreage of weathered pumpkin yellow tuff field,
along staggered lines of tainted-white patterns, not unlike white shadow
of outspread wings of birds in flight, embossed upon field's exposed soils.

Sadness touched the depths of the soul's heart, man could not challenge,
the power of life's determination of nature's whims upon land's vitality,
beyond his control, yet well within the Creator's creative power to test,
the toughest nature of the great broad acreage outback farmer's nerves..

Soft blue-green ripples of magnificent leaves view released body's anxiety,
caused reduced pressure of his grip upon the coarse old wooden post,
he'd backed away a pace or two, to be prodded sharpishly in the buttock,
awakening the body's physical, be careful among bush's wild inhabitants!

Whirled about to seek out the intruder, exquisite alternately arranged
double spiked round leaves, smiled wily welcome to the visitor
obviously pre-occupied in deep thoughts of Nature's harshness.

Pretending to be the vital nutrient sources of human food production,
ragged imported wild imposters to weather damaged native vegetation,,
and machine sliced tufts of the field's former productive life,
eyes could not resist the final glance at stark white pattern imposed,
upon the near naked field slowly fading to cloud grey.

Leaving an indelible image upon the memory's record,
clouds of rolled up grey flannel, had parted to allow a bolt of light,
to penetrate and scatter upon the fields devastated grounds,
an offering like a mental promise of Nature's Creator,
to be patient until the time is ripe,
and once again the plain's vast fields would be alive,
with babbling vital green seeded sheafs of abundant vital life again.

THE GIFT

Faded violet low grey crescent clouds,
reached across the canyons of air's space to embrace,
great domes of blue-grey mist surrounded vital growing tree tops.

Puzzled mind bathed in the dewy laden air,
fluffy blooms of grey that filled the horizon's eye's view,
reached towards the ground,
as if in homage and humble apology for not providing rain,
to enhance its life providing sustenance,
to all earth bound growing inhabitants.

Lone diminutive man stood upon the garden hillock,
senses teased by earth's fragrant aromas of flower's life's essences,
thoughts meandered among the lower reaches of the dewy tree's branches,
drew into the soul's spirit the freshness of the heavy air,
reviving body's energy's from night time's rest,
to appreciate another day's gift of physical mortal life.

Body could not avoid the delicate awakening of bare skin's responses,
as if sprinkled by the very essence of the Creator's presence touch.
Rational interrupted momentarily, overpowered the precious thoughts,
surely it was only the spatter of little clear water drops,
falling from the heavy early morning's cloaking clouds?

Vision's view rejoiced at the harmony of the sky,
wondered at the great circle of vibrantly fierce energy's light,
subdued behind veil of smudged white cloudy circled hallow,
set alight the heart's pulse beat sending the body's life blood racing.

Alerted mind's wandering thoughts,
enjoy this precious experience of tranquility of deep soul's peace,
grab this blessed moment's joy at the Creator's expose,
of the wonder's of Nature's gifts so rarely offered to the human mind's eye.

Opportunity often missed in their modern rushing lives,
the chance to glimpse and feel the gentle touch,
of another dimension of their Creator's balm of caring love,
to sooth the weary soul's of His special earth bound thinking beings.

VINE

Silver white sunrise kissed the edge of horizon ebbing foils of clouded sky,
offered mind's vision of beautiful bluish hues of moisture laden blooms,
potential carriers of day's thirst quenching promised rain.

Silent great limbed tall ground's guardians, smiled with minute man,
welcoming new day's breath of blessed continued life contained within,
intently dazzling pink vines growth inspired by God's pure energy's light.

Hearing senses collated sweet sounds of wondrous harmonious hymns,
unharnished soul's spirit with desire to be free of mortal mental hindrance,
to flutter with little birds in flights among the clear fresh air streams,
careering about in unlimited spaces above green coated dewy grounds.

Shadows flicked sunlight teasing moment's of cloud bank motions,
across bowed lines of stringy branches carrying spring's new buds of life,
coated in diminutive brilliant autumn faintly orange pink five petalled leaves
serrated scooped edges designed to facilitate cascaded of rain's water.

Blazing pink tinged river streams over aged grey worn wall's to excite,
parent's deep earth entrenched vital roots to revitalise its stringy branches,
reminding of soul's intimate beauty of spiritual connection mortals,
with the vine of ultimate life and humanity' s struggle with daily life ,
to be worthy branches of the Vine.

Near naked fibrous sinewy branches curled tendril exploring sprigs of life,
crept about like slivers of river's aquatic leaves to capture bubbling waters
after sudden storms infusion of precious fluid at Nature's sudden whim,
reduced to a tarnished tan shaded trickle in sun's heat, quiet reminder,
of mortal life's progression, from youth to aging old.

Tickling ground level stirred leaves laying in haphazardly in piles waiting, influenced by autumn's fading power, to be recycled for the next step, of their decaying life's role in garden's rejuvenation along ancient built, alternate laid brick and mortar patterned enclosing old world styled wall.

Signs of the Creator's glorious theme of eternal renewed life, persisted in glorious pinky-green creeping garden's vine holding tight, to purple black clusters of seed pod carriers of the next season's life, like rich purple purple bundles of wine grapes ripe ready for the winemaker to produce delicious drinking wines for the enjoyment of human kind.

Awakening mortal realization that human life has similar comparisons, time wears away the body's youthful energy's to the calmness of ageing, that all have to learn to understand, yet this beautiful Creator's blessed vine holds the secret of ongoing life in new season's growth.

Impressed in mortal's mind the reality of passing themes of life's changes, humanity was not blessed with this extended lease of life, it has to grab each precious moment of life's in the present, and relish the experience.

God never forecasts to humanity, when final living moment is called. Deep movements of emotion, niggled at the soul's spirit, triggered within the pulsing heart beat and the human psyche, a humbled adoration of this moment's grace to indulge the mind's senses, in continued prayer of hope to see and experience as many as possible, the occasions of this splendid vines exhibition of the living forces of life.

Joining coloured winged inhabitants celebrating in brilliant sunlit shadows, among the vine's sparkling orange-red leaves below light grey sunlit blue of the sky's dispersing puffy clouds embraced this amazing morning's delicious pink, uplifting the human spirit's delight, inspired by the Creator for the human heart and minds peace of mind.

THE PATH

Jeweled coated feathered companions of the sky,
shrieked their harmonious chorus to the world,
joined by warbling leaf hidden magpies tossed their tunes,
in heaven's space among the great laden arms of stately Norfolk Pines.

Slim slivered lengths of minutely spiked leaf,
detached by nature's unruly breath from mother's last binding hold,
drifted in wind's rhythmic twisted motions slowly descended to the earth,
life's green vitality seemed to ebb in the falling,
bound to rest upon the sacred earth,
twitched as if in life's breathes last moment, then lay inert,
stirred imaginations thoughts of life's duties completed as dictated,
by nature's complex completion plan for all the earth's inhabitants.

Brown's of yesterday and paling tints of today's greens lay peacefully,
no signs of death's yellow mixed in carefree patterned coloured carpet,
beneath great tree's ground shaded bed.

Mind's thoughts watched in thrilled experience,
of this display of vital life's passing,
watched the subtle colour changes of the long-tailed leaves fall,
covering vast area of lawns and driveways with free abandonment

Strong rake thrusts gathered in the multitude of matting string like foliage,
like a wheat harvester's actions of old time community life's practices,
created little mounds of ripe grain sheaves in handful manageable size,
remnants of former growth's death, but not so in wily gardener's thoughts.
Another life task was his perception for these beauties of the heights,
to fulfill a special calling these seemly abandoned shards of past life.

Gathered up in great hand pricky bundles and cast into containers until full,
carried away across the yellow green summer taunted grassy lawns,
to the garden's shaded hidden spaces away from casual eye's gaze,
among the lush greens of shrubs contentedly guarding,
calm avenues of cool and peaceful composure.

An alcove where a mortal seated on a convenient old logged bench,
could takes a moment to ponder quiet thoughts of life,
or even offer a prayer of thanks to the Creator of our glorious world,
or simply sit and admire the vista of nature's diverse exquisite plant life,
vibrantly shining in the new morn's silver-white light.

Worker gather breath and watched in awe and vision's wonder,
as multi-coloured load scattered about carelessly upon the garden's floor,
swift shuffling by booted probing foot determined design,
for these splendid remnants of nature's creation,
destined for their next purpose of recycling of their physical being.

Inspired in moment's glimpse by the Creator's instigation in mortal's mind,
a new life's role as speckled servants to soften the path of visitors feet,
slowly stepping out among the shaded walkways of the gardens,
offering opportunity to mind's joyful happy thoughts of nature's splendor,
this would be tomorrow's new crunching sounding footpath,
to add more tunes to the garden's chorus of sounds of harmony,
with the added brown-fawn colour wood chips to the rich tapestry,
of garden's vital living greens.

TINTED MOON

Moon's silver glory, sparkled glittering white,
lit long columns of rippled ribbons over dawn's early ocean horizon,
great sea's rhythmic endless flow of wavelets tipped white,
washed unprepared human swimmer's off balance and dumped the body,
unceremoniously into warmed salty tumbling waters,
awakened spirit's joy from trauma of taunted subconscious dreams,
to the excitement of gifts granted,
of vital active swimmer's positive responsive delight.

Whitened by eye's night adjusted vision,
darkness softened to filtered grey,
lifted human thoughts to wonder at the freshness of the blackened water's
soothing caresses to the body's tensions of the night's unrest.

Troubled thoughts lingered in the back ground of consciousness,
like the sunlit rainbow colour reflecting blue-black of the wild raven's coat,
awaited the moment's decision to alight from high tree bough advant site,
to satisfy the curiosity of brown-yellow patterned discard paper coffee cup,
approached to claim it as a possession for the moment,
before yellow-rimmed black eyes spy another distraction to explore,
left the cup, once again in peace, to rest upon its lonely grassy spot.

Lowered to the vision's view of white crested waves,
about to try to dunk the swimmer,
but evasive action saves the moment's sight,
allows the mind to grasp between curved surface breaks,
the moon had passed its night duty's full phase of white.

Fine grey whitened striped sky heralded new day's approaching sunrise
moon had strangely yellowed,
like the full blooms of coloured flowers changed,
to the next phase of life's decline.

Like the human ageing cycle of birth to death,
moon's faded tinted mellow yellow touched the soul's spirit,
with softened gladness of the miracle of the Creator's gift
the perception of His wondrous creation,
to touch the human heart with such tenderness of His presence.

Soothed the turbulence of the fragile human psyche,
with colours of night's cosmic guardian's full rounded body beautiful,
reflected image massaging rhythmic stroking of ocean's waters,
their temperature warmer than that of land's gently air cooled land.

Washed away any lingering thoughts of nights agitated experience,
with the excitement of the challenges of the new day's lights,
peeking tentatively above the rocky escarpment of land' shore line,
about to be bathed with energy's light's white and pastel blues of sky.

THOUGHTS

Silence was not in control here,
mixed with Nature's muffled sounds,
peace reigned supreme within air's breath,
that played games with tickly fluffy creamy ripe seed pods on yellow stalks.

Mature mothers frantically hopped about searching eagerly
beneath leaves of grass, and fractured chipped-up wood mulch or tender
food morsels, to pacify seemingly never satisfied squawking young,
their lusty protests ricocheted contently round oak canyons of the grove.

Seated contemplative figure watched in fascination,
occasional old tawny leaf twisting its last moments of life's journey,
released from long life's attachment to its craggy rough wooden home,
to fall soundlessly in slow motion among the still assorted weedy tufts,
then lay twitching momentarily in the ground level fluttery little breeze,
then let go its final life's vibration, lay motionless in death upon the ground.

Thoughts of inevitable life's change crept across the mind's ideas,
maybe this old triangular wooden seat engraved deep,
with old religious symbols securely fastened to weathered limestone base,
recall thoughts of ancient pilgrim's loss of a loved one to an act of cruelty,
and their unique discovery of the Presence of a holy one in their midst,
their minds had been so closed by grief, almost missing the experience,
as they'd walked together along a similar winding path.

Mind's eye was beckoned from these distant thoughts,
by brownly tinted minute coloured alternate spaced glamorous leaves,
moving in rhythm with the world's new vital life,
twisted in the air to reveal their sensitive tender white green under leaf.

Flirted with the eyes, awaking images of a fluttering butterfly,
swirling up and down in the sky's blue,
teasing all about with its graceful fine maneuvering skills,
among its coloured flowering garden world.

Provoked to move, observer ambled along the outreaching leafed pathway,
mind searching deep within to absorb the joy of renewed thought,
excited by delights of shapes and tinted hues of greenery,
where sunbeams sneaked between leafy little breaks between,
those close-knit living vital flower and leafed community.

Reminded the path's traveler of the partnership offered by his Creator,
to choose in free will to be a gifted member,
of this close-knit living vital vibrant special spiritual world's community.

TOUCH

Twirled red dusted air eased across the vision's eye,
unsuccessful in blocking distant darkened white patched vista high,
miles away across the black scared smokey blue horizon's edge,
great tri-peaked rock topped mountains gazed across its ancient home,
watched the distant tranquil turquoise liquid scene,
softly falling off the great rugged national park's seaward side rocky hedge.

Grey low broken clouds, permitted streaks of blue to peer,
deliberately upon this wild earth, with sunbeam cracks to open up the sky,
allowing little sun beams freedom to play shadow games,
among both tall and short plant's covering this harsh land's paradise.

Teasing mind to confusion, at angled colours playing,
merry tricks upon the lazy travelling mind senses,
pre-occupied with thoughts of constantly changing shapes and colours,
that danced upon amazing contoured shaded country's rocky outcrops,
and sun shielded valleys hidden from immediate view,
until they appeared unexpected and suddenly,
in front of dusty cloud creating track following vehicle.

Surely the Creator was teasing the mind's artistic appreciation,
to its fullest limits of Nature's extensive creative design.
When instantly the vision is startled by a magnificent sight,
causing the rumbling gravel bouncing machine's progress to halt,
at the spectacle of glorious senses stimulating colours,
reds, tangerine, oranges, greens, yellows and plum shades goldened,
by energy's powerful light, exposes the magnificent Royal Hakea.

Plant's very soul's delicate living tissue lines starkly revealed,
like a secret x-ray picture had been taken without their knowledge,
stood in graceful peaceful contented groups along side the track,
not least perturbed by the human viewers or thoughts,
just simply reached higher into the sky, in brilliant rainbow display,
head crowns of glorious brilliant colours held aloof,
as if in prayer to some divine creator, high beyond human eyes.

Surely only the divine omnipotent Creator's artistic influence,
upon the disciple companion Nature, could create
such extraordinary soul's spirit excitement and touch the heart so deep.

In astonishment of the never ending glory of growing creation,
so freely given to be admired by complex human kind,
trying to determine the depth of the Creator's challenge to their life's mind.

And perhaps to recognize somewhere in their daily lives,
how deep was their Creator's touch and need to be acknowledged,
for His deep love and gifts of nature's beauty given freely,
for humanity to appreciate in the great free open lands environment,
this spectacular diverse and immense growing native garden's visions,
abounding in this beautiful rugged southern country's realm.

TRANQUILITY

Day time daisy blooms of vibrant life,
clasped cosy tight in delicate pointed green leafed bed,
like caring fingers holding a precious fragile jewel of tinted yellow sheen,
reminiscent of a mother's love inspired by the Divine Being,
holding for the first time her new born baby, in her trembling hands;
relieved of birthing rite ordeal with night's gift of silent peace.

Rested from previous day's exhausting display of brilliant yellow-orange,
began to gambol in the power of energy's gift of warming light,
overpowered the chill of early morning's crispy whisks of easterly breeze.

Columns delicate pastel green of softly spiked leaves tilted and tickled,
by golden touches of sun's golden tone slivered light,
elegant minute pink striped creamy long lipped trumpet bloomed tops,
that gazed with secret knowledge across the silent garden's scene.

Nature's knowing wisdom's witness of life's capricious demeanor smiled,
at mauve and tinted pastel purple companion rose blooms,
seductively frolicked about in the early morning's gentle air's eddies.
Spreading their sweet fragrances to stimulate the mind's senses
of human observer, joined in spirit's rapture at abundance of Spring's
garden's glorious display of gleaming golden tree shade entwining lights..

Silence drifted into the mind's realm of sensory Being's deep feelings,
awakened thoughts of gentle peaceful rest, like the answer from a praye,
pleading for soul's spirit in need of solace frightened from impressions,
of disturbed nights dreaming leaving mind uneasy, stressed body' too,
slowing down the relaxation to meet the new days hectic work demands.

Searing scarlet centre ground hugging brilliant bloom,
drew the mind's eye away from pondering body's needs,
to the serenity of the deep lush greens of companion leaves.
Contrasting with gentle soothing greys of earth's silent soft soil,
uncanny Creator's gift of sustaining nutrient source, the elixir of life,
for all silent companions of the garden's living growing world to delight,
the mind's eyes with the joy's of earth's natural peace giving environment.

Twittered tunes from feathered guardians of the grounds,
aroused deeply hidden shy thoughts within the elderly watcher's minds,
jubilant joyful praise for his Creator's array of amazing floral garden's gifts,
joined melodious whistler high above in golden dawn's dappled leaf tops,
welcomed day's arrival in harmony with the peace of the breeze's touch.

The old man's reverie of night's unconscious celestial journey,
awoke with deep feelings of exquisite happiness and joy at experiencing,
in a moment of peaceful reflection of new day's tinted exquisite views,
soothing spirit's touch, imagined being in the presence of Nature's Creator
in the serenity of early morning's cool airy garden scene.

Grasped to the inner heart the mind's gentle thoughts of spirit's guardian,
somehow manifest within the silent tranquility of Nature's garden's
twinkling shaded tall leafed garden's trees peaceful grove's arena.
Another day's opportune moment to encompass the joy,
of freely given beauty of the Creation's gift of excited challenge,
allowed the reality of peace to take root,
within this humble mortal's inner heart's soul,
once again being granted, the gift of being vitally wholly alive.

WARNING

Life cheeped from scruffy fledgling's beak,
forlorn eyes sought mother's caring presence,
it was not to be in this isolation upon the mowed green lawn.

Seemed this little soul was scared of loneliness,
like a man in a moment of deep despair craves,
his God's compassionate mysterious soul inspiring loving support..

New Spring's sparkling leaves played patterned lights glimmering games,
upon teardrop Madonna lily buds of soft greeny tinged hues dressage,
awaited sunshine's friendly world's energy sources silent message,
to join their siblings in splitting open with glorious flowered beauty.

Startled mortal's waiting eye senses,
with glamorous purest white opened blooms,
with elegantly perfect brilliant yellow stamens pointing so positively,
to the earthly world's source of ever blazing cosmic eternal life,
offered its companionship to little spiked fluffy feathered new life's form.

Creation's silence touched the soul's spirit
through coloured garden's exquisite shadows playing scene,
summoned mind's eye to deep-pinky green striped lily blooms
of sunbathing neighbours enjoying the radiance of sun's life-giving vitality.

While death's shadow patiently hovered about faded yellow rose blooms,
hung low upon their raindrop stippled edged red shiny leafed branches,
awaited their last moment's in their world's greeny environment,
before gardener's secateurs cut them free from sustaining life source.

Left human mind reflective of life's cycles,
so parallel in circumstance to Nature's plan, imposed by the Creator,
for mortal human's life's unpredictable life span.
Imposed by the Creator's plan for mortal life's living span,
the inevitability of death in Nature's realm,
so alike to these rose blooms last glimpse of sunlight's gleam,
before being is committed to the final fragile embrace of the earth's soils.

Soul's spirit reached across the airspace of garden's scape,
offering encouragement to this hopeful little fledging,
patiently squeaking its call for its mother's maternal care in echoes,
bouncing across the vast open garden's space.

Mind's thoughts accompanied sounds of warbled voices from tall trees,
as if a message to be aware of savage Nature's life-death warning,
to the youngster pleading, seemed to awaken instinctive reaction.

Sent the little bird tottering, on long gangly legs, across the lawn surface,
to seek refuge among nearly low yellow flower bearing shrubs,
at least for moment's time offering life saving opportunity,
from danger of garden's flighted ever threatening airborne predators,
and human mind's prayer and hopes for the fledgling's survival.

WHITE DREAM

Dappled white light sung to the heart,
wind whipped the air with frantic rhythmic touch,
set alight the mind to a Presence,
frightened the thought's of life fading withered fawn shades,
replaced the mind's vision with green white tipped rose buds,
bobbing in wind's freedom's flight,
among the full blooms of vital white flowers full of life.

Chased away the morbidity of thought with hopes delight,
life was alive with vitality's throbbing heart's beat,
soul's spirit leap up to the sky's bight blue light,
sighed with relief and eased trembling senses with calming softness.

Shimmering peace of gently great shadows cast by leaf greens,
put aside the vision's fading life momentarily,
to stand in solitary wonderment,
among the great palm's arching temple-like frond shade.

Allowed a moment to pass while mind sought to understand the emotion,
that touched so deep into the mortal's sensitive inner soul,
as if an angel's soft voiced appealed to listen closer,
to the wind's pulsating songs.

Collect the notes for future use to articulate the Creator's messages,
deeper meaning of his life's purpose granted here on mother earth,
in the loud silence of the wind's bumpy course,
across the garden's great undulating spaces.

Disturbed by the occurrence and struggle to comprehend and understand,
humble man sought the solace of the soft welcoming shady enclave,
simply stood mute to thought,
in the sunlight's beaming stream,
felt the air's pummeling at his naked arm and crinkled face skin.

Mind's eye sought the comfort of the blue plumbago garden border's,
to compose his trouble thoughts,
renewed his task of garden's nurturing duties,
put aside the heady dream of his early mornings experience,
set his efforts to the reality of daily works regime,
regained peace among the beauty of garden's friendly white flowers.

WILD BEAUTY

Vision spied the wonder of the S-curved horizon's wild rolling sky,
rushing forward in threatening black grey form from the northern sky.

Mind's thoughts followed the barbs of extreme voltage,
lethal white electric molecules of Nature's lightning tendrils forked,
searching in criss-cross fragmented patterns across the vision shattered
black sky seeking touch points with the patient earth partner below.

Nature played games with dried out earth's surface,
bouncing crystalised water balls off grass and trees alike,
man-made structures received their due too,
fractured if unable to take the force of Nature's whimsical playful elements,
used unwritten rules of cosmic forces upon all earth bound structures.

Hail's moment of glory passed in a twinkle of time's sparse moments,
allowed great rolls of tumbled spectacular waves shaped clouds,
to join the celebration of generosity of the Creator's servants carefreedom.

Deluged the ground with purest essence of life's sustaining liquid,
rushing from leafy green hues of great tree's foliage and house roofs alike,
sought every crevice with delight and pervasive freedom,
poured the liquid of the sky's joys tears through every possible portal,
to soak and splatter with indulgent delight,
ensured the spread of purest water's freedom passage,
irrespective of consequences of human habitat,
anywhere the vast volumes of fluid cared to course.

Wind caressed at first the great boughs of tree and shrubs, lost patience,
with such fragility of this timid game whilst Nature's other elements raged,
contentedly at will, broke awqy in gusts of earnest mighty power.

Formed hail stones into fierce projectiles that severed leaf and, branch alike, of stately tall trees glorious green of vibrant life, pulped their multitude of wondrous shapes indistinguishably shredded, to create with great spread of pocked splashing liquid lakes, little mountains on indefinable vegetative islands in murky watery pools.

Man's creation of earthen-ware and coloured cement house tiled walls, glass windows of clever architectural design and colours, and outdoor combinations of technically created material covering roofs, didn't miss Nature's pounding powerful games, suffered similar devastating damages if they failed the survival test, the same as slender flowering shrubs and garden's foliated plants.

While waters speckled spotted newly adventurous spreading streams, coursed about both roof tops and earth's crevices and contoured surface, with happy rushing gurgling sounds that tinkled merrily, upon ceramic, metal or rocky objects of earth's inhabitants, emphasized the freedom of Nature's elements, as thy entertained the human populace, with its mind boggling display of awesome unexpected weather's power.

Silence reigned supreme it seemed, in a moment of mind's perception, eyes relayed the visual impressions to the human mind's interpretation of Nature's artistic storm's creative forms.

Wind's force abated to gentle wisps of once turbulent twisting trusting air, Nature's crystallized water of magnificent round form projectiles, lay in final moments of clustered hand touching cold community's, quickly melting to droplets of precious earth sustaining liquid, joined wider accumulations of rainfall's voluptuous quantities.

Destructive torrents searched for new venues for living temporary rivers,
flushing among both open ground spaces,
and confines of unfortunate human family homes.

Tempered bluey-grey cloudlets,
joined the subdued sky's on looking smiling countenance,
as humanity struggled to account for their material possession losses,
and disruption to their normal society's daily life rhythms.

Surely waited in Nature's patient antiquity for the slow response,
of humanity's spirit to loosen up its intensity of momentary storm tensions,
that befuddled and confused their lives with fearful thoughts of dread,
be thankful in the realization that life had not been called to end,
but to celebrate in a moment of forced silent reflective prayer,
that the Creator of Nature's wild demonstration of generosity,
had bestowed a blessing of His caring love for His human creations,
and the reward of on going sustenance and survival,
of His beautiful growing earth adorning plants of every form.



YELLOW ROSE

Smudge grey mind wondered across the quiet rain falling day,
struggled to acknowledge Creation's diverse living gardens,
sneaked inattentively among the scene of dripping green hues.
of sprawling garden's grounds.

Reluctant vision settled with some relief of despondency of thoughts,
upon glossy dark blue leaves sparkling,
as if oil had been smeared upon their leaf surface,
peeked out to the watery sunlit world from the garden's border.

Reflection in the dim sunlight rainbow colours,
stirred by persistent gentle rain drops dancing in mind enhancing rhythm,
that touched the inner soul with spasmodic sunlight rhythmic beams,
escaping from between cracks in low grey rain bearing clouds.

Head lifted as heart beat, agitated by drooping mind response,
felt a jolt of stimulated spirit awoke the eyes to floating signals from afar,
spots of round yellow beckoned between the spaces of day's light
frolicking with dribbling rain drops directions vigor,
distantly remote from hand's touch, but not the searching scared heart,
reached to grasp the comfort from the gloom of deep inside the body,
and the sleet's angle over the eye's vision's misty view.

Mind struggled to accept willingly the harmonizing illuminating yellow,
with lustrous background of rain clean variegated green leaf.
How was it, this yellow bloom seemed to cleanse the wondering mind's
gloomy eyes?

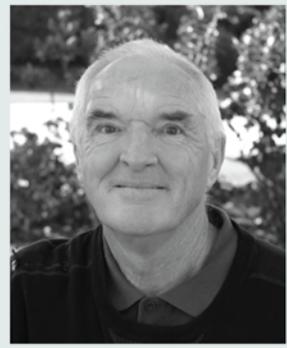
Even tumbling down orange autumn weeping mulberry tree's leaf,
cascading through the green, distracted the intensity of sombre mood,
tried to lift beyond the internalizing of self doubt,
to a higher level of appreciation of the garden's gifted invitation,
to see the fragility of life's reliance and dependence on accepting the
beauty of the moment; now!

Goose pimples arose upon the watcher's bare arms,
something had moved across his being,
whether it was the scent of new rain upon the sun warmed green grass,
or an unfelt bolt of cold air carried on the wind.

Some how those gorgeous yellow blooms carried a potent message,
to the inner being's mortality as he pondered his uneasy thoughts,
eye's mind restored the equilibrium of the day's vitality of living.

A power like electric volts surged through the body's viens,
uplifted the soul's spirit, like a breathe of restorative life had given mind,
a cleansing insight from the Creator of Nature's beauty, to stop and rest
the meandering mind in the tranquility of this moment's wonder,
experience and grasp heart's comfort in damp garden's quiet atmosphere.
A blessing from Him who loves, offered freely in this special experience,
of witnessing that glorious stand alone yellow rose's beauty,
had miraculously eradicated dark shadow's upon the soul's freedom,
reached in peaceful intention across the distant garden's space.

He could not suppress the smile emerging of contented relief ,
hat lit up his creased age lined face and hoped no-one saw the change,
in his brooding countenance, to one of humbled contentment of inner joy,
at the personal experience of the grace of the Creator's blessing.
Set afire his being and heating up his inner body,
with an unexpected exhilaration of happiness with his gift of life,
eradicating depressed thoughts, with a bubbling power of blissful thanks.



Chris Cypher's third collection of poetry, 'Essence of the Light', firmly establishes him as one of our most spiritually aware poets of the natural world.

Through his words we can appreciate his amazing productivity and his willingness to experiment and explore. We can follow his themes and preoccupations over time and trace changes in his thinking.

As in his previous collections, these poems reveal a deep sensitivity and a sense of wonder and awe of all of God's creation. This unique collection is both moving and inspirational and vividly reminds us of the fundamental importance of poetry to our minds and souls.

Welcome – or welcome back – to the poetry of Chris Cypher. Let his words lead you to heightened awareness, spiritual reflection and gratitude to our Creator God for the wonders that surround us.

Mary Retel
Deputy Director of Catholic
Education in WA