



# IMAGES OF CREATION

*Contemplative Poetry*  
by Chris Cypher

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Author: Cypher. Given Name: Christopher.  
Year of Birth: 1945

Title: Images of Creation

Edition: 1

Publisher: Chris Cypher

ISBN:978-0-646-52189-3

CIP

Dewey No.

[www.Love of Books](http://www.LoveofBooks)

## *Dedications*

To my beautiful wife and loving sons and daughters.



# FOREWORD

In her foreword to Chris Cypher's first book entitled "The Gardener's Prayer", Dr Pina Ford used the writings of the Jesuit poet, Gerard Manley Hopkins, to open the eyes of the reader to the beauty that Nature exposes. So it is for this second book of Chris's poetry that one revisits Hopkins who writes:

And for all this, nature is never spent,  
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;  
And though the last lights off the black West went  
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs—  
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent  
World broods with warm breast and with ah! Bright Wings.

As I read Chris's poetry, I was moved by the intense relationship that he has with Nature and how he finds his spirituality and renewal in contemplating and describing the ever changing and fragile environment in which he works and in which he gains solace.

Not only does Chris observe the changing forms of Nature but he also acknowledges the tension between man and nature as man endeavours to more fully understand its intricacies as in his poem Essence:

Watching man's mind took in the mystery of Nature's rejuvenation,  
Wondered at his cynicism of the colourful media man's predictions and source of weather information, so I accurate about the belated rain's arrival.

Moreover in his poetry Chris not only shows Nature as part of his spirituality and its relationship to his Creator, but also introduces the reader to his daily emotions and needs and how through his contemplations he rejuvenates himself as expressed in Empathy:  
Affinity with depressed thoughts and the mind's morbid reflections,  
were swept away by the joyful thoughts

of other gleaming coloured beings,  
lifted the mind in ecstasy of life alive,  
in this glorious sun blessed garden setting.

Whether in the harsh climes of Karratha or by the sea at Dampier or within the surrounds of the gardens in which he works, Chris is contemplating the universal beauty of Nature and that it is part of an even greater mystery of creation.

He writes of his spiritual journey through these ponderings and reveals this journey to all those who wish to see and listen with his eyes and ears. In these times of global climate change he asks us to appreciate the daily changes in Nature, in which we are bounded, and to contemplate a greater mystery.

Jeff Durkin  
August, 2009

# INTRODUCTION

“Images of Creation” is a joyful record of images received from the extraordinary and spectacular beauty of Nature.

My mind and senses are constantly stimulated by visions and scenes of Nature: the grandeur of craggy lavender mountains above the vast red dirt plains of the outback, the serenity of green deep misty valleys studded with white ghost gums along rocky pools, of the frolicking rhythmic white-tipped turquoise crested waves splashing upon an isolated coastal sandy beach or the idyllic beauty of my work place gardens plants in the splendor of full bloom.

I strive to capture the concepts of images I receive, at any moment in my life, and translate them into poetry.

I offer a prayer of grateful acknowledgement to humanity’s Creator, for all the diverse forms of Nature’s exquisite beauty that creates a deep and sacred spiritual connection with the environment. I hope my poems offer a means of contemplation to give richness and comfort to the meanings of our lives in the busy modern world.

Chris Cypher



# ACORNS

Dawn awoke early with cool moistured air  
Soothing the aches as work began anew.  
It was not an apparition that approached the dreaming man,  
But an elderly woman with out stretched hand.

Upon a soft skinned palm, as if nursing a new born being, Lay five  
brownny-green edged acorns,  
of a giant's new generation's seedlings stared out from their cosy abode,  
into searching eyes of their beholder,  
with soft voice questioned what was their origin in this location?

Small symbols of life, growth and death,  
Provoked deep responses from this land worker,  
of the vitality of the living and the frailty of man.  
Chains within the mind broke, and tears seeped  
from the heart's spirit,  
leapt free from tender emotions of sensitivities hidden,  
behind the workman's secret daily work face.

Wondering among the gentle blue plumbago,  
offering soothing silence,  
troubled thoughts raged relentlessly as eyes searched out  
a place of rest,  
Spied gesturing majestic yellow-tipped green fronds,  
Swaying in the slight teasing breeze  
Offering a surprise glimpse of gold fruits,  
Flickering from within mother's protective toothed arms.

Softly tinted golden sunlight reflected from a distant  
window pane,  
Pushed aside pangs of deep regret of troubled mind  
Infringing upon the troubled inner mind,  
At offered soothing softness of the Great One's message,

Grabbed tightly of the present moment, and tried not to forget

That the Great Architect of life had surely touched his being.

Sad thoughts of lost opportunities, masked the silent seated figure's mind,  
Lower eyes studied some obscure object upon the scared leaf surface of  
the pathway,  
stirred the sensitivities towards thoughts of those little acorns from parents  
old,  
source of future's new life's expectations of the future,  
aroused the searching mind, raised up face and mind.  
Brilliant red geranium flowers dazzled the senses,  
provoked recollections of memories of wonderful past life experiences of  
loved ones now departed and those still close by, living deep within the  
heart.

Hope filled mind's eyes lifted, searching the passive giant  
tree grove,  
Fertile source of those little glossy seeds, excited thoughts  
of celebration  
of the ups, downs and twisting of the cycles of daily life,  
Refreshed life's ideas pulsing through the canyons of thought, for blessing  
hope,  
was reminded of the love given freely by the compassionate God of  
Creation, to all living beings, especially  
these little green seeds, to become future's great oak trees.

# AQUATIC DANCER

The gift of life's energy had blessed the ocean travelers,  
Exploring the mysteries of the ancient sea,  
Paddling together in rhythm with Nature's gentle flowing waves.

Early morning's shining light was no where near its zenith,  
When the ocean's surface erupted without any warning,  
Startling the mind's eye with a majestic display  
Of awesome vitality and massive energetic power of life.

The giant marlin, taller than any person present,  
Leapt from the ocean blue so swiftly,  
the brain's visionary perceptions could hardly keep pace  
with its silvery lightening flashing speed.

With elegance of graceful motion, a posture of shee  
brute strength,  
Arched its great body upright, lifted its javelin sharp head  
and pointed skyward,  
As if looking to its creator in excited celebratory thanks  
for its existence.

Its great serrated dorsal fin fully extended,  
streamline body showering watery sunlight,  
Like myriads of shattered diamonds shimmering crystal clear colours of  
rainbow green, blues and silver sparkling across the scene that startled the  
sensory vision,  
Of all that glimpsed the senses stimulating event.

The great creature then began a body contorting dance like exhibition,  
In perfect synchronized precision upon its mighty powerful tail,  
Perfectly poised and balanced, performed its aquatic performance  
At accelerated speed upon the bouncy turquoise blue ocean surface  
Its own choreography in acknowledgement  
of its wondrous Creator,  
For the gifted choice of freedom of the world's oceans playground.  
Then with a final mighty leap from its standing gyrating pose,

Disappeared from sight once more  
deep beneath the water's surface.

Leaving all witnesses of this spectacular display,  
mind's deeply impressed, And moved with their good fortune, to store deep  
within a special mindful place,  
In their life's memories, this event.

The soul would surely weep with exhilaration of the joy,  
To see such heart warming visions of the Creator's gift  
to mankind,  
In the clarity of life-giving warmth of day's shining light,  
Leaving the great ocean once again in its tranquil natural soothing rhythmic  
peace,  
In the vastness of the Creator's ancient Murujuga ocean's unique scenario.

# BALM

Weeping inner mind stared through the sky high tree leaf lines,  
Absently wondered at celestial moon's silver glow.  
Quietly watched over early morn's new grey blue dressage,  
embossed with slender grey cloudlets stripes,  
Completed morning sky's fair beauty.

Shy sadness listening to harmonious songs,  
Lingered at the spirit's edge with uncommon loneliness,  
Marveled at beauty stirred by morning's excited calls.

Clarified memory's reassurance, from that whistled call,  
of soothed soul's deep need, of comfort at loss  
of one's loved friends company,  
did not wipe away inexplicable tears,  
weeping in the heart's souls sensitivity of life's shortness.

Life's ebbing sombre moment's slipped away in the embraced of happy  
thoughts of being excitedly present alive,  
To one of deep melancholy, without clear excuse,  
not unlike the deep thought for an abandoned man,  
who held extraordinary divine hope for humanity' spiritual future,  
hung upon a crude hued tree cross in ancient religious biblical history.

Eager feathered food searchers, concentrated eyes  
upon early morning's food delights, as all about the grounds reflected new  
day's golden tinge of morning's energy rising.

Visual stimulation communicated the genius of the Creator's generosity into  
every fibre of consciousness,  
like a soothing balm to uplift the melancholy soul's spirit  
to the glory of vital life.  
Exhilarated the heart's pulse rate, to such excitement of the Creator's  
blessing, and the intimacy of his loving companionship in our daily human  
lives.

Nature offered a further blessing to the fragile human psyche, like a calming balm, in the glorious surprise of an instant reflex action, forced the mind's thoughts to further wonder.

Serenely robed little spider decked in dazzling creamy green, like chrysochase gem stone sunlit glittering glamour, busily negotiating its way upon minute limbs, moving in perfect synchronized tickly touch, across the fascinated garden worker's weather work hardened hand.

Minute creature's most delicate movement, stimulated mind's thoughts and created deep emotions of soul's weeping relief, inspired by the Creator, to sooth an old man's mortal fears.

Undaunted by experience of human contact, this gentle creature of hidden tree webbed home, departed hand's contact, continued its travels freely, among sweet bitter citrus fragrance, that filtered through the body's sensitive tissues, like the finite delicate line of sense essence of the Creator's love for the uniqueness of the individual's daily touch and relationship with life.

Established an invisible emotional link to the Creator's care for one's quest for understanding of His knowledge, to retain our joy for life's vitality, when hurt in the continuation of our daily lives.

How had contact with this dainty jeweled green spider's touch, Ignited thought so deep, to transfix an old man's thoughts, with sincere peace renewed, fear rebuked by His blessings, to cope with the unexpected experiences of daily life.

# BOUQUET

Sunray warmed body's senses languished among ragged outline of multi-colours,  
rustling leaves tickled inner ears with Nature's music,  
played touch-rolling with grey soils of the wind swept naked ground corridors,  
Passed beneath arching oak to join frisky dried aromatic leaves tumbling about in carefree fun upon the ground.

Roving eyes skipped along glistening tree line shades,  
set afire by the sunbeam's light, reflected direct to mind's eye,  
stirred soul's spirit with glory of rippling hues of rainbow shadows,  
flowing across the airways awakening deep contentment,  
of body slowing to the rhythm of Nature's serenity of peace,  
enjoying a moment's respite from the bustle of the day.

Spikes of weathered copper tones summoned mind's attention to Nature's artistry, of sinewy muscled shaped tree branches,  
decorated with happy freckled faded green ornate rounded fruits with smiling cinnamon lemon hued rosette faces,  
lightening up the day's garden countenance with joy.

Directed mind's vision to chiseled massive coffee moss green ancient weather carved rock's facial lines, decked out  
in eye-catching subdued tones of tarnished yellow,  
firmly set within the earth, among a triangular aged wooden framework,  
engraved with symbols of spiritual images,  
worn shallow by Nature's constantly changing weather patterns,  
triggered thoughts of aging lines imposed upon the human form of living time past by.

Elegantly tall rippled blue and harmonious pastel green patterned tongued shaped leaves,  
revealed exquisite minute works of floral artist supreme, intricately designed sweet scented blooms with curly tendrilled lips of creamy green hues and delicate pastel pink stamens that kiss to the nectar of refreshing moistured air,  
set the mind's sensual senses alive with excitement,  
while glittering jeweled vine, like columns of pure white lace, entwined the depth of soul's response, like a sacred prayer answered touches the spirit's depths in thanks of Creation's beauty ,in this serenely quiet soothing shaded garden space.

Comfortable in their tall sky riding homes, held firmly in patterned mother's protective embracing arms,  
these dainty flowers of gifted inspired minded master florist's extraordinary taste, presented to this garden's word a gift of a unique bouquet of dewy flowers with sweetest mind thrilling intoxicating fragrance.

Like a rare gift of a new child to any loving mother, this floral display was like a symbol of love, from a glorious divine son,  
to his heavenly and human honoured mother,  
where stonemason artist had tried valiantly to capture her image in a statue, housed in blue granite stoned grotto set in tranquil scene of beautiful lush plant dressed grounds.

Mind at peace with thoughts of Nature's never ceasing sources of growing wonders and grateful for this moment's intimacy with Creation's harmony of living garden life,  
old gardener prayed for the gift of continued abundance of surprises of unique discoveries,  
like this dainty flowering fragranced bouquet,  
among the amazing beautiful plants,  
often hidden in secret dapple shaded alcoves,  
among the multitude of protective garden plants.

# BUTTERFLY

Blue crystal sky glittered across jagged rocked horizon,  
Beckoning the inner eye's imagination.

Filtering earthy shadows frolicked  
among sun toasted chocolate squares of ancient  
sprawling rocks,  
collaborating with the rivulets of greeny-yellowed bush grasses,  
minutely spikey coated with green black cones of weathered hardened  
heads  
Dancing in unison with each twirling gust of easterly wind.

While silent listening harsh spined silver-lined low growing shrublets,  
set delta shaped patterns upon the sun burnt red grit soil,  
enlarged wondering visual ideas of the eternal master artists thoughts, at  
placing little oasis of joy in this moments experiences, on this unique red  
place on earth.

Silence reigned in inspiring glory,  
ghostly white elderly living statues stood elegantly tall and stately,  
caught in the mystery of the living urge,  
to join in the harmony of the tipsy turning neighbours rejoicing  
waving their wondrous bluey green and smokey-grey foliage,  
in the soul comforting rhythm of the Creator's universe.

Yet even as the scenes flashed through the weary travelers thoughts, in the shimmering heated air surrounding, small white apparition fluttered across the inner eyes vision. Flittered among statues white, and settled, momentarily, like a gentle angel white emissary of Nature's blessing, among rocky green hued shields, of hypnotic undulating terrain. To rise and fall, as if in timing with the viewer's living breathe, then, as if in response to urgent hidden designer's call, solitary creamy white butterfly arose, and gliding low to earth, kissed the weaving airways with its decorous little wings, tilting to the sunlight, as if in homage to the source of its living energy.

Twirled away in an upwards surge of breeze, vanished far away from eyes view. Leaving observer's mind peacefully serene at this brief insight of God's spirit, alive in this rugged country scene.

# CALLING

Skin titillating morning air surrounded all the senses, silence struggled to be still, white-grey puffy clouds gently oozing across the vision, pancake layered sandwiched pink and blues of sunrise coloured skies, mixed with the honey toned determination of energy's efforts to be seen, for eyes to rest, and mind to absorb dreams of blissful peace in soothing dawn.

Mellow hues of yellow balls, bitter to the taste,  
hung quietly docile among their spiny clad mother tree,  
packed closely against cedar scented greeny bushed neighbour's body,  
along common red bricked aged wall,  
while droopy stringy leafed branches, with slightest hint of eucalyptus  
scent, cluttering in to join the new morning's refreshing cooling air.

Overhead percussion waves ruffle hearing senses,  
as olive browned-yellow plumed wattle bird, of splendid airbourne beauty,  
settled noiselessly among the eucalyptus leaves above,  
head jerking, eyes alert, but unusually; never spoke a word,  
watched the solitary figure seated on old wooden bench below.

As if to compliment thoughts of contemplation,  
purple ornamental leafed plumb tree branches,  
bowed towards the earth weighted by exquisite clusters,  
minutest filigreed purple pinkish heart shaped flowers,  
sought the meagre source of the morning's grey toned light,  
spread sweetest exotic scents upon the lazy breeze,  
to the figure seated in quiet repose.

Offering friendly companionship to wondering mind's thoughts,  
viewing the excitement of emerging day's new world.  
Sweet melodious music of feathered choirs, seeped into  
the resourceful mind, awakening the soul's sleeping thoughts  
of emotions of touching peace.

Spirit's vision flittered across contoured waves of white grey tinted blues,  
of morning's sculptured hanging shapes, to harmonise and settle  
with soothing yellow green hues.

Pink white floral landscapes urged thoughts of thankfulness,  
for sight and generosity of Nature's sharing of the morning  
with human mind, encouraged thoughts of diversity  
of creation's design.

Renewing remembrance of the Creator's gifts aplenty,  
for all living beings to enjoy and refresh within the gentleness of one's  
heart, that promise, God's loving caring for earth bound humble man's  
place in the Creator's universe.

Misty dewed tinted yellow leaves drifted about the lavenders,  
gorgeous aromatic mystic healing power, soothing  
both mind and body's tissues,  
kindled hope of God's blessing, with the exotic mixture  
of nostril teasing fragrances.

Invigorated thoughtful composure, joined subdued sunrays,  
and sandwiched heavy grey clouds, offering  
potential rainfall promise,  
urged thought to shout to the universe a heartfelt prayer  
of praise,  
for the exhilaration of powerful emotion of belonging,  
To the membership of the great Oneness of Creation.

# CLOSENESS

Death did not dominate the still darkness of icy morn,  
Misty gray of early skies awakening,  
threw blackened silhouettes of dainty patterned edges  
round quietly stately treed surrounds that shaped the mighty mirror,  
of evolving day's new breaking form.

Hidden comfortably among the silhouette shadows of darkness,  
invisible raven's crowing,  
shattered silence of contemplating rambling mind,  
slowed to gentleness of heart's beat rhythm,  
To appreciate the approach of another day's creation.

Silent ripples across the chilly pond appeared as crests of ribbons curling,  
Reflected the creeping whitely blues of opening up day's horizons,  
still the icy air held close its secrets, reluctant to share with the crisp  
wetted earth.

Another squawked raven's call, turned the head to look around,  
Saw the great threatening grey white clumps of rain bearing clouds,  
Hugging closely to the approaching horizon,  
Perhaps another promising gift of water,  
to the every ready thirsty ground living beings of the earth.

Great monoliths of tumbling cloud, generosity,  
glowed pink topped and tinted gold above the entire garden,  
life's energy source spray sky and gardens with radiant shimmering burnt-  
orange, gold-grey and mind stimulating pink crimson glitter, awaken all of  
a being's sensitivities to the moment's joy of a sheer splendor of Nature's  
play with colour's shades..

I am here, to see this miracle again,  
And rejoice at the generosity of our Creator's mighty plan  
for humanity.

Eye's sight meandering across the open park's great spaces,  
Noted startling orange-yellow glowing coated carpet,  
Combined with strangely misty dewy greens.  
opened up the mind's amazement at Nature's whim of unpredictable mix of  
shades and tints of day's light.  
Spectacular mixtures of tawny-browns and slender shades of orange  
yellows,  
tokens of living wood's death's life cycle joined  
green spiky seed balls, splattered all about the garden's open spaces,  
Wrenched from their great mother's woody body,  
by ferocious stormy wind's tempestuous rules, before this day began.  
Brought to mind ancient worldly wise, astutely philosopher's thoughts of  
life's survival,  
Maybe it was even true, as if this day's scenario was a sign,  
only the strongest of the species,  
like those left behind upon the mother's woody arms,  
survive to propagate new life's beginnings in the future new day's world.

Heavenly droplets splattered upon the watcher's head  
As gently ebbing air currents teased chilly patterns against the naked face,  
urged the pulse of inner life, to take upon itself,  
memories of one precious moment experiences,  
like the unforgettable infinite closeness and affinity to the Creator's gift of  
peaceful generosity of senses reveling in the myriad of colours of new life's  
creation,  
As the observer hastened away from early morning's wetting showers, to  
gain shelter.

# COLOURED SOUL

Dreamy eyes, not awake to excitement of early day,  
Gazed casually across black pitted driveway bounded  
garden scene  
inexplicably drawn to posing deep purple slender  
petalled flowers,  
radiant regal blooms reaching to the soil as if in homage  
to the Great One's love for jubilant life.

.  
Yellow centred daisys, accompanied by pretty little erigerons,  
in perfect white and deeply tinted pink dress,  
simultaneously smiled with pink hearted vincas,  
deliberate gobbling up warming nutrients of life,  
arising in the cool of morning's air,  
bow in unison of curtsying to their royal purple companions,  
bobbed long slender petioles in gentle whisps of caressing teasing  
breezes,  
creating intricately rhythmic patterns in reflective morning's glowing light.

Red jewel like native flowers, exuded fragrance to intoxicate the mind's  
senses, clustered in their five petalled blooms,  
set afire the spirit's pleasures with rich scents,  
Stimulated the mind in luxurious delirium of the freedom  
of the soul,  
to soar above the ordinary life to share in the companionship  
of the Presence,  
in this quiet little magic alcove below towering giant pink-white barked  
eucalypts.

Glittering abundant colours lit up a dark corner of the soul's spirit, to appreciate the intimate gift of sight, uplifted by the power of Nature's magnificent sparkling blossoms of pinky whites, glittering like diamonds of the night's sky shielding this little kingdom, of this delicate double purple tinted blooming garden site.

Night's glory, surpassed by the brightest yellow daisies  
Reflecting great sun's light, opened up the mind with happiness and delight,  
Of massed glowing red-yellow vibrant curling grevillea blooms creations, magnificent contribution of floral beauty to this bounteous day.

Outstretch hand tentatively felt the softness of leaf textured patterns, teased the imaginative heart strings with intense tender emotions, as if such touch was an intimacy in the trembling presence of the One, that lifts the pulsing heart's beat of human life to the Creator's realm, and relished in the welcoming blessing of the great sun's warming power, upon the mortal body.

Nature's brilliant sparkling garden's array seemed to increase its inviting call,  
into the comfort of an eternal relationship, with the divine essence of our lives, brought by simplest ease of glorious Nature's flowering beauty basking  
in day's shimmer glory of light's power to energize all living life to the gift of knowledge of the mystery of the Creator's love for humanity.

# DELIGHT

Softly soothing winds sang of joyous freedom,  
With the coolness of dawning.  
Teased somber thoughts of lost tenderness of God's love,  
Eyes brimmed with the sadness of momentary relationship broken,  
Cause by lofty religious theologian's words warning,  
banning Nature's wonders from the Being of the Creator.

Yellow-tawny leaves danced wildly shaking with laughter,  
Turned rankled thoughts to mirth, at the their frolicking motions To avoid  
the swinging teeth of the extended raking arm,  
gathering them into ordered collection points,  
like a novice horse rider attempting to harness in,  
an unbroken frisky wild plain's mountain brumby.

Greenish glossy leaves waved in merry collusion  
at billowing windy thrusts of Nature's glorious breath,  
tickled exposed hairy arm warmed in the activity  
of the energetic task catching little fluttering leaflets,  
and excited soul's spirit renewed within.

Swaying feathered jewels of bluey sky's realm,  
giggled the tender emotions of gifted sight's thrills,  
Gobbled up the image of Creation's awesome garden's wonders,  
Instilling into the eye's mind thoughts of loving softness,  
touched the inner being with tenderness of heart-felt relief.

My God has not been deleted from my being,  
has uplifted the hurt spirit within to happiness,  
at the Creator's beauty of soothing garden's vitality  
With life's gifts restored again in the body's tingling sensations,  
Of excitement of God's presence,  
In the multi-coloured scenery's delight of this day's windy buffeted glorious  
garden's trees.

# ECSTACY

Breath held fast within the chest, eyes struggled to appreciate,  
The magnificent sight of silver-grey striped minute beauty  
of flight.

Peaked its little curved point beaked head above shrub's  
leafy crown, and smiled..

Then in teasing bobbing motion,  
flipped away beneath waving leaves, in phantom like formations,  
created movement among rustling leaves, reappeared with glorious black  
hooded, turned creamy feather neck and head, scanned cautiously with  
ebony sparkling eyes,  
the silent figure present in its fragrant green hued playground space.

Bobbing cheekily, stood upright among clustered glossy leaves,  
upon a fragile little brownish branch exposing,  
a most precious whipped yellow cream decorated glorious coat,  
entwined with finest threads of shiny speckled silver.  
Puffed out its proud chest of finest matted patterned feathers,  
splendidly radiant dainty ripe lime-yellow,  
to swish away with swiftest of feet and sideward heady glances,  
ensuring its safety from any danger's presence.

Skillfully skipped across the small shrubs apex,  
To walk boldly upon the windy waved surface of fanned out giant cotton  
palm fronds,  
while silky thread leafed edges danced in merry rhythm,  
with its bouncy walk from rippled frond to frond,  
this magnificent feathered specimen of the Creator's gracious mind.

Transmitting trembling signals of its freedom's glory deep,  
into the most gentle place of soul's spirit's memory,  
aroused anew the splendor of this minute jeweled adventurous traveler,  
who flitted to the scented faded yellow of budded thinly leafed diosma,

displaced several aged pink petals, sending them  
on their final life's journey, to the resting place upon the earth.

Teased each little branch in playful fun, then bravely landed,  
upon the open ground, almost at the watchers feet,  
lifted dark shiny hooded head, as if in open smiling welcome,  
eyes met in a split fraction of a moment as if in recognition,  
of a common friendly presence, then was fractured  
as jeweled dart flew away, powered like an arrow released from a master  
bowman's powerful arm string,  
through yellow-red flowered shrub into the distant sky's blue.

Leaving astounded observer with heart beat thumping with ecstatic  
excitement,  
calmed to deep reflective breath by thought of gracious gift  
of sight blessed,  
to behold such beauty and celebrate this completely unexpected joyful  
fleeting view,  
of a unique flighted jewel's loved companion,  
of the Creator's refreshing garden world.

# EMPATHY

Shadows sneaked beside slow pacing footsteps,  
following ambling body's somber mind's course,  
along outreaching bushiness of the garden's shaded broken wooded path,  
to stop a moment, to grasp a tension relaxing breath,  
then stepped out into world's sun filled space  
of tended grasses growing.

Spirits ebb low, lifted in a fraction of time,  
by Nature's welcoming warmed breath upon the face,  
extract a shy smile of complete delight and stimulation,  
at deep soul's revitalization, from a dazzling coloured garden's view.

Garden's paradise convulsed, stirring by matted hues  
of angled leafy shaped light,  
rhythm's patterns increased by forenoon's meandering breeze's velocity,  
cast glossy images of deeper greener leaves with branches woody,  
danced in unison among the trees accustomed,  
to Nature's unpredictable elements temperamental whims.

Awakening mind's eye viewed blue crescent sky's loosely scattered wisps,  
rapid sliding white cloudlets as if upon a mission,  
to a distant constellation out of mind's sight, seeking safety  
in space's vast eternity.

Sight caught the slivers white, like shattered moonbeams falling  
from on high, off last night's full moon's light,  
fluttering to the short stemmed grassed lawn,  
captured the inners souls weeping form of humility,  
spirit's lack of trust in truth of expressions,  
of one's imagination's limits perceived of Creation's beauty.

Affinity with depressed thought and the minds morbid reflections,  
were swept away by the joyful thoughts of other gleaming coloured beings,  
lifted the mind in ecstasy of life alive, in this glorious sun blessed garden  
setting

Bathed in light's splendor reflections from Nature's magic fragile garden  
creation's,  
multitudes of green-creamy double-hearted shaped winged butterflies,  
of flawless winged perfection, flitter-fluttering in wind's thermals.

Performed remarkable aeronautical skills,  
As if drawing exotic hieroglyphic patterns in the sky,  
Writing secret messages for the quiet observers mind,  
Encouraged the dispensing of deep thoughts of loneliness,

Exquisite maneuvers of such delicate agile bodies in air's turbulent currents  
Emphasized the vibrancy of life, stimulating the imagination with thoughts,  
Of being in the presence of the Divine's generous compassion,  
in the moment's joy in His bounteous floral garden.

# ESSENCE

He'd prayed for rain, had felt the weather change.  
Fancy dressed weather forecaster had claimed for days  
it would come,  
Yet nothing had arrived to dampen down the day's dry earth,  
Or lift the flagging gardens growth.

Darkened morning's cloak hid the evidence of night's activities,  
blessed rain had fallen with the silence  
of a God's soothing word,  
Day's dawn tried valiantly to show its new revival,  
Amidst the burnt-fire wood aroma of distant burning bush.

Blue-grey mist mingled contentedly with the dreamy  
pinky-golden sunrise,  
As excited eyes perused the rising globe of universal energy,  
Peeking through the dark blue hued sleepy rumped clustering of clouds,  
Spread across the distant horizon.  
Watching man's mind took in the mystery of Nature's rejuvenation,  
wondered at his cynicism of the colourful media man's predictions  
And source of weather information, so inaccurate  
about the belated rain's arrival.

Golden-mauve blues of tentative dewy morning's cloak,  
Peeped above distant spiralled steeples,  
Lifted up the panoramic scene of lofty palms,  
Glittering as if sprinkled with golden leaf dust,  
While yellow-red lantana blooms added their pungent fragrance,  
To the mystery of the mind's excitement of garden's amazing perfumed  
flowers, offered so free to mind and nostril senses delight,  
Often forgotten in the rushing actions of the busy working day.

Offered an essence of presence of jubilation,  
Soothed the trepidation of the unknown,  
Excited heart's soul beating out the rhythms of life's survival,  
with the spirit's celebration at the wonder of all God's creation,  
To be stowed away in secret recesses of the soul's mind,  
Retaining the joyous feeling of the mystery of God's gentle hand,  
Upon the frailty of one's human mortal's daily life.

Workman deep in thoughtful contemplation,  
tramped across the silver coated grasses of his normal acreaged working  
habitat,  
Smiled within the confines of his amused and satisfied mind,  
Absorbing visions of skin-tingling little spindler creatures,  
Creators of sticky silken woven webs, not easily visible  
to the searching eye.

Added their sparkling crystalised creations in twinkling confirmation,  
to bold thoughts of imagery taken from a single set of footprints,  
heavily embossed upon the icy draped grasses,  
set alight thoughts, of the presence,  
of a second set of foot prints, recalled from past learnt ideas  
gathered from ancient story written,  
Oh so wonderful to contemplate;  
of God's support for doubting humanity.

# EVENING

Heaven yawned and broke apart, as if in a final laugh,  
while gathering woolly grey clouds of early evening,  
allowed last rays of glittering sun to splash the garden paths with gold.

Nature clothed every shaped garden plant in a mantle of this blazing glory,  
Softest mellow golden yellow shading formed delicate garden coats,  
Even the most harsh roughened shaped plants features softened,  
in symbolic gesture of garden's plant community,  
to fascinate the human's vision with beauty.

Indelible images of Nature's softening lights,  
like the health and energy restoring elixir  
of the little bush bee's honey,  
to soothe away the soul's niggling day's doubts,  
joined in conclusive celebration of floral oasis harmonious day,  
about to retreat from the earth's garden vista.

Softening plant forms with glittering leaf, seal the heart's delight,  
as if a final prayer had been granted for the onrushing new night,  
for peaceful sleep and calm restoration of day's weary life,  
offered garden's nocturnal creatures, undisturbed delight  
of quiet new night.

Myriads of feathered companions settled in comfort treed grounds,  
Whistled tunes of day's activities on the wing,  
joined in by garden's guardian angel's soft sweet joyful praise,  
of the Creator's gift of another glorious and bountiful day  
but with a lilt of sadness at the knowledge of another chapter  
of life closing with the quiet departure of another day.

Last remaining moments of day's slowly expiring light rays,  
Harassed shadows retracting from their formal garden lines,  
uncovering dazzling rainbow colours to set aside day's fall of lighting  
preparation for new evening's shadowed delight.

Participation with days' exquisite spectrums of last moments light,  
Exposed a subtle softness to growing plant beauty  
left garden visitor's spirit dancing with excited exaltation,  
ensured the soul did not miss this moment's thoughts,  
to understand the mysterious infinite relationship  
of all human's with the Creator and the activity  
of garden's diverse nocturnal beings hidden secrets  
of night's activity.

Early sunset's lavender-pink tinged colours broke into these deep life  
reflections drew the mind's excitement  
to the final echoed chorus of day's sounds,  
Sighed in gentle satisfaction, enjoyed the privileged  
to have been included in this day's participation  
in this garden's paradise of vital living floral beauty,  
joined in the whispering of the grounds farewell of day.

Greyness announced the near completion of day's beauty  
on this gifted planet earth,  
the world can rest from the exertions of the day,  
in the blissful peace of setting sun's last moment's  
of light's radiance,  
set the fare welling dusk's sky alight with faded crimson-grey delight,  
welcoming the on coming soul soothing peaceful deep grey  
of early evening's sky,  
quickly changed to deeper shades of sleep encouraging black.

# FEAR

Crispy chilled morning air absorbed the quiet shadow of the body,  
Growing light waves tantalized the silhouette,  
Created tingles in the canyons of thought.

Images flickered like resting embers of memory's  
joy and love still remained, pain crept slowly into mind  
And coldness closed the doors again.

Eyes wandered taking into mind the promises  
Given out by beams of golden hued lights.  
Oh, a new day of joy and wonder for battered life.

Awakened senses followed the rustles of trembling sounds,  
Infused by glorious shapes of nature's leafy surrounds,  
Silently stepped out of their shrouds of grey, to clearly hear  
noisy feathered songsters heralding the new day.  
telling stories of the night and bathe in the potentials offered  
by sun bright day.

Golden-orange shades hid the nakedness of the wood,  
As they shook and slowly twisted ended life leaves,  
In twirls of glittering gold and silver abandonment to fall,  
To meet the dewy greens of their new home earth.

Each in turn settled upon the earth and faced the inevitable fate.  
Mortal mind joined every living plant, watched in silence  
and wandered, when would he would hear the final call?

A chilled thought crept through the motionless man,  
And he too wondered in the deep recesses of his mind,  
how long was his grant of life to be continued?  
Browned beetroot reds and green swayed before his mind's eye  
restored his hopes of peaceful acceptance when called.  
Tawny grey crisp bones of former life, crunched beneath  
heavy feet, as slowly he journeyed along serene wood's path,  
As through his soul pulsated his prayer, am I ready?  
Blue grey eyes scanned upwards to the sky,

Whilst giant swaying umbrellas of green,  
Seemed to speak out loud to the thoughts:  
Look out beyond the cloud!  
Appreciate every second that surrounds you,  
listen to that magpie, yodeling his message of joy, Oh so loud.

Splashes of yellow and gold earth bound blooms  
tried to imitate the sun,  
And struggling late buds of colour perfumed the air  
And reminded the man, what infinity serenity life held.

Elegant columns of birds of paradise,  
Flaunting their coats of royal blues and gold,  
Showed no fear upon their countenance,  
Death was not a worry it seemed for them,  
As if glory called from below the warmth of browned earth,  
where they grew; to which once their task fulfilled,  
They would fall, renewing the vitality of the earth.

Warm stone walls of men's endeavour to beckon to his eye,  
Of three majestic forms orange, greens and laughing yellows,  
struck his mind's eyes with thoughtful inspiration,  
cast away thoughts of fear or foreboding with uplifting source  
of spiritual power emulating from the extraordinary flower's tips of pink  
and emerald shimmering countenance,  
Seem to strike a balance with ideas of mortality  
and life's realities,  
just embrace the spirit that enabled absorption of a Creator's  
omnipotent love and empathy of man's musing of fragile life.

# FOUND

Reluctant dawn, hid behind smudged chilled greyish creamy light,  
Struggled determinedly among the clustered puffy cloudlets,  
Saw soggy golden beams of energy's early day eagerly awaited  
Response by patient silent naked garden's tall leafed watchers.

Shadowed wattle warblers, cackled out their mornings cheery welcoming,  
cracked the icy morning's air to warm deep thoughts,  
lifting doldrums of deep night's terror dreaming.  
Opened eyes viewed the renewing rainbow sparkling coloured spheres,  
Of Nature's essence of watery life, attached to spiky green branched  
ground covers,  
Awaiting their time to join the earth at sunlight's command,  
To continue their fluid support of living life  
upon the vibrant earth.

Heart sought relief to weeping soul's hurt spirit,  
Grasped at sensation of emotion's senses lifting,  
At exotic display upon the gloomy morn's scenery,  
Of dazzling burning spear tipped tangerine yellowed leaves

Descendants of ancient lineage toxic trees,  
with waxy bead like bundles,  
drooped in brown grey hanging patterns smiled  
at their companions,  
As if in solemn reverence to the struggling efforts  
of new blue days clarity to arouse one's trembling inner being,  
to celebrate the beginning of another day.

Traveling eyes, uplifted by the joys of Nature's wonders,  
Awakened to the mystery of the Creator's magic moments,  
Traversed the stripped naked nearby garden

to alight upon a sunlit gleaming ebony white spined  
lonely feather,  
left behind unexpectedly in flight by pied white-black  
feathered guardian of the green leaf world of the peacefully towering  
masters of the gardens,  
bathing in sky high wholesome glory of the golden day.

Solo creamy-tipped grey feather did not stir to playful wind,  
from isolated spot upon the bare brownly rippled surfaced earth,  
remained fixed in its resting place, beside the man-made concrete  
driveway skirt.

Deep blood-red multi-petaled blooms turned their yellow centred heads,  
towards distant yellow globe effortlessly rising towards its zenith, bobbed  
their welcome in concerted synchronized effort, despite chilly breeze's  
efforts to distract their attention, from the world's great source of life's  
energy.

Offered warm comforting solace to observer's weeping soul,  
to join in with renewed laughing heart to celebrate  
the living gift, of life's renewal for another day's experience,  
of the Creator's compassion for those who have momentarily lost their way.

# FRAGRANCE

Gloomy gray world hung closely to the earth's boundary,  
While sprinkling feather soft rains teased the tussled earth.  
Damp leaf of caramel shades and blended yellows,  
joined in with gleaming dewy laden green grasses of the fields,  
sharing breaths of living garden odours with the refreshing sweet smells of  
freshly fallen rains.

Busy strokes of rake controlled by muscled arm  
reached across the open space, gathered in twisted clumps  
of fragrant remnants of former coloured living life, laid out  
in death's awry array between the leaf shedding wooden giants of the  
grounds,  
remains of a past episode of Nature's glorious adventures  
of happiness, now gathered in death's ceremony  
in green plastic containers.

Placid pools of dark depths reflected happy dappled design,  
welcomed rain drops kissing with puckered marked patterns,  
upon their glassy surface awoke their dreamy silent world,  
with shimmery happy little ripples that lifted gloomy mind,  
from sky's repressive low threatening dark clumpy greys,  
endeavouring to keep away the joyful blues of day.

Somehow aroused creative imagination of skills so daintily apt,  
to capture such patterns of the Creator's artistic palette,  
translated this glorious historical memory to paper record..

Teased inner state of mindful with beauty's bliss,  
erased troubled thoughts watching in sheer delight  
finest filigree edged pale-green aquatic flowers,  
accept the playful kisses of the sky's tears with growing rounded  
patterned delight..

While beneath the crystal clear watery world,  
effortlessly gently gliding golden streaks of scaly beings,  
cruising so leisurely in their aquatic world,  
lifted from the depths for breaths of clean oxygenated air,  
offered their circular creative patterns to the surface,  
then dove down into their own glittering aquatic world,  
lungs refilled with life sustain air.

Mind's vision stimulated by Nature's hidden story for the day,  
wondered across the new cleaned open garden scene,  
studied the stark shaped spiked arms of roses dressed  
in their browning green foliage of winter coats,  
searching eyes for perhaps once last fragrant rose face,  
among slender green slips of pineapple patterned leaves peeking innocently  
from among stern somber garden mates.  
beckoned the mind to search beneath  
their sleek stemmed forms, for some secret hidden meaning  
to their existence in such a shelter place.

Inner soul curiosity teased by the secrecy of those peekers,  
of succulent leafed plants among the spikey roses,  
received the answer from leafy hidden views, perfectly white coats of  
glorious trumpet-shaped blooms, with yellow tongues, as if speaking of the  
Creator's special gift today,

Offered upon the air's rhythm intoxicating sweet fragrance  
of delight, that teased all the senses of the mind to consider,  
why the wonderful creation's of Nature's whim so freely given,  
are intricately bound in ancient history of human kind's beliefs?

These floral symbol of the Madonna of womanhood, the mother of a  
heavenly Godly king. Their rich sweetly fragrance  
so available to those earthly bound, can reach so intricately deep into the  
spirit's soul with joyful contentment and remind,  
of the soothing gentleness of a peace and love offered  
by an awesome caring and thoughtful son Creator deity.

# GLIMPSE

Softly shadow reached across the open space, to touch  
with kissing lips tenderness,  
the very gentle sensuous edge of mind's emotional state,  
senses excited by early morning's 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, as if crafted  
by highest quality enamel jeweller's skilful hand and eye.

Shimmering in the sky blue clearest light beams,  
a most appropriate worthy crown for any royal head to bear,  
studded with golden black-striped flying fluttering collectors,  
of the precious sparkling yellow flower's pollen,  
vital commodity for all its vibrant honey making community and its precious  
life generating queen.

Red-white flushed blooming flowers garden edges,  
dragged startled vision's thought away from dreams,  
glimpsed the delightful prancing, sly zephyr driven palms.  
Each precise piece of slim segmented yellow-green frond,  
perfectly diagrammatically shaped to play safely in joyful freedom in the  
streams of air's teasing rhythms,  
dipped down to the earth, as if in mysterious spiritual ritual,  
acknowledging the source of its excited movements.

Sneaky sunbeams, created gorgeous sculptured ferny shapes,  
as they beamed among the gold grevellea trees elegant silver backed  
foliage cape of gentle green shades.

Vision's senses aroused by flashes of unexpected fire-burnt tinted golden  
orange colours, did not miss their demure display,  
among the tinted delicate leafed tree's foliage swayed by gentle eddies of  
the pure clear moving garden air.  
Mind not satisfied by first impressions, searched carefully  
this second time to appreciate the glorious copy of golden

early morning's sunlight etched into the memory of the  
amazing fleeting glimpses of wondrously fine filiegreed  
curly finger edged orange blooms, changing colours in the shady angles  
reflected by moving clusters of green faced,  
silver backed wind teased leaves.

Subtly elongated minute hairline heart-shaped leaves,  
of vital energy inspiring passionate purple-red-green, set a  
romantic mood of excitement to the quiet little enclaves scene.  
Beckoned to the observing silent lonely standing figure,  
with waving fanned movements that created images of obedient  
caring servants paying homage to their royal Creator,  
for the privilege of being present within this sacredly appointed  
little plot of fertile life sustaining earth.

Fragrant scent teased tender senses, stimulated spirit's imagination,  
arousing delicious sensations of sweetness challenging the appetite of the  
palate,  
but this was not food for body's needs, but nourishment  
for the sensitivity of the soul.

Pink-tipped little delicate leaves of Chinese Tallow flavoured gentle flowing air currents tickling about the ground's surround, like the aroma of sacred incense burning to specially celebrate a regal presence, beyond the view of searching human eyes, wondering at this moment in life, why this scene touch his soul so deeply.

Revealing the gloriously decorated shrub dressed in extraordinary vivid white-lime tinted, deep green-hued bulging veined leaf with delicately decorative crafted serrated edges, that tingled the inner heart with its peaceful serene beauty. Enhanced by exquisite cotton wool softness of greyish branches

Decorated with minute ruby tinted bubbly surfaced buds, new season's to be, sumptuous black juicy fruits.

Added wonderful background beauty of each leaf, upon branches bowing in dignified uniformity of grace, to embrace the sacred earth, as if in total adoration of its masterful Creator's gracious gifted presence in such fertile richness of soil for life.

Accompanied in companionship of its glorious floral coloured vital neighbours in this special chosen place and time allocated by Nature's plan to live on the beautiful planet earth.

# GRANTED

Mother moon, celestial glowing beauty of Nature's gift to night,  
robed in ghostly white illuminated mottled grey-blue mantle,  
striped grey veil pulled across her shining face,  
heralded retiring for the blessing of earth's new day.  
Touched gossamer soft upon the mind's senses aroused by aromas of  
renewed soils sweetness,  
revitalized by overnight's crystal waters of the heavens.

Pitter pattering rhymed voices awoke from greyish tinted early dawn as he  
stood in silent rapture, at answer to requested prayer. The most precious  
gift of life given in such abundance to all living creatures on this little  
cosmic spec,  
in the vast empire of Nature's realm, the little planet earth.

Mind's eye grappled to fully appraise wide spread horizon of startling clarity  
of wetness shimmering upon all visible things. The thrill of dripping puddles  
forming in lakelets spilled away to form water filled pools upon solid dried  
out, water resistant ground, to shortly allow the precious life sustaining  
fluid  
to provide the essence of growth to their earthly lives.

Spectacular colours filled the mind's eyes sensors,  
stirred the heart strings deepest joy; the privileged to be  
a partner, in this special moment of prayer fulfilled,  
earth's fluid moments stir the soul's reverence:  
Grateful for the Master Creator's granted gift creation's continued living  
plants survival.

Steady rhythmic strings of splutter-splattering of fluid  
filled the view across the garden ground's open spaces;  
leaf bouncing echoed fluid noises of heaven's watery dripping,  
blotted out the sky fliers calls. Even the mighty trees stood in silent  
homage, as their leafy coats became living cascading waterfalls, landing  
splashy-splushy to form pools of greeny hues filled; overflowed onto  
blackened paths swished away  
like small rivers of escaping liquid crystals cascading along

the man-made kerbed garden roads.

Slender leafed iron-tough stringy barked Callistemon branches hung low; brilliant deep red delicately brush-like blooms of fluffy filigreed surfaces topped up with the precious liquid became minute waterfalls to feed the thirsty brownly-grey earth beneath their sturdy roots.

Prayerful mind absorbed the generous scene of dappled watery patterns, while eyes squinted at the brilliance of sunburst radiance rainbow colours, that brightened up the most subdued ordinary plant leaves with sparkling jewel tips in the rain-lit light.

Casual observer in wide-brimmed hat sheltered beneath relatively weather proofed green tree leafed canopy, wondered how it was so clear, had he been amiss? Not to have seen the heavenly signs that heralded the Amazing scene now before his eyes of his Creator's generosity to the world in which all humanity lives.

Mauve and white daisies petals open in happy moment of refreshing showers, smiled up to the quiet observer's weathered face in silent request: take to heart at this exquisite expose of Nature's beauty, that pulled heart strings, increased the mind's excitement that instilled peace upon the soul of this moment of rainfall's blessing.

Dampened garden worker could not resist a shy smile, lifted head to face the weather as if weeping with the joy of life received a faceful of gentle touching moisture that focused the eyes, as if weeping with the Creator's granted joy of life, to experience the tranquility of rainfall's hypnotic gentle touching of blessing cool rain's upon the silent receptive earth.



# LIFE

No wind stirred the matted rotting red-fawn leafed death's bed.  
Golden spears of light pierced relentlessly through the silent drifting crystal  
cascades,  
To splinter prised lustre into the warm soggy earthed place  
of rest.

Tear backed eyes watched in fascination,  
a single yellow-fawn veined creation, fluttered through the air,  
Touching sensitive emotions of the mind,  
Stirring soul's inner perceptions to the reality of life's frailty,  
in the gently settling motions, of these once vibrant leafy creations,  
in their final free-falling spiraling from its lofty living home,  
to join the patterned mattress of death's resting place,  
Upon the comfort of the warm welcoming earth.

Silence tried valiantly to honour the fallen hero,  
For its once vibrant glorious robust life in Nature's weathered challenges,  
While quietly pondering man wonder if he would every fully understand  
the intricacies of Nature's plans for life, and the deep felt sanctuary,  
of the blessing gift of its vitality, within the small time frame offered to  
humanity  
to appreciate, the most precious of intricate designed diversity of the  
Nature's wonders, and of his own life.

Flickering wings of tawny mellow yellow edges,  
Swished the air in aerobatic feats of perfected body balance,  
propelled across the viewer's vision and crashed silently  
into the watching glossy greens of foliage,  
hiding the daring flier.

Jewelled darts of nature's wondrous designed, chattered in glorious chorus,  
gyrated among the blues of day's finery.  
Landing in brilliant display of greens and red-orange,  
Among the scarlet tinged slices of dewy overhead branches,  
Encouraging showers of finest misty precipitation to fall,  
upon the now neglected remnants of a winding spiritual influenced course.

Searching eyes roamed ragged green deep blue outlines of life,  
watched in awed wonder, at the approaching white-lined dark grey rain  
clouds,  
Gathering as in warlike formations to attack an unprepared earthen bound  
victim.  
But flights of tawny-brown winged sky beauties, interrupted future  
thoughts,  
directed mind's eye to mauve and white clusters of chattering colour,  
Distracting daunting thoughts, instead with ideas of joyous creation.

Simple human's pondering enlightened by the acts of the Creator's design,  
Watched in amazed hypnotic state black-white birds of flight,  
strutting on their majestic branched perch high above the earth,  
warbling their thanks for life to the universe, without fear of retort from the  
world, Acknowledging the Creator's whim for life and the silent eyed  
witness of the watching man.

# MIST

Shimmering silver mist hugged the tree groves tightly,  
As if not wanting to leave a new found friend's company.  
Allowing only intermittent beams,  
to penetrate its glistening airy coat,  
like open bushwood fire igniting with intense heat  
and energetically releasing, turbulent upwards racing spectacular display of  
burnt copper green blues,  
fiercely sparkling skywards,  
accompanied by comet-tail like shards,  
of exploding sparkling fire red hot.

Piercing into the emotions with brilliant eye stunning colours,  
allowed to pass so freely unhindered  
through the opaque cloudy scene,  
to join with whispery ghostly shaped little cloudlets  
scattered among smudgy grey great ground hugging clouds,  
to happily merge their colouration among the blooms  
of sunbeams mixed view.

Yet silhouetted glorious pink flowers gently swaying  
on purple elegant stems,  
Laughed at the greeny world clearly visible  
beyond their background creamy sky.  
While slender shafts of window glass prisms  
reflected yellow greens  
bounced among the silvered sheen garden's glens  
like messages, in exuberant colours not in words,  
to the mind's intellect,  
That radiated warmth of belonging  
to the heart's beating rhythm,  
of the presence of a softly soul's spirit touching being,  
perceived not only by the spirit's delicate inner senses,  
but the tender touch of cooled air,  
upon the body's naked exposed skin.

A calming sensation to the body's excitement for movement,  
Highlighted by the delicate creamy pinkish flowering mimosa  
its dainty fluffy elongated flowing clusters of filigreed  
pastel greeny blue pointed leafed bases of foliage,  
bobbing happily among the outer edge  
of the misty garden's shrouding,  
as if in celebration of its high status compared  
to the ground hugging, unexpected early mornings  
glamorously cloudy tinted shiny bloom covering,  
adding yet more soothing tones of colour enticing the mind  
to relax and enjoy  
the beauty of the garden's gentle slow moving indulgent mood.

Yet a refreshing reminder to allow throughout this day,  
a moment to reflect upon the play of sunlight's rays,  
and ponder upon who gave this day's wonder;  
allowing mind's memory to repeated salutations each moment  
it gets the chance, to thank the Creator for each precious gift bestowed for  
the enjoyment, of another glorious living day.

Yet within the blink of the eye lashes,  
adjusting to the changing lighted scene,  
The shimmering blanket had lifted high and been replaced,  
by clear blue skies and brilliant shimmering  
tree foliated greens, that left the mind bewildered  
for swift moment of time,  
As to whether it had actually seen this phenomenal garden changing  
scene?

# MISTY JOY

One fleeting glancing moment,  
a glistening silver arching sliver of exquisite heaven's beauty,  
in a whisk of moment's time, a smudged misty crescent.  
Hanging sublimely above the distant softly rounded horizon,  
Your face turned from the source of fading greyness  
to softest blue.

Sought the company of your twinkling diamond silvered companion, among  
the soothing pink-tipped clouds shrouding  
the freshening earthly scented fragrance of the rapidly departing early  
morn.

Verandah views through misty light, sought the comfort  
of subtle forms,  
of Nature's creative mysterious contours above, while below world's  
blackened worldly shapes of humanity's creations,  
pointing skywards as if in search of some secret theme,  
or confirmation, of its unique existence in the Great Creator's universal  
plan.

Gentle hearing receptor sensors, stimulated the mind  
as each invisible early dawn's feathered riser's musical toned notes,  
mixed with the cool dawn's misty sensual touch to naked skin exposed,  
to feel the trust of day's new comfort upon the body's receptive mind and  
senses.

Standing in silent reverence of pleasure from gifts bestowed upon the  
awakening soul, softest pastel colours of the new day's world,  
dashed past the mind's vision at glorious dawn's flush of delicately pink  
grey tinted skyline, stimulating a trembling sensitivity throughout every  
body fibre, of ever seeking  
soul's spirit acceptance aware of caressing gentle peacefulness upon the  
mind's deepest appreciation of the meaning of the Divine promise given to  
humanity.

Day's essential life supporting energy source arising, ensured the  
replenishing benefit for all the world's created beings,  
Cast white light beams sparkling among the greyish clouded sky,

offered hope, that calculated human scientific predictions would be fulfilled  
in the darkening clouds above,  
would surely upon arrival,  
give the anxiously awaiting growing living earthly terrain,  
the liquid sustenance for ensuring the survival of all living life.

Flashing electric impulses crisscrossing mind's colour sensitive receptors,  
absorbed the wonder of the fantastic experience of belonging as the sun  
arose,  
a magnificent awakening omen of promised renewal,  
to a faltering frailty of human nature.

Day's essential life supporting energy source,  
beamed its powerful white light energy enriched lances across the moody  
sky,  
highlighting the gathering of colossal black granite muscled shaped clouds,  
favoured the calculated human scientific predictions would be fulfilled in  
the advancing in majestic rain formations, offering hope  
to refresh the dry waiting earth with Nature's liquefied revitalizing love for  
garden's living plants and renew the promise to faltering frailty of human  
nature to doubt,  
with the beneficial liquid sustenance.

# MURUJUGA MOONLIGHT

In an unexpected moment of Nature's pure teasing delight,  
ocean's surrounding began to recede before their startled eyes,  
leaving paddling craft travelers marooned,  
moments before a bluey-green water bay,  
now a vast emptied out great spotted wet plain,  
raised the immediate question, how long before they could continue  
their journey?

Crystal clear water pools revealing the minute works  
of Nature's artistic whim, usually concealed from human sight the beneath  
waves, exposed scuttling reef sharks and brilliant little turtles brownish-  
yellow,  
escaping entrapment in the lowering water levels.

Tender frilly whitely-blue greens and orange-tawny stringy filaments of sea  
anemones,  
flittering their fragile beauty to viewer's mind  
joined in joyful celebration.  
Oh how generous, the Creator of this watery world could be,  
to allow these representatives of humanity to traverse  
the ancient realm of the sea's creatures?

A little mushroom shaped based island, with rugged wind weathered mesa  
top,  
offered temporary shady shelter and opportunity  
to rest weary body upon its craggy shore line.

High fortress like sharpened edged rock walls,  
offered little easy foot hold for casual climbers,  
but a diligent explorers found a way to the top,  
to observe in quite contemplation the battered and cracked rocky apex,  
noting in the memory cells, views of sparse minutely vegetated landscape,  
with glimpses of small tough white flowered,  
leathery leafed plants, breaking the monotonous stoney  
algae browns of the islets isolated location,  
In this great space of waterless ocean,  
as if forgotten in a warp of time.

A glorious vista with streaky pink golden sky spears,  
Penetrated deeply into the inner mind's emotions of Creation's serene glory,  
as seascape swiftly changed colours,  
like a rainbow blooming after rainfall,  
then fading as sun light took away its misty crystal creators,  
replaced by filtering gentle mauves and lavender blues,  
mixed with the distant island's grey green hues,  
the last remnants of this day's life supporting light,  
fell into the far off island's centre, out of human sight.

Darkness now became the master over all sightful beings.  
Momentarily threatening dark shadows and unfamiliar shapes,  
taunted the imagination, to work upon anxieties,  
lifted up enthusiasm for the return of ocean's tides,  
created enthusiastic thought for quick release abode  
as thoughts of how they would travel safely on their kayaks in the pitch  
black of night?

Gentle silent full circle of celestial light, lifted gracefully upon the horizon,  
casting creamy silver of night's soft light upon darkness of night, as if the  
moonlight was empowered  
to penetrate into the inner core of human harmony,  
with the gentleness of a shared spiritual connection with the divinity of  
Nature's creative gift of soulful peace,  
to settle the anxieties of the temporary human inhabitants  
of this little night time isle.  
the temporary human inhabitants of this little night time isle.

Silvered night sky, revealed the glory of the universe's  
starry heavens to lift away any doubts of travel,  
as all marveled at the privilege bestowed upon the silent mindful thinkers,  
of the beauty unfolding in their isolated  
now shimmering environment, sending shivers of excitement  
at perhaps one was truly in the companionship of the Oneness of the  
Creator of the Universe displayed.

The heaven's visual harmony seemed to sooth the body and soul with  
contentment of silent reflection of the grace bestowed upon marooned

travelers, as the great disk of new nights gentleness, settled into its allocated place, to guard the peacefulness of the silent new night over the planet earth.

Silent prayer to restore their belated travel plans were answered, as water rose in accordance with Nature's moon inspired tidal plan, permitted the excited paddlers release from their marooned estate, to renew their onward journey homeward into the moonbeam shadowed distance.

Happy in company with their companions upon the black waters of the night's kind sea, etched indelibly into every participant's mind's memory, the exhilaration, of the probably once in a life times experience of paddling in the moonlights gentlest white silver glow upon the great expanse of ocean waters.

In a rare and magical moment of realization, that stirred the deepest emotions of the heart, the precious beauty of mortal life's meaning somehow inherited in the inner soul's spirit thankfulness from the softness of the reflected awesome solar silvery white splendor, the visual memory of its special place and purpose to our world, among the countless myriads of glittering diamond like stars above, seemed to add a special blessing to one's life of being in a unique place in time, in the ancient location of the amazing Murujuga moonlight experience, that helped guide them safely back to their distant tented island home. That helped guide them safely back to their distant tented island home.

# MYSTERY

Tinted royal scarlet monoliths boasted craggy cliffs  
and jagged-edged ridges,  
cloaked in pastels of creamy-fawns and blue-mauves shimmering,  
in the mid-morn sunlight glistening across desert-like outback lands.

Majestic feathered masters of flight hovering,  
in distant thermal patterned flakey clouded sky  
searching with piercing eye for their sustenance of life,  
among harsh, but life-supporting touch scrubby environment,  
yet acknowledging in their flighted endeavours,  
the difficulties imposed upon each mortal breathing being, to live out daily,  
the Master Creator's survival plan.

Cheeky little hills of red-chocolate tones and shades,  
flaunted toffee topping of pain inflicting prickled spinifex,  
numerous in number and hues of green-blues and toffee-yellow,  
shouting out their glorious acknowledgement to any observer,  
taking in the awesomeness of their timeless space.

Shimmering landscapes of incredible imaginative creation,  
scattered with black skeletal remnants of past living organisms,  
displaying rainbow red, browns, tawny and buffy yellows,  
across a land of pink-tinted earth topped with shattered white quartz,  
glistening like sun struck diamonds, floating on the surface of the red-  
brown earth,  
restricted to the confinement only of the mind's eye vision,  
in the vast domain of the rolling open outback's harsh plant growing  
meadow.

Solemn flat-topped guardians of the plains  
watch in attentive silence,  
While red-orange tops of gallant roadside wide oats,  
bobbed in rhythm with the spirited wind eddies,  
that called their sun-yellowed neighbours to join in  
with their rustling hymn, of thanks giving for another chance,  
to see energy's globe draw its life giving path,  
across the visible universe in accordance to the Creator's mysterious plan  
of Creation.

# RAVAGED

Hardened tungsten steel teeth, showed no mercy,  
In their set mechanical mission to gouge out this blessed green earth,  
behaved like a hunger incensed savage carnivores  
at successful death's attack  
on unsuspecting gentle grazing fawn..

Mechanical methodology designed by plumber's mind  
creator of underground storage system, to capture and retain the surplus  
of Creation's blessed rainfall off tall limestone carved block building's roof's  
overflow,  
traditional soaker of the grainy soils and nourisher  
of this great green lawn's soul.

They'd done their savage work,  
ripped apart fragile calmness of the gardens manicured greens,  
leaving forlorn heaps of aged old grey tinted with ripples  
of caramel yellow seams of earth,  
like minute mountains surround by naked pits.

Below, great cast reinforced concrete dungeon dark  
tanks resided,  
covered with remnants of fertile soil to hide their existence from human  
mind's eyes,  
soon to be forgotten in the passing of time,  
the canny intention of the subterranean reservoir builder's strategy's plan.

No mindful thought given beyond his task  
for carnage and destruction.  
No nostril teased by sweetly earthly fragrance of manicured lawn's serenity  
of peace,  
offered by the garden's gleaming luscious green,  
changed inflection on mind's determination for this change.

Green grass ripped apart and fractured tendrilled roots exposed,  
to glaring sunny burning heat, lay littered in unruly heaps neglected,  
save for viewing and soft watering to help their temporary unease and the  
lonely white haired gardener's anxiety,  
for their beauty and survival needs.

Threads of natural vibrant soil, mixed with ancients building's bricks  
broken,  
and fragmented earthen wear materials, threatened to kill  
by restricted sunlight access, these once glorious chunks  
of Nature's delightful hues of greens.

Labourer's sweaty determination and straining human muscle strength,  
slowly moved these great accumulations of this savage event,  
to a new location.  
Ancient tall tree guardians, adorned in tinted grey curled-swirled barked  
coats,  
Watched in time patient silence, as the garden's workers relocated,  
the mounds of fractured soils, hidden from human view,  
among their earth bound root, while silent clusters of olive tinted sunlit  
leaves, outstretched upon naturally curved branches gently whispered  
among themselves, offering comforting shade from day's sun, high above  
the worker's heads.

Curious white black magpie family hip-hopped about the new earth  
hillocks,  
searching for little insects unearthed in new relocated soils, snippets of  
tasty appetizing sustaining food.

Invisible feathered whistlers, unlike the quietly cautious observing busy magpies, called from among flamboyant leaves and brilliant yellow pollen laden

red-tip stamens hibiscus flowers shimmering  
in the silvery illumination of sunlight,  
didn't restrain from squawking about the activity occurring  
in the ground's universe, to all their feathered  
garden companions.

Work ceased and silence fell upon the grove,  
where newly created great earthy mounds,  
allowing tainted yellow leaved ground's grasses to breath again the fresh air  
of life, and begin the renewal of the greenness of their grassy coats.

Gardener's mind contemplated God's compassion for human soul's spirit  
and mind's struggles sometime in the harshness of daily life,  
as he patiently and thoughtfully sorted through the ragged broken pieces,  
of once vibrant living green grass sods, joining together the jigsaw  
of ragged machine teeth chewed broken pieces to once again restore to  
completeness the gracious tender green vitality of this garden's lawn.

Job completed, white haired head looked across the beautiful heart  
pleasing view,  
red white floral bordered gardens reflected in deepest calm seemed to join  
the prayer, that the great Curator would show compassion,  
and raise His awesomely powerful hand in blessing aid,  
restoring this injured portion of the lawns  
he had guided human hands to work upon, to the happy  
tree whistler's precious lush green playground again.

# ROCKY WINDS

Fierce energy's ball of blazing yellow light,  
Poured through shattered layers of lazy white-like cloud,  
watched the parched red earth grovel among the tufts of sun burnt desert  
grasses,  
Seeking shelter from the weltering day's heat.

Whisks of swirling air lifted fragile hairs on growing skin and limbs,  
made no mockery of its power, as it twisted twirling  
round shatter ocher shaded boulders, moving life and death together  
in this harsh unforgiving hidden watered environment,  
of the weather battered rocky Tom Price hillocks of the town's outskirts  
bushy scene.

Smacking leaf hinted at the joy of life, while taunted branches of every  
shape,  
stood in gathered anticipation of a call to express their need to  
acknowledge,  
in their own language, their Creator's fabulous harsh rocky terrain estate..

Human power grunted its own greedy monetary claim to greatness,  
in the distance of the rocky wilderness,  
beyond the sight of eyes and broken levels of the hilly outback tracts of  
land.

Unfazed by humanity's puny effort to exploit, Nature must have smiled at  
other sources of deeply hidden treasured glories, hidden in the furnace like  
landscape.

Shapes of creative mind assembled in strange  
architectural themes reflected back Power's light in myriads  
of glittering hues and shades imitating Nature's colour schemes of an  
omnipotent creative mind.

Yet the crushed fragments of Nature's amazing rocky formations,  
Silenced by the steely trend of man's imaginative minds,  
Machinery's muted distance sounds mingled,  
with hill's stunted tree's leaves rustling, like noisy giant  
of Nature's phantoms playing out their role  
in the master's original landscapes fantastic natural plan.

Dried out remnants of former flowering glory,  
Danced with mauve-white heads to the intoxicating rhythm  
Of the outback's wondering heat affected land caressing ancestral windy  
song.

Eyes bewildered by images of exquisite landscaped beauty,  
beyond comprehension of limited creative imaginativeness,  
Scanned the craggy mounds of silent scarves of black-browns and  
yellowish-greens  
Wrapping its noisy comfort about the rapt silently rock-seated human  
figure.

Breathing freely gifted life supporting air,  
Absorbing the diverse noises of the bush's creations,  
The man and dog trudged happily towards their oasis  
of comfortable life, away from this harsh environment  
of the Creator's bush land garden's world.

# SMILING MOUNTAIN

Curved grounds decorated with hues of green  
grey spiked creations of the Great One's humorous joy  
viewed with traveller's of awe filled gazing eyes  
seated aboard rumbling jiggling road conveyance.

Jigsaw pieces of ornate black-white trees stared in silent watchfulness,  
another racing dust curling event of modern times,  
passed by their sacred space of life, their solitude violated.

Old grey marsupial lying in dusty red dirt road,  
looks up in annoyance at the disturbance,  
arose with lumbering natural rhythm bounced away from danger's path,  
as excited white enameled steel machine,  
spewing ancient soils from anxious wheels flashed past,  
accompanied with Pilbara outback entourage of  
brown-red dust demons easily keeping pace  
with machine's direct shadow's path.

Sleepy blue-mauve mountains stood in contoured rows,  
watched silently as from Creation's time to present day,  
traveller's crossing their Creator loved red brown sweeping plains domain,  
not disturbed by excited noise of inquisitive mere mortal beings,  
trying to understand the glory and majesty of their balanced homes,

The walking species capable of both love and destruction,  
paused in their frantic overland excursion to gaze in admiration  
of bush land's beauty,  
as the silent sun burnt caramel browned lofty sentinels  
held their wisdom close  
within their deep valley shadowed souls openly flaunting their sun heat  
features streaked with zigzag of burnt-pink sun glazed ribbed lines,  
inserted by the Creator, at time of formation,  
a reminder to all observers of these ancient land of His gift  
to Nature of such spectacular creative power,  
teasing the exploring mind's eye of the casual red land visitors.

Playful purple-whites and weathered yellows trickled among the ancient rolling hills,  
Flashing reflections of their balanced weathered lives,  
silvery greens allowing prised lights to display rainbow coloured rock faces through the lower ancestral universe  
of this land's harsh bushy order, to the lofty heights  
of craggy hard brown-red monolith mountains.

Enthralled by admiring temporary companion visitors,  
lofty sentinels smiled exposing gaps of whitened granite,  
like hard craggy teeth in great exhibition of deceptively friendly outback nature's shining shadowy spaces,  
Awesome in their massive walls of sheer upright strength  
and ragged patterns,  
Dwarfing lining trees of ancient pedigree, appearing as frolicking seedlings,  
Below their towering cliffs

Rapidly passed through traveller's mind the imagery of the moment,  
to the next scene of dainty elegant domed spinifex covered hard soils,  
Oh so welcoming to stranger's memory,  
a rare glimpsing experience of Nature's life of beauty  
and peaceful harmony of the outback's  
extraordinary heart and mind touching landscape.

# SOFTEST TOUCH

Shadelets of greyish hue played among the deep plum red green leaves,  
Created mosaic patterns with sunlight patches upon pock marked ground.

Ruby red blooms atop greeny white stems, shared their perfumed adorned  
floral beauty, teased garden observer's grey blue eyes and keen nostril  
senses.

While round fluffy balls of tarnish yellow danced in the hot easterly wind's  
rhythmic waves,  
beckoned thoughts attention to an apparition without apparent secure grasp  
to earth's surface.

Infinitely angled energy's light, betrayed the link of finest silken conduit  
threads,  
suspended between clear air filtered space, in intimate touch with  
humanity's habitat, established ebbs and throes of Nature's  
contact with the fertility of the soil, like the needs of human kind confirmed  
the unfailing nurturing blessings of the Creator's wisdom inherent in the  
cycles of Nature's seasons  
from the heavens to the living environment of the earth below.

Two delicately greeny foliated sprouting rose bushes,  
dressed in delicate bobbing stems of clustered rose blooms red, one vitally  
alive with hope,  
the other in throes of life's final moments as imposed by Nature's laws of  
life.

Mind's spirit stirred by thoughts of the Creator's gentleness of death,  
Again caught the image of threaded lengths of imposing  
thinnest glistening ties, instantly reflected energy's silvered light beams  
clarity,  
of once perfectly woven web, now reduced to three interwoven lines,  
reached down from speckled green leafed shrub, to spiked green dressed  
lawns surface caressing,  
water sprinkled dampened browned grey earth's garden's abode.

A connection rare for human vision, aroused thoughts of a communication  
line between this ageing  
groundsman's inquisitive mind of the relationship of this triad  
of sunlit shimmering beauty, to that of the divine trinity of God sublime.

Hairs lifted upon exposed naked arms contoured lines,  
As if gentle breeze's teasing.  
Eyes moved instantly in reaction  
of flight, fight and fear to investigate this phenomenon,  
sight saved the deadly blow of potential death's delivery.

Glorious spider of thumbnail proportions, of most wonderful heat molten  
honeycomb yellow,  
with finest artist's penciled fine black parallel lines drawn,  
Around the bulbous body's edge, matched with top coated dressed,  
in the minutest pin-straight upright studded nutmeg shaded hairs.

Little black pin eyes, set deep into olive green white striped elongated head,  
look straight ahead, guiding chocolate tinted long pointed limbs advance,  
exhibited in elegant rhythmic tip-toe dancer motion, its easy nonchalant  
graceful progress up the motionless man's limb, exhibiting its graceful  
progress,  
easing itself nonchalantly and effortlessly up the motionless man's limb.  
Subdued by this beauty's friendly disposition, man's fears instantly abated,  
watched the gentle movements in fascination at the amazing experience,  
the closeness of Nature's created magnificence of life so vital, like the  
companionship of his Creator in silent prayer.

Man reached with calm hand, visually explored this gem of Creation's mind,

removed this spinner beauty from his arm, spider reached forward with long brown pointed tip limb, with

Stopped a moment in transferred exploration, then in carefree raised up flawless beauty's pose for closer human scrutiny, did not raise its eyes to communicate any sign of alarm at observer's concentrated gaze, continued its relentless forward creeping movement across the vulnerable skin of outstretch palm upwards hand.

Amazed at the intimate touch, the gardener's composure steadied at thought of was this how his Creator could gently communicate with his soul?

Without slightest hesitation, from its brief encounter with human kind, moved across the space of transition, leaving behind a minute silk silver thread, as if acknowledgement of the meeting and a blessing of the peacefulness of the experience.

Then quickly sought the safety of its camouflaged comfortable resting abode,  
Beneath cool fragranced rose leaf,  
Last sighted in magic biscuit yellow brown ball undeterred by the human presence as it settled into sleepy mode..

Above this magic natural moment  
of vital garden being's meeting,  
new green rose bud's pointed hairy top, gently nodded,  
as if in goodbye to contented man celebrating with spirited contentment, at  
the deep affinity of experience of sight  
and mind a the beauty of Nature's creative genius for humanity to enjoy the  
unexpected, in the tranquil peace  
of this golden garden's dappled shade.

# SOOTHING WATER

Curling great darkened carriers of liquid life,  
hurled skittish shadows across the earth,  
mingling among the pepper fragranced tree glades,  
enhancing the curved grey tones of labyrinthine ground.  
with little pitter pats of light touching rain.

Somehow reminding the workman's troubled soul,  
reflected in weathered face with the scowling brow,  
that another journey was in progress about him now.

Not allowing the gentleness of spiritual bliss to take hold,  
to trespass upon this mind's hectic busy day,  
as he trudged along the dampening garden's bumpy path,

Soaking drops penetrated beneath the shoulder's cloth,  
muscles strained to load the wet slippery limely surfaced rocks,  
added misery of mis-timed toil, interfered with by wind forced dripping rain,  
amplified the frustration of straining mind and body's patience.

To cuss with furious thought the bountiful gift, momentarily forgetting,  
as golden javelins pieced through the gloomy dawn light,  
lifting drooping heads of swishing branches laden with dashing,  
shimmering droplets of the storm benefiting to the patient dirt below,  
providing the source of Nature's nutrient and survival.  
Caused the humbled man to drop his head, in conscious remorse,  
quietly humbly seeking forgiveness of his reckless outburst,  
from the generous Creator benefactor's soothing waters,  
like a baptism of grace to accept freely,  
the sustaining necessary watery, gift so important  
for continued life.

Wooden monolith towing shimmer greeny wet above the shivering man,  
offered sanctuary from the wetness, lifting up the mortal's spirit  
momentarily,  
daunted by some mechanical machinery inconvenience,  
that engrossed negative thought instantly again;  
to be relieved by the joyous views of the Creator's gorgeous garden's  
Magnificent water sun kissed glistening myriads of floral coloured display.

Bobbing filigree fern fronds dancing wondrous patterns,  
brushed against man's naked legs, in effort to remind his inner mind to  
relax,  
for a moment in his headlong rush and acknowledgement something  
greater  
than this human's momentary annoyance, and grasp sparkling mind's eyes  
sensitive  
to the harmony of the shadow-throwing clouds and sudden beams of  
redeeming light,  
awakening deep emotions of a soul searching for the meaning of life,  
and be soothed by uplifting wet freshness and vitality of another day,  
Generously gifted to him by the great Creator of the earth.

# SOUL'S CALL

Glittering strings of new morn's filtered sun light  
mixed with hues of misty blue to fill the horizon's view  
of soft peaceful silent landscape.

Molten yellow energy's ball peeked its glorious face,  
above the greeny plateau's gentle countoured lines,  
Pleasuring all of garden's blooms with life's nurturing light.

New formed golden shadows shoved away darker greys  
of retreating night's paling,  
added glistening subtle yellow hues between avenues and groves,  
revealed aged custodians in coats of green and living glossy green leaves  
aglow,  
offered the garden's their welcoming shady shelter  
from sunlight's intensifying heat,  
that drains the strength from all about, and those in need of rest,  
could laze in their cool revitalizing shade.

Calm eyes watched with eager mind's amusement,  
myriads of minute transparent insects zip-zapping in  
whirling circular patterns, scribbling little lines  
of some secret message, imagined by observer,  
about their fragile life's theme upon the air ways.

This energetic motion set alight the soul's spirit  
with delight and imaginations,  
of that extraordinary heart touching gift of watching these grouped  
creatures enjoying each others flying antics,  
granted by his Creator, and performed by His assistant, Nature.

Busy winged honey bees, instincts honed to any source  
of vital nourishment for their hive's survival,  
landed with dexterity upon fragrant flower's petals,  
Legs already coated in gold yellow pollen from elsewhere,  
gently probed with delicate proboscis for the elixir of life,  
among gorgeous ivory blossoms with upright flower stamens,  
until needs were satisfied.

Staggered fully loaded wobbly on yellow loaded legs to flower's lip,  
seemed to plant petite kiss of thanks  
on their gracious generous host, swiftly beat  
powerful little wings and flew into the airways,  
to where, it wasn't known.

Sharp pike pointed dewy green leaves, like scattered in star burst display,  
sparkling against the delicate back ground  
of pastel blue of early morning's sky, high lighted  
scented white blooms clustered in intimate embrace as if  
in deep veneration bathing in the God's lights hazy presence.

Aroused the soul's spirit to laughter,  
watching man could not resist the shy little smile,  
that lit up his heart's pulse at the splendor, he'd been gifted  
to see in this unique opportunity in the serene tones of silence beneath the  
garden's great tall trees.

Warm gentle bush music caressed the depths of inner heart,  
embracing the excited musical call of welcome and the happiness of park  
feathered companions, in the contentment  
of good fortune of the Creator's blessing for all the garden's inhabitants of  
sustenance aplenty in the new day's opportunity  
for all the garden's inhabitants of sustenance aplenty in the protective  
shaded surrounds of this great ground's gardens.

# STARTLED SENSES

Oh you gorgeous little bloom,  
why does your exquisite white fragile beauty touch me so?  
Vanquishing the slender fibres of the living souls breath,  
and cause my inner heart to weep,  
at your serene and beautiful pose,  
enclosed in your glossy light green fingered mother's embrace.

Your pungent fragrance teases the intimate senses of the mind  
Stirs the heart's blood to excitement at your peaceful tranquility pierces  
with marshmallow feelings to the depth of soul's tenderness, your solo  
appearance among the leafy greenery, startled mind's eye imagery of the  
splendor of hidden precious garden jewel sparkling with life's vitality.

Superbly artistically created, your grooved centered purest white petals  
radiant with early sunlight's gleaming reflection, emphasizes the fragility of  
your cinnamon tinted heart strings dancing in perfect timing with Nature's  
timeless rhythmic tunes.

Eyes vision of your private secluded little habitat triggered the memory of  
the joy of a relationship of life shared with the Creator, as the old man  
worked in the gardens.

Delicately pink beaded younger siblings,  
bobbed on their slender new green hued stems,  
yet to experience the fullness of the gift of life's energy force,  
await the subtle signal that will light up the world to them.

Like the gossamer slender round see-through bloom of a wild plant of the  
meadow,  
Waiting for slight puff of wind, to send its life-bearing transparent slender  
seeds, with golden shadows of minute new life's potential far afield.

Sweet scented red pepper seeds, clustered sky high drooping,  
Their juicy essence pulped in Nature's persistent crushing  
windy force, broken away from its mother's hardwood branches,  
awaken the memory of a promise made by the greatest mystic Being, even  
human intellect finds difficult to define.

Love is within the soul's spirit, so ancient philosophers say,  
Like a precious light, often hidden in the dark shadow over the soul's path,  
When provoked, burns brightly, lifting the heart's mind to beg In humble  
supplication for forgiveness, for overlooking the insight of sacred wisdom of  
the Creator's gift of soul soothing peace, available from vital thriving  
tranquil garden's plants, essential to body and mind's rest in mortal  
human's miniscule time to appreciate Nature's beauty surrounding every  
day life.

Sun energized dazzling little yellow pointed flowers,  
Posed in boastful upright stance among the other straggly plants,  
Dedicated to their border duties along the great expanse of the garden's  
beds,  
Frolicked with the mauve and blue-eyed petalled companions,  
Collaborated in stimulating the shy gardener's visual senses  
Struggling to appreciate and acknowledge the dazzling beauty before his  
mind.

Head bowed from this experience with the urge to weep in exasperation of  
how to adequately explain,  
The rapturous joyous pulsating power pumping,  
Like a collision with the mind's spirit and his being,  
The Creator's wondrous generosity of the heart relieving presence,  
Of peaceful bliss that aroused his senses so intently  
in the golden shadows of the sacred sanctuary,  
of the green peacefulness of the gardens

# STOLEN

Shadow's reflected off historic buildings and green trees shapes  
the great pond seemed intently silent, as if not yet awakened  
to the new sky's bluest beams.

No little ripples of gulped breath air taken,  
or minute wavelets from bodies slicing  
through water surfaces face,  
disturbed the usually cool placid water's surface.

Silence summoned eye's mind to closer inspection,  
Shocked senses recoiled in the mind's reaction,  
the dread of death.

No sign of glorious expected silver, golden white flashes,  
where schools of happy aquatic friends should play,  
viewed by visitors and workers, that gather at the edged water oasis  
expecting to see the inhabitants at play.

Emotions reacted, as if surgical cold steel scalpel was slicing chunks off  
inner soul's tenderness,  
desecrated the infinite balance of Nature's  
water garden's gentleness and serenity.

Humanity's vilest persons, goaded by malicious  
monetary thoughts alone, encouraged by pretentious God greed,  
with no care for Nature's beauty in this serene setting,  
had secretly stolen every living golden swimming being.  
from the ponds deep cool waters.

Anger stirred the pond carer's thought;  
Let these thieves be subject Nature's dreadful wrath;  
Make each individual responsible for their dastardly  
desecration of these living golden beings ponds.

No longer would be visualized the silver-gold finned pair,  
In Norfolk Pine's pools depths chasing little snippets  
of foods delight, while their golden companions  
hid among the stringy algae and aquatic flowered  
edged concrete bulrushes round concrete garden centre,  
ensuring life's safety from watching predators high above,  
among the bowed great tree's branches shading  
their shining watery home.

Mind's sorrow at lost view of gracious movements,  
of old wisened gold fish of the Camphor Laurel pond,  
as it circled round its green fertile realm,  
young fish following in its wake, as if studying the skills  
of royal protocol among all in this close knit community.

Tall elegant bulrushes bowed their great brown  
white crowned heads, little emerald-red leaved lily's had lost their usual  
sparkling coloured joy, as if in sad memory  
of their stolen companion's missing from their cool pond's waters depths.

Small circular ponds still retained some movements of life,  
little tadpoles shyly wriggled about, close to guarding  
bulrushes white long roots, instantly sought protection  
at the slightest touch of leaf or insect,  
upon the water's glassy surface.

Yet Nature is far more compassionate,  
than those who show such human frailty and anger,  
only required the garden's carer to replenish the deserted waters  
with agile excited small new golden fish;  
meanwhile an opportunistic family of pond frogs had taken over temporary  
possession of the vacant pool hom.

Amazingly a keen eye's sight,  
spied a solitary fishy movement in the great long pools depths.  
A blessing surely, a delight for sorrowed soul,  
Nature's revealing hope in her wisdom's experience of patience  
than this impatient old gardener's thoughts of total fish ponds water's loss.

Nature's will with friendly man's help,  
would surely encourage the restoration with new fish,  
to once again light up with flashing coloured movement,  
these temporary vacant fish pond waters.

A solitary water lily bud of yellow,  
about to open in the new day's light,  
cast its floral beauty across this solemn watery space,  
presenting the spirit's soul with a blessing thought  
for the remaining aquatic life to soon be joined,  
by a new fish population in Nature's own special chosen time,  
to populate and return the companionship of peace to the inhabitants of the  
garden's pools.

# TEASING JOY

Dawn's happy clouds with frilly white cheeky puffy plums  
Impatiently urged along by constantly shoving powerful breeze,  
Coming from somewhere way up north, oozed across the sky.

Plum red leafed braches of flexible dexterous strength  
Bent their bodies as if in praise of the cool winds,  
Relief from previous heated days.

Plum pink little cloudy blooms  
Joined in the celebration of anticipated excitement,  
Carried in the flippant breezy air's movements.

Among the swishing whispers of a multitude  
Of green yellow hued foliated trees,  
merry shrieks and whistles of early arisen parakeets and wattle birds  
collaborated in the announcement.

While little wag tails twittered their delight at the double chance,  
chattered out the morning's amazing news and the opportunity to frolic,  
happily in delicate little droplets of liquefied air.

Painting magic circular patterns on the grey inert nearby pathways  
surrounding the ancient old buildings of solid lime stone coloured  
countenance.

Little spots broke into wide rippling circles  
Across the golden fish pond surface  
tickled filigreed delicate patterned leafed aquatic plants  
With gentle patting touches, while wide leaf lily pads, welcomed sky's gift  
with genteel acceptance.

Why even the fragranced elegantly white clad Madonna lilies,  
Deep in contemplation, in their quiet rose surrounded little cloister, were  
seduced by the gentle pitter-patter  
Upon their silky white countenances,  
Began to sway in rain's hypnotic rhythm to join silently

In the jubilant celebration of their quota of the delicious refreshing essence  
of precipitation in their portion of the Creator's gardens.

They were not alone among happy living plants to be enticed by this  
hypnotic rhythm, pink-white high living tree orchids  
And bright yellow tecoma blooms were intoxicatingly teased,

Oblivious to any risks, happily participating rapturous joy,  
forgot to hold onto the precious secure skyward home,  
to twirl in spiraling earthward directions forming coloured carpet welcoming  
homes upon the grassy ground in companionship with the heaven's blessed  
watery downfall.

It was eye teasing,  
to see their somber inert grey concrete countenances,  
suddenly become artist's palette of amazing intricate designed round  
patterns, fashioned by Nature's whiley agile watery artistic creative trends.

Black topped pathways surround tendered green grassed  
open spaces with kaleidoscope of colours,  
took upon their coarse pitted surfaced paths  
A shimmery glittering coat, of energetic searching water formed in to  
rivulets of purest heaven blessed waters.

Scenes music changed suddenly  
from whispering shrubs and trees,  
to impatient heavy pitter-patter of falling water of the skies.  
Impacted upon the living earth's surface,  
trying frantically to absorb in short space of time,  
This flowing capricious quantity of life saving fluid.

Surplus fluid escaped to create lovely little puddles of the most crystal clear delight,  
that gather in any little dip of inert or alive surface,  
to create little pools that mimicked mirror reflections  
that shone back the very whiley grey image  
of its generous deliverer.

Aroused happy memories of irresistible childhood joy  
the delight of, must do, splashing about  
preferably in their best pair of shoes,  
in these bounteous water pools.

Oh, how abundant a rain cloud's delicious commodity,  
refreshed living gardens, dust washed the heat of early days  
changed the vibrancy of the flowers to strain the sensory mechanisms of  
the eye's view with a radiance that sweeps into the spirit's soul with  
mellowing softness and appreciation  
of the wonders of the garden's coloured beauty  
to sooth the mind.

While any new leaf budding tree branch decorated  
in crystal clear diamond clear globules,  
formed along woody branches, until full,  
let go their precious holding places and fell in graceful glittering showers of  
rainbow hues to the welcoming waiting floor below. Bestowed their vitality  
to the subterranean source of sustenance of living life on earth.

Leaves sparkling with new coats of gleaming glory,  
signaled to all their feathered companions,  
joined in with their glistening chorus of thanksgiving  
to the Great Creator for today's generous bounty  
of the spectacular falling patterns of rain.

# TENDERNESS

New day's fumbling mind joined with swaying body,  
eyes awakening to daylight's blue golden tinged hues  
Casually swept around the cavity of the mind's doubtfulness  
Searched for peace of thoughts.

Watched in curiosity, dry dead, tall smooth elegantly formed tawny stems,  
Adorned with spiked headed balls, stared away across the dewy garden  
scenery  
gently swaying in tune with the chilly mornings breath  
While rainbow silver threads, just visible to the naked eye,  
cast dainty fine lines across the shadowed floored glen.

Patiently awaiting in honest integrity the creativity of Nature's  
cycle of life's extinction, emphasized to the mortal observer,  
the fragility of life's existence, is but a miniscule fraction of a moment,  
determined at the Creator's minds discretion.

Softened thoughts of life's amusing turns of inner emotional reaction,  
awaking desires of a peaceful day's enjoyment,  
watched in fascination as translucent yellow green-striped veined  
heart-shaped leafy climbers grasped tenaciously  
to its dark craggy earthy brown grey wooden support,

Cast radiantly golden sunlit beams of subdued golden light,  
bouncing across the sharded wooden path,  
expose silvered rainbow weaver's intricately woven,  
death dealing filigreed webbed boxcated circled home.

Its ever patient owner cunningly concealed, within a curled leafed home,  
Safely hidden from any wondering predator's sharp searching eyes,  
Possibly confused by brilliant diamond myriads of spectrum colours,  
Reflected by the glorious sunlight beaming threaded creation,  
a death sentence for careless insect fliers in this cruel environment,  
of Nature's survival of the wary, provoked thoughts  
at the wonder, of the unpredictable continuity of life  
to the silent observer.

Yet eye's mind drifted dreamily along with the chill laden mornings breeze,  
witnessed a scene created for the softening of the hearts beat,  
celebrations of closeness of a greater being in a brief visible moment's gift  
of the mystery of the harmony of life in the rhythm of natural movement.

Two slender golden stemmed creations, balanced delicately to intricate  
movements, their fragile fully heads so closely locked,  
as if two lovers entwined in their own private thoughts,  
moved to the worlds subtle influence of perfection of life's eternal  
movements,  
as if in conspiratorial thought with the great artist of the living universe.

Senses tuned to sensual visual pleasures,  
feasted on the rounded gossamer most delicately patterned globes,  
with intricate network of warm  
Nutmeg tinted grays internally entwined threads,  
embraced in their own secretly shared pulsing rhythms,  
as they bobbed about so sensually upon their slender bodies,  
Yet oblivious to the instant destruction by a powerful gust of Nature's  
breath.

While shiny dark green slender shafts with whitely clustered enticing sweet fragranced flowery heads, shared in this glorious display of heart-touching tenderness appeared as appointed splendid floral ambassadors, joined in tender admiration, of the visual gifts of harmony of the balance of the world's sensitivities, offered by a greater Being's gift of enjoyment touched the inner spirit's soul, stimulating the tender senses of the mind to the beauty of those present in the miniscule moment of world time upon this weary world, and delighted the emotions of a simple man of earth.

Responded with heartfelt thanks for these moments of exquisite joy experienced in one's mortality and shared with the God Creator's unknown plan for mortal life's journey, and the unknown phases of active life the extent of living time.

# THE BOY AND BILLY

It was hot round the collar,  
sweat held fast his shirt to the chest,  
short hand wiped across the brow removed the eye blurry wet.  
He moved to rest weary body a moment  
in the grey shadowed shade,  
Sat upon the old weathered log bench.

Black form flashed across his vision,  
cawing sounds pursuing its trail  
flying through the heat waves of air.  
Aroused an old memory of sadness of true and faithful friend,  
Recalling a sadness of heart and sorry long past laid to rest.

A close friendship shared by deep brown loving canny eyes,  
communicating a bondship that touched deep to inner soul's emotions  
and acknowledgement at a knowing wagging, of the old girl's fluffy tail.

Old Pep the grey white kelpie mate, had moving on.  
He'd been given permission to introduce the new boy,  
apprentice, to guard the shed contents supposedly,  
to stop any lingerer from entering, without the boss's consent.

Smile broken out upon the lined sweaty face,  
thoughts of the new boy's adolescent antics,  
pranced about the place in regal pose, thought he knew everything, just like  
a boy!

He wasn't really interested at the time, in responsibility,  
he'd rather dash about chasing shadows,  
ignored the boss's frantic calls for his attention, but to no avail.  
Vets and trainers had warned, be patient.  
It would be a battle of wits, and they been right.  
Time heals quickly, add a lot of love and patience  
and now we have a philosophical agreement true.  
We'll both think about the urgency of the order,  
and then Boy will decide: I'll come when I am ready!

Boss had little choice with this arrangement,  
until Boy matures a bit,  
but he's improving every day.  
But at this time in life, he's nothing like the old patient Pep.

Love grows quickly between mates.  
We've both being trained, not sure whether it was boss or Boy,  
who really understood the score.

Morning's early garden's work was a feat of amusement,  
Boy was kept on a chain for control, until he'd worn down the boss's  
resolve.  
"I'll let me run," he'd thought,  
as Boy jumped at head height about the roaring tractor  
as they move along the bitumen pathway,  
lead held firmly in his jaws as he tried to bite the lead's handle,  
raised shoulder high in boss's gloved hand as he tried to drive.

Without both hands it proved a tricky task, so he'd relented.  
Boy took the cue, and with tail out straight and long ears flapping,  
gallop at neck breaking pace, to disappear among the garden's shrubbery,  
barking frantically to wake the dead, and chase anything that moved.

Billy, the magnificent schnauzer,  
about half the boy's stature didn't seem to notice the difference,  
when he met the boy one morning on the dewy lawns.

It was love at first sight, as the boss stood with Billy's owner,  
shaking his head in amusement at these two dogs amazing antics.  
They measured each other up, and immediately decided: it was to  
friendship.

Shared frolicking, rolling and tussling like long lost old mates,  
pleased to meet again after many years apart,  
this amazing companionship continues happily right up to this very day.

Maybe it was Billy's seniority or Boy's personality,  
neither owner knew.

The boss had never seen the Boy so patient with another dog.  
Usually it was abusive pushing and growling teeth baring  
for action, to dominate any visitor, until the owner's separated the two  
ferocious dogs, before they tore each other apart.

Caring eyes watched the Boy,  
Stretched without a care in the cooling shade,  
back legs extended and head resting on front paws, eyes closed,  
quietly contented to lay breathing in the cool air, and wait until aroused to  
move on with his garden's companion  
to the next job.

Man stood up and adjusted skewed hat,  
move it to a more stylish slant upon the forehead,  
then smiled at the memory of old Pep's photo hanging on the workshop's  
dusty wall.

Reflected at when the Boy would graduate,  
to be the official guard dog, joining his predecessor  
in a framed photograph on the workshop's red brick wall.

To stand tall and straight in regal spoodle pose,  
at his new status; get his name recorded in print,  
to be remembered proudly, not forgetting  
his garden crew's nick name for him: Zac the wonder dog.”  
But to the boss's heart he'd always be affectionately, the Boy.

# THE PALM

Muffled ears heard not a sound  
And staggered footprints  
edged with crystalised white of frozen soil left a trail of evidence in the  
warm dark of the gardens  
of the human presence.

Awakening fans of greenish hue,  
Tinged with drooping images of cotton thread  
Made no movement to avoid the threat of revitalizing death.

As if memories of battles  
With hurling fierce pressured air  
Dragging at flesh ripping ragged teathed arms,  
Would be a saving grace,  
Silent forces of violent nature stood in quiet contemplation  
Of the piercing changes to the body, about to take place.

Steel-grey sharpened teeth unleashed from their guarded sheath,  
Did not shine in the early morning light  
But added to the solemn mine  
Behind the thoughts of action for this clearing action  
Swift see-sawing motions, severed speckled yellow-arms from tawny body,  
leaving gaping oozing frayed white flesh  
Exposed to the silent overhead watchers of the renewing scene.

Even the feathered youngsters of the trees,  
Seemed to cease their early morning choruses of joy,  
As if in momentary remembrance of past friendships  
With their stricken fan-type companions of their garden world.

Severed sails lay strewn across the coarse wood-chipped smashed grounds,  
And bounced about as others crashed down from above  
Cut away in mindful patterns from their parent's steadfast body.  
Careful eye judged the steely blades course,  
Hesitated momentarily as the mind caught upon a thought,  
Of past experiences of severed relationship,  
Then continued on its sawing course.

But mellow thoughts persisted in the actions of that event,  
Of calming voices, soothing frayed emotions,  
With claims of forgiveness, for forgetfulness of love's impact,  
Upon the soul and no matter what the damage,  
It seemed some greater force restored the equilibrium of life moved on to  
greater moments of joy.

Then surveying the carnage of the pruning,  
Quick action cleared away the shattered limbs,  
To their next stage in the process of life.  
Smiling eyes enjoyed the clean new trim look revitalized palm,  
Looked forward to Nature's caring task of invigorating and  
quick rejuvenating of regrowth of the plants new life.

# TOUCHING SILENCE

Pre-dawn's hues of grey watched in silence,  
as twisting fronded palms joined in the swirling excited  
dancing game,  
against the bobbling background of fluffy paler grey white clouds adorning  
the sky.

Silence tried valiantly at this moment's time, to retain its peaceful pose  
but swishing songs of vast unseen force pushed peace,  
to join in their freedom of creating invisible air currents in the early dawn's  
space,  
caressed the struggling watcher's body's mind and sensitivities with  
images of a form of beauty, with trembling wisps of coolish air that tickled  
tender skin, creating thoughts of wonder, at how such brutal strength, that  
can bend the tallest tree's great body, yet touch the frailty of human form  
with such gentleness, to inflame the soul's deep emotions to thoughts of  
Nature's love.

Pulsing air's music heralded onward march of giant black clouds,  
Potential carriers of earth's next sustenance of liquid life,  
Mixed haphazardly with little puffs of cheeky whitish cloudlets  
in their frisky bobbing patterns, inspiring the mind with images  
to try and interpret the wonder of the Creator's thoughts,  
utilizing this silent powerful air source, to create deep meaning to world's  
life.

Solo swaying wild lilly's contributed to the delight with their  
pureness of white contoured countenance, slicing deeply to the core of  
images for the psyche to feed upon.  
of delicately pointed curled tongue seeking out the moisture  
of life, opened up the vision of its inner filigreed patterned  
coned shape, white tipped yellow pollened heart delicately exposed, to  
absorb the food of energy from the day.

Stimulated skin sensitivities grappled with the gift of  
the day's blessing of the musical prayer of the Master's tune  
of vibrating life, spread with gossamer gentleness to the deepest meaning  
of the Creator's love, to sooth the human spirit's soul.

# TUNES

Dawn's shaded delighted pink curtained the horizon's views  
Exciting the hushed landscape contours of rolling tree tops,  
offering no resistance to the twirling bone chilling breezes  
biting mercilessly into exposed body's skin  
Though heated from early morning working drill.

It seemed initially that silence was not a gift today,  
among the great garden's giants of green,  
unidentifiable strange tune niggling at the thoughts,  
perhaps it was the power of silence,  
emphasizing the crispness of the moment with pink tinted newness of  
morning's sky?

Harmonies of the day's tunes seeped cautiously into the imaginative mind,  
awakening sensory organ's to new life's vitality of murmuring voices  
calling from all about the scene.

Excited message nagged the mind struggling to understand,  
Joined pleading eyes seeking out something to explain this puzzling  
attitude,  
were immediately interrupted by great startling blobs of deep toned lilac  
blooms imposing their natural beauty upon the hued greens  
of the majority of scenic garden's trees, further confusing struggling  
thoughts with coloured schemes.

Soothing mauve, deflected thoughts of body cooled discomfort  
to excite warming experiences of how glimpses of colour pure,  
had lifted up the spirit's excitement of the joy of new morning's living  
beauty,  
stimulating ideas of the mystery of the universe's Creator's amazing ability,  
of inspiring human amazement, of an annoying interrupting blob of colour  
upon the mind's concentration and what the ear's were trying to hear,  
among the music of the trees.

Nature offered, for the uneasy human heart, soothing music in swirling  
whims,  
Of blissful carefree dashing playing airs, that gave a tranquil peace, like  
that offered in compassionate love by the Great Creator's plan, for  
humanity's peace of life and comfort of mind.

Silvery shimmering palm fronds clicked a rhythmic rhyme,  
With their great pleated fingered arms stirred by frisky breezes joined  
singing calls of merry early morning greetings of varied tunes echoed  
across the garden's great canyons of shaded secret places, touch the inner  
sensitivity of human hearing,  
As if a hymn of peaceful softness, to calm the ache of loneliness of spirit,  
eager to communicate deep into the thoughts of this day, the perfectness of  
Nature's creation for the heart's spirit to celebrate.

Singing calls of merry varied tunes, chorused their harmonious  
early morning greetings that echoed across the garden's great canyons  
of shaded secret spaces, touched the inner sensitively of human's hearing  
as if a hymn of peaceful softness to calm the ache of loneliness of spirit,  
eager to communicate deep into the thoughts of this day,  
the perfectness of creation for the heart's spirit to celebrate.  
Circular sunlight yellow stimulated the visual mind's senses,  
Stirred the body's rhythm with a fire of intensity setting the blood's pulse  
racing, pushed the mind to impulses of being in the company,  
of something immensely soothing to the rapidly beating heart,  
pushed away the weight of not belonging, to one of ecstasy  
of being in safe comforting company of the Light.  
Gentle whispered rhapsody of the great pine's needles,  
whistling soothing sweet melodies uplifted the imagination,  
of being a part of the bluey sky, yet touching deep within the spirit's soul,

ideas of faraway views of giant white capped mountain tops  
sitting in a misty low level sea of cream blue mist,  
soothing the world below in the shadow of its great sky peaked spectacular  
throne.

Shy little serrated leafed trees rattled upon their brown sinewy branches,  
offered a tranquil word of welcome to the body working,  
clearing dried out death's refuge from companion gardens floor,  
lifted the cloak of lonesome thought to one of belonging to the vibrant living  
world.

Garden's gentle soothing sounds, emphasized a mystical presence,  
difficult to understand until the mind hears  
the extraordinary designed leafy world's intricate source of freedom's  
rhythms, in every leafy movement, created by the Master Musician of all  
created hearing life often hidden from the mind's inner view of happiness  
for busy people's blindness of Nature's gifts in their working days, like a  
special blessing musical prayer, offering to troubled mind's distracted in the  
hectic bustling of humanity trying to earn its daily bread, a moment's  
soothing comfort.

# VIGIL

Dainty acacias descendants from ancient times,  
delicate fern like leaves adorned with fresh fragrance of new day,  
lingered pale green branches protectively overhead,  
like great Wedgetail eagle parents, razor sharp hooked beaks and powerful  
wings  
of delicate feathered patterns, guarding their life fragile fledglings in silent  
vigil,  
to protect the fragile shy plants livelihood below from Nature's erratic  
patterns  
of weather soft and harsh.

Black slender branches, waved in the gentle caress of soothing air breezes,  
Teased minute reflective silvered green foliage,  
persuading it to part its frail filaments of tender fibre,  
allowing filtered slender golden beams of sunlight past to play little  
shadowy games,  
upon the fragile light pastel pink, creamy mix heart-shaped leaves of the  
little tree,  
hidden among the waist height native public shy thryptomenes.

Firmly set in its rounded ruby jeweled homely setting,  
among weather tarnished old gold curled leaves fallen from life of living  
grace,  
to the next life's duty of a carpeted abode,  
from this gorgeous plant's quietly living alcove.

Coating the grey granulated soil below with cooling coat of mature earthy  
colours.  
Covered the very core of this plants deeply hidden vital source of sustaining  
life.  
from public's gaze among the garden's gracious floral treasures,  
of elegantly robed tall slender shrubs, glossy deep green and bright  
tangerine,  
sent shivers of excited celebration through the visitor's soul,  
of their moment's close observation of gentle textures leafy robes.

Slivers of yellow lights aroused soft tones of pinks,

mixed with creamy white patterned leaves sent electric coloured impulses,  
racing through the depths of the mind,  
to ease calling thoughts cushioned in flimsy cotton wool softness,  
of tender emotions of love of God and His creations.

Yet how could this be for the quietly watching man?  
As if this dainty shrub's coloration in this secluded location,  
had somehow uncovered a vanity of hidden thoughts,  
triggered something deep within the soul that changed the eye's minds  
vision,  
with impulses charged by the changing foliage colours,  
like a flicker of ruby's gem stone lights,  
swirling about in turbulent seas of delicious succulent greens of vibrant life.

These tender colours poured into the creative inner sensitivity of the soul's  
mind, rejoiced at an experience of a beauty so sublime,  
set alight the very fiery depths of life's company of something extra special,  
inspired an insight of the sacred bubbling joy.

Frightening thoughts of a closeness of a company of glowing brightness,  
that speaks of the softness of a mysterious calming of the senses,  
like mind's perception of angel's intimate acquaintance with their colleague  
Creator.

Leaving humbled man's mind struggling, with a powerful thought of grace,  
like a deep prayer answered for a guiding path for life,  
with the gift of His and Nature's seasonal displays of divine power,  
within this garden's space of beautiful flora living formations.  
Relaxing in gentle mood of thanksgiving,  
for this moment's powerful glimpse or was it a dream,  
of the Creator's presence in a moment's seclusion  
in the splendor of the garden's scene.

Brilliant sun gloated yellow daisies, lifted their glorious sparkling heads,  
as if in prayer of adoration to the source of all life  
despite the ruffling effort of an easy teasing wind's breath distraction,  
to acknowledge the eye-blinding white power of energy's global sphere.

Stirred up the trees feathered inmates about the cozy soul's heart warming  
place,  
with their thankful cheering contentment at being participants  
in grace of gifts and abundant life, sustaining their shady homely havens,  
where they too could enjoy the pleasure that the man had,  
in mental praise and adoration had gained from continuing careful guarding  
vigil role, for another of their garden paradise's vibrant jewels bestowed  
by the Creator of these blessed gardens.



# PRAISE FOR IMAGES OF CREATION

There is a long tradition of poets as men and women who reflect wisely on the importance of nature. Chris Cypher's second collection of poetry, *Images of Creation*, places him firmly within that tradition. He is both a talented chronicler of the natural world and a sensitive interpreter of what is sensed and experienced. Nature furnishes Chris not only with words and images, but profound reflections on the nature of the human and the divine. Those poems are full of the riches and risks, the words and contemplations of the earth and the place of the human within those realms.

Alice Nelson, novelist and editor

Opening the pages of 'Images of Creation' is like exposing a secret path on which to step along, guided by nature. Entering the world of deep down root systems, to upward glances of creative beauty and activity.

Moving with the rhythm of the poetry, journey along a path of discovery where the Creator has tinted, decorated and coloured with artistic flare, natural hues and spiritual uplifts. Subtle shift in consciousness is an intentional move by the gifted words to bring to light the wonders of nature. Please indulge and set upon the Creator's pathway, its worth the journey.

Kate Tickner, Artist and Poet

Chris Cypher in his poetry witnesses that all of nature is fundamentally good and we are called to be involved because we are part of that reality. A vision that beholds the beauty and freshness of natural things as created by God and in which we see His awesome grandeur “Galileo saw nature as a book whose author is God.” Chris Cypher reads nature’s book and reflects on the awesomeness of God.

Des Hunter

The rich imagery Chris draws on to give expression to his experiences of creation offers the artist a palette of possibilities. Wonder, awe and delight saturate each reflection resulting in a breathless mix of colour, texture and tone – spilling the mystery of life into creation. The energy of style and language, free the imagination to wake up to the wonder of nature within our daily experiences. Chris’s reflections are for me a series of Paintings in the making.

Tricia Walsh

It is said that “a picture is worth a thousand words”. But I think that no picture could do justice to the scenes created in the mind by Chris Cypher’s words and turn of phrase. He has helped me to see the beauty around me daily and to identify God’s generous gifts. Keep writing down all you have been given to see and experience, and pass it on to those who don’t have your insight into the bigger picture of life.

David Nicholson

For me the poetry in “Images of Creation” are meditations on the stunning beauty of the natural things that we see, and yet don’t see, as we hurry through each day. As I read I find myself remembering those precious moments of wonder experienced as a child or when gardening or bushwalking. I recall moment when I stopped and suddenly saw, as if for the first time, a leaf, a drop of water, a spider’s web. Chris’s poetry is a celebration of creation which leads me to praise and thank God.

Michele Purcell,  
Catechist Education Consultant

# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

“Images of Creation” has demanded that I reflect deeper into the sources of my poems. This search has been greatly assisted by my work colleagues and friends. When my courage to publish this new book has flagged, these wonderful people have persuaded me to continue my efforts.

I have often been tempted to turn away from the responsibility, that beckoning force, which persistently draws my mind to acknowledge a gift offered.

No matter where I may be (sometimes reluctantly on my part) my heart is touched by a deep spiritual uplifting. It deepens my respect for that source of ideas that I endeavour to identify in my writing, the magnificence of the Creator’s gifts and love for humanity, reflected in the beauty of Nature.

I sincerely thank each of the following people who have continued to encourage me to produce this book.

David Nicholson, Kate Tickner, Vicki Tkacz, Dr Pina Ford, Tricia Walsh, Alice Nelson, Des Hunter, Col Hardiman, Michelle Purcell, Diedre Monck, Mary Retel, Jeff Durkin

The photographs in this book were taken by Kay Cypher

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Images of Creation was printed by Love of Books



The poems in Chris Cypher's second collection of poetry, *Images of Creation*, inhabit the margins and liminal spaces of the world – the line between earth and sky, the thin membrane that wavers between the human and the sacred. They reflect on the serious questions of faith and invite us to learn the language of the natural world and hear its message, reiterated in every sentient thing.

In a world where we often fail to pay attention, passionate observation is the luminous gift of Chris's writing – poems with clarity of detail, memorable music and deft linkages of human insight to the natural world, which he praises and loves with wide open heart and eyes.

Chris Cypher's sure-voiced poems possess intelligence and grace in equal measure and they explore, question, surprise and inspire in utterly distinctive ways. It is a tangible witness of our call to capture "the joy in the mystery of the created Universe."

Specific and grounded in the things of the world, yet winged with an imaginative mind, I commend *Images of Creation* to you.

Mary Retel  
Deputy Director of Catholic  
Education in WA

ISBN 978-0-7334-2609-4



9780733426094