



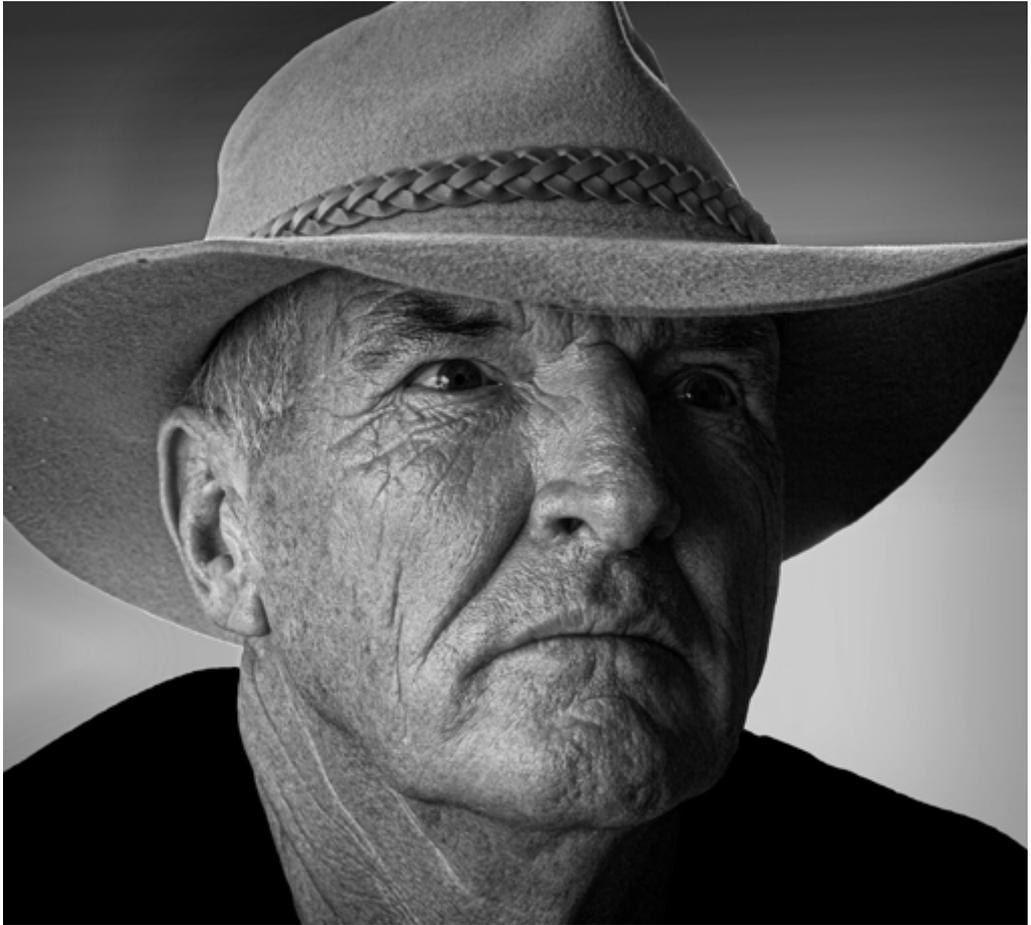
# SKITASH

Chris Cypher

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CONTEMPLATIVE POETRY

By Chris Cypher



**Christopher Jerome  
Cypher**

15.4.1945 – 8.3.2014

SKITASH

Chris Cypher

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To my beautiful wife and loving sons and daughters



# FOREWORD

*'Prayer is lived in the first place beginning with the realities of creation.'*  
(Catechism of the Catholic Church 2569)

Richard Rohr, a Franciscan priest once said that to be a poet you have to be a mystic. On the surface Chris appears to be a very practical and down to earth person but it is through his poetry that he reveals his other self and his relationship with nature. It is here that his mystic persona emerges and his closeness to God the Creator shines forth.

*'O how benevolent the Creator was this evening!'*  
(Evening Delight)

Like a prophet from the Old Testament there is a certain randomness to Chris' writing, but at other times there are glimpses of radiant connections, which capture our imaginations in his poetic descriptions.

*'Extraordinary twin-winged flyer of prehistoric era, clad in brilliant emerald tinged blue, created before humanity walked the Earth, treasures of ancient lineage iridescent in their daylight splendour.'*  
(Dragon Fly)

With the image of mystic and prophet in mind, I am pleased to write this forward for Chris' latest poetry book – 'Skitash'. I have known Chris for five years and have read many of his poems. I see the genius in the poetry he writes and admire the way that it flows from his heart. He said that this gift of writing poetry only came to him in recent times and the gardens that he has worked in have inspired much of what he has written.

Chris' inspirations have become so numerous that he has become a prolific writer of poetry. Of recent times he has turned his hand to writing about a more varied range of subjects including the following titles in his latest collection - 'Fire', 'FIFO' and 'Sugar Island'.

But his heart lies in nature and he still cannot resist the urge to be inspired by the wonderful natural world around him. He typifies the understanding of Jesus in this quote from Matthew's gospel.

*'... think of the flowers growing in the fields; ... yet I assure you that not even Solomon in all his regalia was robed like one of these...'*

*Matthew 6: 28,29*

Chris has received a rare gift; to be able to join himself to nature – to walk alongside the unseen God.

*'...the Creators love to touch the fibres of the old man's soul with calming peace...'*

*(Prayer's Answer)*

Chris has the ability to paint a scene of so many hues that not one moment in time is missed. Yet nature has a million moments every second calling out and waiting for Chris to capture. Out of the ordinary he sees the extraordinary. Chris sees what we don't. The angels whisper scenes into his mind and heart and he paints them. The speed at which scenes are cascading one upon another does not detract from Chris' capturing each one patiently in verse. The words Chris uses are dynamic and have a life of their own, dancing along with images – there is so much to tell. Yet all is reflected upon with fine detail and mesmerises the reader in images that make a kaleidoscope appear limited.

*'While he reflected on the darkness of the night, a shining light streaked across the sky bleeding its contents in greens, blues and violets.'*

*(Sky High Visions)*

Yet through all Chris' poetry there is serenity, which only a peaceful person can communicate. Chris to me is a gospel writer of nature. His writing is deeply spiritual and inspired. A person can only write like this with inspiration from above.

*'The Spirit of love hath rest upon him who sees the Creator's path weaved through the garden.'* (Unknown)

Chris knows nature intimately. He is open to the purpose of its journey but doesn't dwell on its explanation, as there is more to tell than to explain.

*'...the movement of the cherry blossom leaves were not a hindrance to the bees as they timed their motion with the rhythm of the wind.'*

(Unveiling the Wisdom of the Garden)

Chris reflects in many poems on the shortness of life and the return to the Maker; yet there is no sadness here but only anticipation to bask in the glory from above. Chris gives us this final insight in his poem, 'Predator', which focusses on his own journey with cancer; but even during that challenge his spirit is not deflected.

*'I smile at my every present merciless companion of death, aware I am saying, if that's your starting threat, well it is not enough; I'll walk away to my new day's life empowered with my Creator.'*

(Predator)

The joy in Chris' heart is in what he sees and can only be expressed fully in the words of Jesus in John's Gospel.

*'That you may have life and have it to the full.'* John 10: 10

I believe Chris lived his life in resonance with these words.

Rest in the Lord Chris.

Stephen Harris

March 2014

# INTRODUCTION

The book's title of 'Skitash' is an onomatopoeic word creation from the extraordinary sounds of hailstones smashing or you could even say slamming into the surface of the ocean. Most of my poetry originates from the sounds and images of creation experienced in the environment where you could be at one with nature.

It never ceases to amaze me how the natural world continuously offers me glimpses of beauty and the magnificent power of creation. I believe it is my God and Creator offering me the freedom of choice to accept and appreciate the amazing world in which I live. I would like to hope that my reflections will lighten up the reader's day for a moment.

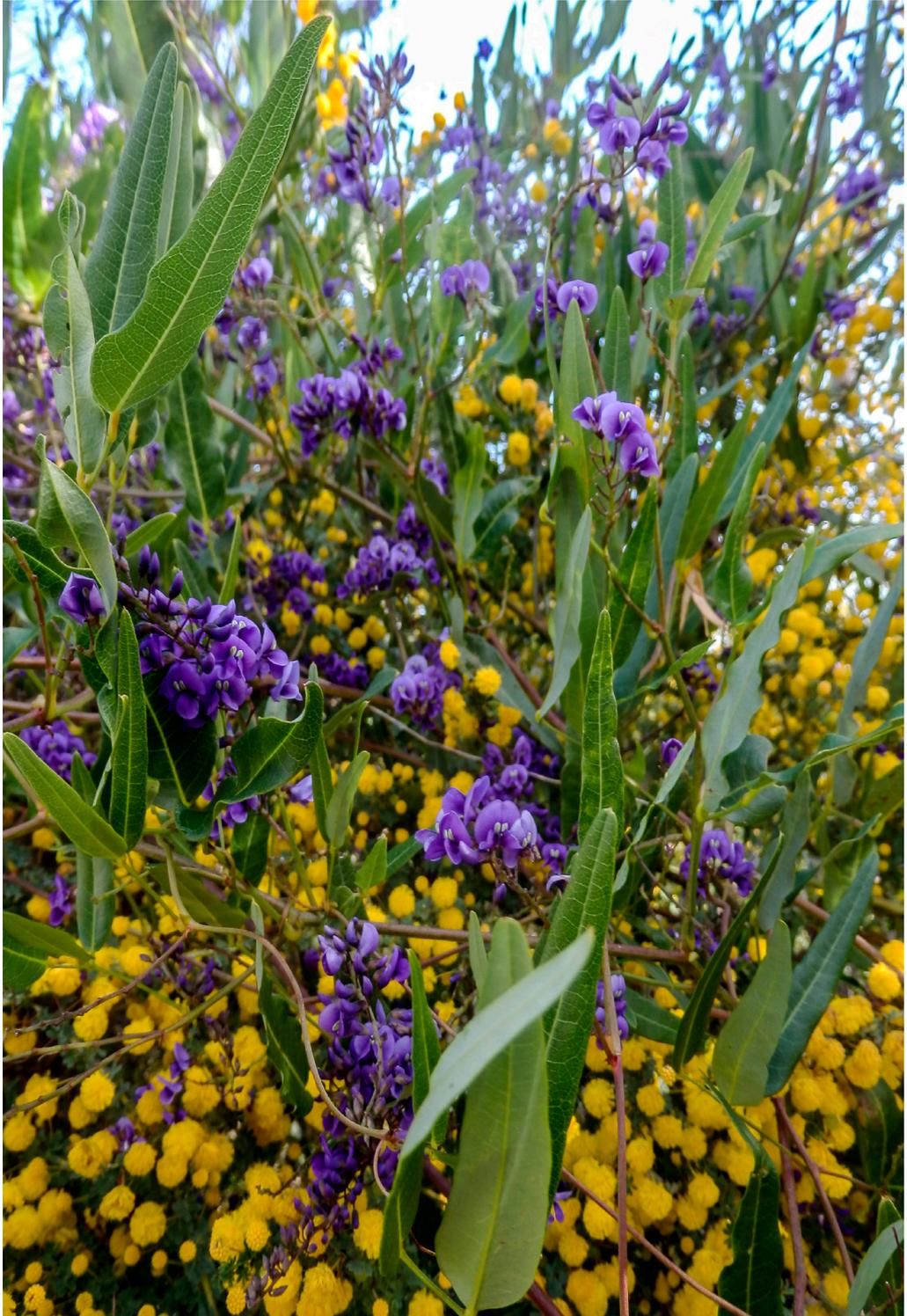
I have been exceptionally fortunate that I receive an amazing amount of challenges, peace, and joy from a source I am yet to fully understand. I try to translate my observations of the natural world in relation to human behaviour.

All the poems selected in this book revolve around a common theme: the unexpected events that occur in our lives. Human experiences and the whims of life are not entirely without parallels in the natural world. Within each poem is the potential to reveal some aspect of life that is about joy, happiness, illness and sadness. It is our choice as to how we respond to the unexpected events that occur in all our lives, all of which provoke the question: what is life all about?

The beauty of an early morning's sunrise on a wet day, the stirring of a dragonfly's wings over still crystal blue waters, surely give us the enjoyment of being alive. This was my experience with Skitash, as I watched the children enjoying themselves gathering the hailstones to hurl at each other after a sudden storm.

I hope readers receive something special from these poems that stimulates their senses, makes them aware of the wonder of being alive, and to enjoy the extraordinary in everyday life.

Chris Cypher



# ACCEPTANCE

Reflected pink lustre from red centred Geraldton Wax blooms, tickled the soul's delight with the glory of shimmering sunlight, smiled with pleasure at sun's gentle caress. It nodded a friendly hello at companion's smiling pea-shaped face aglow, portrayed in radiant burnt orange and brown lipped egg and bacon plant. Acknowledged nearby waxy blooms billowing like little sails, teased by gentle eddies shaking all the splendid red-spotted foliage, in the little enclosure of the sun baked haven.

He wondered if this dainty plant realised its unique situation, he wondered whether humanity could ever accept the different peoples in their community, as displayed so serenely by this European wild plant. Growing contentedly among these tough Australian bush colleagues, it had weathered the same harsh growing condition and challenges, in the limey black sandy earth and had survived like its companions.

It seemed to accept its uniqueness among its diverse neighbours, happily enjoying the friendly warmth of Spring time's sunlit day. Hoping like its neighbours that nature may provide just a few more days, of caressing raindrops to add extra nurturing to the bush's sandy soil.

Yet all was not inclusive, for standing alone was the glorious emerald green stranger, in graceful elegance posed, so different from all its surrounding companions, wiry and slender the native Sheoak seemed to ignore the foreign presence. Gorgeous fragrant lacy leaf, elegant and undisturbed among its wild flower friends, simply enjoyed its place in this special little enclave in this little bushland setting.

The delicate undergrowth filigree pattern of intricately woven thread,  
like a skilled lace maker's needle work finest green hues,  
attracting the attention of the inquisitive bushwalker's imagination, its tall  
brown-grey stems like slender long fingers skywards, pointing to heaven  
as if in prayer to its Creator for an unchallenged place of safety, among its  
virile companions.

# ARALUEN SPRING

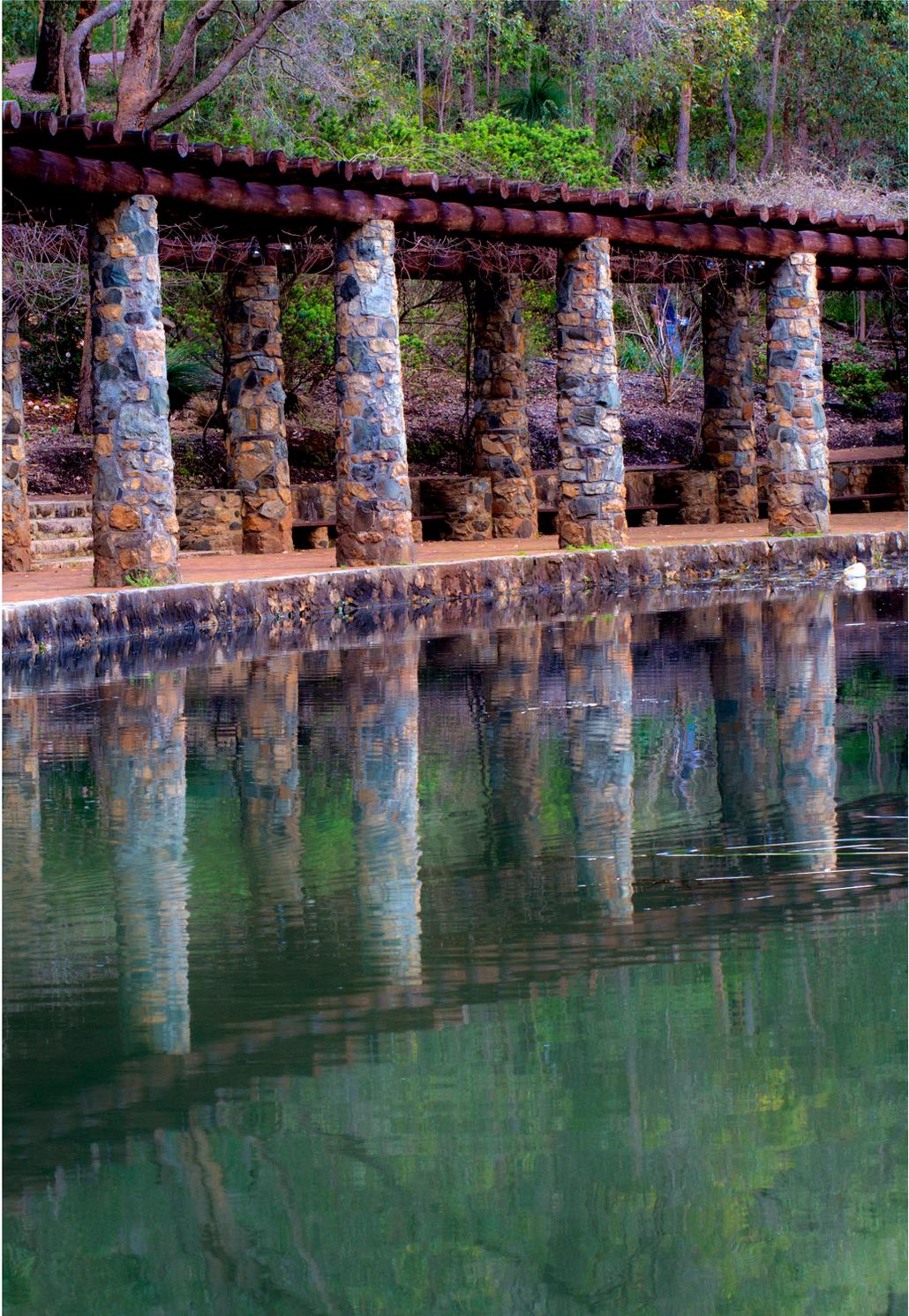
Long curved green fern tree frond, canopy shaped like ancient carved angry Maori God, grabbed at early morning's clear blue sky captured the observer's eye with easy glee, sorted vision's clarity tangled between strands of ruptured delicate brown-green and filigreed blues, with grey-toned sunlit cloud shadows, while beneath its droopy adorned tipped fronds, children laughed and dodged little showers of droplets upon their clothes and bodies, shook their arms in delight to discharge their wet visitors and then, carefree charged across little weather worn wooden bridge, leaving laughing echoes behind and disappeared among pink flowered branches along brooks edge.

Exquisite large winged Monarch butterfly rose above, caressing the air with its fragile wings in an erratic higgledy-piggledy flying course, mind teased both casual sitting coffee drinking people's eyes and colour flowers as it passed. Alighting unexpectedly in ad-hoc fashion upon numerous coloured tulip blooms, even ruffled tall elegant blossoms of yellow, red, white and red poppy flowers, bathing in the warming morning's sun light beams.

Dashing between new Spring's tree leaves and mysterious shadowed little valleys, where little babbling water course careered downhill, from the decorative terraced water falled garden, finished its journey in a glorious rippling pool of shadowy water, where invisible frogs chorused the joy of the eruption of Spring's colour.

Little ducks added their paddling feet rippled pattern upon the fresh water lake, aided by brooks gurgling white-frothed water crashing down rocky waterfalls, did not disturb the surface of the popular reservoir no longer used by long distance travellers.

Anxious to capture the amazing image of the silent pool's beauty,  
where beneath a strong current of icy water made its way to its spillway,  
creating whisper waters that cascaded over its purpose-built wall,  
to continue to recall its past glory of happy picnic parties in the park's cold  
shaded concourse.



# AUTUMN'S FIRST RAINS

Little feathered beauty of the sky where is your countenance today?  
Does the flashing light of clouds at play frighten you?  
Where are you hiding your round untidy fluffy black and white being?  
Somewhere among the security of your protective treed foliage home,  
insulated with down to reduce the crash of thunder's voice.

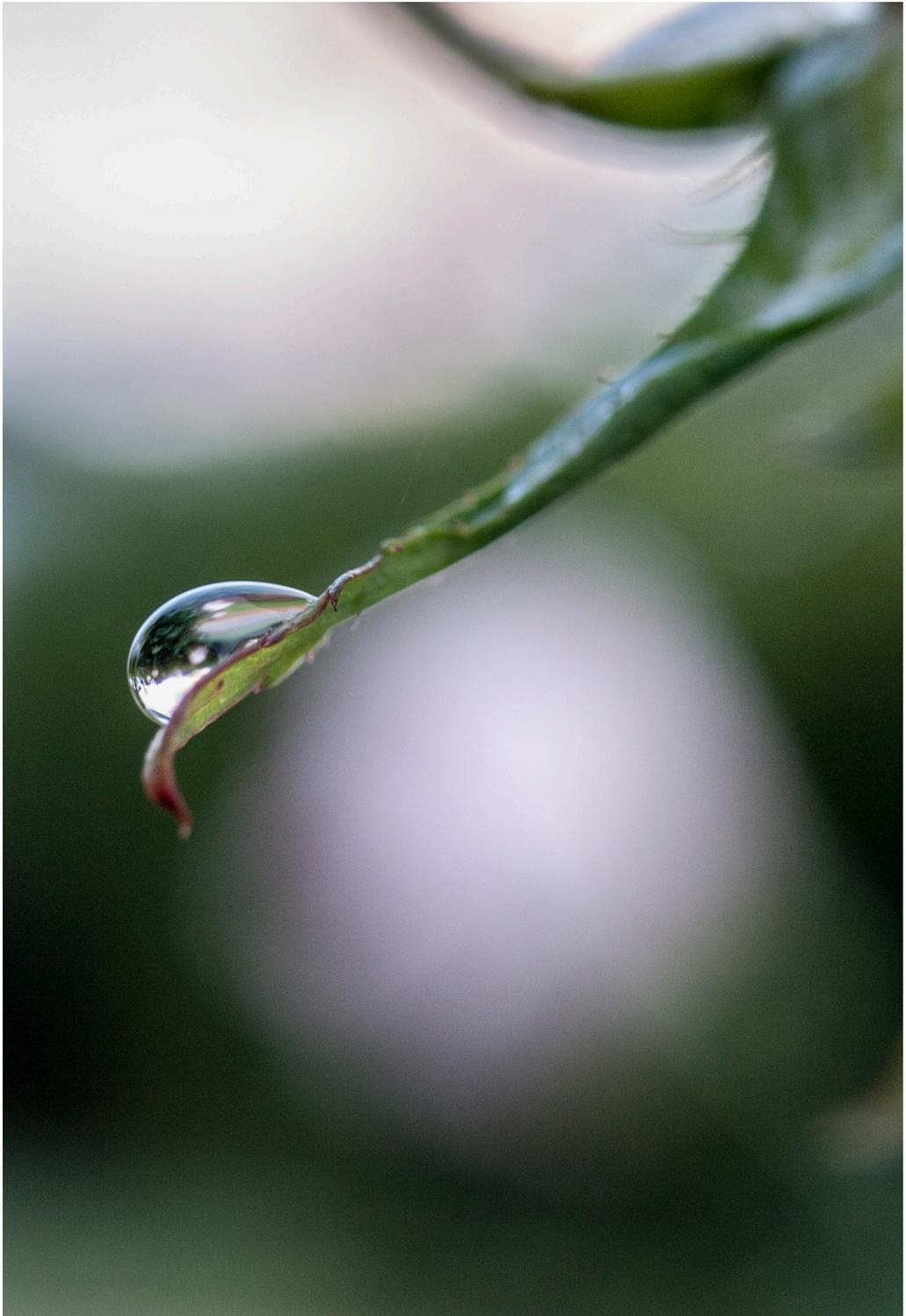
Chocolate-purple foliaged Sheoak and little pitted wooden fruit, attached to golden-lime tipped petioles, flicked about in storms building crescendo of noise, patted down by falling splatters of unrestrained new day's raindrops. Crystal clear water globules dangling from pointed leaf tips, despite ebony mantle that tried to deflect their joy, set the mind's imagination alight at the incredible clarity of blue-grey eucalypts, hibiscus and conifers lining the dark floored roadway.

Jagged flashing lines of lightning's power playing across black clouds, stirred the harmony of night's dwindling darkness and dawn's full awakening horizon's scene, did not hide the stark beauty of deep sky blues in jagged outlined holes in the sky. Sun was deterred by rain cloud's effort to darken out its silent beauty of energy's colours, sliced across the black ruffled sky with pink tinged lemon streaks of glories sunlight. Changed the colours of the world to the human soul and mind's delight with thunder's music, broke up the morning's silence with the excitement of Nature's powerful creativity.

A crash of cloud above broke the spell of dreamy thoughts of day's clear beauty, among the true splendor that makes the earth's plant world so soothing to the soul, lifted the human spirit for the love of the Creator and human existence, that remains so unpredictable and guides the precious Earth among the celestial bodies.

The rainfall began to ease and rumblings ceased their loud report. Oh foolish man I am, for making the assumption from fear that haunts the human mind, being apprehensive and scared of Nature's unpredictable rumblings. Little Robin held no such inhibitions, skimmed across the tops of drippy green leafed lawns dodging rain drops, flashed among the glistening leaves of pre-season blotches of red flowers, popped out from the silver sheen surface of the skinny pointed wet Callistemon leaves, joined sky larking Wattle birds bathing in the cool delights of the Autumn's first rains.

These birds flashed past the yellow sunflower bushes great bowed blooms, joyfully offered reverence to the life sustaining wetness of Nature's refreshing water, celebrated little streams soaking around garden plant roots, soothing thirsty bodies, while little birds seemed to be impersonating heavenly angels demonstrating their spiritual blessing, lifting their beautiful yellow-black faces to acknowledge, their Creator in full thanks to fulfil their roles in Nature's living plan.



# CHANGE

Coral Bush's glory tubular red blooms, dabbled lazily in air's vast lagoon didn't leave ripples to stir the air, across Marl sealed limestone path, round Dandelion puffed flowers disintegrating, appearing bare, vulnerable to the sun's UV rays without its protective fluffy fancy hats. Vision rushed to grasp the last moments of minute black and silver seeds, before they cascaded to earth's glittering silicon grain scattered floor, quivered in day's light final touch before death's stillness made its final call, gentle reminders of new season's approaching preparation for changing outlooks.

Imposed indelible joyful imprints upon mind's thoughts of nature's exotic ploys, like the jolt to the senses of unexpected sky blue day's change, set the soul trembling like fire's blaze that ignites the inner spirit's joy, invigorates the body and soul to bubble and vibrate with excitement, of being in the presence of the living spirit of God in our worldly habitat, cheeky grey-white cloud invades the precious space of light, darkening the moment of the soul's exhilaration of life's unexpected excitement, changed in a fraction of a moment in the bush's tangled beauty.

Walker rounded sharp track's corner, eye's pupils widened in astonishment, stunned at bushland's incredible transformation, only a few weeks ago it had been a landscape of glorious brilliant yellow bloomed circles. Prickly Moses blooms entwined abundantly in purple tendrils of Native Wisteria. Human spirit thrilled by exquisite collusion of perfectly balanced harmony, of silence, shapes, fragrances, shadows and multiple colours of the vast variety of bush flowers.

Mind's image of the past, changed to a silent meadow of red-brown, like an artist had lost the plan for a beautiful painting and splashed the paints creating a haphazard bushland scene that challenged the observer's mind, at the extraordinary speed Nature could change an environment.

Yet an incredible display of taller weather resistant plants towered unscathed, old grey roughed bark, serrated edge leafed Banksia trees, easy companions of majestic age old Xanthorrhoea grass-tree, habitat of the rarely seen amazingly bright coloured Rainbow Bee Eater, quietly watched the great flower spike spearing effortlessly upwards like pointers to heaven, waiting for its daily food among the sticky white flowers ensuring its survival, in the bushy environment of northern suburbs Star Swamp nature reserve.

Square-shaped long-leafed skirts of vivid green grass trees dangled almost to the ground, offered shade for undergrowth plants and creatures seeking shade from the sun's heat, height emphasising its confidence of life's survival in almost any seasonal change. If fragile vulnerable bushland is set afire by wilful irresponsible minded arsonist, its dried tough grass-like foliage skirt will burst asunder with spectacular ferocity, creating intense heat flashing red-orange and black oil blooms.

These incredibly spectacular consuming flames will have little growth inhibiting effect, upon its resilient internal insulated core, deep within its massive thick black trunk, simply awaits the passing of natural time and regrowth appears in green sprigs in Spring, no wonder humanity is awed at the Creation's amazing seasonal changing power.

# CIRCLE OF LIFE

The smile caught the heart and exposed the experience of life's excitement, it kindled the contact of spirit between human soul's presence alike, that left one wondering, what was it that made this man so amiable and unforgettable to all he met?

A radiant face that left an indelible impression upon the mind, of the beauty of daily life's extraordinary experiences of living, sharing the excitement of making his acquaintance in one's daily working life, embossed upon the mind the image of his charismatic friendly smiling face, no matter what daily challenge life encountered.

Whether anxiety, weather, work conditions or wobbly body, he persisted in an endeavour to prove to himself and others, that life was like a circle that came around with highs and lows each day, a constant positive thought could overcome whatever confronted him, he'd meet that challenge with psychological power of positive thought, exerted an amazing practical determination to turn whatever task got in his way, with a sheer drive of smiles and strong example of human effort.

He'd give it a go, and all would be well! Genuine humanity was his strength, his gift to stir one's spirit to unite with the inner soul, Brad shared this special self that made a statement of appreciation, a happiness he offered as a sign of friendship to any person he met.

All who were lucky to meet this extraordinary man of the garden, could always perceive the inherent gift of his creative ability to make plants grow, when finally they showed their colourful beauty. No matter what the weather's efforts to diminish the work ethic, enshrined in whoever saw his work, acknowledgement in human life's evolution, not unlike the cycle of a plant's life, not unlike a unique mysterious experience of the intricacies of human existence in the universe.

So it was no wonder that all wept inwardly, when Brad went to his Creator. Left behind an image of his shining smile that seemed to keep all ills away, affected all who had been touched by his charismatic and positive thoughts, were deeply moved by his departure from this earthly abode, to the final peaceful gentle resting place of the earth's bosom, completing his journey of the circle of life, enshrined by his workmates in a colourful garden shrine, to celebrate his vibrant powerful pursuit of life's mysterious gift.

# COUNTRY BIRDS

Splintered sun beams bounced among the fete's stalls, voices, gongs and drums reverberated among the glorious Silver Birch's leaves, reflective ginger-brown streaks of bark offer amusement to the mind, sound faintly subdued among the twisted low tree branches still irritated the ears, of the silent seated figure seeking solitude beneath shady boughs. Eager eye watched children and their young mum wishing to obtain colour paper snakes, to decorate with designs or simply drag around on thin string behind. They rambled among the garden beds and wood chip paths, winding around the Organic Farmer's country fair's welcoming environment.

Cheeky Wattle bird rattled its call from the flower's pink-tipped green leaves, laughed at unseen twittering feather friends hiding among low tangle shrubbery, curious mind hoped that the secret caller from the slanted sunlit leaves, would be the exquisite turquoise-blue Margaret River Wren, to grace the shaded nook, with its flittering beautiful blue shaded slender tail often seen in local wineries by dining guests, hopping merrily upon old deck chair's weathered armrest entertaining the visitors.

Man sat watching shadows slipping about the grounds in dreamy patterns, flipped from orange, violet, pink and white flower bloom displays, listened contentedly to enhancing music that calmed the weary soul with peace, in the gentle atmosphere of brown-orange blooms girding the green grassed amphitheatre, where the rare metal birds \*Webb Baby Bearing did not sing in glorious tune but regally gazed in solitary isolation, seriously guarding its realm.

The steel bird did not respond in same to Wattle birds chuckled challenge from its treed domain, but stood quietly on its perch in sharp pointed beaked dignity. Wattle bird nodded its red head in acceptance of the silent bird's presence. It showed feathered flight prowess, that this metal bird could not imitate, flittered away into nearby bowed branch continued its calking, with its colleague in safety among the sticky white sprigs of a native Peppermint.

Man's face creased with a satisfied smile at Nature's creatures ability to be accepting, of the unexpected in its natural habitat, contemplated which bird's life would be remembered long in history, perhaps people would remember the time when the unusual bird like figure created from the genius of human artistic mind, once stood among the native plants and gardens to harmonise in shape at least, with Creation's feathered occupants of the gorgeous bushy coloured garden.

An amazing message seemed to stir the old man's mind, that could be imitated in human society to make the day's activities memorable, a peaceful and accepting philosophy of something different within cosmopolitan life, perhaps easier to achieve in the peaceful serenity of the bushy environment, of the slowly changing character of the Margaret River township, with its less bustling life style and amiable weather patterns.

*\*Written permission given to the poem writer by Mr Justin Webb to use his artist name and sculpture's title in this poem.*

# DECEPTION

Dainty white yellow-centred faces smiled upward to the sky, waved at royal purple full spring blooms of native Wisteria, watching quietly in Banksia tree's dappled shade, as gorgeous filigree lace-like foliage exquisite patterns gleamed, in morning's dewy fine silken thread dressings, little secretive brown garden spider's web quivered in day's gentle breath, while flowers sparkling with vitality perched on minute stems, guarded cute hairy green spike-filled seed pods, awaiting their call to open and spill their vicious contents.

Dog-walking man observed their beauty, had knowledge of this bloom's deception, wondered at Nature's reason to create such a beautiful flowered plant, yet its fruit created such pain for playful carefree bare feet children and canines, enjoying pleasure in public parks, street verges and suburban lawn areas, yet this foreign plant located in the little bush garden environment, deceived the unwary with its pretence of being a native wild flower bloom.

Spring's delightful warmth opens up this cute little hairy seed pods, gentle breeze's assistance quiet generously delivers its spiteful seeds to any surface, of multitude skin piercing little spikes inflicting pain to any unwary unprotected foot, complements of the notoriously enticing flowering Bindi-Bindi herbaceous plant. Each little seed pod's purpose seems to have been achieved, in preparation for the parent plant's death in the heat of Summer's hot sun, yet waits patiently for new Spring's season to reappear.

Like the wily biblical Jezebel hid her true character from unwary kings, ordinary human mind and vision are seduced by the fragile pretty flowers and foliage, perhaps Nature created this little plant to challenge the human mind's thoughts. What is its true purpose upon the earth? A subtle message of the diversity of Creation's living beings, not unlike the inevitable question people ask, why bad things happen? Unwraps the constant philosophical debate of whether our Maker has forgotten us.

Yet every day wonderful things happen that balance the equation, not to forget the promise, but use our amazing intellect to contemplate, when we see such dainty innocence among colourful flowering bush companions, it's so similar to challenges in our every day life, not always what it appears to be!

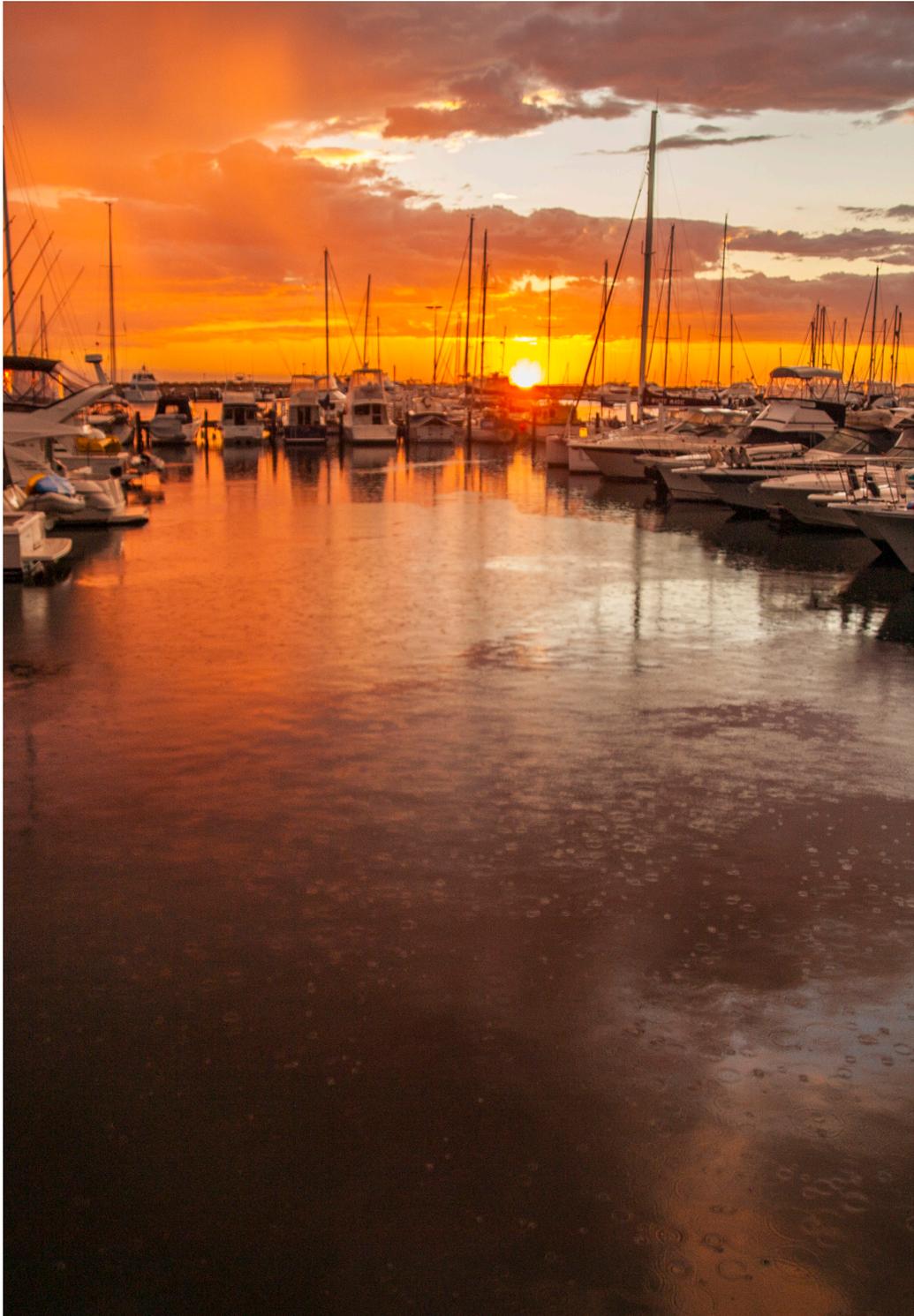
# DRAGON FLY

Extraordinary twin-winged flyer of pre-historic era, clad in brilliant emerald tinged blue, created before humanity walked the Earth, treasures of an ancient lineage iridescent in their daylight splendour, gently touch outspread purple veined leaves edging the pond, caressing plants along the clear blue lake waters, delighting visitors with their daring colourful flight, flapped their delicate wings acknowledging the privilege of their role, in maintaining the wonder lush green, blue and white of the watery kingdom.

Bubbly white water, like lacy works of artistic patterns, caressed beautiful green fern water plants as they cascaded freely along aquatic paths, gurgling with enthusiastic song and little waves of crested white, tumbled down caverns of rocky cliffs to plunge unheeded, into crystal clear ponds surrounded by an amazing array of stalked plants, that bowed at their little pressured stems, then silently straightened up, trout gently cruised below the clear surface hoping for a feed from the plunging water.

Fluttering exquisite little dark blue butterflies teased the vision's senses, fluttering bright wing rhythms steadied little fragile bodies in breeze's whimsical thrust, momentarily held gently, body touch of landing upon tall waterside leaves and white shy blooms, then arose to tickle the surface of the next plant offered photographers a brief opportunity, to record their presence before fluttering off to shadowed water's low edged camouflaging shrubs.

White lace blooms swayed to the little breezes gentle wafting down the valleys, cast their intricate patterns displayed in sunlight beams upon the gravelly pathways, invited little yellow centred wild daisies to perform coordinated choreographed dance, to share their delight to be among the pink fuzzy topped flowers, decorating the windy pathway edges that enclosed the magnificent scenario, of ternald and sapphire lakes and delicate filigree patterned waterfalls, in the ancient Dalmatian country's beautiful inland lakes environment.



# EMERALD FIELD

Distant misty pink-blue shaded horizon emphasised the city's beauty, square architectural buildings attempted to pierce the sky's height, early morning's sun glitter reflected from their glass visages set the mind joy's alight, pretty pink-grey circles enclosed the glory of Creation's vista, awoke a gentle tremble that loosened up the heart's glow, roused the Life's Spirit to wonder free across the open spaces of lilac dappled landscape.

Vision caught the glimpse of gorgeous softness of the grass' greens, like the brilliant dazzling flashes of an emerald gemstone when exposed to energy's light, strikes the Soul's spirit like a penitent's prayer answered by the Divine God, opened up the thoughts to the fantastic flash of teasing emotions, stirred by the mystic influence of the emerald field's energy influence upon the psyche, creates a fuzzy feeling to thrill the body's emotions of deep responses to stimulation, like the fingers tip touch from a rabbit's soft fur, amuses the mind to think of love's gift that touches the human's inner being.

Lifts the soul's spirit to the touch of the Creator's presence in our daily life, causes the face's muscles to crease to a glorious acknowledgement expressed in a smile, that can set alight the spiritual communications between strangers and lovers alike, yet the dream remained strong behind the mind's eye, the depth of the deep green fields influence upon the heart, suggested ageless beauty that stimulated the soul to drift and the mind to remember, absorbing the essence of the moment of soul's pure blissful blessed peace.

Spirit drifted purposefully across the space of time and distance, danced among the enchantment of the lilac-pinks, misty tinted silver white beams of energy's glow, joined that magic moment of thoughts rejoicing at the unexpected jolt of understanding, that freed the human spirit from

its body form constriction, like the figment of the imagination of an angel's countenance in the distant cloud's shadow.

Thoughts floated on the rhythm of nature's soft morning airs emerald green hues, leaving the mortal body to enjoy the tremble of ecstatic excitement of memory's exhilaration, a subtle experience of an answer to the age-old psychic question's humans forever ponder, and its special place in the unlimited time of the divine power of the Universal Creator's influence, to benefit the inquisitive human intellectual for definitive answers to the puzzle:

What is life all about?

# EVENING DELIGHT

Western horizon's golden sunset beams quietly bid farewell to day, pure molten yellow orange shards of light flickered at a multitude of angles, as if a broken mirror being held to the sky bounced beams off huge slate like clouds, reflected the Creator's coloured glory to excite the inner soul at light's power, northern sky's face was ugly deep grey-blues threatening rain upon the Earth's dry surface.

Yet not a drop did touch where the families stood gazing at the extraordinary cloud show, children's gasps joined the distant mumble of the grey upside down white tipped clouds, shaped like the love-heart butterfly sea shell opened to show their tender white souls, created amazing patterns that stimulated the mind with artistic shapes, grey wisps of cloud imposed upon the dark grey-blue thunder rumbling background sky, sprinkled with dazzling flashes of pure white lightning streaks that raced across the horizon, spoke to the soul's spirit with loud rumbling welcome to the evening's display, nature held the imagination of all present with its silver-white sky show.

A startling flash of blue-white forked lightning accompanied by a tremendous clap of thunder, sent a tremor of fear through every viewer's heart at the awesome exhibition of power the noise spiked an adrenalin thrill to the human soul's spirit and stirred a moment of pensive emotion to alert the mind: Oh, how benevolent the Creator was this evening! There were no ominous signs of orange dancing tongues of flame from lightning strikes, from the distant tinder-dry hinterland behind the huge white northern coastal sand hills.

A huge colossus of rough ruffled cloud rose above the black-blue lightning etched sky, as the massive combination of upside down clouds like the quiet edged butterfly leaves of the Bauhinia tree, moved slowly across from the north away from the ocean to the eastern horizon, perhaps offering that evening a coolness with perhaps a splatter of rain.

While this attracted the mind's eye across the ocean in the distant fading gold to grey of day, rain fell in gorgeous silent columns into the exquisite deep emerald greens of the night's ocean, the waves carried on their rhythmic patterns despite the turmoil above their watery domain, curved turquoise green blues with dark angled tops rolled across the bay to the shore, caressed the sand, created little cliffs where eager little black yellow billed sea birds, snapped at sea worms exposed by the crumbling sands edges and seagulls flutter overhead, waiting for one of these birds to drop a morsel they could grab away to eat.

Southern sky still held the delicate light blue of early evening fading to quiet greys, farewelled the excitement of the day as the warm land began to cool, northern sky's air's turbulent invisible currents sent cooled air along the beach front, offering peaceful blessings allowed night's sounds to take their rightful place in calm darkness, of the sky's domain of the Southern Hemisphere resting, as our planet cruising through its appointed course among the celestial bodies of the universe.



# FIFO WORKER

He'd placed his mug of coffee carefully on the table, he chose his seat carefully nowhere near a work mate, as if he required the exclusion of a great deal of personal space, then placed his cup upon the table and slowly drew back his seat and sat.

Gazed across the table as if in melancholy thought, watched the sunlight play shadow games that dance around the glass panelled departure lounge, his brow creased on his young face as his stare becomes more intense. Scarecrow wrinkles across his young face made him look haggard, as if he was in deep stress at new day's turn, young though his body showed the signs of strain, made him appear aged beyond his years, maybe he was tired as many of his elk showed similar appearances, caught between his contracted duties and his own personal needs.

Twinkling light suddenly reflected a flash of gold gleam from a finger on his left hand, maybe he was worried for a love one and found today's departure untimely in his world, or he'd had to leave a family of children again, knew he had the task of renewing their loved companionship, when he returned from his distant work place in a few week's time.

Gaunt look upon his face spoke to my conscious spirit across the room, Dare I, sent him a silent spirit prayer from my own God, I don't know whether he got it but his expression didn't change, that was not unexpected as prayers are not always acknowledged to our understanding, I hoped it helped as his inner spirit grappled with whatever occupied his mind.

Hazel eyes didn't seem to reflect that joy of soul's spirit or enthusiasm for the day, that spoke the unwritten state of mind's worries or happiness with life, dull expression showed the loss of that gleam of contentment or lost companionship, or simply was the concern for his work reflected upon his face, that takes all one's power and concentration to ensure the jobs done well, or maybe a glitch in a relationship was taking all his will power, whatever the situation, he waited quietly for the time to pass and board his plane to whisk him away.

White light flashed above the departure lounge room's door frame, he stood and stretched his body to alert, gathered up his small black bag of possessions, effortlessly strode across the room joined the quickly lengthening line of fellow passengers, had their boarding passes checked disappeared through the door out into the day's new fresh light, but I could not let go of the need to offer him a farewell prayer, as I lost sight of that young Fly-In, Fly-Out worker starting his flight to his distant work's site.

# FINAL MOMENTS

Day seemed so ordinary without charm or inspiration to the mind, eyes searched for cause to loosen the bonds of life's anxieties, caught the graceful petals fall, its final fleeting moments of adding joyful colours beautiful to life's wonder, thoughts became hypnotised by the gentle rhythm of its swaying motion, its colour changing in shades as it added diverse hues to the wonder of the floral environment, in its descent in such exquisite floating side-way rocking movements in streams of invisible breeze.

Soul stirred within, recognised the freedom of human mind to appreciate the Creator's presence, the uplifting wonder at Nature's astonishing simple message often missed, but a little prayer to the Spirit of Life calms the troubled thoughts, watching this little fragment of passing life continue its rhythmic fall, cast free from its security of its great greeny high home, drew thoughts of prayerful images of the beautiful fragility of all Creation's living beings, a strong reminder of the vulnerability of human existence in our earthly habitat, of life's inevitable return to the sacred resting place of the Earth's embracing bosom.

Entranced by the vision of the noiselessly gossamer soft movement, the little leaf finally touched tenderly upon the welcoming Earth's surface, trembled a moment in final throes of life's journey upon ground's grassy tips, made its final impression upon the world's scene and in conclusive silent farewell lay still. Glamorous Asteraceae perfectly shaped toned in shadowy hues of butter yellow, smiled in sympathy at the little blooms' demise watched the fading purple figure so alone, silently began its next phase of death's return to dust in friendly sun's Autumn day's warmth. This simple scenario of final moments life drew the observer's thought to contemplation.

Dreamed such a softness of finality for the mystery of the end of life's vitality, to prepare for the journey of death's finality would be as graceful and peaceful, as the precious descent of the little petal's soft descent from on high, to the human ceremonial ritual for life's departure from our beloved earthly abode, hopeful to enjoy the ever restful company of his Creator's presence.

# FIRE

Spitting, sparkling, twirling flashing sparks of red hot embers leapt skywards, from a crucible of deep red rosette like a Camellia bloom, wet pine and old time jarrah woods sizzled in the heat of the fire's intensity, demonstrating to the seated watchers the potential awesome power of fire, the fourth member of the elements of Nature established by the Creator.

Challenge the mind's imagination and the body's physical capacity to deal with threat, yet a source of benevolent benefit to human kind's survival, deadly potential when unleashed by carelessness or by Nature's whim, to cause death and destruction swiftly in the flash of an eye in the chosen moment of unleashing, when it escapes the harness of cautious tendering and controlled environment.

Black topped red hot coals offered imagination a moment of playful thoughts, crocodile scaled tail patterns not unlike the Bobtail's armour teased the mind cracked seams suggested chunks of flake fish flesh when a slice of Albacore splits when cooked, appeared among the beauty of linked gold design of red-orange tongues of fire, licking hungrily among the black of heated coal before the next piece of wood, flung into the fire scatters the bed of heat to begin again to consume the wood, producing the heat to keep all of the watchers warm on the cool Spring night, under the stars at Lancelin.

Quiet words of past memories shared beneath the starry heavens arouse thoughts, of funny situations from individual's life experiences raise a chuckle amongst all present, as thought joined the fiery patterns of sparks splashing in the darkness of the night, laughter tickled the night's air to add merriment to the collective happy group, stirred happy thoughts of gratefully shared humorous stories, each soul shared the joy of the Creators generosity of Spirit, allow all gathered around the warming fire to

share the gift of peace, embracing this family community to enjoy the tranquillity of the silent night, with the freely flickering red embers of the fire.

Spark showers carried the human soul within its warm embrace, celebrated the freedom of experience and intimacy of the mystery of Nature's influence, somehow included in the columns of red sparks and the black of the night's sky, seemed to sooth the soul in the companionship, enjoying the mirth of shared experiences that make the fabric of our lives so special, shared among those we love in the limited time we have upon this amazing planet Earth.



# FLUTTERY CLOUD

Exquisite minute creatures fluttered and exhilarated in their moment of vital life, enjoying every second of their short life-span. Amazed the mind how they never collided, incredibly they twirled and looped about each other weaving the joys of their daily lives, as we humans, like these incredible vibrant jewels of the sky unaware of their vulnerability, began to succumb to that time when we experience the thought and sadness of being called away, astounded their Earth bound observer's imagination of their existence in the pattern of life, for tomorrow's New Year Day may see their demise from this earthly world, like an omen of a prayer for a new future answered in the silence of the bush.

Contorted about the sky in a cloud-like formation, silently celebrating their hope for the rejuvenation of their species, as the Willy Wag Tail as if by special call, alighted upon the green Mort Tree's weathered leaves, left their new life eggs in little crevices and flew away, in joyful celebration to continue their time exploring the wonders of their world till the end, dependent on the rhythm of Nature's generosity and the reality of life's historical cycle.

Short life span of time to create their continued line didn't seem to worry them, as in carefree behaviours rejoined their kin and continued to entertain the observer, who only wished with a quiet personal prayer to the Creator to grant them peace, their efforts to multiply to perform their future role in nurturing Earth's environment.

Wattle birds and Honey-Eaters flashed by adding extra colours, did not attack them within their moving mass, simply went about their business, chasing fluffy brown Bush Moths careless enough to break their camouflaged cover, to supplement their diets while in amazing feats of aeronautical skills, the Willy Wag Tails patiently waited for them to land

upon the ground, twittered loudly as they eagerly grabbed and consumed them fresh where they were caught.

Slickerty click, rhythm teased the ears and alerted the mind's eyes, saw the slippery waxy silver shimmer of sun kissed tender slivers of Eucalyptus leaf, flicked about by the rising flow of fresh salty fragrant breezes, older weathered dusty broad mature leaves joined with their harmony of sounds, clicking rustling as they too chose to celebrate the new life shoots enjoying freedom to dance, in a moment of newborn delight, like children showing off their new life skills to their adoring loving parents.

Perched above the sandy old leafed patterned bush soil, blue-grey eyes watched, honey birds lazily flutter from clusters of creamy-white flowers feasting on their honey sweet nectar, while the Willy Wag Tails slowly picked their meal from old fence pales and tree crevices, human mind pondered their calls of elation for the bounty of food to nourish their lives, especially in the heated last days of the year's Summer's December days, dreamed of the delight of bird's flying among the jostling leaves and boughs of the trees, to enjoy their freedom granted by the Creator in the light of day's blessings.

High above the amazing butterflies created their own artistic patterns despite the wind's force, like a prayerful blessing to calm the soul's spirit enjoyed the sun beams reflected mango blush, mixed with fawns of their fragile little wings to cause the observer to sigh deep inside. Oh how beautiful their silent tribute to the awesome magic of Nature's gifts, that touched the essence of the human spirit with the excitement of being.

# IVAN'S COUNTRY

Silent time enveloped the olive tree line rock paths, horn like Carob seeds dangled in confusion from high above, tried to whisper history's trials and tribulations among the hillside's tangled foliage, but eyes could not avoid the great bulk of one remaining hardwood tree, that had survived the years without destruction among the deep green leaves.

Shady little patches that years ago had offered hot donkey teams a moment to hee-haw to each other as they laboured under loads of grapes or olives. Stopped in respite from their tedious dangerous daily hard tasks up and down the mountain side, ably footed climbing the narrow hillside paths, destined to make the trip along twisting little rock strewn paths, along steep rock walled terraces to the grinding wheels of the village far below.

Passing by steep rock walled terraced gardens defining each villager's plot, to the wine presses in each house that could afford grapes vines, to produce the red wines of old time Korcela, that relaxed their hard worked bodies and minds when time allowed. In cheerful conversation exchange their stores of daily struggle, and to enjoy the closeness of companionship and thoughtful neighbours, under the duress of the labour's strain to produce their daily fare to survive.

Westerly wind whispered among the branches of black berries, clad with sharp spikes of black toned tendrils now free to roam, no longer confined to tendered garden's parameters but stretched across pebbled trails. If they scratched, bare skin drew blood, wary walkers simply brushed aside the intrusive plants, suffer little pain of the needle like attack. While lace flowers twinkled in the sunlights transforming light, creating beauty with patterns, upon naked earthed pathways that could report of old time donkeys that relished their taste, as they stole a moment of time while ably plodding along the windy mountain tracks.

Views from these treacherous hill tops revealed the beauty of the once productive fields, where Nature's wonders now created amazing art works of tangled vegetation. No longer controlled by human hand or cultivated to produce life giving foods, spooky little gullys now filled with wild fig and olive trees attended no longer, and bay leaf trees whose leaves, when crushed exuded delicious aromas, now crunched beneath tourist sandaled feet.

Among tree lines of pomegranates views exposed the ocean's emerald waters, reflected to the vision's soul the awesome creativeness of the Creator, sent the soul's spirit swiftly down mountains gradients to explore the clear waters below, shared by Nature's water birds and human habitation in harmony and tranquil peace.

Yet the walkers, breathing in the aniseed fragrance of crushed dill and bay leaf, and oregano that possessed amazing medical and savoury qualities, could not escape the joyfull pondering in fresh aired freedom. Now days grew wild beside the mountain tracks with red berried bushes combined to tease the senses with their fragrances in the wild air of the mountain breezes, reflected memories still present among the now silent rock wall enclosure that brought back sad recollections of past years ago, when laughter ran out among these cultivated groves and vineyards, instead of silent tranquillity beneath the Island's Creator's sky.

Rocky images of iconic human creation and marking of possession in amazing linear patterns, to define for centuries the family's land inheritance, for their sons to take possession when their time came. To sit with a life-long friend or reunited family, to toast a "Chivli" with home made grappa wine, to the memories of the past and be grateful to their God for the blessing, of being able to share their memories with loved ones and their grandchildren in peace, now unwinding beneath the evening appearing stars.



# LUKA

How could it be, the brain shouted. Hurt the heart with pain, at sight of Spring's beauty that tried valiantly to overwhelm the heart's responses. Tears welled behind the eyes, gasped at exquisite little buds bursting with feathery fluffy newborn freckly greenery of leaf, at last! Spring's creator had calmed the melancholy weather.

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

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

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

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

Set ablaze the senses with the urge to shout to the choralling garden's shadowy hidden songsters, left him humbled, head bowed and tearful eyed, at the exhilaration that he had experienced, the spark of life's delicious response, as if he'd received the generosity of a divine blessing, in the beauty exposed in Nature's vitality enriched garden.

# MIRROR DANCER

Dainty calculated step pierced the quiet water's face, not a ripple recorded slender nubile feathered wonder's pace, progress was agonisingly slow, drew the mind's fascination at its skilled movement, how amazing this water bird, its gift of silent lightning fast hunting prowess.

Reflection two-up teased the mind's imagination, which of these perfect reflected bird bodies was the active one? The images imitated perfectly their choreography of hunting dance, harmonised in each skill movement of body and limb, set the inner spirits dancing with joy to witness such an amazing exhibition, added a little humour to the serious nature of the scene's struggle for survival, to watch an organism in perfect symmetry with all things in its natural environment, its deliberate slow motions illustrated the need to be ever alert. How was it possible for any aquatic creature to avoid the deadly lance-like beak accuracy of the silent white hunters of the aquatic world?

Which of these two imaged shadows was doing all the work while confusing the observer's view, despite co-ordinated legs raised and bended knee's slow progress, lake's bottom slowed their progress but never was there a slip or uneven step. Occasionally beak piercing the water's mirrored surface but did not cause a ripple, didn't break the amazing clarity of the blue sky's pattern upon the water's surface, only a momentary circular ringlet ripple marked the stabbing beak's entry, before it immediately stilled to clearly reflect to perfection the spiky-topped reed shore.

Moment's spell was broken when the left side Heron suddenly lifted its head, stiffened its neck and swallowed its minute water catch, cautiously turned to gaze intently towards the shore, stood in complete concentration upon a distant unseen disturbance to its feast, then began to pace forward the spell broken of the working reflected partnership.

However the reflection continued to increase the observers joy, didn't stop the wonder of the bird's continued search for a fulfilling feed. Again the birds hesitated, heads turned in unison towards the shore, activities seemed to cease, even time seemed to go still, then the prancing parade began again with quicker darting head and forward movement, beaks piercing still waters as if in haste now and rapid cautious looks, as if the slender beauty of the water ways was making a reckoning, more food or seek safety.

Sudden swooping of wings gripping the invisible air broke the magic spell of spirit's rejoicing, fractured mirrored dancer's images upon the little lake's water, only one bird arose with awesome strength of great wings span extended, flew overhead effortlessly and in silent departure, quickly disappear from view, despite eyes scrutiny for a predator around the green spiky lakes shore, nothing was seen but a minute shattering ripple across the once mirrored lake waters.



# PALE PASSING

Oh nature why so beautiful with innocent clear sky so perfectly blue,  
yet brutal with finality of shimmering powerful mango-red energy,  
burning bright to heat the Earth's surface, creates a paradox of human  
perceptions, confuses the understanding of twists of life with the whims of  
Nature's causes, burns the Earth's surface dry creating less aquatic  
nurturing for the survival of beautiful tree life.

Presents the scene of trees limp of all life in quaint death's pale beige,  
yet nearest robust healthy tree is dressed in resplendent eye-catching  
beauty, as if in preparation for a Lenten ceremony of changed ideas,  
glorious purple petal Bouganvillea celebrated ancient ritual of life's  
penitential review, showered the vicious world with hopeful brilliant colours  
entwined with green leafed threads, showed the human mind death  
softened by the calm stillness, of the breathlessness of heated day.

Caused the mind to grapple for appropriate quick world's prayerful plea,  
requests the Creator's blessing, and a little more time perhaps!  
To understand the unpredictable conditions of death's call from life's fragile  
grip on existence, like youth's heart exposure of broken first love,  
thoughts of never loving again at the moment of separation from one,  
thought to be forever, yet casually love returns again in time in greater  
strength, keeps away the hurt emotions with ecstasy of affirmation  
of one's exquisite lovability.

Another puzzle piece of the collection of human life's wisdom,  
Nature's role is ever present in all living beings, humans offered an  
extraordinary opportunity, to create, utilise and experience the beauty of all  
life's tangible and intangible aspects, stirring deep into the human psyche  
to remember if it's part of the choice of free will.

Choose to be thankful to the Creator for the time to gain the appreciation of the gifts given, be thankful in moments of silence to reflect upon the course of life's events, time will be disclosed until the moment one becomes a pale beige monument to life's experiences, like the memorial of a silent tree a beautiful reminder of the past, but an amazing hopeful scene of potential new life in the future.

# PARK

I'd sat beneath the native Pepper tree enjoying my meat pie, chutney and chips, slurped a cool pint of Matilda Bay beer, much to my wife's annoyance. Watched the great endangered Swan River's blue waters, glittering in Spring's gorgeous clear azure sky midday sun. Couldn't help my response to a little humorous thought, that in this 21st Century the clever King's Park team of botanists, had made exquisite exhibits of these once undisciplined outback plants into formal laid out gardens, of the most beautiful eye teasing colours and plant varieties, like amazing tapestry patterns upon the warming garden soils.

I couldn't help but wonder that the majestic red and green Kangaroo Paws, these living wonders of the native flora estate, with their curled light green paw like lips with delicate yellow stamens smiling in the sunlight, enjoyed the intimate relationship they shared harmoniously with their Creator, emphasised why the human soul's spirit leapt with joy. That stimulated the freedom of humanity participating in the soft exciting experience, of the peacefulness of the bushland tranquillity that seemed so natural and makes our daily life experiences so easy to accommodate, surely if we spare a moment we would see such a special and intimate relationship, of life they enjoyed with the loving awesome power of the Creator of the Universe.

The floral emblem of the State, wouldn't it be happier? Rustling and swaying in a breeze in a vast open wild bush environment, rather than decorating these beautiful maintained show gardens for all the human senses to enjoy. Perhaps it's difficult for our human faculties to sometimes appreciate the work of the Creator God, to entertain both humanity and fauna's lives with the nurturing benefits of vast tracts of virile bushlands.

My wife disturbed my rambling thoughts and reflections from the past, she'd finished her pie and beer and wasn't it time to go home and enjoy the quiet exclusiveness, of my little local metropolitan home.



# PRAYER'S ANSWER

Burning candle scent the essence of melting wax fragrance,  
struggling mental thankful human prayer streaked away, glided silent  
through shadowed green leafed canyons full of grey-blue air,  
between the yet to be sunlit straggly boughed avenue, carried away the  
burden of life's moment of exasperated elation, as blue tinged with  
pink-gold glitter absorbed the thoughts of Creation's beauty.

Melancholy sadness grasped the heart's gently thumping rhythm,  
inadequate little human sat struggling with etymological emotions,  
could not close the spirit's tremor permeating to the gentle feeling of  
blissful peace, niggling at the core of inner being, spurred on the emotions  
created by the glamour of cool morn's awakening.

Oh how limited this little man's mind to explain this uplifting feeling  
of peace, could not close off the heart's dreamy feel of euphoria,  
a special gift to humanity from the Creator of Nature's generosity,  
even silent white winged birds could not extinguish the excitement of life's  
awakening vivid scene, though their silhouette scribbled freedom as they  
glided across the airways passage, crossing the expanse of the great  
space of the Universe's gateway, shimmering misty fading paw-paw sun's  
rising, once again illuminated Earth's inhabitants in mellow mango-lemon  
decorative hues.

Highlighted brilliant black centred yellow Sunflower blooms,  
comfortably immersed in their glorious veined huge green  
broad leafed foliage, reflected their gratitude to sunlight's energetic sus-  
tenance, while mind's eye wept at not being able to articulate the heart's  
marvel at the exquisite beauty, of the Creator's magnificent spectrum of  
colours to the world, that lifts the soul's spirit to the heights  
of contentment, its efforts a whispered gentle sigh, while mind struggled

to understand the emotions gripping the body's senses, tingled the skin surface with the sense of Presence, yet the awestruck man saw nothing.

Searching eyes followed splattering sprinkler's great watery arched path, that dissipated in diamond sparkles into the sunlight's beams, left the foreground glittery wet with little puddles of clear water, if only this had been sky's freely given raindrops, not pumped water from below the Earth's subterranean aqueducts, coolness generated from the watery spray cooled the air temperature, seemed to assist the calm as mind and body eased away from moment's jubilation and emotion and became controlled.

Yet still some mysterious senses urged a last look at the calm blue of the sky's horizon, before sweet morning's little breeze blew away the scenery of the magic gardens wonder, fading image prayer's words of hope for the Creator's love to touch the fibres, of the old man's soul with calming peace of the Spirit's presence for the day's journey, throughout the amazing world we call Earth.

# PREDATOR

I woke this morning greeted by a grey cloudy sky, rippled patterned like the sea sand beneath a quiet clear ocean's quietly lapping waters.

Couldn't see the Predator properly because I was too busy awaking from a reasonable night's sleep, watched the spectacular joy of early new day's floating past my dreamy mind, realised this was a special gift to meet new challenges in my daily life because the Predator, that life threatening insidious disease, B Cell Lymphoma, with its organistic power had my body, but it didn't have my mind or soul.

Sunlight's slivery shimmer bounced across the tall trees leafy foliage, frolicked in harmony with Nature's little cool morning breeze, carried within its magical curves and twirling patterns writing upon the grey sky, being transferred from the eerie patterns written so rapidly upon the pallet of the sky, I tried frantically to interpret its meaning as I the Predator ate breakfast. Isn't it amazing, I'm eating muesli and Sultana Flakes and it's trying to devour me!

Perhaps I'm being frivolous when I jest and smile at such a philosophical reality, that my God has sent such a life toxic killer within, testing my physical and mental resolve, but am I kidding myself to imagine that I have a powerful thought pattern, because I'm going to try and enjoy every moment I'm given, to see the intricate mystery of the extraordinary power of Nature, the servant of the Creator, all about me as an unimaginable resource of nurturing like that gorgeous smile from a hurrying nurse in blue dispensing medications, yet spares a moment of a busy procedural life to smile a flash of encouragement, don't be scared I'm here to help you too.

As I spy the flash of brilliant, now seasonally wilting, yellow, whites and pinks of the fabulous Everlastings that lift the day's glory, with the amazing colours that cannot fail to give one joy even in moments of spine tingling terror. The glorious Lavender blooms among the rich greens of the avenue of trees, probing the space between the green leafed park where squawking Parakeets fly, that flash past my burnt orange-red clad walls outside my hospital window.

The tough little wiry wooded, red bloomed Grevilleas, smiled at me and almost made me cry, it seemed to draw an epitome of my predicament, its facing today's struggle with getting enough water and nutrients, from its bush-like garden environment, and in a sense, if it had my extra gift of sight, it could see a possible threat to its life. I sit here and see myself, aware of the Predator, and all I can think: Okay here is my fight, even though you may have my physical body in mortal threat, you can't get at my joyful mind that has a unique gift of my God's support.

The doctor's initial prognosis is not what was needed to be heard, the harsh reality of this Predator's effort to bend me so I relinquish my right to live, my immediate response is to acknowledge the silent threat, but I will not succumb without dignity, as a mortal, to an invisible enemy, trying to exterminate my existence unless in obedience to my loving Creators final call.

I have no alternative, not being a fictitious heroic character of a comic book's script, that has a magic formula that saves him for another day, a quick squiggle of an editor's pen to eliminate a devious dangerous foe. I smile at my every present merciless companion of death, aware I am saying, if that's your starting threat, well it is not enough, I'll walk away to my new day's life empowered with my Creator.

# RUSSELL

We'd shared moments of philosophical talk of life, sitting in the glimmering purple-red of the Burup's sunrise and sunset glory, wondered at the Universe's creation and sat high upon a blood-red rocked cliff, watching the miniature figures of our expedition setting up camp on a sandy beach, smiled in companionship at exploits together upon both rivers and oceans deep.

I'd seen his humour in the happiness of night time playing pirate games, and the wiry smile when he'd seen the hazards experienced by us all, when landing our ocean craft upon some ancient rock surrounded shore, coming to grief in upturned boats because we didn't take more care, and his quick response to help those dumped into the icy watered shore.

He mastered skills of water craft, shared freely to those who wished to listen, any who rode in a craft with him was privileged to learn more skills, as he offered sound advice as we careered across a rocky Blackwood River rapids, into powerful eddies, happy to dump unsuspecting travelers in icy rushing flows, or explain the skill to balance upon a shaky craft to a novice spending more time clambering aboard a surf ski than actually paddling, in a bubbly washing-machine effect in an offshore expedition.

Many shared his awe of Nature's extraordinary beauty, on the ancient red-chocolate landscapes of the Murajuga, or the ravaged wooded banks of the mighty Blackwood River, or the white-capped waters of Penguin Island or the docile flowing Swan, but he'd been to a multitude of other amazing places to practice to perfection, his exploration skills on both land, ice, sea and mountains, that left many gasping at how keen a man of action was subtly hidden, behind his quiet watching demure.

I'd been privileged to share moments of quiet reflection of the life's ups and downs, the demands of his career in communications and its implications to modern society, enjoyed the confidence of sharing thoughts with him of life's moments of joy, and the mystery of expressing one's thoughts in poetic form.

Ill health he'd battled with dignity and determination and extraordinary courage, he'd chose to confide his condition with his family and long time trusted friends, we'd waiting patiently to hear of his progress from time to time.

The Creator in His wisdom determines the time when to call us from this Earth, to the ultimate climax of our human lives, like a silver linked chain, invisible to our human eyes, but not the soul, connected his life to all he knew and loved, would never be severed when he finally left our worldly presence.

Earth's Creator gives mystery to human existence, we all have the choice to accept the concept of divine influence, or reject it, that is our human intellectual right. The soil we stand upon each day, after all, is only the cosmic dust of Creation, but for us here on Earth its solidity is substantial, not floating in a million specks about the vast spaces of the Universe.

Those fortunate to work in the textured wonder of Earth's many and varied coloured soils, appreciate the joyful experience of Earth, trickling through the fingers as they work, or simply enjoying the splattering of minute grains of beach sand, sticking to the body as they play upon the surface of a beach, or explore the terrains of some muddy field or mountain crumbly path.

Thoughts mixed with the scent of ocean, rosemary and rose petals, in a rare ceremony upon the serenity of a quiet tapping ocean, silent as if acknowledging the sanctity and sacredness of the moment,

when a loved one's last wish to join the bosom of the sea, the words of land burial chanted that the body is interred: "Ashes to ashes dust to dust" for our body has a special meaning not only to the deepest of living human soul's spirit, but to all the human senses, the final intimate touch of a hand to body's final dusty form.



# SEA WIND DIAMONDS

Low misty rain bearing clouds hugged the heaving horizon, raindrops tried to influence the green sea's ruffled surface, failed with its pathetic impact, upon the white tipped surging rhythm of the ocean's strength.

Frisky powerful wind gushes clipped the white topped wave crests, splattered showers of dazzling diamond water slivers across the caverns between the rolling curves, racing frothy topped waves ruptured onto the open space of the white sand shores, hissed in happy freedom as they dispersed upwards onto the red-brown seaweed edges, created half-moon patterned contours on the swimmer abandoned beach, halted at the rocky extremities of the shoreline and releases its energy in a shower of salt water, spraying any person adventuring close to the rocky edge of the retaining wall, protecting the car park of the seaside marina's hospitality area.

Two soaking wet girls sat upon the roadside wall and giggled, their rain wet predicament didn't seem to change their smiling countenances, didn't move out of the sea breeze's heavy drizzly rainfall, laughed at their odd situation and patiently waited in their slowly soaking clothing, for their belated transport to pick them up and whisk them to a dryer environment.

Frothy waves lazily oozed across the white sand left impression on the mind, emphasized how beautiful the beach appeared when the waters were still, reflecting magnificent translucent greens and deep blues of a perfect swimming water, today reflected only the grey colours of the storms determined mood, enforced its power as it crashed onto the leafy green rocky portion of the beach, little wavelets played games among the streamers of floating green sea weedy rocks limply floated in the ruffled water holding on determinedly to their rock home, despite the surging effort of annoying water to displace and drag them away into the heaving ocean. Smiles broke out upon the observer's face at this drenching salty

seawater's mood, reminded of the constant rhythm of the ocean's waters whether gentle or forceful, to create havoc on the land's seashores and wonder if the phenomena of Nature's climatic change was really responsible or was humanity the true culprit for Nature's amazing changing weather patterns?

Its great breath of living power heaved the mighty crested waves, that chased across the bay and ended their frivolous behaviour kissing passionately the sandy shore line as the raindrops played in the white froth. Helped by the blustery wind the pelting rain continued over the sand hills, hoped the Creator of the mighty Earth's environment would take special mercy, to keep his creations safe, and thanked his benefactor in the excitement of the storm's ocean display. On this most unusually inclement early November Spring's day.

# SKITASH!

Blue sky had been banished from sight pushed southwards by grumpy black-brown storm cloud's front, darkening the vast scarps above the distant treed horizon. Sea's sweet fragrance breeze tried defiantly to hold back a slowly advancing cloud bank, spitting sand filled winds at beach front sloppy sea shore plants, lightning forked barrages and thunder claps, traversed the sky in lazy grey-white lined clumps.

Ocean not to be left unnoticed crashed across the algae decorated limestone walls, spewed great clouds of frisked white waves of frustrated grey water towards the sky, then crashed down in thunderous roars upon their rocky rugged walled companions, spraying watery shredded plumes of water over the promenades' pathway, coating the spindly Casuarina's foliage whispering a silky tune to add to the ocean's roaring voice coating the black-topped marina's car park in sparkly salty water.

People casually ambled across the car park unperturbed by wind or dark sky's threatening, they'd heard the often repeated inaccurate weather forecaster's warnings, ignored Nature's blue-black sky show or sea-breezes cloth tugging a serenade of warning, babbling crowds hastened to book their meals among the marina's many eating cafes, took no notice of weather's threat to enjoy their meals watching the marina's quiet waters.

Unexpectedly without any noise marine's blue waters started to vibrate, momentarily comfortable in friendly conversation and comfortable café seats no one took notice, skitash-skittish, skitash-skittish, echoed across the water's surface increased in spectacular speed, little water spouts without obvious cause drew a few people's eyes to observe the phenomena, created a surface of water molecules being smashed apart by violent force, formed an amazing display of white tipped eruptions upon the glassy water's surface. The cause showed itself as hail stones

raining down from the black heaven, skitashing on the water, boats, people and wooden decking with a sparkling diamond coat. Momentarily stunned, people suddenly grasped the attention drawing icy spectacle, hailstones grew larger by the second as they reached the Earth's surface, increased in frenzied velocity and pace, then slowed to a shower of gentle caressing rain drops, then ceased in silence.

Children grasped the moment with glee descended upon the hailstone covered walkways, laughed and jostled with excitement grabbed handfuls of the icy stones from the pier's floor, threw them at each other with delight and in typical children's uninhibited fun, also sprayed their parents and other café diners, enjoyed the fruits of Nature's momentary proof of its diversity of weather patterns, confirmed the weatherman's predictions and at last left humanity to celebrate its beauty.

Nature continued teasing all minds, just as suddenly the clouds parted offering a colourful delight, vanilla slice like lemon layers of sunset appeared, between tawny cloudlets another dimension of the Divine Creator's generosity appeared, awesome artistically coloured creativity set ablaze the abating low clouds, surely set all observer's inner spirits alive with happiness and joy, and be thankful for the liquid nourishment to Earth's dry soils.

# SKY HIGH VISIONS

Vision peered through elliptical window shape, watched the world's white fluffy round topped clouds pass quickly by, amazing bubbly patterns with streaks of white ribbon-like stripes, uniquely created among the streams of wind pressure above the ground, stickled mind's imagination, wonder at man's ingenuity to design and fly this great sky machine, several kilometres high above the silent contoured coloured Earth.

Whizzed past the bubbly white clouds high above spreading to the distant visible horizon, to suddenly change below the windows restricted optical views to a tapestry of beauty, a pattern of the outback's bush and landscaped tale of life's experiences, shaped by the elements of Nature in its different climatic conditions over eons of time, influenced by the extremes of searing heat and rampaging floods, referred to by the North West folk as the Dry and Wet seasons.

Giant mosaic patterns of swirling ochre yellow-browns, red-greens and whites, like curled fat snakes not the creations of man's artistic mind, but of Nature's excitement in the midst of a sudden flush of powerful flood waters, magnificently created by the vast strength of Creation's forces rushing towards the river's banks and mountain ranges, emerging from distant vast catchment area of red plains, to appear suddenly as small trickling streams then develop into monstrously strong torrents, ravaging all before its powerful quirky currents and bush laden waters, quickly dispersing into the absorbent red gritty soil of the great river's rock strewn bed, by green-blue bushland trees that had survived in harsh weather condition of the North West environment, to develop these extraordinary works of art upon the surface of the earth, only to be seen in its total glory from above.

Made an awesome impression on the mind's imagination of an artist gone mad, on the pallet of the Earth's surface where Nature is the supreme creator, controlling both human, flora and fauna's living domain, thoughts tangled in the mustards, reds, whites and greys that marked the earth below.

Once again the scenery changed before eyes changing the minds ideas, showed a different perspective to admire, passengers disembarked into heated wind teased atmosphere, ambled down to the red dust then to gaze in joy at the fabulous blue-green ocean washing up lazily upon the white sand shore, its whispering waves rhythm and the beautiful harmony of colours soothed the soul and the mind, began to drink in the intoxicating quietness and absorb the tang of ocean's scent, and the scenery that wrapped itself about the body, and surely calls the body's spirit to thank the Creator for being far away, from the busy bustling city life.

# STORM'S VOICE

South Westerlies hummed off ocean's frisked white topped waves, left behind in early morning's journey to the land, soft grey clumpy storm clouds whispered experiences, in undulating journey enshrined its memories story, entwined in ruffled slender Eucalyptus leaf clumps, clicking in rowdy tones among other trees swaying tops.

Arched above the body's form below silently watching, standing among dampened tawny brown covered soils, breeze tried in cool caressing touch to ruffle short cropped hair, while strong whisks of wind held elbows firmly and steadied the body's angled stance upon sloped garden.

Shadows flickered among the pin-white boughs clad in grey-green colours, searched for mind's sanity among the tossing foliated sky, tried to focus on minute flickering forms of limey greens, of new birth after Winter's dormant sleep, thrusting tenuously up and down to be identified, among the tossing shaded overhead old tree's foliage.

Soul's spirit caught the gist of Nature's voice, clasped the joy to heart's beat of the glorious recognition, life's tender spring season's newborn joy, among the giant guardians protecting the forming pink flowering trees, gentle rebirth among the storms deep tonal tune.

Scarlet Rosella-red Callistemon blooms bobbed about in mirthful celebration, confirmed the vision's deep mind touching thoughts, how extraordinary to see the Creator's sensational fragile creation, once again dazzling the human soul's spirit memory with the promise, the exquisite formed beauty displayed, even in the soft rainy misty sky of another generous gift of day, to all living beings on this little planet Earth, slowly revolving in its pre-determined path, in the scheme of Creation's celestial universe.



# SUBTERRANEAN

Civilisation clitter-clattered along the great echoing vaults length, white-blue chips ceramic tiles in mosaic monotony counted in their millions, while people of all nationalities passed beside each other in column travelling, left and right to their purposeful destinations, some spoke in languages understood by the visitors, others of linguistics not able to be interpreted or understood.

Facial expressions conveyed their moods of determination to achieve their journeys end, among the heaving noisy abundant crowd of human life of the great metropolis, in the underground city of moving vitality to eventually leave this catacomb, of half-circle shape, multi chipped colour and symphony of sounds beneath the great city, to emerge at the exit to receive gradual doses of the sunlight beams, until they fully emerge through the great ornate gates, that housed the city's complex system of underground railway tracks, to receive the fresh air of the above ground world.



# SUGAR ISLAND

Fluffy sugar sweet blooms of pink, flying untamed in coastal wind, teased the senses of eyes focal capacity in colours tones and shapes, caressed the vision's view against the backgrounds of ancient volcanic cones, reflecting sunlight gold from slick vertical walls of cooled volcanic rock, while bodies flexed from yellow leafed green cane stalks, caught the rhythm of the thermals that played among the avenues, like the lined pattern of a page of graph paper, of squared sugar cane groves beneath the great shadows of the old volcano shafts.

Bayonet shaped broom-grey walled remnants of the past, when the Creator's servant, Nature, formed Mauritius Isle eons ago, now ceased the inner heated earth spewing powerful detonations, a great demon of awesome red-hot creative force, now dormant and just a huge multi-green hued deep crater.

Amazes tourists with its algae green watery base, dragged mind's spirit to gaze upon planes of vegetated vivid lime green, decorating the fields not clad in sugar cane pink shaded tops, like massive tableclothes edged with chocolate loam edges, where farmers had created their productive fields borders, left the scattered earth's rocks and vegetation to create their own artistic forms, that harmonised with Nature's methods not touched by human hand or thought, only reshaped in Nature's way to tease the soul's spirit.

As eyes scanned in the Island's emerald white-topped watery world, that looked like creamy ridges displayed upon green cupcakes, that disappeared from sight as the observer was whisked below ocean's views, down the hill side of the coastal ridge, to once again experience the hypnotic dreamy sway, of the Island nation's sugar cane laden fields.



# SUNFLOWER WIND TURBINES

Fields of brilliant laughing yellow-faced Sunflowers gazed upwards, contrasted in perfect harmony with the blue of the sky, failed to hide the imposters in their glorious fields of natural beauty, massive stalk-like man-made grey wind turbines, stood tall above their green stalked bodies and fields of sun-brightened colours.

Gusts of steady rhythmic wind teased the flower heads to bobbing, the turbulent sunlight providing the necessary nurturing sunbeams for the great crop, while it also managed to create enough momentum to turn, in steady cycles of circular motion the great three-armed turbine propellers, that served their masters with production.

Nature's beauty faced a similar role for humanity's sake, but also hidden beneath their exquisite countenance of yellow and black, their silent prayer of thanks to their Creator, but to give humanity the joy of colour their giant electrical producers lacked, and enjoy in freedom of living life in the rhythm of the Creator's intention, in the wind of the dancing light beam and shadows in the great fields.

# WATERY WISH

Dead red film of past Bottlebrush flower's coloured glory, littered the old grey concrete pathway's curves and angles built to council's fiscal expediency, buff-white wild oats empty seed pod edges whisked about in sea breeze's hasty breath, while musky-green layered hugging shrub, tried to hide old limestone's weathered edge, laughing at its neighbours unfortunate fate.

Deep inside the human soul was the wish to see free falling raindrops, to feel the touch of watery splashes upon the complex fabric of the body's skin surface, and experience the erratic patterns created on the tarnished grey of the straight concrete footpath, that journeyed into the distance as far as the eyes could see.

Thoughts awaited the intimate touch and excited response to fulfil the hollow promise, made by television's amateur meteorologist of a thunder lightning storm today, of rainfall to dampen the heated earth's surface and to witness the pleasure, to allow dry leaves to act like little waterfalls that allow the cool liquid to fall from their curled surfaces, nourishing the hot bushland thirsty root systems and cool the dusty dry soil.

Mustard-yellow Wild Fennel seed tops, like small clasps of yellow precious diamonds, upon a well-crafted gold ring's mounting, flapped about on tall stems as if supporting the human's psyche's prayer for rain, caught the vision's view and lifted the soul's spirit with hope.

Clusters of black-blue clumpy clouds hugging the horizon broke apart overhead, let the sunshine beam's scamper through the fractured spaces, beautiful to the mind's vision to shimmer off the small lakes black surface. Teased the thoughts that sought the wrinkled spots of raindrop spouts, dreamt of heavy rain plops hitting the still water's surface creating minute

rippled waves, rejoicing that Nature had relented from its stubborn unusual West Coast's weather patterns, rewarded the local anxiously awaiting bushland and suburban human population, the opportunity to enjoy, the cooling air and fragrance of fresh rain drops to remember, that heralded the Creator's generosity to the Earth's inhabitants, reminded all human and other living beings to be mindful in their daily thoughts, of their responsibility to be diligent in their environmental stewardship in this modern age, that they still rely upon protecting the precious life sustaining commodity: water.



# WHITE SYMMETRY

Threatening blue-black background sky blurred the vision's senses,  
little ruffled clumps of white tipped grey clouds teasing,  
romped sluggishly along grumpy skyline's edges, defied the weather  
scribe's predictions: it would not rain!

Mind's eye was summoned from the throes of reverie of the weather,  
a sprig of startling delicate glitter captured the imagination's attention,  
among the tall chocolate-pink hued Cordylines, like a diamond twinkling,  
an elegant clustered bloom waved merrily as it danced to the wind's  
mysterious tune, hypnotised the garden's senses with bewilderment.

At closer observation the mind reeled in astonishment at the  
captivating beauty, of each minute green-centred pink-edged  
petalled blossom, extended to the world in heart-touching welcome,  
that excruciatingly stirred the soul with God-like splendid beauty, titilated  
the soul with the fine exquisite delicate creamy tendrils, with pastel-yellow  
tipped heads that danced so seductively in the air's breath, though almost  
invisible until it curiously called the vision closer.

Each alternate spaced bud that had not fully opened to its flower's glory,  
generously displayed little pink buds either closed or partly opened,  
tiny slender petals pushing their enclosing pink case apart, so they too  
could enjoy their share of life's energy, emanating from the early morn's  
glimpse of sunlight among the clouds.

Delicate linear purple-pink spear-like leaves tried to reach to the sky,  
some rigidly straight like grand old cavalry guard lances, others with bent  
tops dropping and succumbing to age or simply Nature's artistic whim,  
angled at amazing creative slanted degrees to challenge the body's  
theme of balance, tried to steel away the gorgeous little blooms

catching the eye yet did not succeed, as eyes focus wondering about the little garden's setting, caught the sunlight's revealing glimpse of a jewel-like intricately fragile forms.

Each minute blossom displayed a slender sliver of brilliant light, tinged with yellow-tipped stamen with its white bloom, such beauty they touched the soul with tenderness, like the feel of love that touches the mind's heart for a sweet heart, inset into the delicate purple slender stem a glorious little pink bud, extending at its tip a deliciously fragile tendril of the new life's flower slip.

Spirit dancing rhythm of heart-felt soul's delight, did not miss the surrounds of guard's of honour, of mango-orange and red-tinted helmeted Marigolds, shining with dazzling coloured joyful blooms, grasped their precious moment of old man's delighted mind's thought, of the experience of being in the Creator's immediate vicinity, deliberately teasing the emotions with the intimate sense of being intentionally present, among Nature's created garden plants on this cold windy Spring morning.

Amazingly to trigger the racing heart-beats excitement, caught within a revealing sunbeam secreted at ground level, beside a black-red flowered Kangaroo Paw's leafy cool base, a most delicate pure white slender angel like an apparition, almost translucent in the pure white light of sunlight, a creation of the Creator's mind to stimulate the human's spirit with its beauty, like a crystallised stalactite illuminated in torch-light shone upon it in a dark cave.

Slender tall and straight stemmed with ribbed pattern and domed toadstool top, glittering gold yellow hue summit, with the slightest hint of lusted pearl grey among its creamy coat, tapered down to delicate petalled shaped edges, the work of a mystical sculptor or an insect with extraordinary serrated bite, a most delicate fragile Fungi plant, that set the adrenaline accelerating.

Heart beat caused the blood to pound within the veins at this display, exhilarated the pleasure of viewing such a unique beauty in a garden plot, totally unaware of the little tenacious living plant sharing its glory with the world, because in reality it would disappear the next day, its beauty only a memory in the mind's eyes, a delicate image imprinted upon the brain.

# WISPS OF JOY

My mind reached across the parapet of my earthly surrounds, vision's senses left my body firmly restrained upon the ground, imagination climbed with eyes must have been glazed with excitement set in head looking skywards, tried to concentrate upon senses trying to cope with heavenly exposed experience.

Hands seemed to stretch with my mind to seize the texture of the clouds, I couldn't feel the sensation of touch, strands look like cotton or silken threads, as if a shawl had unwound into the heaven stream of thermal winds, creating wonderful walls of stringed threads that leapt far into space then twisted at the top, bent backwards as if in happiness acknowledging its freedom from parent fluffy clouds, it didn't matter what the clouds material qualities were it was quickly replaced by the excitement, and beauty of the magnitude of the heavenly formation across the sky's horizon, it's definition simply a kaleidoscope of shapes that made the celestial experience unforgettable.

My partner's pull of hand bought me momentarily back to earthly bodes stability, yet mind's imagination danced among these gorgeous streams of white fluffy vapour, contorting in amazing patterns to the direction of an invisible choreographer, movements free like the soul's spirit relishing in a heavenly freedom without borders, heart pumping to capture the moments ecstasy of white light tumbling free fall in the sky.

Bands of cloud below my aloft position seemed to accept my presence without question, my Being's fleeting movements joined imagination's image, I'd finally left my earthly home, joined the company of elongated clouds enjoying the extraordinary buzz of skyward wonderment, as nature's white clouds showed amazing patterns upon the sky's naked blue background, wispy white cords of cloudlets continued to join the celestial celebrations,

of thermal sky winds, produced by Nature's breath far above the restraints of earth's surface.

It was amazing to study one's thoughts at this amazing phenomena in the heavens, a gift to senses stirred by sky's behaviour stored in mind's experience, but jostling impact of earthy sea breeze trying to unbalance the body, nearly tipped me upon my head, bought me back immediately to real time on the earth.

Images of this sky's beauty left my imagination awestruck and momentarily speechless, imposed upon my memory an image of a moment when my Being, seemed in company with the peace of silent angels, celebrating the wonders of the Universe's unknown spaces, only left me with the use of words to try and capture the moment of blissful freedom, floating above the Earth in imagination's interpretation of unbound fun.

# YELLOW CASCADE

Yellow cascades rolled down from green slim shady boughs, disk shapes like close scaled pattern of a Diamond Python, but in glittering gold flowing to the bosom of the Earth below, reflected the brightest rich yellow that made the senses leap for joy, set alight the quiet beating heart and warmed the mind's imagination.

Shimmering beams trying to escape the impact of their fall to Earth below, Like the sprayed sparkle of water crystals erupting from impact below a high waterfall, then evaporate and escape into the creamy clouds to freedom, crashed upon the inner senses and left no time to ponder its glorious fall.

Brilliant yellow awakened the mind, washed away the mental haze of temporary drudgery, awoke the spirit to the joy and freedom of new day's life and challenges. Caused the soul to jump with surprise at its beauty sprawled across the vision's view, interrupted a prayer of peaceful thankfulness to see Nature's beauty so clearly, of life energy revitalised from nights rigorous journey of scary dreams and uncontrollable images.

Didn't create a chaotic jolt of anxiety only heightened the early mornings signs, imposed upon soul's spirit by a moment's exposure to Nature's extraordinary communication. Eyes raised to the sky for a moment, the clouds combined the soft nurturing, of the fibrillating soul's spirit from its exertion of being in the God's loving presence, and restored hope in the calmness of beauty, like a jolt of icy waters from a tumbling waterfall bouncing off bare back's skin, caused the breath to falter momentarily but didn't cause the mind to miss the ecstasy of wonder.

Yet the traversed wave of cloud seemed to recall a memory, a message often quoted, this is the precious gift of life, grasp its spirit enriching glory

now in its split second moment of time's warp, it's not the past or future the human psyche exist within, it is in this precious moment, now!  
That the prayer's thought, makes the reality of the Presence felt possible in our human lives.

To experience the prisms of earthly colours caused by the eye's mind to slow, to catch heart's breaths rapid beating and encourage the retention, of the strange thoughts of spiritual wellbeing and vitality urged deep softness, in acknowledgment that all this is greater than the human self,



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