

*The
Gardener's
Prayer*

*by
Chris Cypher*

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To my beautiful wife and loving sons and daughters



FOREWORD

The late nineteenth-century Jesuit poet, Gerard Manley Hopkins, writing of the beauty and profound spiritual meaning he experienced in a late summer landscape of ripening grain, exclaims:

These things, these things were here and but the beholder
 Wanting; which two when they once meet,
The heart rears wings bold and bolder...

Since I began reading Chris Cypher's poetry, I have felt that the gardens of the Catholic Education Centre have found in him not only their gardener, but also the 'beholder' of their beauty and richness. Like Hopkins, Chris is far from a passive observer; his poetry shows that his heart too 'rears wings' as he marvels at the bountiful and mysterious dimensions of his microcosm of the created world. Images pile upon images in the free form verse through which Chris describes every aspect of this 'jumble of life so naked before him': the swishing whispers of a multitude of green; the silver light of a spider's sliver of thread, the crystal cascades of rain.

There is a touching mutuality of care in Chris's relationship with this world. The hues of colour, the fragrances and leafy rhythms, 'the shafts of warming light': these soothe and restore the spirit; they invigorate the senses and stimulate the mind. In return he, the human figure, responds tenderly to the fortunes of the living things within this landscape: the cedar that is felled, the mulberry pruned and stripped bare, the bird life and plant life that wane and die.

The Christian tradition has long held that Nature is the first book of Revelation. Chris's writing draws us into a natural, lived understanding of what this means. His empathy and loving appreciation for the garden enables him to perceive the sacred dimensions of what many might overlook as ordinary. To Chris the laughing yellows of the winter flowers stir the heart with uplifting joy; they ease fears of loss and death and awaken the soul to the generosity of the Creator's love.

Chris's sentiments for the natural world are far too refined to simply 'use' nature for insight. Rather it is the loving communion he has with the garden as in Andrew Marvell's famous poem of that name and in the poetry of William Wordsworth - that reveals to him divine companionship and purpose.

These lines from Chris's poem 'Peace' illuminate the sense of profound joy and divine presence that permeates his work:

Oh gardener, open your eyes and smile,
God is with you even now.

These are life-enhancing and redemptive poems. They are both a powerful declaration of faith and a reminder of the beauty implanted in the human soul.

DR PINA FORD

INTRODUCTION

I have always had a special relationship with the natural world around me, however, in the later years of my life, I have discovered an unexpected depth of affinity with a spirituality that had previously been hidden from me. This newfound spirituality has penetrated deep into my psyche to reveal an unknown urge to record my thoughts.

I have found a need to share with others, although hesitantly, some of my experiences of life as a grounds keeper and gardener, which I call prayers. I feel that I have been blessed by what I believe to be an inner wisdom of the wonder of Nature's simplest creations. This has set the heart and mind ablaze with occasional moving relationships with a spirituality that I have found difficult to understand at times. The thoughts or ideas that inspire these prayers occur unexpectedly and spasmodically; so briefly that unless I write them down at the time, I am unable later to recreate the thoughts because they disappear from the mind.

I believe that there is some connection to what I see in the ordinariness of daily working life with an infinite and, at times, deeply disturbing feeling of belonging with the Creator's awesome caring and love for humanity, particularly in the gardens where I work.

Nestled in an inner suburb of Western Australia's capital city, Perth is a unique and exquisite quiet garden, where most of my ideas originate. In this setting, where I work every day, my thoughts and imagination flourish.

The wonders of Nature's creative genius of trees of ancient lineage, combined with a historic heritage site, which in the past, provided a sacred venue for dedicated people to help those less fortunate in the community. In this new era, it provides the home for a Christian educational organisation dedicated to teaching the young the values of the Christian Gospels and providing quality education for future generations.

It is a joy to experience the excitement of how small fragments of living plants can set the senses contemplating; how they appear so common place and ordinary yet can become beautiful and fragile, while surrounded by the majesty of mighty towering trees of so many seasonal characters. These bring about clarity of recognition of the relationship and progress of our human growth, to the cycle of Nature's living and dying process in this earthly world. I have tried to capture these concepts and understandings and share them with anyone who has an open mind to hear my prayers.

CHRIS CYPHER



THE BLESSING

Night gave way to morning's dawning,
slate grey clouds smudged against the early sunlight blues of day
and silence cloaked all about the grounds.

The aging gardener eyed the serene green fields
and pondered the meteorologist's weather forecast,
that rainfall was on its way from deep down south
beyond the observing eye's horizon view.

Sunlight danced valiantly among the jagged slabs of broken sky,
teasing all the garden's coloured jewelled companions
to open out their souls and celebrate the great globes
generous gift of energised life again renewed.

Manmade plan now set in motion,
carefully selected implements of trade
sharpened with cold carborundum stone
arrayed in order across the trailer's tray.

Prepared in readiness to cut away the unwanted growth
now growing so generously with early autumn rains.
With resolute determination to beat the predictions
of the weather's whim.

The man and machine moved away to their appointed location
within the great garden's awakening domain.

The choirs of feathered companions of the trees

Sang to each other in joyous sound,
as the gardener, sweating freely from the gardening labours,
stopped to rest and to observe his progress.
Sensing a subtle change in shadows growing,
looked towards the foreboding skyline
and there, almost upon him
huge black clouds as if in collusion with some great unseen power,
were changing that peaceful horizon with threatening stance,

As if in some trance-like response to his vision,
slow reaction to move to shelter
rainfall caught him unprepared and began to pelt upon his capped
head, swiftly chased by the precious rain falling
dashed to seek a dry place to collect his dampened thoughts together.
As he waited for Nature's refreshing gift to move on
to its next place of rest.

Sombre thoughts joined with creased brow,
another day's work rhythm lost.
And so he sat resolutely reflecting on the gifts bestowed,
upon spirits offered so easily by the Great Creator to the world.

At the elements order, the rainfall abated
and sunlight sliced through the grey skyscape,
sending out the sunshine to begin the drying.

Trudging back to begin again, sweat now dried upon the brow,
the patient student of Nature's ways began his task anew.
Time moved around his being as he worked, his skills
beginning to shape that garden to a plan.

For some unknown instinct of the senses,
a presence seemed to beckon,
or was it just a change in wind direction?
Turning to the shadowed grove of mighty oak,
just beyond his work place,
saw a silent figure blue standing in quiet contemplation
of something unknown to the gardener's mind.

Slowly a hand wave of recognition, the gardener thought,
and returned with hidden smile behind the eyes,
another good omen joined in the day's working thoughts
returned to deep engaging musings
rambling along the course of ideas of garden's glorious growth.

New seedlings exploring the enriched nutrients of the earth
and setting out new borders for the future's new flowers coloured,
seemed to reinforce the soothing thoughts of the friendly waving hand,
and lifted the inner soul's delight.

Soft words surprised the mind's attention from the thoughts of working
progress,
and standing, unheard by ear of any approach,
the figure spoke of a special gift, if the weathered worker wished it.
To receive, right there among the solitude of great leafy guardians of
the earth,
the special blessing of the living God.

Head bowed in humble acknowledgement of the moment,
received the gift in supplication to the Creator of us all,
then a smile, a gentle spoken blessing,
and the silent figure departed.
Disappearing without dialogue along the garden's edged pathway.

Excited thoughts of thankfulness of this moment's great experience
lifting up to comforting heights, soul's spirit great encouraged
to see life's gloomy thoughts replaced and life's vitality
restored and new endeavours refreshed anew.

He pondered deep in that moment of reflection,
what unexpected gifts would confront him next,
as he continued on his day.

ANGEL IN THE PARK

Sound stood still and gaunt in darkness grey
as great blossoms of blackened puffed cloud
gathered on the mind-soft horizon.

Brave chilled morning cloud,
kissed by the eternally blessed golden rays of sun
emerging to grant the gift of life to all living form for another day.

Icy tipped tendrils of laughing light
tickled the naked limbs of the quiet observer,
breaking the thoughts of life to the trembling beat
of new life's startling renewal.

Whispering eddies of glaring light stimulated senses
and the softness of morning lit up the cascading display of whiteness
descending from the homage-bowed greenness of the trees
to the majesty of the Creator's plan
for that small space of blessed land.

Discomfort urged action to the mind,
struggling with thoughts of humanity
to acknowledge the fleeting glory of miniature creations
bursting all around.

Yet thoughts of angels persevered and warped the message
to the rhythms of beauty beating on the mind's eyes
with softness of gossamer teasing the nerve end
with heated gentleness of love touches of the Spirit.

Sound bursts through the dazzled mind awaken the senses
to the chirping of the winged guardians of the garden palace.

The living bustle of the grey-cold new day.
Mind-sad observer trudges off to the next duty troubled
by the thought of angels in this age of scientific proofs only.

BEAUTIFUL

No striding pace was evident,
only tracks of a single treaded pattern
disturbed the green spiked ground.

Bowed head searched the landscape with deep set eyes that frowned
at the realisation, no second pair of footprints
were evident upon the ground.

Senses of despair and loneliness gripped the man's body
and increased the wrinkles upon his sweating brow,
yet it was cool of morning and he should be alight
with vigor and worthiness.
Wasn't he alive to witness?

Scrapped animal hide
stumbled across the wretched smashed and mangled coating of the
path.
Wreaths of decaying odours attacked the sensitive fibres
somewhere within that scruffy haired head.
A thought kept recurring.

When was the last time you were told your beauty
seemed to haunt his painful soul.

Cool green shiny leafed arms seemed to reach out
to hold his hand and excited parakeet yelled out above his head
something about the light.

Above the eye line mauve-blue bobbing heads
swayed side to side in some strange ritual dance
and sweet scents of life, penetrated the gloom of life.

Hesitating for a moment
to take a deep refreshing breathe of soothing air,
a streak of something touched a nerve
and he stood transfixed upon that spot of earth
and saw the beauty of that red mopped smiling symbol
of what he thought was peace.

Gentle whiffs of lavender,
soothed down the apprehension of wasted life
and the opened yellow petals, and slender blooms,
seemed to speak aloud of beauty and something special.

Aching mind fumbled and grasped at misty ideas
and the whirls of slender field and flamboyant fern
grappled with his legs as if to pull him aside,
and again that muddled message played games inside his emotions
and tears ran behind his eyes and his soul seemed to quiver.

Was he blind?
Scaly crusts of bark, tried to strip away the skin
as he stumbled upon that massive tree and stopping
to assess the damage,
saw nothing amiss.

Arms aching as if carrying a massive weight,
he stopped again and watched in wonder
as a sleek and grey-browed lizard bathed on the sun warmed wall
lifted his head and smiled.

What is that message?

Why are you so beautiful and contented was the thought.

Oh elusive thread of life,

now who created that intensity that saw the beauty

surround the man as he pondered

the colourful joy of the tall elegant white, yellow tongued lily

that seemed to lift his flagging spirits.

Opened up, the inner mind,

took in the joy of the blue skies and the greeny hue of the landscape

and trudged on along the clipped path with the weary body.

Mind clearing a little now

and kept pondering the question.

When was that last moment in time

when someone called you beautiful?

CEDAR

Mind's eye gazed across the naked ground,
sadness filling all the cracks in my soul.

A leaf of unknown locality, skipped away with a wisp of thermal air
that glanced over bacteria eaten skeletal fragments of the past.

Vitality destroyed by Nature's power
and the job completed by men's sweaty brow and muscle
aided by the brutal power of razor sharp mechanical saw.
Now gone forever
taken away unceremoniously by motorised carting horsepower.

As if in prayer the green hue of life stared out upon this lonely space
and while tall perfumed flowers, rumored of some past Joseph's name
sake, graciously bestowed upon that naked space
a special thought of past grandeur.

Once a tower of strength and Nature's work stood in this place,
and looked out upon the world for at least three score years and ten.

Enjoying years of tender care and love
from every possible feathered friend.
Creatures great and of the minutest creation
given to this small part of Nature's plan
rollicked in the gifts of this former giant's sweeping tendrils of artist's
designed leaf, branch and coarse bark encased frame.
Tempests and suns of every degree
had hardened this creation to gladden even hearts of white clad newly
joined couples and witnessed the sombre ends of humans, life itself
carried away in the backs of blackened horse drawn and mechanised
wheeled carts.

Shelterer of many human and nature's crawling friends
this great tree is lost to the artist's eye
and one cannot help but shed an internal tear
to bare the loss of such a vital part of life,
struck down by the terrifying power of wind,
a creation of that powerful force
that can also dictate the fortunes of people's lives.

Shadows pass overhead,
and one can almost feel the presence of an essence
passing through the mind,
but its just a parakeet crossing to the other side
of this previously tree clad space.

Maybe it has memories too,
but it's not going to share them in its fluster of life giving energy to live.
Sweet odours waft across the lawns
and it's hard to keep the old memory,
but no doubts it's embedded in life's wonderful experiences
Recalled in a flash of recalled love
and nurtured into a moment to be shared with someone of a similar ilk.

Eyes full of greenery hues sooth the pain of loss.
Thoughts of golden green boughs,
green slimy moss and finger-splintery bark, flick to mind,
but now one hasn't got to dodge that huge low bow
to bring the tractor into line.

Coloured borders help to restore the joy of life,
vitality surges forward to challenge God's newly created day.
And like the crimson tipped cloud of this morning's welcome,
memories of this beautiful golden cedar fallen
into my memory happily now.

But glimmers of death raise tears behind my eyes,
surely a present in this scene of destruction
but already plans are afoot,
to restore this vacant land.

What is this cultivation of ground and raking up of the fallen?
Renewed life for this not forsaken spot?
A plan is close at hand,
a new tree will be planted
not just to celebrate the trauma of a lost vision,
but to begin anew and hasten vibrant new life, for these precious
gardens.

COLOURED PAIN

Sunlight threw shafts of white air abundantly round the seated figure.
Huddled into cloth of respectability
eyes watched the jagged edged green yellowed grass grow.
Minds-eye translated the glaring message of the blue
and cast downwards in humbled bow.

It was not fair to see such regal power abused.
Life-long experiences subjected to merciless steel blade
as yet another limb fell silently to the pitted dirty soil.

Screams of dirty smudged grey mirth snarled relentlessly at the
sheltered ears,
but still it penetrated to the core beneath.
Pain oozed through the coursing channels but he did not move.
Eyes lifted in sympathy at the last remaining stump of life
plunged silently to the ground and lay starkly naked still.

Clouds of filthy smoking human inspired smog
momentarily dulled the sky
and dispersed its contaminants into the airy world.

They were not words he heard
as his fingers sought the weathered board
on which he sat, but rhythm of vibrant whispering life.

White-green clusters of glossy leaf danced patterns of hope
near his side
and shook the vigorously slithering sharpened pointed twigs
to for search life that crept quite close by to his booted feet.

Unknown source of shade processed air
delivered music to the unguarded ear
as scathing red stained bells sounded out forgetting any fear.

Yellowing bobbing heads joined the purple hanging blooms
not calling out any messages of repent or gloom,
but hope for more sustenance, and make it soon,
was the laughing tune.

Pain seeped to the heart and as it wept
the sunlight tried to rouse the spirit there.
Was not the call to seek and search for hope?
Not lose it because of hurt that caused the mind to dread
and both the weaknesses of loneliness.

Eyes raised a little now, wrinkled rings of life's wisdom sought
to engage the glazed orbs
and sooth with deep hues-green colours of swaying light.
Designed by the Creator in some past moment of delight,
Specifically to stimulate the learning courses of intelligent life.
Why wasn't there more to admire,
just because of the brief hesitation of life in one?

What of that speckled pink clothed beauty over yonder,
searching skywards in admiration of the sun?

Yet still the rhythm persevered
and joined gay bubbling eddies of invisible power,
tickled the senses of the skin
and sent strange impulses to the microscopic nerve ends,
awakening some dormant receptor within the captive
sitting on the dead-wood bench.

Tears flowed through the channels of the mind,
soothing unseeing ideas but unlocking some
strange emotion that took into its being those stimulating vibrations
thrown about by Nature's power.

As if to lift the troubled mind resting in its body
blue mauve blossoms sent out fragrances of passion to open up the
sightless eyes and titillate the senses.

As if on signal from some distant chorused messenger,
the human form rose from its crumpled posture and joined hesitantly
in the rhythm of the time
being mimicked by tall dancing fawn-topped figures along the pat
the man began to follow.

Spirit-minded energy restored,
skipping in unison with the open-mouthed
pink and yellow waving heads of coloured thorn bush.
While the rings of green lapelled blooms of peaceful white
joined in the celebration of the newborn day.

CREATOR'S PLAN

Golden orb of life hung in silence
serenely surveying the dampened earth of life.

Mantle of greyish light sooth the saddened limbs
of long-lived Nature's gift to humanity
comforted in the shimmering heart of summer's day.

No warmth here!
Scarlet lips of the Creator's beauty
no longer heralding the joyous rhythm of life's vitality
shredded from its source of life,
twirls in spiral patterns to the earth below.

To mingle with the brown-black carcasses of the past,
are waiting in stilled anticipation
of new life's participation in creation.

Swirling clouds of grey ducked about
with spasms of blue light darting among the flurry of wisps of dancing
greens,
arrayed with splashes of mauve-white prancing heads.
Laughing green tendrils painted haphazardly across the plains
of rubbled views

To the shards of upright glossy green-white stems,
shielding the shy sentinel from the penetrating stare of grey-blue eyes.
Plumed with deep-veined hues of blue-tones
with tawny-iron stained tips
with blue-red pink head.

Casting its majestic dew tipped beak
To heaven acknowledging the Creator's glory.
Tears of pure delight
glittered in the shafts of pure clear light,
emphasising the depth of admiration
pulsing in the cool world surrounding the sacred site

Hidden from a casual glance of the awe filled observer.
Cackled squawks and warbled song filled the air
and jewelled birds of the air shrieks echoed

The exhilaration pulsing through the human soul,
stimulating wondrous thoughts of deep emotions
causing tremors of the spirit
to force that humble human
on towards the duties of the day,
warmed in the glory of the Creator's deeper plan for life.

DAZZLED

Darkness absorbed the fears of the pathetic simple man
while light struggled through the thinly misted mantled dawn.

Excited swirls of rain-laden winds beat about the naked limbs
and cast away the trembling doldrums of numbing thought
that plagued the mind beneath the white-fringed hat clothed head.
Arousing trembling emotions of the life-sustaining world
of the Creator's new day's dawning light
bounding happily among the yellow headed daisies
Designed by gentle-minded spirit
To lift the soul to dance among the orange-red dewy tendrils
of the sweet grevillea flowers

Upon which perched the gloriously
coloured yellowed-billed feathered pair
flittering among the bloom coated branches
engaged in their own love-dance of life,
oblivious of the presence of the weary human kind.

Oh, how one's heart lifted in awesome wonder,
at the thrill of younger life and blissful memories of delights
viewed through the mind's eye.

Of that powerful mystical spirit,
still undefined by human intellect,
can lift the battered soul to tearful embrace
Of stinging remembrance of sublime happiness.

Memories delight of swaying pinks of fragranced blooms
joining in with powerful gusts of stormy day's
fierce windy patterns.
Welcoming little snippets of dazzling white clusters of flowers
also bathing in the joyous tunes.
Of the rhythms of this new day's wondrous life renewing tune.

Swift winged early birds of morning
shrieked out their chorused tunes of welcome
and glided effortlessly with the gusty currents
across the visions of the eyes
As if to flush away the struggling thoughts of inner mind,
and invigorate the tumbling spirit within,
stunned almost to silence and prayed,
oh great spirit of all life

How can one so simple,
grasp the tearful joy of sight and
adequately define the inner burning of the soul's delight,
to words of warming heart felt peace
pulsating through this mortal's being
given without spoken request but freely bestowed
from the generosity of the hidden omnipotent one.

DYING NIGHT

Pink-grey pillows smudged the early day and cast no shadow
on the naked ground.

Lighted grey mist shrouded the tall white forked monument of a
previous life while creeping vines with yellow tipped leaf
clawed its determined way round the carcass
as if in coloured celebration of its previous life.
Amid the cover of gold-green speckled pointed leaf

black eyes grappled with the mind
to grasp the message of the winged warblers calling
from the lofty spines of living wood.

Yellow scented works of filigreed patter
learned into their spaces allocated
by some obscure planner.

Silver grey domes with delicious tip of the clearest purity of life
sustaining fluid,
bobble as the guardians of its branches,
bobbed about in fluttering joy at their source of daily sustenance.

Signs of former aged wisdom stood with the living
as if in some ritual display.

Great canopies of green tipped gold, red and scarlets
bowed their mighty limbs in absolute stillness,
as if in some gentle homage of a great power.

Chorus of whistled and laughing sounds
bounced round the seated figure
creating images of energies mixing to stir the senses of the mind,

Teased by sensations of coolness fluttering on the skin recalling
past experiences of warmth and companionship.

Glimpses of clear light pierced through the silent grey
and subdued greens began to sparkled with regenerated light.

The silent domes of life began to reshape and respond to life,
giving warmth.
Patterns of life quietened by darkness's mantle
glowed in glorious white blobs of orange-reds and fragrant lavenders
trusted in anticipation.

Overhead lightly blues replaced the gaudy clouds
and the raked ground was now covered in life giving dew.
Now the silent waiting observer caught the drift of silent call
and turned in search of the mighty globe of life
that the Creator had given for this simple man's existence.

The tree of past life stood tall and straight
and its once lift-bearing branches now provide the roost
for countless jeweled feathered companions of the sky.

As if in some misty acknowledgement
whisks of fluffy white air rose higher into the energise sky
in a last salute to the dying night.

EARLY FROSTED MORN

Time trickled past the mind amidst the cold grey of dawn
cloaking the drooping life form in gloom.

Thoughts of death's moments of glory,
another to join the ranks of five-pointed drifters
strewn upon the frosted earth, but not so.

Caressing touches of warming flesh soothed the shattered
pock-marked body,
limp and thought of life almost lost,

Didn't give off any symbols of hope of another day.
Curious family of feathered comrades of the trees
tilted head in angles of amusement at the kneeling figure
beneath their homeland of scarlet-yellowing configurations
of Nature's trees of refuge.

Sun lit blues of life threaded softly through the overhead screens of
sculptured hands of leaves and warmed that scene of hope
to dreams of life renewed.

Fierce strokes of steel pierced the silent tawny patterns of earth
and cast aside the blackness of earth's dirt
and created a hole that gapped in scented surprise of disturbance of
its rest amid the dreaming time of early frosted morn.

Tender thoughts of coloured pinks hopes of renewed pleasure
mixed with strong muscle to lift the inert creation of the Maker
and place its foot into the receptacle of earth,
forced at will of another divorced of creative skill but generating living
hope of renewal acknowledging growth,

Packed that warming earth with reckless abandonment of foot,
pressing home the source of new life
about the now limp standing form.

Nature's songsters warbled their welcome
and fluttered away to their daily chores.
And the newly planted tree-piece stood alone
to face the world and the Creators of all's decisions of life once more.

FAREWELL MY FRIEND

Stately spiked wood trees framed the arch,
and yellow-green flags joined the blue of day to rejoice in life.

The shady glen rolled greenly through the mind
as crystals of cooling water rejuvenated the tuffy turf.
The eyes took in the tawny white image so lonely there,
abandoned upon the soothing earth.

Flashing coloured wings drew one's awe
of how those wondrous creatures managed
such manoeuvres among the wooded heavens.

But silence reigned above the formidable walls of lichen covered
stone,
And no laughs, mirth or excitement radiant
from above human created finials topped creations.

No longer would those amazing fleeting shadows be cast upon our
heads
As we ambled happily across the enclosed courtyard space.
Perhaps only memories of stately figures surveying the world of life
from above so high, be recorded in Creation's files.

How amazing, the dignity of death is bestowed upon Nature's own.
Even in the fractions of times invoked
It's possible to hide one's head
and miss that last fleeting glimpse of earth's home.
A gasp of horror escaped my mind
and with fond memories, turned my head away.

I could not bear the scene before my eyes

Sadness seemed to fill my soul
and flowed on to my memories of glorious experiences we had shared
in past wandering among Creation's wooded paths.
My heart reached out to the companion high above
in the seclusion of the leaves,
farewell my kookaburra friend.

FAREWELL

Black dawn's mantle covered all,
the early fresh rattle of invisible birds shattered the silence of the new
day's birth.

Light's slivers opened the great trees silhouette
and allowed the breath of life to fall upon the waiting world.

Yet all about held still in anticipation of the call.
Nothing moved the tufted black-beaded head on stalks
or caused the dainty domed blue clusters of plumbago
to dance their usual welcome of the day.

Grey plumed mist hovered as if in conspiring company
to retain the silenced atmosphere.
Light's awakening call hailed chattering songsters
flittering among the watching statues of darkened greeny hues
for the news of the day, that will chase away the thoughts of darkness
and renewed the patient figure's mind to rejoice in the promise
of the vitality rejuvenated in this new day.

Yet death's shadow lingers still upon the kneeling body's mind
and soul,
as dappled sunbeams leaked between the sparse sky-bound limbs,
bathing orange-brown curls of carpeted soil with warmth.

Soiled hands grappled with reluctant weeds
and weary body moved forward on tawny-padded knees
to complete the square of scheduled work.
Teary eyes glanced upwards,
as if to seek the solitude of weeping soul,
spying coiled grace arising from the scar-tissued fern,

entrenched in pitted grounds of chopped-splintered former life.

Calm wings of delicate patterned arms reach skywards
as if in acknowledgement of a secret call.

Revealed ball-shaped crystal clear microscopic aquiferous vessel,
reflecting purity and vitality of life,
lifting the dulled spirit within
releasing a calming softness to the watching eyes.

Again the spirited cackling caller, pops up before the kneeling man
and laughs at his folly
and dances a wonderful pattern of black and white fluttering wings
and tail as if reflecting the merriment of living
and joyous celebration of bountiful life.

Arising, as if persuaded by the jolly wag-tail,
the man cannot resist the urge to join the chorus.

Uplifted spirit smiles and wonders in awe
of the new day's shining beauty
and ponders God's creative tranquility
in this small shaded corner of the earth.
Gently restoring positive memories of a loved one,
Now gone beyond the boundaries
Of the beautiful earthly abode.

FORGIVEN

Melancholy soul searched among the fragments of death
cast aside by mighty greeny towering monarchs of the earth
standing rigid in the early morn's blue sky

Remote from the mediocre ramblings of the human's thoughts.
Remnants of the Creator's hand now tawny-browed in death
swept away to clear the stark grey concrete of the ground
for human safety sake.

Yet even the taunting orange-brown of the vital life
did not erase the struggle deep within
the recesses of that spirit's wandering,
seeking soothing rest from memories of dreaded
dreams of tormented spirits end.

Order of life moved on,
dampened grounds freed of sunburning beams
rejoiced in dew tipped tangy conifer freshened branches
waving and rejoicing in the cooling breeze

Lifting up the mind's eye to the wonders of that freedom
hidden by the sombre mind
and lifts the senses to the minute sculptured
white spider treaded flowers,
bobbing in rhythm with their red ball-tipped buds
to amuse the grappling soul
and release the strings of joyous life
bestowed with abundance from the one
who knows the intricate workings of the human psyche.
To receive a new gift
from the fragrance of the generous red rose,

Glorifying the new day's gift of life

And sharing unreservedly with all who pass by its glossy green habitat
and are tempted to bow their head
and risk the sensitivity of breathing in the soothing
scent of newly created rose perfume.

Oh, how aroused!

The soul of simple man leaps in wonderment
humbled at the generosity of the Creator's intimacy
with the spirit's soul

Revealing the subtle hidden tenderness with the struggling being
leaving dreaming paths of wonder
at the beauties of the multi-coloured garden
given from the One who created the world.
But often hidden beneath the confusion
of the unthinking dulled man's mind,
yet so willing forgiven for a moment's doubt
with sublime love unconditionally bestowed
upon the unsuspecting searching mind,
to soothe the troubled spirit within.

GIFTS

Weeping mind joined in the turbulent thrust of wind,
afflicting the nostrils with earthy fragrances,
mixing with softly pattering sensations of the skies,
impressing wetness upon the naked skin of the man's arms,
as emotions struggled to grasp the wonder
of the tossing greyness of stormy morning's gifts to the earth's survival.

Swishing tails of greeny fronds edged with wisps of stringy white
danced in merry rhythm with the singing
smokey blue-greens of minutest slender needles of the elegantly
bending pines acknowledging the Creator's generosity to the
revitalised watered land.

New life's fawny buds glistening
among the veiny tissues of the parent's
clustered leaves and etched remembrance of a stirring gentleness of
heart,
weeping at lost memories of something precious,
stirring the ghosts of childhood memory for this moment of time,
replaced by visions of bobbing multi-coloured feathered gifts to the sky
winging like tossed leaves in the swirling winds of freshened air,
but directed on a path determined by an instinct
bestowed upon their kind
to entertain the watching eyes of the silent observing man.

Majestic pine silhouetted against the puffy grey stormy clouds
bumping along in currents of refreshing air,
displayed in wondrous black and whites
the happily squawking magpies rejoicing
at the splattering waters of life,
bouncing happily upon the greeny spikes of lawns
beneath their lofty perches in the sky.

Gladdened eyes captured yellow daisies lifting petalled heads
to admire the streaking yellowed blues of new day's light
peaking through the greyish dawn offering new delights
to solemn mind's eyes and teasing visual senses anew.

Talking leaves gathered drops of watery life
and tipping over when full of that vital fluid,
tickled the earth below and leafy branches
decorated in clumps of blue,
bowed down in homage of thank for the sacred gift of life's sustaining
fluids, flowing to their very source of maintained life.

Turning to the sky those eyes of the mind, passed on to the soul
the joys of nature's ways and soothed the troubled spirit deep within,
dampening down the trembling man's puny thoughts
to greater heights of wondrous belief
in the ever uplifting compassionate nature
of the Creator's simple new morning's gifts to the world.

GOLDEN TIME

Quivering shafts of mellow gold drifted across the vision
and early morning burnt its impressive image
upon the cold mind viewing the world at the time.

Wondering emotions of loneliness
hindered the entry of peaceful rhythms
of Nature's created silver ribbon
dipping in rhymes of life's new energising day
peaking among the dormant channels of the mind's eye
awaking rambling scrambled process of the mind.

Gentle yellowed greens teased the spirit of the universe's day
and caressed the blues of skies
uninterrupted visions of thankful tranquility
of dawn's vanishing greys
awakening the dazzling enlightened shapes of excitement
cast in purple-blues against the towering frameworks
of established monuments
of static life shuddering in plum scarlet
of clothes of Nature's cycles of life awaking the senses.

Stimulated senses responding awkwardly
to the joys of awakened memories bringing tears
to the deeper thoughts
and grasping desperately at the sensations of dancing mind
to hold onto the awesome wonders of the Creator's message
of life's entertainment bobbling fancy free in drafts of swirling air
and swaying soothing drops of swishing greeny hues
calling with delight of freedom's magnificent releasing
of all pretenses of restricted thought.

Frothy white fragrant marvels of Nature's design
curtsied delightfully before the eye
and challenged the dazzled observers
to join the blessings of the day's new delight
and put away the dark shadows of the night
to bathe contentedly in the golden shadow of the loveliness of vital life.

GREENY NEW

Weeping washed eyes, slowly followed the patient black
and white bug picker
as it feasted on Nature's provisions.

Myriads of winged voices permeated with the solemn cavities
Of the sane mind teasing the senses of vision
taunted by signs of weariness not understood.

Sifting through solemn thoughts
speaks of Nature's clearly soothing waters,
tickled the faces surface and radiated the vitality of life's energy
to the grey minded observer
and like the ever widening circular ripples of droplets
upon the stilled waters of the black pond,
jabbed the conscious, back to the Creator's day.

Lighted greens flickered away the droplets of water
falling from the leadened grey sky
and dripped their creviced edges to pass the life sustaining fluid
to the earth below
bestowing power upon the growth of life
and passed its essence of hope
to silent man upon the ridged of the earth's surface.

Seeping emotions, clinging frantically to the scenes
of the Creator's awesome creativity,
the stark dead-like browns of beaded bundles high
the nobbled branches of the silent pock marked barked tree,
signalled misleading thoughts of death.

But intervention of the black and white scavenger across the process
of deathly thought, snapped the mind about

and as if by sacred serenity lifted hungry eyes skyward
to the enlightening symbols of emerging life
among the deceptive tawny pretense of death.

Slender slivers of luscious life,
green-new on tender fibrous stem of wood,
happily danced with rain-drop rhythm
to illustrate the vitality of the Planner's design
for graciousness of the gift of life.

Lowered eyes in sorrowed lamentation
of momentary lost positive thought,
feasted upon the freshness of the blackened pool
of dimpled patterns merrily joining tall trembling bulrushes stems
Alleviating the freshness of the new day's dawning.

Shrieking hidden songsters lifting their praises
to the whitening grey skies of the world
and fare welling the galloping tumbling carriers
of sustaining goodness to all upon the earth.

The moment recorded in vivid symbols upon the inner mind,
the rejuvenated man lifted renewed vision of the day,
shuddering in subdued revitalisation
and with weeping heart pondered how dare he
forget the debt paid to not forget.



INTRUSION

The sun did not rise, this morning,
light sneaked into the early morning
highlighting the needle pointed undergrowth
undulating away into the distant tree lined world.

Beneath the heavy boot the surface crunched in protest
at the added weight leaving a tattered tissue in progress's aftermath.

Not a sound penetrated the innate mind
and caused a stir of anxiety among the churning electric charges
encased there.
There should be light here.

Even the great boughs of the majestic oaks
seemed to be limp of life too
and tiny thorned coated plants of ancient times flower
didn't seem to want to show its silver coat.

Blotches of reds and yellow hung silently inside the blue sky
as hurting eyes scanned for news to reduce the pain.

Minute red spasms of colour from the tiniest plant
seemed to alert the figure there
as it trudged its path among the mute scenery.

Razor edged thorns grabbed at the limb
that dared to shove its brawn uninvited into its private space,
showering dusty clouds upon the intruder.
The mind jumped to distant memory of dust and death and even
decay.

White all around scattered skeleton remains
clogged the noise of the relentless pace of the seeker.

Shrieking hisses of great pressure startled the walker
and ducking an invisible projectile looked up to the sky.

Great arcs of hissing silver spears
blasted multitudes of glistening globules
and sticky water all about the place,
soaking the figure standing there.

Like the world around about
dust flowed from the silver blues and greens
and as if renewed life,
the scenery began to celebrate.

The air pulsated with rhythm of blue sticky blooms
trusting forward with news of vitality
and seemed to jostle its neighbouring friends
into dances of coloured amazement at its refreshment
to sooth the heated environment.

Noise perforated the tired thought ways and life seemed awakened
to something that had been missed that day.

Why even the earth smelt perfumed
among the dead leaves and material decaying
beneath cool overhands of curled shaped life.
The darkness had been lifted by the gentle splashes
of moisture on the skin as if something had been washed away
from the vision of the mind.

Perhaps a temporary blotch
of some human creation unable to withstand the power
of resourcefulness and care of some greater source.

Whatever that impediment this cool air refreshed
and the music of nature restored the equilibrium of life
and the feet lifted easy as the traveler mover onward.

MASTER

Chilled morning's shadowed finger
grappled across the shorn surface of the green,
reaching for the isolated spit of death,
edged out beyond the source of liquid life,
yet within the realm of living life.

Sweet silver beams reflected the energy of all life,
to eager searching eyes, wavering in joyous union
with the dancing waves of rippling air.

Golden rays of life's eternal source speared through a scarce space
between purple-tinged green leaf and bowed heads
of mopped headed agapanthus
and pushed away advancing darkened shadows.

As if in reverence to the Creator,
rows of living plants turned towards the glittering star of life,
joined in rhythmic ritual with softly ebbing zephyr,
creating deep movement in the spirit.

Trembling pulse urged thoughts of wonder,
seeking out the numbed soul,
lifting up the mind to seeking answers to the deep call of emotions,
at the glorious picture of soothing comfort
given to all living beings by the loving energy
of the Master of the Universe.

MEANING

Furious circular shimmering light forced back the greyness of dawn
and showered the earth with startling energy,
lifting the day's new life, slashing away the past.

Refreshed, the watcher's eyes perceived the awaking of the present
and grappled with emotions wild with expectations
of re-energised mind awash with the new vitality to a sombre soul.

Enlightened with spirit uplifted and forging forward to duties to perform,
spied with hungry-mind eyes, the wonders of the Creator's imagination
spread out about his straining body.

Soothing misty fusion of lilac-lavender blooms
and grey air gave away illusions of soft restful bliss
and swirled away the man's soul to a place beyond the mortal earth
to a swelling admiration of the Creator's immense resources
to lift the humblest man's mournful soul
to delirious songs of warm belongings to a new order
seemingly well beyond his earthly-bound kin.

But swirling soaking drizzle soon restored the man's equilibrium
and he hustled away from his field of manual tasks
to seek shelter from the liquid reality of the element
refreshment to the thirsty earth.

Normality restored to mind,
resting breathlessly in warmer environment
with soul still seeping up the wondrous moment of the now past
experience.

The man sat patiently in peace and pondered
upon the beauty he'd been blessed to behold
of the Maker's benevolence and kindness to a searching
anxious earth bound being struggling to see the meaning of life.

MESSAGE

He stood as if in isolation
among the bustling avenues of green.

Huge canopies of harlequined greens, fawns and yellows
swished above his head and bathed his transparent being.

Invisible voices tried to sooth the inner pain of confusion and fears
and his body parts seemed to involuntarily begin to cool
as he stood like an immobilised sentinel among the heaving trees.

Scented air filtered into his head
and soothed the trembling senses of a presence.
White tubular headed flowers
perched on spiky leafed extended arms of herbal tissue,
joined together with the laughing rounded bluey mauve headed,
intricately headed bobby agapanthus as they seemed to flirt
with the invisible lines of communications of that puzzling sound.
Again that voice!

A tingling of awareness
surged through the sensory tissues
and eyes strained for the source of that gabbled message.

Soothing blotches of cream and the lighted hues of green
reminded the falling sense of loneliness and dreading
and the feeling of nothingness and worthlessness.

Even as if in defeat, head slowly bowing
eyes spied that stately straight, but battered honest tree
and revised the ailing spirit.

What expressions of powers unchallenged fury and creation
had that gnarled and chunky barked tree viewed
in its long history seen and yet,
it seemed to be speaking.

What was that, he could not hear it clearly,
Maybe he should bow down,
like that flapping spiked, sprawled out pink-rusty bougainvillea
and acknowledge his vulnerability.

Yet that bobbing twisting mass of vitality was not covering,
it was screaming out its message of admiration and life.
Oh simple man. Could this be the sign
that he had missed in his blindness?

The hurt beating heart, and caused that cold shiver,
and even thought he felt the surge of uplifting,
his mind could hardly accept it.

Another pain of awareness,
the beauty he could hardly manage to express,
was leaping across his vision.

As if in some silent conspiracy,
the brilliant yellow headed daisy bushes were dancing their
expressions of joy
to being bathed in the dazzling light of day.

Overhead, the eyes took in that orange-yellow almighty powerful orb
and admitted the power of death and life hung there above for all.
Yet even that revelation seemed to be checked by something.
He felt obliged and embarrassed to acknowledge,
that lifted his sagging spirit, to almost bursting senses,

that even, was it possible?

A sad joy of overwhelming
perhaps a glimpse of trust?
Could this really be a moment of mind boggling Creator's motivated
revelation?

What impertinence
to make an assumption that God would give a message
of such simplistic nature to a lowly man.

Yet nature stood noisily at his shoulder, demonstrating
flashing its beauty with tall-spiked purple-lipped herbaceous plants
as if laughing at this stupid man.

But the more elegant stemmed yellow-mouthed lilies being,
Oh so kind,
gently swayed in understanding of the fickle minded man.
These colourful creations were from the same omnipotent Creator's
mind
but they didn't fear death they inherently knew, their time was limited,
so they were bathing in their glory and sharing it
even with a man who could learn to love too!

But what was it that at the moment,
that captivated the soul?
Was it the colours or flirting with the senses,
or the massaging power of the pressure streams
that blew around his body, and toning in his muscles?

It was that presence, tingling the blood again
and motivating the inner ear senses to the mind.
What was that message?

Fear, oh no, it's got to be joy this time.
But why the isolation?
Oh poor man! Maybe a little philosophy of caring, and compassion,
go on, share that message with another.
Open your eyes and senses and note down, oh so carefully,
in that indelible ink of experience.
The exposure that you just had to be the Creator's love-making
experimentation with sound and light,

It is so fragile it seems as if it's a presence all around you
invisible, but alarming to the mind.

MYSTERIOUS PLAN

Tinted royal scarlet monoliths boasted craggy cliffs and jagged-edge ridges cloaked in pastels of creamy-fawns and blue-mauves shimmering in the mid-morn sunlight.

Majestic feathered masters of flight hovering in distant flakey clouded sky searching for their sustenance for life, and yet acknowledging in their flights the Master Creator's plan for thermal patterns that governed all living beings lives.

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

Shimmering landscapes of incredible imaginative creation scattered with black skeletal remnant of past living organisms, displaying rainbows of coloured browns and buffy yellows across a land of pink-tinted earth topped with shattered white quartz.

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

PASSING DAY

Spiky tufts of foaming cream splashed with random joy
across the chocolate brown red chunks of rock
as the humid blue sky looked down in silence from the Creator's sky.

Calling ribboned hills responded in coasts of red-ribbed joy
and celebrated within the rays of the seething golden orbs might
complemented the rapturous song of rhythmic clamor
of darkening rings
to end the reign of days glorious romp across the universe
of this great ancient universe of earth.

Little man stood in darkening shadows
and gazed across the plains of ribboned reds
and listened in awed silence at nature's feathered wonders
singing tunes in foreign sounds
acknowledging the Creator's wondrous designs.

Glamorous green hues splashed in abandonment
of purest white branches
beamed out softness upon the harsh broken fragments of the path,
the struggling man trudged upon, to lift him to the heights,

To turn, and wonder once again with heart jumping in excitement
to bathe his aching emotions of an unexplained joy
as the scene before his eyes changes in subtle tones of purple tinted
light to softening pinks of the ending of another joyous day of praise
of Creation's wondrous design to hearten the senses of this man
as the silent world about him retired for another time
away from the spacious time of daily life.

PEACE

I stood in silent reflection of my soul
as if I might be in God's presence.

Splashes of yellow-orange mixed with the ruby red of dying vitality.
Each leaf a remembrance of a deed well done;
shaped in love by the Creator's hand.
Perfect design to reflect the warmth of God's love,
Is this not the colour of joy,
vitality exerting its energy as it looks upwards
for the final word – peace!

Then gently it flutters down to its resting place
beneath the wounds of the body of its strong trunk
rendered low by the gardener's rasping saw blade.

It is weeping a final sound to the falling body.
The splendid dynamic shaped curves
spiralling to take in the whisper of the way it descends
to the ground below.
Food for the next generation and life to continue
its praise of God's creation?

Silently the darkness of the deep groans and gasps
of nearby neighbours remember the transgressions
imposed upon the soul.
The myriads of flashing colour absorb these transgressions
with their love enables the soul to accept and forgive
the weaknesses that may have caused the tremors
like flashing energy soothing air currents.

But now the glory and joy is more potent than any failing,

it is offering tranquility and peacefulness.

Grasp it as it gasps,
Oh God, how my heart beat
to see such beauty in such a simple place.
Give me the inner sight to record this triumph of your celebration of life
to remember that death is not such a terror.

Why even the leaves rejoice
as they tumble down the airways to their next life.
Surely this is encouragement to me.
God is in every event my eyes witness in life.

Oh gardener, open your eyes and smile,
God is with you even now
as your mind struggles to appreciate and rejoice.
Can you share this awe with others?
Look for the soul's colours in others' eyes
and praise the joy you see reflected back at you.

PERFUMED

Icy wind rushed into greet the early walker
and dragged reluctant creamy clouds to herald the newly created
daylight.

Crispy green spiked ground cover groaned in protest
at heavy leather boot imprints of moving life upon its surface.

Pock marked skin with bristling strands of graying hair
met the cold thermal swirls and motivated faster movement
of the hot blooded human,
gazing in awe at the horizon bound blob of sustaining energy.

Shaded eyes took in the darken dirty borders
but keen nostril senses gathered in the delicacy
of the earth's fragrances
and soothed a troubled mind,
Burdened with past night's stress.

Patient early twitters bobbed along the mitre-edged walls
and joined the lonely man standing still among the scents of early
morn.

Creamy-yellowed hearing bells of Creator's wonder,
stood tall or drooped in dripping yellow powdered edges
with crawling creatures feeding on generous nectars
and jewelled insects precariously balancing in frilled edges
Gathered up their daily sources of energy
and acknowledging the one who gives all
but does not verbalise its power but gives gifts abundantly
to silent listeners.

Soothing silence gives the man thought for gladness
as he bows knee to take a hopeful advantage

of another perfumed glory
surrounding his small world of busy participants
within the bounds of the structured environment
but freedom for admiration of God's awesome creation.

PRAYER

Patterned imprints crisscrossed the crystal tips of turf.
Dewy dawn arose beckoning
to the crimson laced clouds to retract their dank shadows
and allow the spikes of energy to awaken the land.

Morning lights revealed the extent of the intrusion
but mystery still had the intent of the patternised paths
about the grounds.
Silver tendrils of the night's work silently swayed
between the shrubs evidence of no violence.

There were no voices in the gentle eddies
that caressed the canyons of sleek legs of wood
to publish the visitor's cause.

Strengthened rays of gold encouraged movement
and the public faces of floral life opened
and smiled to the blueing skies.

All living things rejoiced at the renewed vitality
and yet among this peaceful scene a presence could be felt
in the vibrations of the silence
but highly active practice of life.

Among the drooping moisture laden branches a dark form could be
distinguished among the gnarled under growth of ancient barks and
trunks.

Mixed among the odours of the woods,
a new scent tried to hide.
It was no longer any secret
the private faces of the leaves smiled

acknowledgement of a new presence among their company.

They sensed no danger,
a circle of warming energy,
like sensual charges of power,
not unlike their own,
that seemed to be acknowledging the creator of their home.

A gust of cool air swirled and with a parting clatter
of falling multi-coloured spheres,
farewelled the quietly contemplating visitor
slowly moving from beneath their intricately woven cathedral
of mystic life created by Nature's master.

PROMISE

Scarred red and white blooms
deprived of the sustenance of life
by technological fault
waved their burnt brown shriveled stems
and gallantly faced the glowing source of light

Unaware of dulled mind's observation
and the plight of the inevitable journey
that all Nature's living face
in the world's time frame of life's fate
the experience of death

Not prolonged now by the hand of mortal action
ripped from their earthly home
by force of hand.

Tired eyes watch in fascination
as the ebbing life of living tissue roots
torn apart from the earth
leaving the scent of broken soil to tease the nostrils
and stir the embers of dulled spirit

To flare to the desire to live on within the solemn mortal.
Steely gardening implement churns up the nutrient enriched soil
tilled into disciplined lines
feeding rich odours to the day's gentle breeze

Encouraging that wondering mind to themes of life renewed.
New seeds given in abundance in Nature's plan
settled in scattered array along the furrowed fertile lines
ready to begin their living journey of renewal

in anticipation of the Creator's promise.
That new life flourish abundantly
and grow to acknowledge in colours soothing to the soul

Of the generosity of the Master of Life's energies
to give comfort to the mortal's searching mind
and rejoice in the hope of greeny new life
and coloured blooms to life up the spirits
of all that watch their progressing growth.

RAIN

Gentle silence hid itself among the blackness of the pre-dawn
while body's mind struggled noisily with memories of the old day's past

Rooftop rumbling raised the senses
and eyes sought out the cause,
softening thoughts of drudgery of spirit
to hear the herald of a promise not believed,
but outside the structured of sheltered life
sure enough, the cleansing water of an early morning's rainfall.

Cleared away the mind's morbid thoughts
lifting doubts away in cool breathes of freshened air
and opened dimmed mind's eye to the glory
of the new days beauty.

Joyful eyes searched across the juicy green grassed arena of ground
while above the great columns of greyish clouds
hung in awesome silence awaiting their next performance
of watery wonder for the dry earth below.

Can you hear?

The red and white border gardens seemed to ask
as rain drops danced upon their upturned smiling faces
while solemn figure stood among the gentle drops
mind grappling with the rushing thoughts of joyful thanks
for the message of the new morns dewy sunlight

Happily flittering along the greeny lines of life praising the Creator
for the wonders of this new awakening
lilac coloured heads bowed as if in praise
of the Creator's healing power

and the awakening of the spirit within the doubting silent observer.

White-tipped grey clusters of cloud hid among the blues
of the awakening morning
whilst noisy invisible birds of the air
hidden among the dewy leafed gardens
chirped aloud their thanks of the refreshing of life

And gentle breezes shuffled the multi-coloured foliage
of the great orange-brown skinned gum
arousing the pulsing inner fluid gift of life
refreshing thoughts of gifts bestowed

Yet struggled with the joyous flow of feeling thoughts
that with the knowledge that forgetfulness
had dulled the senses and dimmed the vision of hope.
Yet the bobbing head of roses,
dripping with the generous gifts of rain
seemed to lift the lonely struggling soul
and refresh the memory of the generosity
frequently hidden from human thought
of the Creator's freely given love for all.

RAKING THE LEAVES OF AUTUMN

Cool yellow curled in forms of protective closeness
watched in detached silence the mattress of fawn yellowing shifting,
in the rhythm of the dawn's cold breath.

Scarlet doubled-reds stood silently bathing
in the golden beams of the orbs restorative generous nurturing
of all living things.

Crafty grey shafts of shadows crept
among the scattered lifeless forms of yesterday's joy
and battled with the mind of moving life forcing prongs
of black-gatherer of rubble of nature's forsaken form
in preparation of the renewing of the gentle swaying giants
clothing of naked limbs.

Sense of smoldering wasted life
staggered along clouds of the mind of crying in sympathy
of confused thought of the something undefined.

Columns of jagged scrapped patterns smeared their way across the
grey shadows, rearranging life among the skeletons of tawny shape
of forgotten designer's creations.

Revealing vibrant spikes of greens of the day's joyously happy
grasses,
lifting sparkling shards of golden dancing of life's energy
to confront the eyes of the labouring being
and, smashing through the doldrums of morbid thoughts
and sprinkling awesome splinters of rejuvenation of the soul's

delights, in rows of gleaming meadows of juicy green hues,
enough to lift the purple hues of gloom
to visions bestowed upon the weary viewers
of the Great Designer of life's new story for the day's minds
consumption.

Skyward, purest blues lit up darkened visions visor and swelled
somber heart's anew and joined in celebrating
clustered reds bobbing laughter
and the sight of graceful flighted jeweled birds fluttering
among the red-green hues of great guardian
radiating the new day's golden tinted shimmerings
from heart-shaped airborne reflectors,
especially designed by greater beings delight to lift the soul's spirit.

Soft refreshing sounds soothed the frowning brow and stoop-shoulder
rose up tall and stood in admiration
at the towering brothers of the woods
and humbled hearted thanks escaped the tearful min
and again the incredible Creator had smiled in gentle rhythm
as great froned palms called for peace among the creatures of the
universe.

RELIEF

The cold breeze seeped into the clothed flesh
and teased the nerves with tension.

Rustling leaves gathered into tattered colonies around the burnt-red
boots
easing with the aching body to a halt.
Gripped in spasms of aches and confusion
the mind fought off the gathering cloud of comfort
in questioning the gentleness.
As if enclosed in a balm of spirited gentleness,
it was hard to acknowledge the peace.

Yet it seemed as if He stepped from the earth
into an atmosphere of fragrant senses
that called a closeness of presence
A fleeting stab of consciousness cooled the warm blood
Though the slim and icy tendrils of fear
pierced into the mind.

Oh what arrogance to make such an assumption
of the presence in that little shaded spot
among the tawny walled enclosure
Nature sang on regardless,
waving colours orange, red and blue as if in a rhyme
with some thing soothing to the soul.

What was that sound,
or was it simply just the throbbing of tissues
pushing hot fluids to the mind.
The bird of creation's wonderful design choralled tunes of whistle and
coos,

as if in greeting, not to just a man in stubborn bewilderment,
but to something in the fragrant eddies of motion
dancing through the forest
of naked shreds of bygone life and vibrant swinging leaves.

A pace forward seemed to break the moment of relief
and in a breath of life,
he grasped another breath of cooled air and peaked about himself,
mind startled by a blazed of burnt crimson light.

Eyes open and taking in a scene of swaying palm fronds
slashing at the air
seeming to try obscuring a tall grey lanky tree.
Purple shrouds around its base emphasized its grey countenance
and strangely familiar shape of twisted branches.

Crossed over bars of green glad limbs framed the tree's somber
message
of an incident in history, that flicked around the mind,
particularly with the almost wrapped around surround
of purple clinging, sharp spined vine.

Starkly outlined against the early morning blue of the sky,
the grotesque crossly branched tree stood
as if in silent memory that seemed to cause an ache
to join the others the body was experiencing at that moment in time.

Such a sorry thought to mingle
with the uncertainty of the new day.
A soothing orange glow peeked through the swaying greenness,
to take away any morbid thought
and transfix that thought with coloured idea of adventure and uplifting.
What an odd occurrence

as time caught up and he moved on with life renewed
and temperament cooled.
Its amazing what a cool morning's dream
among the woody glens of Nature can accrue for the body.

RESTRUCTURED

Oh glorious vertical columns of smoothened apparent death
silently stretching upwards in dignified appeal
to that great Architect of life
hidden beyond the brightest blue of wondrous day's presentation
to the absorbing thoughts of the inner mind's eye.

Restructured landscape trimmed by a thoughtful mind,
pleasing to the whims of a beardless man
raising inner stirrings of the soul
to privileged sight of Nature's generosity

To share in celebrating the wonders of this growing world's delights.
Yet drawn again to the stark assembly of the tawny-dark skinned tree
memories flitter across the canyons of the mind's desire
to make a worthy contribution to a situation

Almost as elusive as a wisp of foggy air in a gentle mornings breeze,
teasing the miniscule filament of human hair
growing upon a naked limb of moving muscle,
drawing the mind's eye to a response
to answer the tingling sensations of life.

Gone the glorious yellow-white fragranced petals,
once displayed in Nature's wondrous patterns,
among the long veined elongated glossy leaves upon branches
now draped in dappled brown-black mantle.
Attracted by some mystic voice within,
The searching misty eyes grasp
upon an amazing symbol of renewed life.

Sensually hidden from the casual viewer's sight,
there lingers within, not unlike a finger's tip,
a circle of lively greenish tinge,
surrounded that object of renewed attraction

And appearing as if in answer to a gentle prayer,
like a child's fingertips pressed together
in a prayerful purple-pink peak,
protecting a precious vision's dream and yet

Beneath this cathedral tower peaked out
the tender tendrils of the beginnings of new life.
Surely a divine gift for all living beings,

That once again that great Creator of us all
has renewed afresh the restructuring of our seasoned natured world,
to lift our spirits in awe at the gifts bestowed
to relieve the dreary soul above the mundane
and refresh the inner mind's distress
with the gentleness of peace
reflected in the passion of a new day's dawn.

REVELATION

Whiskering rain smeared across the shorn surface of the ground,
alarming the world to promises of delight,
teasing humbled thought beyond the doldrums of a tearful min
to the blessed light of new found dreams

Hidden within the tall leafed surrounded guardian of the garden.
Spears of orange-blues design separated beams of scattered
diamante clothed leaf
Scattering prismatic light to stimulate a mind dormant from emotions
tempered from an environment determined
by life's school of experiences.

Yet blue sky, hiding among the leafy world of the forest,
revealed new delight
to thrill the spirit, hidden behind the gloomy thoughts of lost opportunity
and depressed willingness to face the vulnerability
of the revealed soul.

But, Lord how awesome your gentleness
to coax the spirit,
to the living realms of floral beauty
that burst upon the timidity of love's eternal flame

The wondrous pinks of floral design
spaced so generously with green-tipped new life
upon the outstretched bough
drooping in adoration of its joyful gifts of life
So abundantly given in provocative style to the silent world.
Whilst about the browned solid stem of upright life,
watered breeze ceased its erratic behavior,
allowing the warmth of calming sunbeams

to lighten up the red blooms of the growing season

And tall purple-white lipped acanthus sipped at the liquid life
dispersed freely by Nature's whim,

Looked out silently at the solemn man and smiled,
in simple acknowledgment as if to read the thoughts entangled in the
mind's eye gazing upon the seasoned scheme's of the Creator's plan.

Meanwhile thoughts from spiritual history's tales of tragedy
upon a Judas tree's limb and the frailty of a man's lost dream.

While across the trembling feeble thoughts of man
Gentle vibernum's glorious display
of brilliant smiling white-pink petalled cascades
illuminated the wonders of the great Creator's gift,

To lift the clouds of doubt about the destiny of his appointed task
for life, and refocus renewed strength of purpose
to the inner sanctum of the self.

Instilling a remembrance of a promise
often symbolised by story tellers of spiritual wisdom,
of the single set of footprints impressed upon the sand,
yet two had believed to have walked upon the path.

REVERBERATION

Cool mantle of toned black, crept upon the body,
soothing panting breath and all round
stood in ghostly silent expectation.

No discriminations prevented its progress upon this plot of earth
as monuments of man and nature
received equal portions of its refreshing being.

Glassy surface and hewed stone alike bathed
in the sticky mucous like substance
left invisible shapes of dexterous hands
that strayed in searching out a path in the glow of glorious dawn.

Newness of birth-like the beginning of time
engulfed the breath of life and shades of grey began to shy away
as the rhythm of colours beckoned change.

Great shapes of imaginative designer's joy,
loom forth among the dewiness of the air
and feasted from its multitude of absorbent mouths
the very essence of survival
and dripped its overflowing nutrients to the hungry earth.

Naked noises pieced though the gentle dampened airways
announcing a new message to the awakening middle eye
arousing tingling responses to every changing pitch of sound.

Complete chorused tunes began to rebound from finely created organs

frantically translating the words of meanings
and other loosing all in solid surfaces of hewed rock
Rippling skins of slippery weather-worn experience
held fast the promises of sustenance
that trickle among their coarse bodies
and gathered again in rivulets to run the gauntlets of life to the ground.

Reverberating tunes heralded the increasing visibility of patient life
forms mobile and static celebrating as if one,
in the wonders of the Creator's playground of shadows
and stimulating sounds
of passion beyond the ordinary interpretations of life.

And, mind-rainbows, enforced images of memory of love,
and kindled tears of remembrances,
that turned a saddened face away.

Defying thoughts of freedom
and concentrating on the mundane exercises of human bondage,
the head turned the mind to skyward waving monolith
and smiled in secret recognition.

Sensual emotions stimulating the sense
and the blood pulsating in time
with the display of rhythmic kaleidoscope of air-brushed colours
teasing the simple mind with hymns of awe and acknowledgement.

RUFFLED AIR

They did not warble their greetings, those pair of onyx-eyed guardians
of the grounds, but strutted confidently
across the rolling plains of grass
and looked above as if in acknowledgement of God's gifts to the sky.

While labour-sweated body gasps into the breeze of life
ruffling the remains of earthy life,
caught up in tangled chaos among the living glossy-green leafed
tendrils
of earth's gifts of delight to the weary watcher's eyes.

The breath of life curls about the craggy face
and seems to lift the soul's weight of loss
of the black and white feathered warblers message of greetings
to the lonely working labourer tending Creation's herbaceous wonders.

Black-rimmed skies allow the glimpses of blue
to bathe the greeny view
as once again the labourer stoops to retrieve the sharpened tool
and hack away another sod of unwanted weeded soil
to begin the border of another bed of nurtured roses,
created by the Master Designer
for the enjoyment of being capable of acknowledging
the sweetness of fragrances
that lift the mind to dreams of blissful wonder
and renew the dimmed light of night for another wondrous moment
of daylight's glorious golden hue.

Yet, still the strutting companions of the sky come closer
to the busy man,
not daunted by the swinging action of muscled arm
with smashing gardening implement,
to silently stop and gaze about,
as if in intense inspection of progress mode,
ignoring the perspiring man's motionless stature.

Fresh ruffled air tenderly caresses the heated body
and soothes the beating pulse
and bestows upon the searching eyed observer,
kindly whispers of the inner soul,
to take to heart the joys of the landscapes beauty
and gladden the mind's eye of today's gift of God's love.

SANDY PRINTS

Strings of fairy-floss green shimmered
in the translucent pulsating liquid.
Sparkling rainbows burned images of timeless homage
upon the open mind and struggled to grasp
the rhythmic tumbling messages.
No swirls of trembling anxiety dared to hinder this scene
and the scenario held its breath in awe.

Massive power portrayed itself in soothing flows of Nature's rhyme
and trembling ceased in the world of human form and senses took
control.

Squiggly submerged patterns called up memories of old love
and visions of tarnished gold.
Pain oozed through pores and mixed within that tumbling medium.

Spirited images flashed among the sparks of sensual life and burst
against the confines of the walls of intellectual life.

But the pain had changed dimensions
and the glow of reflected wonder blinded those pale seeing orbs
and dazzled the heart of delights.

What being could change the law
and startle the images of mind with rolling symbols
that caressed the tumbling sands in such joyous play.

The clear blue sky held fast that great firey ball
and concentrated its filtered energy to one small place upon the earth.
Complimented by a second source of life itself,
the small figure stood in awe and wonder of the sensations

of this smooth tumbling wonder
created by an even greater source of awesome power.

Images bounced upon memories to recall experiences
to compare the joys grappling for comprehension.
Senses aroused to inexplicable heights
frantically endeavouring to translate the messages,
and as if puny in its efforts,

Succumbing to the pulsing energy of pure delight
and storing indelible images of glory
into the memory of such short a life.

White forms of landscape, crowned with swaying yellow-green spiked
leaded stalks, dressed up with pink topped hats, nodded as if in
agreement of the peaceful environment.

Smooth, scented borders of green-grey foliage did not move in
acknowledgement,
but simply bowed down their bodies.
Lonely man stood and grazed, mind sorting through experience.
Why had he been placed in this scene in time-warped space
and what was his true role in relating this spirited imagery to his race.
Surely the Creator had greater and mastery of the infinite,
to trust this minute being
with scenes of unimaginable shareable power and wisdom.

Bowed down by the sudden responsibility
the sole figure's heart sobbed and mind-burning in sadness,
his progress left footprints in the sand,
and watched them erased as he turned and contemplated
what arrogance and assumptions one can make
when confronted with the light aroused from a mind-heart vision.

SCATTERED GRAINS

Precious earth trickled through the splayed fingers
mixing quickly as if to hide
among the tangled roots of the living grass
and vanish from human sight

Eyes searched in vain
among the glossy dark green canopy to regain the vision
but glittering beams of light teased the brain
and hanging bronze-red aerial shields
reflected the day's new glorious hope
but remained silent to the searching mind.

Annoying snippets of slippery thoughts
as if in imitation of the elusive sand
chased the daunting question, what really is His name?

Ebbing emotions grasped at symbols of flickering Creation
dancing among the glorious pink array of scented flowers
Parading as if in military formations
along the great grey-blue stoned monument's garden edge
and seemed to point away to the distant green hued horizon
as if the answer was embossed among the glittering
sun stroked silver leaves

Oh yes, the memory stirred
and minute recollections grew of past experiences
nursed from simple signals
from those gifts freely given to human kind
That beauty is a gift of love
to caress the spirit of the heart

imposing comfort to the soul
stimulated by the Creator's hand
perhaps even with the scattering of minute grains of sand.

Soothing water of the rains upon the earth,
intermingle with the complex occurrences of life,
exposes the fragility of the lonely soul,
seeking the restoring gentleness of Nature's rhythms of life,

Not unlike the initiation of such minute grains of earth,
created by God's gift to human mind
to create the brick so small,
yet when amalgamated can become
the foundation strength of a mighty fortress wall.

SEARCH

Rock, hewed by human hand and plan,
dumped unceremoniously upon the dressed dirt
bore the weight without protest.

Crossbars of weathered hard wood bedecked in gaudy artificial green
to mock the silent shaking watchers.

Beady black eyes of cackling guardians of the living scrawny trees,
laughed at the crude structure and flew overhead as if to discard any
respect

Weary body added weight to soil and corrosive rock
and contemplated the foreground scene
of approaching death and decay.

Heated buds of new life dangling by strands of fibrous strings
hoping and in anticipation for the Creator's call
to renewal in some new form.

Eyes weary from sad thoughts of the future,
followed the trail of fluttering pattern
lifting the spirited breeze to higher plains.

Inspirational slopes of padded spiky carpets
elevated the searching soil
to take in the elegant array of fern-like celebrating mop-top trees.

Surely the rattling beads of oval-brown clumps
peeping outbound from their sheltered world
among the squawking yellow-green parrots conveyed a silent message
to the searching mind's eye.
Indeed a surge of soul invigorating electricity
set alight the wandering mind and conjured up ideas of beauty
upon a saddened mind.

Memories of something greater than mourning youth stirred
and life took on a new image

Reflecting a deeper hue of mellow-yellow warmth
of being loved and acknowledged
once again the awesome power and glory of the Creator's gift
so often forgotten in the daily hustle of modern life.

SHADOWED PRESENCE

Darkness smothered everything
and senses struggled to identify the world.

Coldness penetrated beyond the skin to the soul
heightening the awareness of the spectre of the end.
Yet life did not retreat,
but minute cracks in the darkened border of the world opened
exposing grey gleams of aiding light.

Nature cloaked in silent mantles of silhouette shapes
gave birth to the voices of sensual recognition of life reborn.

Odours of decay surrounded monolith and living being alike
and smooth wisps of old air carried the echoes of human habitation
and creations to the darkened mind's eye.

Accidentally crushed plants oozed it's pungent odour of black marigold
to the searching mind, restoring memory of the joys of light.

Crunching shapes of death accompanied the hesitant feet of progress
but the soothing fragrance of recalled white blooms and memories
of shared excitement and joyous celebrations
broke down any thoughts of gloom.

Warning greys accompanied by calls of powerful sound
borne by great black winged creatures of the air
heralded a precious new beginning.
Rapturous songs of feathered jewels of Creation's
spoke to the earth bound being
pondering the experience of the recreation of another era.

Uncovered fields of trimmed flat grasses
welcomed the hobbling white and black hunters anew
and scuttling guardians of lethal silver threaded nets
took refuge beneath curled enclosures of green
awaited their new day in silent rest.

Mind awed by the experience of rebirth
grappled with an ideology of resurrection,
that beckoned all the senses of intelligence
to reconcile the experiences with the moment.

What is this scene's worth began the thought,
as the pathway continued on
through the loudening noises of the beings limited universe.

Coarse hands felt the rough texture of the raspish surface
and traced the raised lines of living wisdom of the seasons
and thanked the filigreed blue-green shady canopy
for its comfort and mind renewed thanked the softness of the Creator's
touch.

SILVER LIGHT

Lord, I cried in despair
as pain encroached upon my senses,

Numbed perceptions to the world surrounding me
in noises of the trees,
singing praises to their Creator.

Swirling air chilling the heated body,
and flying away across the undulating fields of cut-off green leaf
to join the feathered singers high above the earth.

Lost in the woes of discomfort of the body,
mind arguing with the conflict of mind and duty,
oblivious of the intricacies of Creation.

Scraping plastic claws grapple with long dead scaly tendrils of leaf,
lead strands of thought of death and sadness.
Sensitivity to thoughts of loved one's potential to leave this world,
raise emotions of grief and dreads of broken life-lines.

Task completed,
weary with self-deception and cold comfort of the dreary mind,
the motor roars and away crawls man and machine
towards another location.

Laughing trees accompany the grumble of the machine
and man's eyes wanders among the hues
of nature's colour schemes of life
and are dazzled by a flash of silver light
tricking the mind with instant insensibility.

Silent sentinels of blue-green uniform give no indication of the thought,
surely I spied light among the trees?

Stopping wandering mind from thoughts of dread,
an extraordinary sliver of silver thread
cast away the dominancy of mind
and slivers of delight arose instead.
How could it be?

The query began.
Investigation slowly recalled the location of this idea
that changed the day's dreary slog to one of wonderment and cheer.

Oh no, Lord, you don't speak to lowly man so loud
my imagination is running wild.

Searching for this curious phenomena
among the sturdy trunk of coarse-grained tree
smashed relatives of these strewn along the ground among the
remnants of grasses, still uncut by human interference.

No sign of the mysterious thread
that in its glorious appearance created silence
had created new thoughts into the head.

Wicked trickster of the light
the sun gave away its angled secret.
Behold the sparkling thread of nature's creature's efforts,
spun its magic and brought the eye's lens to the startled man.

Heart thumping with delight and humbled by this sight.
Oh God, how blind can one be
of the joys of your creative thought upon a humbled mind?

What imagination to join this world
by shimmering thread to the heavens,
reaching trees giving praise to you awesome creativeness.

But what of the message you are sending?
Can I really be defined as a revelation,
or is it a simple man's interpretation to aid a frail psychic struggling?

Whatever it may be,
It's left me with a palpitating heart
and mind lifted at the glory of the sight and uplifting for this day.

SWIRLING CALL

The shadow's sneaky golden shafts
didn't dart among the shrubby leafed hedges today.

Morbid grey coated the little world surrounded by edges
of deep blue rain laden clouds of rumbling joy
with silence shouting hymns of rhythmic celebration,
enjoyed by mighty tenor voices
of excited elements of boisterous winds.

Tenor duets played among the lavender-white
star studded snug shrubs
waving tentatively at the newly clad, brown-berried trees
of memories of golden-orange with red-yellow dresses,
now elegantly praising the wonders of the Creator's gifts of new life.

Great tall splendors of ancient ilk,
bowed their mighty spike-laden needled arms
and welcomed Nature's sprinkling effort of liquid refreshment
for earth and mankind alike.

Elegant fragranced blossoms of velvet reds and startling yellow
bobbed and curtsied in reverent acknowledgment of gifts bestowed
upon their growing world
and surely looked among the colony of glorious blooms of colours
and pondered the presence.

Cooling swirls of scented air caressed the mind's senses
lifting scattered ideas of a presence,
yet unable to clearly identify
the essence of the calling wind's bouncing message.

Eyes feasting upon the prancing world above his head,
yet something tickles at the edges of the mind,
struggling to grasp the meaning dragging in thoughts of serenity.

Peaceful flows of powerful energy grapple sincerely
with a heart-pumping pulsating inner peace
and something in the voices of the wind
call up thoughts of the Creator's gifts.

Eager pink-white trumpets of glorious design
draw away the searching eyes
and sooth the discomfort of the dreams,
and replenish the thoughtful heart
to the serenity of the silent world of life's daily explorations
granted by the seemingly invisible master planner
hiding within the limited realms of a common man's endeavors
to appreciate the calling of a greater spirit encased
within the soundful dreams of Nature's calling.

THANKS

Blue-black ravagers' of life,
hanging askew along Nature's cross-wooded trunked palm,
seeking fragile life unseen by naked eyed observer,
among the tattered-edged fronds,
flew away with gawking cackle to disappear
among the glossy-green cloak of sturdy oaks high above the earth.

Fractured limbs lay among the quaintly fawns and dead-yellows
of leaf displaying beauty once alive with life.

White glorious pink-white belladonnas danced happily
in the silent breeze
and offered gentle peace to ease the pain of inner tears.

Peace-white delicately embroidered crowns popped away
in natural rhythm
and bounced with their dull green coupled olive-shaped bodies
along the ground
announcing their moment of glory in the cycle of renewed life's plan.
Stirring the sullen soul to ponder the pain of pulsing life's energies in
the pattern of the day.

Above glaring eyed Madonna fixed by some forgotten sculptor
stared out across the rain-scented grounds
and reminded the pondering pedestrian below of memories.

Scented breeze gently touched the flushed cheeks
and triggered the aching mind of the spirit to believe
that life's experiences carry a message from the Supreme.

Soft cooing of brownie feathered companion
lifted up the down-cast head
and caused a renewed heart to praise,
Oh God, thank you for the generous gift of this unpredictable
weathered day.

THE POWER OF BLACK

The power of black, blanketed that fragment of earth
where life struggled to survive.
Nothing escaped those grasping tentacles
of the totalness of this darkness.

Silence tried
and, never forgetting the promise,
called upon the Creator's help restore a memory.
Fierce orange-red knives sliced relentlessly through the blackness.
Tinged energy escaped through the fissures
breaking down the very tawny fibres of the blackness.

A billion volts of pure energy
burst through the gaping hole of the universe
and hues of blueness bathed gentle swell of life and death
upon this chosen plot of earth.

Warmth reigned again.
Droplets of life sustaining liquid
gathered in joyous oozing groups upon the veined surfaces of green
and sought the delicate scooped lips
to plunge to the granulated surfaces of the earth.

Tall spectators stood gently quiet
while zephyrs of air played round their bases
spread vitality to their souls.
Energy translated from the heightened molten ball,
surged through these giants of complex organic structure
enabling them to participate in life.

Swirls of leaves, flirted at the base of the golden laden tree.

Scarlet blooms smiled as rainbow painted birds flitted
about the branches on brown varnished wood.
Life's vitality silently observed the golden plant's status
but said nothing.

Surrounded by hues of green energy
the solitary tree stood
defying the increasing pressures of the turbulent wind and lashing rain.
No longer did the tree speak
or enjoy the glory of life.

It could not hear the screams of silence
beckoning participation in life.
Its isolation among the crowded garden
emphasized by its splendid golden display of memory.

Dead indeed, it is spectacular,
thought the God-created man!
Horrors creeping into his mind of decay
and lost life and the end of time.

A lonely tear, crept from his eyes as he watched
and made the decision
on that poor beautiful object of creation.

What wonderful living creation
could replace this beautiful dead token of former life.
The responsibility weighed heavy on his shoulders.
He raised the stone-cold weight
of the razor-sharp edge and aimed
at the dead-heart of rotting wood,
ending any further speculation
on the awesome nature of death.



PRAISE FOR 'THE GARDENER'S PRAYER'

The gift of Chris' poems is that he communicates the beauty and wonder of the natural world and makes it unforgettable. His perception, feeling and instinctive skills with language makes them seem effortless. Reading these prayer-poems is a delight.

Dr Karen Marais, Research director and lecturer

These poems return us to the dignity of silence, the profundity of stillness, the power of thought and perception and the eternal grace and generosity of beauty's presence. In a time where mankind's list of abuses of our planet is growing by the day, we need voices like Chris' more than ever.

Alice Nelson, novelist and editor

'The Gardener's Prayer' is a treasury for people of all faiths; its compelling blend of elegant, poetic language and spiritual insight is a gentle but urgent call to awaken. These poetic prayers open our eyes, hearts and minds to the wonder of our own relationship with nature and with the transcendent.

Sarah Grove, literary critic

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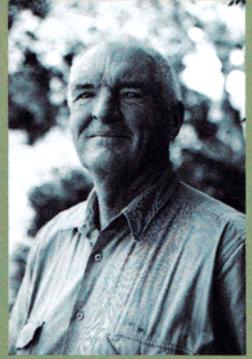
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Chris Cypher can be contacted at christopher.cypher@gmail.com

Web Address www.thegardenersprayer.org

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The *Gardener's Prayer* is a moving and evocative collection of poems about the infinity and mystery of the natural world and the ways that we search nature for answers to questions about belonging, faith, love, life and death. Lyrical and freighted with exquisite perception, these poems revel in the beauty of the natural world and take to heart its lessons in patience, joy, cessation and renewal.

'The *Gardener's Prayer* is both a beautifully tempered celebration of the splendour of the living world and a very moving declaration of faith. To read these poems is to feel gratitude for the simple fact of being alive.'

Mary Retel
Deputy Director of Catholic
Education in WA

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