

THE COLOURS OF TWILIGHT

A smudge of lilac streaks across the velvety-red,
Its silky sheen that of a rose petal in full bloom.
Smokey-violet clouds stretched by the evening breeze
Drift by in long, shredded tatters of ever shifting shapes.
The sky beyond darkens to a deep, rich blue –
An ocean of beauty floating above.
The first stars, tiny beacons ready to ward off the night,
Begin their lazy journey of the heavens,
And sapphires turn azure, then indigo, and darkest navy,
Until the sun's face is just a memory
Laid upon the surface of the new-risen moon,
And twilight slips away.

ONLY THE RAIN REMEMBERS

Rain patters on the roof,
Singing its quiet song,
Whispering secrets to empty holes,
Dripping into forgotten nooks,
wide and forlorn crannies of
Days long lost.
The song of water,
Peaceful, calm,
Cannot be interrupted
By dreams of the dead;
For those are the only dreams left.
Bit by bit,
Quiet and faint,
Rain descends in endless dribbles
Of unknown waterfalls
Into the lives that once were,
The lives which could still
Remember
If given the chance.
And still, the rain
Patters on the roof
And sings its lonely song
To empty ears;
For the dead no longer care.
Life is lost, and only
The rain
Remembers.

PICTURES OF THE MIND

If I could paint the pictures of my mind,
What a gift I could share with the world.
The colours, the patterns, the movement across the page.
Stars and galaxies, planets and suns,
The winds of time itself.
Creatures of old, of myth and legend,
The impossibilities only the imagination can comprehend;
The shifting of sounds none can capture,
Recorded so the eye can see.

MONSTERS UNDER THE BED

“Daddy, come quickly; there’s monsters in here!”
“It’s just in your head son, there’s nothing to fear.
Now go back to sleep my dear little boy.”
“But daddy, I can’t ‘cause one just took my toy!”
“Crawl under the sheets, then they might go away.”
“But daddy, I can’t! They’ve been waiting all day!
Night time is when they like eating the most.
Oh boy, daddy hurry! Or I will be toast!”
“Now don’t talk that way. You’re just being silly.”
“But one said aloud, ‘I’m gonna eat Billy!’”
“Look son, sleep now. Those monsters aren’t real.
You’ve had a bad dream; a nightmare I feel.
There’s nothing to fear; beasts live in a book.
But if you’ll feel better, I’ll come have a look.”
The little boy smiled. That’s my dad, my old man.
If he does not scare them, then nobody can.
He’s the best guy around, so the monsters will know
That they cannot scare me, they’ll just have to go.
The little boy’s father marched on up the stair,
And what did he find in the room way up there?
The first thing he saw when he opened the door
Was a big purple monster upon the boy’s floor.
Next came a red one, a yellow one too!
And under the bed hid one green and one blue!
On top of the bunk with a big frightened grin
Sat the small child who stuck out his chin.
“I told you the truth; you did not believe!”
Then he wiped off his tears with the edge of his sleeve.
The father then stared at the monsters around,
And glanced at his son with hardly a sound.
He just shook his head, then he said with a smile,
“I have not seen all you guys in a while!”
The boy blinked three times, his mouth to his knees.
“What do you mean dad? Oh please tell me, please!”
“These are the best friends I had as a child!
These monsters won’t eat you; their tempers are mild.”
From that day to this, the boy had great friends;
Two monsters weekdays, and three on weekends!

BITTER ENEMIES, TRUER FRIENDS

Like a chord of twisted silver, the lightning hauls the anger
of the thunder behind it;
A terrifying cry of anguished defeat bellows forth from the bowels
of the thunder's moan.
A constant battle which seems so sure at the outset
of whom the victor must be,
For the lightning flashes, shows its power, ever present before the thunder,
ever seeming the winning force;
Yet at times, the thunder shouts, it crashes through the sky
at the instant lightning shows itself.
"You may have won this one last time," the thunder rumbles on, "but I outlast thee,
and one day beware, for I shall win!"
But before the two can come to blows with each one and the other,
thunder and lightning are greeted again
With the moisture of the air, the tears of friends who sob,
at some times gentle and other times harsh,
"Cease this bickering, stop this whine.
Come to terms with your power both!
"For you, dear lightning, dance with light, and, treasured thunder,
you beat the drum of the dance,
"And I, your friend, to each and both,
lament the torture you play for yourselves.
"So calm your anger, douse your fire,
and return with me back home."
The lightning flashes, paler now; the thunder rumbles quietly;
and slowly, softly, gentle and sure,
The rain has once more reunited the trio of sight,
of sound and of touch,
And the storm dies down and fades to shadows, to a memory of a pain well healed
through friendship.