With thanks to my community
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Shiro

I am a spore,
a growing hypha.
Reaching out.
Attempting to connect.
Seeking community.
Just as homokaryotic mycelium,
exist only to find
other mycelium
of the same ilk.
Through this earth
we call home.
We join.
Become dikaryotic.
Hope for a fruiting body
with its own identity.
Which, existing within
a circle, a ring,
recognises the tension between its identity and community:
Each compromising the other;
Each must give way if the other is to exist;
Each erodes the other.
We must dark and deliquesce from the lower edge.
Decompose ourselves, to drip a new spore through ink, to face the same dilemma.
Knowing that, eventually, each one of us will be just a stipe
with a very small black disc perched on top.
Flow

Losing oneself in song, is the closest I've ever come to understanding.
Gathering

There is a senselessness in gathering. Combing through objects and keeping those that for some reason or another resonate with who we are. We can never own them, any more than we can own our own life. Yet, we gather. So we can be-long. Together. As it fulfils a space that would otherwise be empty.
We’re led to believe
that it is more than home.
A communitas
beyond our tongue.
So, the stage of constant.
Liminality.
That I am.
That I forever breathe through,
does not exist.
My sense is wordless -
Indescribable.
Only certain speakers
can express their sense.
This pleasant ache cannot be eased.
Sehnsucht

A reminder, a memory, of something that never occurred.

An ambiguity, an emotion, that has no words.

An intensely missing. Life’s longing. An in-consolable longing in the whole body for we know not what.
Perspectives of Time

Apparently random,
the essence of a thing,
reaches out –
tendril like –
sensitively finding its way by feel.
Like a landscape,
that if experienced without
the touch of a stone,
might be thought of
as created
by chance.
Still is Still Moving

Was it a given moment,
when your glass hardened.
Or were those textures,
were those colours, slow to cease.
Have you ceased?
Is there more shifting, to be done?
Is any state final?
...and what of entropy?
Terra Firma

A hidden smile.

Beneath,

as teeth might

grin in the ground.
Fire and Brimstone

An original sin,
captured
for all to witness.
I feel a perverse
shame,
for revelling
in this
intimacy,
and for sharing
the beauty
of when two
beings meet.
Ballerina

You’d need to know
how to look.
To find a dancer
amongst gravestones.
Seldom seen
amidst the green
and bones.
But there, if left
for years undisturbed.
Slowly the skirt
will rise as if
spinning
in memoriam.
A Golden Fleece

I’m told it was Hardy, who once said that:
All stories are true, it’s just some are made up.
Well actually I knew, you had no ewe,
because I took tup to tup tup.
It was Twain, who really said this, but it serves my yarn:
Whichever truth is told spins a pyrite nugget of gold.
A Choice of Nature

Staying hidden
is great for survival.

And in your private sanctuary
protected from threats,
contentedness
is more readily found.

Yet, the price of
blending into the
background,
and the lack of other
extremes is:
happiness.

And in the end,
When your background shrinks.
You’ve nowhere left
to go to ground.
**Sun-thrust**

Skyward by feel
the layered finger
points ready to peel
open, wishfully linger,
and hand alms,
as glorious atonement
for its previous
sun-thrust.
**Dasein**

An artist's palette,  
with its purposed haphazard mix,  
represents a beauty that  
the painting rarely gives.  
The reasons for its being  
lie elsewhere.  
While each stroke, like one's life,  
revels in random flair.
Not Every Cloud...

Why bask there?
Recoiled.
Back-bouldered.
Watching.
Waiting.
Irreverent.
For a chance to complain
about the burdens shouldered
and how one's life's spoiled.
Archipelagous

Populated by individuals,
alone yet together,
I am because we are.
In spite of the fact that
no man’s an island.
Here I am.
An island amongst islands.
Archipelagous.
After Achievement

Tall, slender, seed-beaded.
So near the end,

is it able to stand proud,
in the knowledge it has done
everything that was needed?
The Journey

Perfectly organised certainty,
in minute, maze-like detail.
But, a labyrinth that
one cannot recall starting,
and has no clear end.
Yet joy resides in the
experience of its presence;
in the viewing of the present.
The Shady Throng

Shade shading shade,
in the sylvan jostle for space.
Each canopy, by another betrayed,
yet each in the throng finds a place.
**Encasement**

A glimpse of strength
that comes from hollowness.
A pretence of empty rigidity
giving depths to the unknown;
for while there is a structure
of encased space,
it is only by looking within,
that we see that the case
encases other cases.
That in turn, encase space.
Each smaller structural part offering
a small defined strength.
A case of 'the sum of its parts
being greater than the hole.'