

4

MATRIX MOMENTS

Powerful Media Moments

AMPLIFICATION 4

**37 Thought Bites of Spoken Word Poetry
to question, reflect and connect to our
world, ourselves and God.**

Video media versions available online.

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Title	Keywords	Title	Keywords
Future Threads	futures, history, hopes, jesus, meaning, possibilities, questions, seeker, story, threads, tiredness	Bridal Walk	bride, church, coming, god, love, spirit
Every Time	crimes, faith, family, freedom, gossip, hate, humanity, identity, love, mosque, murder, religion, seeker, terrorism, together	EFTPOS Receipt	cheap, comments, gossip, identity, money, power, relationships, socialmedia
Shock	crimes, faith, family, freedom, hate, humanity, identity, love, mosque, murder, religion, seeker, terrorism, together	The Edge	creation, god, reflection, spirit, universe
Fire	call, evil, happiness, hope, identity, loneliness, mentalhealth, money, seeker, suicide,	Newborn Perfection	bornagain, cross, death, foundations, grace, identity, jesus, journey, lamb, love, nature, pain, perfection, price, righteousness, saviour, self, selfworth, sin, slavery, spirit
The Call	alive, aotearoa, call, light, love, praise, risks, sacrifice, seeker, spirit, worship	Alive	alive, excitement, firstlove, love, meaning, passion, purpose, soul, spirit
Soul Voice	breeze, god, identity, love, soul, spirit, video, voice, worship	Heartbeat	character, cross, empathy, heartbeat, identity, love
Life Currents	adventures, complexity, lazy, lies, life, motivation, purpose, reality, seeker, truth	Spark	bride, change, jesus, light, love, spark, unique, worship
Starting Over	action, addictions, cage, change, destruction, facades, fear, god, habits, identity, intimacy, promises, quiettime, stillness, time	Heart in Hands	firstlove, heart, identity, jesus, love, passion
Opened	divineappointments, love, new, open, reallife, wings	Future	church, god, iam, identity, seeds, steps, universe, value, worship
Detached?	action, call, generations, god, identity, intimacy, king, kneel, promises, quiettime, stillness, time	Broken Chains	identity, loneliness, love, personality, reallife, seeker, value, walls
Amazing	amazed, broken, cross, death, forgiveness, life, love, promises, sin, turning	Small Makes Big	big, lies, love, new, reallife, seeker, small, step
Waiting Seed	chill, creation, jesus, life, seeds, snow, waiting, winter	Manna	bread, divineappointments, evangelism, harvest, manna, morning
3 Gifts	baby, christmas, gifts, jesus, passover, wisemen	Intimate Date	food, friendship, restaurant, seeker, technology
Bad Things Happen	accidents, disasters, jesus, life, loneliness, pain, reallife, seeker	Shades of Grey	choices, colours, life, trapped, seeker
Amazed	amazed, creation, minds, universe, wonder, worship	Slaves Exist	choices, consumerism, culture, forced, media, poverty, seeker, sex, slavery
A Person	alcohol, change, drugs, friendship, god, hurt, jesus, pain	Winter Friendship	friendship, memories, party, rain, relax, seeker, warmth, weather
Where We Go	grace, honour, honour, hope, jesus, kingdom, love, positive	Werewolf	love, marriage, seeker, hugs, family
Window	creation, nature, passion, risks, window, worship	Thankful	divineappointments, gifts, health, honour, new, thankfulness
Perfectly Planned	christmas, jesus, prophecy		

Future Threads

Unknown futures
stretch threads
Wandering questions
through my mind,
What next?

We want and hope
for so much,
Yet feel self shortchanged
Overlooked, tired.

And in it all
A search for love, meaning
Purpose, fun,
Not the random, empty.

Thousands of years of history
shout a story
to me today,
a story of twelve
a story of millions
a story of the One.

What would happen
If I give the unknown
to a known God?



Every Time

Every time
we speak/write/act
to separate
to blame
to tear down
to isolate
to gossip
to point
is it our finger
on the trigger?

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Shock

Repeated echoes
“You are in lockdown.
Follow lockdown
procedure...”

How do you awake
to a new day
cloud thinning to
sunshine and blue sky
and suddenly
remember the
events of yesterday.

How do you
start the day
with breakfast
eating a meal
on a chair
comfortable cushion
safe in your house
when separate
in time and space,
separate to you
and your family
separate from values
you hope for,
this murder
has stolen innocence

this cowardice
has stolen strength
this hate
has expressed itself
livestreamed itself.

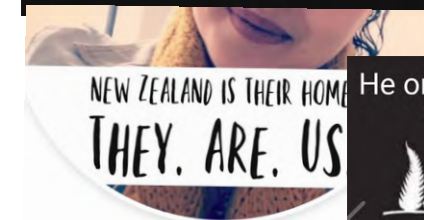
How do you
sickened
angered
grieving
raw
shocked...
speak out
call out
live out
the heartbreak,
something remote
but close,
something confusing
yet seeking
the edges of clarity.

49 times the grief
90 times the agony
changing numbers
newspaper numbers
reflecting chaos
triggering
greater family pain.

six hatreds
six tears
six thoughts
six degrees
of connected separation.



We are all ok. Kids
understandably upset but we
are all home together. Thanks
for all the messages. Just feels
surreal.



Fire

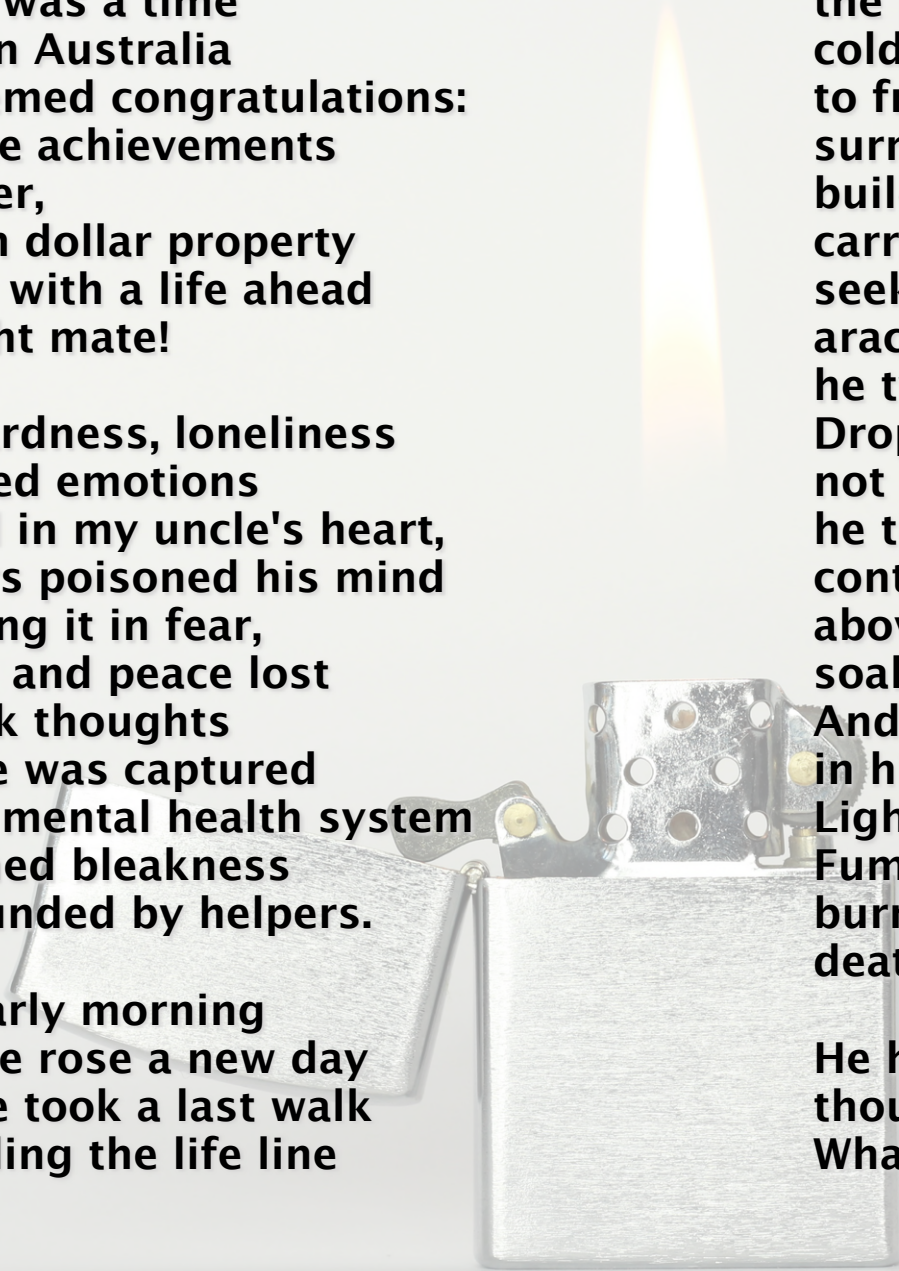
There was a time
back in Australia
all seemed congratulations:
surface achievements
A miner,
Million dollar property
a man with a life ahead
all right mate!

But hardness, loneliness
misfired emotions
lurked in my uncle's heart,
spiders poisoned his mind
webbing it in fear,
Pieces and peace lost
to dark thoughts
and he was captured
in the mental health system
Confined bleakness
surrounded by helpers.

The early morning
sunrise rose a new day
and he took a last walk
threading the life line

the petrol can swinging
cold in his hand,
to front courtyard brick drive
surrounded by faceless
building windows,
carrying the weight,
seeking to burn the pain,
arachnids danced,
he twisted the cap
Dropped it –
not needed again,
he tipped the thin metal
container
above his head
soaking his clothes,
And the decision clicked
in his fingers
Lighter spark flared,
Fumes, clothes, hair ignited
burning it all away;
death fire.

He heard a call...
thought trapped
What do you hear?



The Call

Hear a hastening
a happening in the nation,
the call of a thousand voices
Oh
too often we hear
the cries of pain, suicide
violence, indifference...

But now
the clear cascading notes
Songs of birds
titora forest deep,
the very rocks embedded
in alp snow mountains
and tumbling white water rivers
are calling out a shift,
Above myriad stars stretch
in daylight unseen;
in night time crystal shimmers
surrounding the steadfast southern cross,
from these galaxy dimensions
emanates the challenge of
The Light.

"tihe mauri ora"

A karanga,
a call to life
changing the spirit
over the land,

the finger tips
and nose breath,
Christ spirit of God
touches and crisps the air.

Angels and humans stir
alike in the new,
Prayer, prophetic and praise
cloaks are laid in vapour
covering the land
of the long white clouds,
And from the mist
of a generation gone,
the call to be
fully alive
dancing in the image
of God,
standing strong
taking risks
honouring
being love,
knowing the One
being one
knowing He has won.

The call;
to Step together into
the flourishing fullness of God
Alive, fresh in everything.

Ephesians 3:14

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Soul Voice

The soft voice
stirs on the
morning breeze
Speaking gentle love
soul sensation and direction
Selah- My God is all.

Psalm 62: 5-8

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Life Currents



Life can be complex
Sitting on the outside
Never trying to be in it
Towel sitting,
Waves calling.

Some sail adventures
charting rocks, storms and whirlpools
Canoeing wild rides
Meanwhile
I lie lazy
tanning melanoma

Will I look only?
I take a drink
From the coolie
It bubbles cool, inviting
Coke is life
Lol
It is a lie!
I can't be filled, quenched
With artificial

Only in the water
Flowing, living water
Salt or stream
Is true life

I wake up, holding the bottle
Sunburn on the way.

Starting Over

I wear a habit
Or is it the habit
that wearies me?
like our world
that whirlwinds
revolving histories
of war, prejudice, greed,
increasing rootless change
lost and moving values,
the same stealth spiralling
tunnels disintegrate my life,
mind tears,
Contained at first within me
Pieces of my soul
torn again,
floating on self sabotage,
habits creeping wreckage
Doubt, lack of something,
Fear and flight
take pains deeper.
Then despite my careful facade
trying to hide the turmoil,
The clawing winds
Escape through
My body, eyes, mouth
Starting destruction
around me,
In people and places I move
Driving deeper
turmoil, addictions within me
All for self
never good enough
but self important
choosing a world of

Wild Tornadoes.
I ask what do I value?
How can I change?
Do I want to change?

Replacing the old for the new
Knowing I'm not alone;
I go after Him.

I kneel before the Father
Centered on Christ
Looking into His heart
Being with, abiding in Jesus,
I ask for His love
of endless depth to flow
rivers of cleansing life
to heart and soul,
becoming rooted
and established
in amazing love,
new foundations of openness
in God and others,
New depths of prayer,
real infused living,
I stand stronger
immersed in power of
divine spirit and mind,
I share my thoughts, desires
I pray for grace, boldness
I step
into the character
I want to own,
To honour God, others, myself
Sooner than ever before.

Opened

your love
Updrafts my wings
Infuses my soul,
Brings a smile
to my lips,
Opens my eyes
to divine order
to divine appointments.

Acts 16:9-31

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Detached?

It is like I
am in a darkened room
watching the screen
of what God is doing,
I see the picture, the movements
hear the voices
playing out our world,
but feelings and reality are
Detached, emotions not engaged
I desire more...

Can I not stand on
wind waved
tussock folded mountains
firm in the love
that sustains the universe?
Connected to the wild, freedom
river's life source
alive in the river,
Can I not bend
a knee and bow
kneel on the mountain
stone dirt track
the journey path
Kneel
before a king with the
power to raise the dead
and kiss a child,

Can I not look closer
and see the small delicate star
flowers hidden in the grass
blue and white dots
attention to DNA detail
in a vast landscape,
Can I not wait, stilled
intimate in the silence
prepared to hear His voice,
Can I not stand again
shout outpouring praise
that echoes a thousand valleys
Reverberating across the plains
to the white capped rolling seas,
Can I not awaken the land
with my call to prayer
A call to roots planted
deep in God's heart
A generation
established strong
stepping out
reviving outpouring
the ancient future
promises...

It is Time!

Can I not?
Can I not...
Can I not!
I Can!

Amazing

You heal
and we forget,
You bring new life
and we wish we could die,
You clean
And we turn roll in the dirt
You promise
We promise
and we break them.

We broke you
Scorned you
Ignored you
Spat at you,
And you forgave
Deep and forever.

Waiting Seed

I lie in the world
winter paused
Snow fell
cold chill
covered me.

Waiting for the Son
to return.

*But those who hope in the Lord
will renew their strength.
They will soar on wings like eagles;
they will run and not grow weary,
they will walk and not be faint.*

Isaiah 40:31b

See also: Psalm 27:14

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3 Gifts

Signposts from the East
Travellers entwined in history
Bearing gifts
Following stars
Part of destiny
And when they
approached the stable cave
Explained,
we are here from
Another country –
We know someone special
has been born within,
Joseph smiled a welcome
aware again with Mary
That something different,
amazing was going
to keep happening
with this baby Jesus;
Dreams with messages
Angels appearing
Shepherds who raised
passover lambs arriving,
And three wise men – why not?
They entered
awe, reverence, anticipation,
opening gifts;

Gold for the king
establishing God's kingdom
personal and hands on
justice, joy, peace,
frankincense the scent
of the High Priest
freeing the way,
tearing open the curtain
to the Holy of holies,
myrrh the painful gift
a drink, a fragrance
The myrrh drugged drink
offered on the skull
of Golgotha to a sacrificed Jesus,
refused by Christ's parched lips
The same myrrh spiced linen wraps
binding his body in an end of life cave,
Myrrh from a plant of thorns.

Three gifts pointing
The way to Jesus
So you can
kiss the baby
The Great I Am,
know the face of God,
know meaning in
God with us,
The greatest Christmas gift
unwrapping change for the world.

Bad Things Happen

Accidents
Struggles
Money pain,
Death
Suicide
Desperate,
Rumours
Barbed words
Poison drips
via screens,
your reality show,
Loneliness
in a connected world,
Loneliness
in a party room,
Loneliness
amongst candyfloss friends,
Can there
be any answer...
in the drugs, alcohol,
in busyness, work,
in hating,
in trying to be good,
all pointless...

And Christ,
God among us
Knows pains depths,
Rejected, hurt, betrayed,
beaten, killed,
Felt hell's pains sunk
deep in His soul,
His gift
accepting our torture,
And so...
Knows fully your pain.

Come to Him,
give Him
the bad stuff,
The worst, meanest, painful, despair,
the dark.

Forever
he is the Water of Life
Hope singer,
New life bringer,
Your smile and laughter.

Amazed

Seems...
Emotions swirling,
thought kaleidoscopes,
inward depths
but in same moments...
expanding universes.
I can only be...
as I look to You,
think about You...
Spirit rejoicing,
Mind windblowing,
Thought threads colliding
all combining to
Amazing...
A-m-a-z-e-d
at the wonder
of who You are.

A Person

A well
of sadness
pooled your
eyes
tears gathered
mirroring outside
your heart inside
I felt drawn
to just you.

I heard about
your troubles
about how your friends
and the men you knew

said, "Let's get smashed."
They were just hunters.
Can I take your hand
introduce you
to a friend
who never lets
you down?

God knows your heart
hurt
like I never will
I've seen him
change darkness,
make new creations.

Where We Go

Grace, forgiveness walks the earth,
dances and sings
a thousand planets of
hope into your spirit,
Chosen to receive hope
Chosen to be hope
Chosen to give hope
Knowing identity
Knowing the power of
Who you are in the living God,
Walking, praising in freedom,
Christ in you is the
Hope of glory.
Jesus spoke,
"All I have is yours,
and all you have is mine.
And glory has come
to me through them."

Through us Lord!

We receive
your glory
a gift of gold, precious
And we declare
your glory...
gold
over this place, this city, this land.

A Kingdom heart
Of honour
Honour that flows life
releases life
produces trust
protects freedom
Honour that embraces responsibility.

I smile at the thought
of my honouring actions
Knowing we need your
grace given
as you only can
opening us
Putting aside the petty
Choosing not to gossip,
embracing love for others
valuing others
favouring others,
Fully alive and free
to be honouring people.
sharing, giving honour
freely.

John 17:10
Romans 12:9-10

Window

I sat staring
to the blackened sky,
Window framed
dark silhouette hills,
Out of touch
safe behind glass.

Bluebells and cornfields grew
shattering the bondage,
dark forces splintered
in confused chorus chaos
and sunlight strength
warmed day colours alive.

I no longer
wanted to be safe,
instead a desire
to rush out
hug the sunrise
kiss the golden touch,
Enjoy God's daily miracles.



Perfectly Planned

Perfectly planned
In time's span,
The arrival.

A baby
To fulfil prophecy,
A light –
Star signs and creator's spark
A man
entwined with Universe power

In a time where Jewish
Religion was official,
A murder –
Killed and resurrected
A power alive –
When roads had been built
By a Roman kingdom
To carry the revolutionary news
Of Kingdom life.
Not of might

Of love,
Not of weapon
Of forgiveness,
Not of anger
Of patience,
Not of death
Of everlasting life.

Time planned
Eternal breath
All hopes arrival.

Bridal Walk



Scent of sunlight
hung in dew-ropes air
mist gently fading
to blue skied
wings of daylight
Wind took
unseen, unfelt feelings
played tunes of intimate charm
with the awakening,
deep in the enveloping spirit
a union of creation's enigmas
The bride is rising
fingers dripping in myrrh
sensing the groom
quickenning heart
a soar of angel wings
the order
of God arrives.



EFTPOS Receipt

Lazily curling
EFTPOS white ribbon
Receipt
Approved

For the cheap price
of "caution contents hot coffee"
you can be sealed
with authorisation.

Cheap validation
Clings to your personality
Climbing your shoulders
Cesspool whispering
in your willing ears.
Like, love, share, comment
swirling paper thin motivations,
skinny relationships
spirit wasting entropy,
praise from honeyed lips
echoing the cheap
price of life.

One word
is all it takes,
changing external
endorsement
to internal truth identity...

Jesus!



The Edge

Growing darkness
Merges with the shadows
of rustling, whispering trees
mountain forest clearing,
seconds of slow
starlight reflection
evolve
into clear creation.

You stand
cold wind
edging your thoughts
Looking at the stretched expanse
shimmering star lights
expanding dreams and hopes.

The world...
universes...

Made.



Newborn Perfection

We thought death desires
Soon shadows
Sin shapes,
Dungeons of
self torture
failure and fright,
striving self improvement
selling regimes and religion
to get ahead
and we struggle
Eyes dulled
Eyes only seeing
the world through the pain,
Through the hate
Through the hurt
Through the have to have
slaves to old nature.

But God
sees us,
Deeply lives
love into us,
Deeply dies
love into us,
For your value
is the price of Jesus,
death to old self
Dead to the old
and we Die with
the heavenly one,
the Son of God

lamb of God
Righteous Giver
grace powers.

Old ways are buried
and we live anew
risen from death's sting
no condemnation
No hate
unpunishable
Given a righteous life
We are beautiful brides
Worthy
Righteous
made perfect
Perfection in Him
Deep roots
Enduring foundations
Pure identity in God
Living from a new peace
abundance of life
Born of God.

Oh we struggle in mind
in body
but the real you is spirit
redeemed
on a journey with the Saviour.



Alive

Alive,
because of His love
freedom in this love.
His touch
expanded life,
His breath
renewed senses,
His word wisdom
clarity of mind.
His Spirit
dances a universe
of meaning into my spirit.

Awareness of infinity
Space in me
filled with His passion,
fire in my soul,
singing in His laughter,
dancing in His grace,
painting the lines
colours of His excitement,
Heart held in His answers,
His mystery,
The forever spark in His eye,
He sees me, you ...

Live again,
Open to His touch,
Harmony in His heartbeat.

Heartbeat

I feel
a need
of Your power,
Take me
break my heart
at the foot
of the cross,
Shatter the bonds
that crust
my life beat,
Then lovingly
restore my heart Lord
Infuse it with Your love
Give me Your pain
for others
but Your peace
to overrule,
give me humbleness
to deny self
boldness
as a saved creation,
Father take my heart
form Your beat
within.



Spark

Observed
under the microscope
conceptions birth start
a spark of light emitted
the moment sperm meets egg.

Tiny glimmer with
incredible potential,
possibilities
impact
life and love
For each spirit flame
is unique.

But great fear crowds in,
subtle winds at first
Stuttering the flame,
Then shutters violently close
Compressing fears' darkness,
consuming creativity
Why you ask?
Who am I? echoes,
Breaking you piece by piece
so the gaps fall
tearing your being.

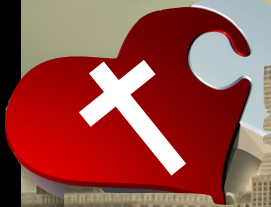
And then
in the mist midst
of crushing darkness,
a note sings
Pure clean,

Tremulous life giving,
Listen
feel the touch,
brushing your ears and mind,
Come to the one
who said, "Let there be light "
Let Him blow on the embers
The pain, the fear, the risk, the death
Let Him
Reveal the Light
Infused emanating from
His desire to love you
The One who created
that first spark.

Call
breathe again
hear your voice
Desiring His love
speaking out your love,
You have the spark,
the power
for change
to change,
switching the destiny
of your walk.
Leading your path,
Captured and captivated
in His glory.

"Oh Brilliant

Heart in Hands



Run your hands
through your hair,
every one counted,
For He knows
You intimately,
His heart
beats to yours
in time, beyond time
playing the most
Amazing love life song
just for you,
enveloped in this
empowering cascading
Forever love,
Passionate, innermost deep
Unfathomable yet simple
a Pure unadulterated touch
Dance wild
In His love,
Redeemed,
Set free,
Released
to be.

Future

Beyond, before time
forever
is your God
Incomparable, unfathomable,
unconquerable
vast
the Great I am.

I am your significance
I am your reality
I am your heart
I am your thankfulness
I am your smile
I am your fire
I am your God

And your steps
are ordered,
known by the Lord,
love will guide
your path
releasing your passion
opening your mind

to an unfolding journey.
You are my mustard seeds
Seeds of purpose
Seeds of change
Seeds of community
Seeds of life
Seeds of the new.

From the small
a mighty forest flourishes
a cosmic congregation that
will soul sing
the Creator's story
to a weary world.

Broken Chains

Sin in the light
exposed,
why do I try
to keep hidden
these chains
that Jesus seeks to break,
why do I want to
feel the same shame
as it grabs me again
Do I like this pain?
Do I revel in the blame?
Retreat to the same?

The kingdom of dark
Baited with a sense
of choice,
Freedom to be ourselves
Expressing individuality
Lured into sharp hooks
hiding from overlooks
living life by our guidebooks
striving for good people looks
living inside the jokebooks.

Only from outside
a bridge through time and space
Can extreme love
True light
make the sacrifice for sin,
the light that leads
purities death the deed
True love that succeeds
salvation guaranteed
Life purpose decreed.

and love abides
for life's freedom,
The fullness of Christ
released deep inside you
liberation.

Small Makes Big

Step by step
the mountain top
Footfall by footfall
the revolving treadmill
Drip by drip
the deepening chasm
Seed by seed
the spreading forest
Second by second
disappearing years
barb by barb
mind piercing cuts
Not enough by not enough
tentacles of addiction
Lie by lie
snaking self deception
Taste by taste
a tantalising smorgasbord,
Nail by nail
a complete restoration,
Smile by smile
a living relationship,

Twist by twist
the turns of life
Care by care
feeling deepening love
Space by space
the freezing emptiness
Word by word
the unfolding story
Up by down
the corkscrew rollercoaster
Beat by beat
the rhythm of hearts
choice by choice
the new risk
Molecule by molecule
the big, the wonderful truths.

Manna

Christ commands and
holds all authority
on Earth, in the universe,
Nothing can stop His love.

And in the mind and soul
whispers
myriad reflections
and changes created
from His heart,
Every day
my spirit unfolds,
greater things
will happen
for I am deemed worthy
by the God of life,
my faith journey
His desire,
There will be
No scarcity from God
in the now,
Every morning

The fresh and new
Zest from heaven,
Just for this day,
In time
For this time,
And I open
Ready to receive
Open to adventure
New destiny
New divine appointments

In this moment
I take the bread
I see the harvest

Go and gather
Go and take,
Emanuel, God with us,
says the word.
The intimate Lord.

Intimate Date

We clambered
out of parked
bubble green car,
autumn's night
painting nearly everything grey,
light spilled colour
from the Greek Restaurant,
white angular letters
above the glass doorway
the only hint of culture
on an otherwise modern
facade,
enjoying friends,
husband and wife
from a wedding party
years ago,
out to celebrate
their wedding anniversary.
Years of friendship, pain,
Love, children growing up,
He's a little Greek
I love the Greek food
Not so sure
of her Greek tastes.

The warmth of the
wooden table room spilled out
and the Maitre d' greeted us,
as we unraveled
from a day of work
into the moment.
We smiled
and followed to our
dark grained table.

Cool water, chatter, slightly
dog-eared menus, laughter
all cross our table,
mixing an enthusiasm
for life with
memories of the past,

conversation is fun
as we toss stories
in turn
listening intently
to each other,
we even send the waiter
away as we still
haven't had time
to choose
our dish for the day.

Around us the restaurant
tables fill,
couples,
a long table
with a large party,
some must be Greek
we decide based
on look and colour,
but we don't really know,
It's slightly reassuring to
be eating Greek where
the real Greek eat
or so we choose
to believe.

Beside us
a couple who are
not there,
Since they sat down
each has been intimate
with their cellphone,
texting, Facebooking
WhatsApp chat
maybe the weather,
Could I suggest
to them,
why not start with a
conversation about weather
as that would be
more romance than

your current connection,
that would be more intimate
than your current finger poke,
ultimately
why did you come?
The waiter calls by their table
and they spend more time
talking to her
than they have
to each other
in the last ten minutes.

Why do we prefer
the shallow?
Stuck jumping
over small waves
forever timid
leaping the small
imagined tidal waves,
running away, pretending,
never tall enough, risking enough
never learning to swim,
so the thrills of riding, tubing,
plunging, being tossed
end over end
will never happen.

A life in the shallow
playing at relationships
never immersed,
superficial
so no one can love us
see us
for self is hidden
and love for others
is never learned.

skin-deep connections
deep loneliness.

Shades of Grey

I live a life
Shades of grey.
Faded tumbleweed
never smoothly rolling
Unsuited,
Constantly throwing
decision dice
that lead to nowhere
corners, dark alley
traps.

From the corner
of my eyes
Colour scratches
at my mind
And when I turn
refracted
colour explodes
across my vision, world.

I know this colour.

I recoil
Fear of choice,
of a different voice,
of being drawn
to a different life
...too much...
so I let the street winds
city dust devils
roll me
pick me up
stuff me in
a bleached scarecrow,
now hidden
hung in grey rags
in a monochrome
world.



Winter Friendship

Eyes pulled through
partially opaque
gravity defying
droplets on glass,
to wind bent trees
slashed by fingers
of penetrating rain,
Darkness fogs
the window
that resolutely
shuts off the wintery blast,
battle sounds of
rattled metal roof rain.

Inside
time suspends,
lights dimmed to
unwind level,
music tiptoes softly
from the playlist,
heat pump gurgles
drifting new heat
into the chattering,
relaxing gathering,
one pair couch facing,
leaning towards
talking intently

a third drops cautiously near
sitting on the floor
and is accepted
with body angle changes,
men's group standing
shoulder conversation circle
sharing laughter,
another on the window seat
temporarily withdrawn
mobile text conversation
pulling her between
the unseen and seen
the away and the now,
nibble creators
bustle in bright kitchen
chattering preparations.

Friends gathered,
a mix of memories
coalescing into the moment,
a chameleon atmosphere of
moods, talk, thoughts
intermingle, rise and fall.

I stretch my
satisfied cat soul,
in lazy camaraderie warmth.

Werewolf

Why should I
have to wander your
shadows and claws,
struggle to avoid narcissistic
bully words or
passive aggressive smiles,
your dry rot under
painted decorations,
the glued antagonistic cracks
in your facade,
turning sneers
cutting chains.
That is long old me.

Instead,
Would I enjoy the now
with a special lady,
car window wound down
fresh autumn air
playing my hair
spilling the music
of sunshine though mind,
smiling woman
of many partnered years
relaxed beside,
her relationship with me
soft shared intimacy
of cancer facing,

child-rearing
Shouting and forgiveness,
cutting words
and deep hugs,
comfortable couple silences,
third-two years
rainstorms and sunshine spread,
symbolised by
holding hands
that have found
each other afresh in bed,
acknowledged in the glances
over glasses
across the couch
where we both sit
reading books,
watching T.V.
facebooking
but aware of our
whispering room years
echoes of love.
We enjoy the other's soul
but don't take
for granted,
mostly...

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