

My wake

What *will* they say at my wake
And who will be there and how many
A smattering of reluctant participants
Empty seats and emptier sentiments
Or a hall overflowing at its wings

Let them say what they want
At a modest meet for a modest man
I couldn't care a less – even if I did
I will be dead – *kaput, dood my bra*
Free from (self) judgment at last!

Cape St Francis 18 Feb 2016

Saturday

god bless saturday
the wheel of the morning gently rolls
taking me blindly
in careful idleness
that slowly unfolds

oh how i love saturday
it provides permission to preen
soulful indulgences
and potential unseen

Cape St Francis June 2016

Kouga friends

My friends
Nestled in the Cretaceous canyons of the Kouga
We embrace
In kindness and respect

My friends
In all this uncertainty
The certainty of our bonds
Is enduring
And life giving

Thank you

Cape St Francis 31 Oct 2016

My amygdala

My dear old amygdala
Has a mind of its own
Pink like a polygala
Its independence has grown

It spurts forth adrenalin
Cortisol too
Just when I'm feeling good again
It gives an extra squirt or two

I need to tame my amygdala
Get it back on track again
It's behaving like Caligula
Crazy making in my brain

Cape St Francis 25 August 2017

Clarity

You ask

Why do I talk about cobwebs
and dust of dead mites
collecting in the attic
where I lurk in darkness
scratching at artefacts
old photos, report cards
stained with age

I say

All I want
is clarity

Cape St Francis 10 Nov 2017

Death

Death lingers in the soft summer twilight
It shines brightly in the midday sun

Each moment a million trillion organisms are born
And a similar number die

In every death the multitude of molecules and minerals that make life
Are returned to the universe
To be recycled and remade in living things

In this sense
Death is a beginning, not an end

Cape St Francis Jan 7 2018

On reading stanzas

This poetry world
seems cold to me
like touching a frosted pane
for a glimpse of beyond
into a subdued room
brimming with sages
dismissive and disheartening

But the poems keep coming!
Out of the air, from the sea

They erupt like larva
from a furnace of feelings
untameable
a crystallization of countless moments
woven in words
that communicate emotion

Cape St Francis 27 Dec 2017

Poem for Dad

Do I forgive my father for telling me
At that oh so tender age of six
That I was tone deaf, would never learn to play an instrument, and would never be able to
appreciate music?
Do I forgive him?
Not fucking likely!

What stopped him from doing the hard work I have done to overcome the neglect seared into
my brain?
I have made friends with my amygdala

Fuck him
Fuck forgiveness

But I do forgive myself
For allowing him to clip my wings
At such an early age
Such a sensitive boy, full of feelings
A dreamer in his own imaginary world
Playing alone, kicking puffballs in the gum tree plantation

And then, sixty years later
I reclaim my inner voice, suppressed for so long
And I sing all those songs - others' and my own
And beautiful they are

But I won't forgive him

May 2021 Cape St Francis

on Omicron

amazing
really!
the novel taste in my mouth
nuanced changes to the sinus-ache
a brand new strain of life
barely weeks old
fitted out with Nature's forces
has entered me
with no intention other than to replicate
a game as old as Life
is playing out inside of me
really amazing!

Cape St Francis 29 Dec 2022

The Geology of Love

I give you my mountains of love
Huge faulted blocks of granite-love
Massive folded crests of quartzite-love
Towering cones of basalt-love
All the rocks in the world
From beach sand to billion-year bedrock
My love for you is in all of them

Feb 2023, Cape St Francis