A GARDEN PATH

Our own individual thoughts—

as well, all our life's thoughts—are

kin of a kaleidoscope

        of colours, shifting like bits of stained glass,

tumbling into fallen shapes that move,

        (that re-assemble)

like bright leaves flickering in the wind.

Only certain ones of the massive world:

the sleepy, daunted, and dejected will let

        the joy of life dim...

Pity them, forgive them, or shun them:

        the unsung, the ungrateful, tragic lost,

                try next the sceptics, next the stoics.

At least most the time,

        I live satisfactorily in

                the forgiving house I was born into.

Time—the old devil's staunch handservant—

compresses upon itself.

We have to work really really hard—

concentrate—to focus wholly and true

on what a pure miracle life is;

yet we live still in

a living breathing garden—an Eden:

alive, full of wonder and miracles,

green with possibilities, if we

can but remember

the melody of the voice of God.

Facing out, be naked to the world,

and look to the leaves.

—J. F. Lowe