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Somewhere

Somewhere, there is a place
where silence speaks volumes
and words at last disintegrate,
their purpose realised,
where egos bow their heads to joy,
and all is love and loved, and still.

Sometimes I see this place
beyond the mist,
beyond my reach,
familiar voices cry.
But I have been there,
and know that I am welcome.
I simply need to be,
and there I'll be.
And you can be here too.

There is Work to Do

There is work to do my friend,
there is work to do.
We didn't have the words
then,
when light green bedspreads
replaced multi-coloured ones
every new term,
providing a screen for his hand.
We didn't have the words
then,
and still don't, quite.

Massaged

I had a massage
early this morning.
The breeze caressed my dog-heavy face
and neck, and shoulders.
I moved my hat
and felt a tingle in my scalp
where once my hair had been.
The air surprised my lungs,
feeding their faithful routine,
whilst a symphony of feathered friends
sent gifts of magic
to awaken my ears
and calm my soul.

Walking through Ashton

She holds my fingers tight as we walk round
Ashton town.

Our pace is steady, our heads held high,
a measured step, if tiny,
as we work our way through Tuesday crowds,
swollen by a Christmas promise.

We have just an hour if we are to avoid
a ticket on our windscreen,
so we keep our purpose clear
and tread our windswept path.

But faces smile as we pass them by, and my heart
swells

with pride, for she is my granddaughter,
and she trusts me to know the way
as we pass through light and shadows,
stopping occasionally for our eyes to connect
just like our hands
and share our moment of joy.

Her smile is total. And this is what life is for.