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MINDFULNESS
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Mosaic

I'm a mosaic of everyone I've ever loved,
even for a heart beat;
a collection of quirks and pécadillos
that I endlessly repeat.

The way I move my hands and talk
is a multi-faceted collection
of people who've spellbound me so subtly
it evaded conscious detection.

My laugh comes from my mother's
favourite TV that she watched endlessly,
about a charming rogue who felt the pain of life
and told jokes relentlessly.

A Buddhist monk gave me the enlightening notion
that my mind could become exalted!
My cynical depression endlessly dissented
but the logic simply could not be faulted.

The way I tuck my shoulders back I attribute
to two yoga teachers, both of them called Kate.
The resultant placed spine will effortlessly align
the rest of the body into a healthy shape.

The Indian trickster with a half built ashram, a few teachers &
well, really no right at all
to run a yoga school, & yet he did;
he taught me that wobbling is how you avoid the fall.

A reiki master in Rishakesh,
sweetly indifferent to her soul's ascending
she had a faith that was gentle, whimsical, odd
and utterly unrelenting

Merlin, all weary whimsy, inspired me
to declare like a loquacious Sir Lancelot
Beneath snow and ice sparkle those sweet, sweet eyes,
tears lost in the bloodshot

Saruman, proud wizard
who from his own tall tower fell
into the arms of a witch who made him her cat,
a part he plays quite well.

A groovy musician shared his groovy walk one day
whilst out strolling with his groovy wife
And he takes it to gigs where he plays and sings
how great it is to be alive.

Tattooed Demeter, carrying infants and shopping bags,
always makes me smile
her garden grows just like her heart,
big, beautiful and wild

An Irish giant served me Strawberries and Cream,
I favour that I payed back
while our brother bard channeled dead poets
and had lysdexia attacks.

And when I saw my reflection in Death's beautiful eyes
it inspired me to leave the grave
A vision like a memory of escaping from the cemetery,
and I took her hand and love made me her slave.

And always more! a cavalcade of sound & form,
like fireworks to greet the dawn,
a swirling mosaic of everything and everyone,
which will, in a moment, all be gone!

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