

THE SPIRIT OF THE WORD

I know my words will not clothe you
Nor will they feed a hungry solitary soul
These words will not pay one single bill
Nor will they give you warmth from a bitter chill

They will not rescue one who is lost at sea
Nor can they return a lost loved one to thee
Heal a broken heart from a given promise
Save a wounded warrior on a lonely battle field

Then what use at all could just words be
Why write at all when there is no peace
What possible use a book of poetry
Except a place to rest ones cup of coffee

Though I would pose to you this question
Why is it that invaders pile high your history
Steal every piece of artwork then set your books alight
That burning literature pyre a beacon in the night

Because on that freezing sole candle lit night
With not one morsel of food to eat in sight
A thread bare shirt hangs loosely from the chest
You turn a page and then begin to read

And then in that deepest and darkest of moments
The body and the mind become entwined as one
Your spirits are raised to a higher ground
The battle is not lost for it has only just begun

Draw an inner strength from every recited verse
Visualise a new beginning when all is but lost
They can take your land and burn your books
But they will never take the spirit of the spoken word

DO I BELIEVE IN YOU

You watched over me while I was sick in bed
Softly dabbing the sweat from my fevered brow
Tucked me in and puffed my flattened pillow
Delivered tepid soup and fed me spoon by spoon

Lay next to me and held me in your arms
As I shivered and rattled out a horrible cough
Placed me in a cool bath to bring my temperature down
Carefully towelling me dry as I could barely stand

Held my hand and stroked it ever so gently
Washed my soiled clothes and hung them out to dry
Read pages from a favourite book by the bedside light
Stayed there with me throughout the endless night

It is in those darkest moments of feverish decline
Memories begin to flash before ones very eyes
That time we wandered slowly through a field of roses
How we held hands under table so no one would see

The hours we would spend just simply chatting
From afternoon to night then well into morning
The hurt I felt inside when you were feeling pain
As if as one the two of us became exactly the same

Our favourite beach and the oceans cool relief
Warmth radiated from each golden grain of sand
Sprawled out soaking up each splendid view
So content that I was there and safe with you

You are my kindred spirit my constant companion
The champion of my causes the believer in what I do
I walk proudly by your side till the end of time
You will always be my inspiration my guiding light

The day we told all and everyone agreed
You were the best person I could have beside me
Heart felt laughter at the silliest of little things
A shared belief in what we both could achieve

Through the good and bad in sickness and in health
You have loved me and protected me unselfishly
The highs and the lows our troughs and peaks
Do I believe in you; I trust you with my life