

Personal Reflections – April 1, 2004

A Gift for Springtime

Here's a gift to celebrate Spring Time 2004 - a selection of poems written in the kayak on the lake over the past ten years.

Home

is where the heart is – yes
it's not merely a place:
the place is a symbol
and the feeling in the place:
ease, laughter, peace, playfulness
is a celebration of the Self who is
where her heart is –
at home!

Election

I would rejoice in
A simple majority of Self
To carry the vote
Against the ancient caucus:
Fear
Guilt
Pain
And the manic Super-one
Who shouts a warning whisper
In a smoke-filled soul.

In the Yellow Kayak

More's the miracle, for me
Not to walk on water
But to sit on it.

The Watching Faces

I've been on 119th street in New York City.
I've kicked the empty garbage.
I've watched the watching faces
In apartment windows.
Empty faces, surprised at nothing,
Distracted only by the gunshot blast
Of an unmuffled truck.

I've been on mountain paths in Nepal.
I've emptied a canteen of clean water
One swallow at a time over a five-hour trek
I've watched the watching faces
Looking up from running streams
Where they knelt to drink and wash.

I've been on the sandy beaches of the Maldives.
I've swim in the Indian Ocean,
A playful child of fifty-four.
I've watched the watching faces
Of serious, sad old men and women of six and seven
As they cleaned a pile of bony fish.

I've trudged the rocky paths of Machu Picchu,
In awe at the Andean beauty of Peru,
Writing poems in my charmed mind.
I've watched the watching faces of ancient young mothers,
Pregnant, with an infant on their back,
And another in the fold of their skirt,
Cutting firewood,
Unaware of the beauty of the mountain moment
For the sheer fatigue in it.

I've been on the desert tracks in Sudan,
Silenced by the breadth of that space,
Terrified lest the jeep break down
And we die of thirst between towns.
I've watched the watching faces
Of a desert troop of nomads, swathed in white,
Their dark eyes laughing at my dry and silent fear.

Here I am now,
Rocked on the windswept waves of this quiet lake.
Who are the watching faces
Seeing myself at home?

by Jane Vella