



Comings and Goings

(Sonnet from "Butterfly Dreaming")

Tiger time would seize
Each molecular moment
Underlying the undulating
Fierce fiery fluctuations-
Freak frequencies
Of energy's continuations:
Here, in the rippling silence
Serene trees sing, ringing out
Rhythms of coming and going,
So breathing body must bide
Its time, until its time
To lightly let go, and let go:
And then to awaken once more,
And find oneSelf on another shore.



Song and dance of time, continues..

In our souls things meld and mesh,
Though gravity sucks away our flesh,
And in time's expansion-contraction,
Restless minds, swayed by distraction,
Lose hold of true beautiful identity,
And the hurdygurdy dance of density
Whirls us away from the immensity
Of who and what and why we are:
We gaze upon the light of a long-dead star
Unaware, then, of how time and space
Provide clear clue to our Immortal Face,
Invisible to the material eye
But discernible to those who would fly
Upon the wings of Wisdom, by Imagination fuelled,
Where works of Truth and Beauty are tirelessly tooled,
And in soil of Goodness do harvest and yield
Peace and Harmony in Love's fertile field;
Wherein with purpose and passion, we pray and we play
And arise, regenerated , to face the newborn day...
Written sometime this century...



Sonnet to Seeds in time... (from "Butterfly Dreaming...")

The hoary moonlitfrost of age,
Reflecting (on) youth's golden face,
As one with the other (self) does engage:
With snowwhite seeds, expectant, sage,
That wait to write upon the empty page
Of fleeting time, and its fluctuating pace-
Whilst the forgiving mirror,
Beholding no mark, no error,
Contemplates change without terror
In faith's face of an eternal spring
That transformations do bring:
And in silent admiration of one another,
Self, of self, friend, sister and brother-
The present claps its hands, and doth sing

Bionote:

Gerrard Chaiken was born in 1946 in Zimbabwe, from where he moved to Cape Town, the Mother city of South Africa. Studied languages art and philosophy at the University of Cape Town, Honours in English Literature, began his Masters on Virginia Woolf, but later abandoned it. Worked as a lecturer and teacher of English Literature, English as the second language, qualified as a professional librarian for he believes in the Ancient Egyptian phrase that a library is "the healing place of the soul". Poetry for him, is a realm of the True, Good, and beautiful, and is a reflection of these, as well as aspirational and inspirational, and is a force of great potency for aspects of our education and evolution.

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