



Mind games come in different forms

Newfound Revelations

***Sometimes I wake
In the middle of the night
And half asleep,
My brain goes into overdrive***

***I toss and turn
As voices tumble down,
To fill my head
With newfound revelations***

***It does not cease
And will not let me go,
Until I write
Those sleepy words in stone.***

***Momentous thoughts,
In terms of my own life,
Are there next morn
As evidence of the night.***

India 1999

A phenomenon that has occurred for me - and it is assumed a multitude of others, across cultures and countries - I first realized was happening during a work visit to India in 1999 (more detail on this can be found in the chapter: *Indian Revelations*). During those early morning hours before waking, words, phrases, sentences, tumble down from above, in some sort of half-formed logical sequence, to guide me forward. Many would accept this as a Godly intervention, but as a non-believer that, for me, makes little sense. But how else does one explain such a sensation?

Word Playamatus

Ercanacious!

What or wherecanacious?

***A lovely, rounded, sounded word
That bounces from tongue to tooth
And slides across the roof
Of my turgid, tonsular sanctum.***

Procolamatus!

Even betteramatus.

***Describes the onset of some morbid dread,
Which creeps upon us, sight unseen,
Engulfing every human bean
In a state of vacant vacuum.***

England 2005

Cryptic Understanding

***Good things don't come easily
Usually***

***There's some graft entwined
Somewhere***

Along the road to satisfaction.

Take Miles Davis for example

If you can

Understand the mix of sounds

He makes

Music with a depth of meaning.

More effort to take on board

At times

He seems to bend the ear

Instead

Of too much soulful harmony.

The challenge builds a bond

For all

To experience as they move

Forward

To a higher plain of empathy.

England 2001.

Two poems (above) - ***Word Playamatus*** and ***Cryptic Understanding*** - both play with words and word sequences, to test and extend the mind. The first is all about new words, that are not real, but could almost be, their sounds giving vent to hidden meanings and meaningful pronunciations. Then, the second (unpunctuated) poem shows how words can be sequenced to give alternative meanings, within the whole. Thus: ***Take Miles Davis if you can***, or ***if you can understand the mix of sounds***, etc.

At forty-nine

*The end of an era – the start of a new.
How does one quantify two thirds of a life?
The number of children; the second (or third) wife?
Three and a half thousand weeks; an illness just survived?
... To name just a few.*

*I clutch at straws – look for a new escape.
The clock's approaching twelve; I claim it to be wrong.
England was my birthplace – it's ten hours to my dong!
The forties from this end seem so blissful and young.
... Can I stay at forty-nine?*

Adelaide 08.02.1997

At forty-nine is a poem that possibly requires little explanation, the main reason being that similar thoughts occur to probably half the people on Earth, when they are nearing their half-century in age. For me it was a particularly emotional time, having been through critical surgery a couple of years before, and now torn between staying in Australia, or returning to England (desperate to hang on to my forties, even if it meant claiming - tongue-in-cheek - a few extra hours!).

I changed my life today

*I changed my life today:
A monstrous sort of thing,
That has bubbled and bounced
Inside my head,
To surface
And burst
Like a zit!
..... Pinched and pummeled,
To release the pain,
That was mounting inside
Like a runaway train,
In search of an upward
Turn in the track,
To slow the pace
And take up the slack,
For life in a new terrain.*

*I moved out of my realm today,
My pinball just wanted to ping,
For the trouble and strife
That I have shed;
No malice
Of thought,
Just a pit.
..... Of memories so deep,
And some in vain,
For the truth was simple
And with it some shame,
Of failure to hold to
The earlier track;
A loss of face,
But no turning back.
My new life is there to tame.*

England 2005

In some ways this is the saddest poem I have written, because it is all about the parting of ways, after a long relationship; a parting that came with many memories, no malice and some degree of shame (related to not being able to stay true to promises and hold family together). However, I do love the poem for its unique style, which travels along at a rollicking speed, into the unknown.