

## A FEW THOUGHTS

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### FEAR MASKED

Fear is the demon emotion.  
Unknown to his possessor  
He is well masked.  
He usually masquerades as anger  
And dissipates our potency with unmitigated  
vigour.

Debilitated man will go to war  
To cover his fear,  
Wasting all his resources  
In a futile attempt to prove his prowess  
And fearlessness.

Fear has no use for reason.  
Blindness is his aim.  
The spirit fumbles and shakes,  
Loses its power of freedom,  
Is covered by shame.

For fear man struts and flaunts his courage  
While cowering behind helpless rage.  
Creativity, perplexed, absents herself  
Crushed by adrenalin bound for destruction  
And self-defeat.

Would but man realize  
The many masks of fear,  
Free himself of the scourge of anger,  
And use his precious, emancipated energies  
To shape a world of harmony and love.

### GREYS

Black and white at opposite ends.  
In between all the hues —  
Greyed.  
Shimmering, glimmering,  
Dim and drab,  
Mixed in endless variety.

Choices unlimited.  
Vistas to the far horizon and beyond.  
Excitement.  
Stillness.  
The straight and narrow branches,  
Edges fray and vanish.

Freedom lives within the greys,  
Horizons widen,  
Responsibility deepens,  
Persons mature, grow, learn  
And live.  
New faces, new interests  
Internalized.  
Life enriched, diversified.

Blue greys, red greys, yellow greys  
In all their combinations  
Of hue, tone, and intensity.  
Their subtle variety  
Is clear for all who dare to see.

## THE OTHER SIDE

The grass *is* greener on the other side.  
 I always knew it.  
 But  
 I thought it belonged only to the others.  
 Now I know,  
 It belongs in me.

What is on the other side?  
 Beauty and joy,  
 And light and colour,  
 And love and warmth and intimacy,  
 And achievement and growth,  
 And freedom.

I cannot live there.  
 I would not know I was there.  
 I recognize no light without darkness.  
 I would trample on it, flatten it.  
 But  
 I can see, catch a glimpse  
 And be sustained  
 Until the next time.  
 Nobody can take it from me,  
 Ever.

Yes, the grass is greener on the other side,  
 And both sides belong in me.

## THE POWER OF A TOUCH

We are afraid to touch one another.  
 We shy away from the outstretched hand,  
 And lose a message of love.

I know of no way to convey  
 Warmth, understanding, compassion  
 As by a well-placed touch.

When I am tenderly touched,  
 I feel renewed and strengthened,  
 Loneliness is quickly dispelled.

It takes hundreds of words  
 And many minutes to convey  
 The feeling behind one firm, warm touch.

Words impoverish the impulse.  
 But touch is a sure harbinger  
 Of closeness, tenderness, security.

Why do you move away?  
 I will do you no harm.  
 I offer you of myself.

## PERMISSION TO BE

My life is full of controls  
 Imposed by people I want to please.  
 There never seems to be any time  
 To simply just "be".

I've gone "by the books"  
 And done the "right" thing  
 And been bent and blown by the breeze.  
 But that doesn't help me to find  
 The me that simply can *Be*.

Controls are alright within limits,  
 When I take command of my life —  
 But there are times when it's great  
 To let go and find  
 It's O.K. to be just myself!