



**First the Thunder,
Then the morning comes.**

Michael Morain.

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Note:

Books containing the philosophy and principles of the Author are listed on the back cover of this book. This book is not denominational nor does it attempt to prescribe in any way, but it attempts to uplift. Readers should use what helps them most.

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How this came to be written.

If I were to say one thing about life, I would say how beautiful it is despite all the problems, the emotions, the crises that we all face. Some seem insurmountable, some seem too much for us, but in the end, it does not have to be so.

I'd like to share a few experiences with you and then, some words of mine, which I hope may encourage you in whatever you are facing and you can see what you think about them.

The first was quite an amusing incident, in that it happened when I went to receive an Award for Poetry in Washington in 1993.

One thing life often teaches one, is that people are incredible and one never knows what to expect.

It was hot weather in Washington and I had arrived in a World War Two American Airlines craft (they were economising, I think) .

It had been a bit of a harrowing flight because, in New York there had been a delay while the pilot repaired or adjusted the engine and when we took off we could not fly above ten thousand feet. (Strange but true.)

An unusual start for receiving an award, but the conference setting was sumptuous and on this particular day, we had gathered for a ball, dinner and concert where John Denver was going to perform.

We were all dressed very well and the crowds to get into the ballroom clustered around cocktail counters trying to understand each others accents, as we were from 60 countries. Every so often a light would come on as a TV camera recorded an interview.

I spent a pleasant evening listening to John Denver songs.

The concert finished: my Greek lady friend, a Texas lady whose father had been a missionary in South Africa , one of the male conference organisers and I retired to the lounge to indulge in some budweisers, because we could really not sleep.

It was while we were talking that an old lady came up to us.

She had this shiny gown on, with a wrap around her shoulders, her hair done up for the poetry conference ball.

I will let my poem about the event speak for itself:

Grand Old Dame.

I met her in the hallway
She was a grand old dame
she said "can you tell me
the riddle of the game?"

"Yesterday my eyes were brown,
today they are blue,
what has happened?
I don't like them new!"

I offered explanations
but they were in vain
no comfort could I give her
the facts were very plain.

Yesterday her eyes were brown,
today they are blue,
it is a change, a miracle,
the happens to very few.

Would that I could change,
all brown eyes to blue,
blue eyes to brown,
green to yellow too,

We need this magic,
We need to welcome change,
it is the essence of living,
new power without range.

With a worried look she left and stepping into her limo, was taken away. Life is full of changes like this and it is something than can be exciting if one welcomes it.

About two years ago, having got to a place of more maturity in my life, I was settling down, learning to release the emotions, the hurts of the past and flowing with the beauty of the universe.

Life had something more in store for me though and the pain in my foot was diagnosed as cancer: sarcomial sarcoma, to be exact. Doctors told me it had already spread to the lungs.

For me this was a most blessed opportunity to face what new life had and it helped me reevaluate my life more fully.

I went into intensive chemo sessions with hope and thankfulness of the opportunity. They lasted six months and were hard , but I never felt sad or despondent.

Cancer I think is one of the better things to have happened to me. It is a great blessing. It has taught me that a sense of humour is essential.

I remember when I first lost my hair and was walking in the street. I saw a youngsters eyes go wide with surprise and he pointed at me and said : "Look Mom, an alien" His mother tried to shush him, but he kept looking at me. I smiled to think how he had been influenced by watching too many science fiction movies.

The chemo only checked the cancer, it did not reverse it so they proposed radiation.

The radiation did not work, so there was no more treatment, but the next seven months I lived as normal, I worked, I enjoyed myself.

Then in March I took leave and found that I felt so tired. It became worse and seeing my Doctor, he said that it is possible I have till the end of the year to live, as the cancer had spread all over my lungs.

I now have to use a wheelchair, a bit, I need oxygen and everything is slower, but my love of life and beauty is undiminished.

Life is still so wonderful: to taste food, to speak to people, to trust in this new lesson being brought to me.

I have no fear of death, life is too good.

My thoughts in writing these words to you the reader, is to say, I wish I could hold your hand, whatever your problem. It does not have to be physical, whatever it is it is not insurmountable, it is a gift.

Dew of Rain.

Window pane light with dew rain left,
breeze lashing curtains
to sweep one up
to the light before dawn,
the stars bright scents upon my eyes.

Sitting thus, one knows one has come from
glorious realms, trailing gifts of
love, hope
to arrive on earth.

I remember the passage
into the thunder
of my birth,
one loses not touch
of heaven.

My friends, spiritual teachers, the universal
is there,
new friends await,
all say:

"We will be there"

Love.

Love sustains one in its glow
all through ,
a universal energy
that fills our consciousness,
a mother's touch divine
that caresses,
a garment of suns and kisses
that enfolds us.

In the darkness of thought, emotion,
one laments suffering,
black robes obscure,
yet one is free.

Mortality, pain are be blessed moments
for they free one to be,
cancer is such
because opportunity is given to discover
how rich one is.

Childhood Dreams.

Trusting in the universal
one grows with childhood dreams,
one learns
one loves,
one hates,
So many things come in the way,
yet if one holds not on but learns in love
freedom is always there,
Life touches and says:
"I am here, trust me"

Adult Love.

Adulthood with ambitions, dreams
the greatness of the quest
to save the world,
the striving for the noble and true
these reflect
the universal that says:
"Take me day by day,
I make everything new,
So that past and future
are a carpet of the pattern
that I weave for you."

Maturity.

Maturity brings perspective
one breathes to live rounded
from the struggles,
if one will
and in the trust of the universe
one discovers new depths
to fathom,
new adventures
that delight one,
the spiritual selves
expand like flowers
all is good
because it comes from love.

The Pain.

Pain of cancer or any other
is no pain
it is a birthing of the new
Many bear burdens one do not know:
of desire, hate, emotional scars, war, revenge
would that they could be healed from that which is
not physical
to release,
would that I could touch them and
say
"Let go"

To release in love is wonderful,
weakness from cancer is nothing,
one should sit with others
tell stories that heal,
sing songs, poems of peace
Or in the mountain of the night
dawn the bells of the day
so that the waves of sound
lap over the waters of the world,
it can be so.

The Journey.

From the heart of the universal
one takes ones journey,
sometimes one circles
in the air not sure
like a hawk who is deciding on wing,
sometimes straight lines like shining
arrows take ones path,
one stops here and there
breathe in
thankful for life
that brings one here
wrong or right the universal sustains,
touches ones face with soft caress
as one listens to the music of the earth
and heaven.

The Lesson.

Each morning I have taken
a daisy as a lesson.
So fine a thing
shows the support that underlies one
so like a walker on ice
one stands still and observes
joins in the dance
with laughter.

Light.

The last light of Aphrodite
Stands above the moon
as a divine mother.
The is a signal of the call,
the Grail is there to follow,
golden in the light of love
so bright and warm,
it beacons one home.

Upon the shore
lapping waters touching their feet
love ones say "Farewell, farewell"
say farewell to one who looks to
wings of light,
home to where all spiritual Masters dwell,
home to the universal
symphony.

There is no parting
Souls have been touched.
There is no fear, no death.
Ones tears in going are sweet.

My teachers and friends say:

"Welcome dear friend,
welcome to the Divine Father/Mother,
you are home and
one with us."

Other books by the same author:

Educational.

A World to Live in
The Wishing Tree

Stories.

Gold like dust
Mary a Christmas story
Stories that Heal

Poetry.

Healing Africa
Music in the Earth
Dreams Bright Feathered
Secret Legends
The Garden and Palace of a Forbidden Place
My Life as a Poet