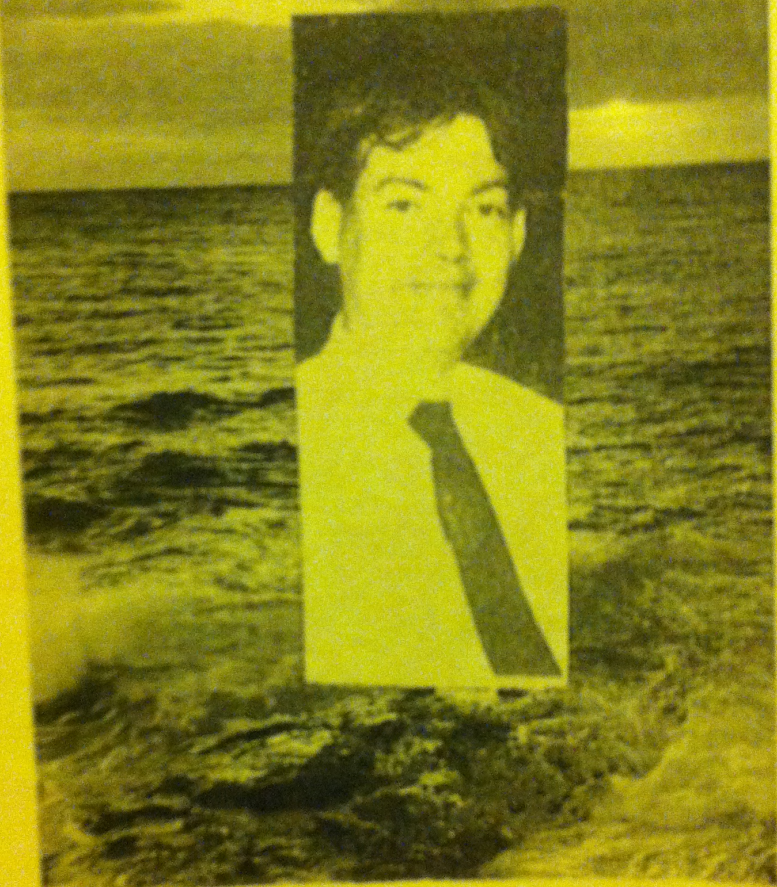


Michael Morain



# My Life as a Poet

the drama, the joy, the journey,  
BUT MOSTLY THE POETRY

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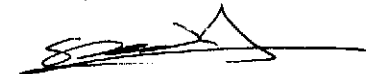
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<b>My Life as a Poet</b>
the drama, the joy, the journey BUT MOSTLY THE POETRY.

by  
**Michael Morain**

*wishing you increasing success*

*Michael Morain*



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## One: Start

Once upon a time there was a poet who was in waiting for many years and did not know it.

It all started in school when I, the poet, wrote poetry. There were reams of it, a lot of mystical stuff, as I went to a Catholic School and you will still see some traces in my current poetry.

Most of those poems I threw away, as they did not really satisfy and they were childish stuff anyway, things like :

“moon marked shadows  
misty place of hell  
this South Africa  
in which we dwell...”

and

“O Egypt,  
How have you fallen down?  
Broken lies your red and white crown...”

Nothing to write home about, so I left poetry behind when I left school. Who wanted it? And it

was not as though there were support groups as there are today. Little beknown to me Poetry was lying in wait and grabbed me years later in 1992.

It all started when someone sent me an entry for a competition in America. I sent a poem off and they decided to publish it. Thinking I was onto a good wicket, I composed a few more and sent poems out to a local academic magazine. Alas the response was:

"Our rejection is in no way meant to deny or diminish the sincerity and emotional effort that has gone into your work. Poetry however requires a lot of craftsmanship to bring out the essence of what you are trying to express. Reading poetry more widely will help you know its diversity and understand the technical skills which poets need to help them develop good craftsmanship. We suggest that you read as much poetry, particularly modern poetry, as you can, in order to absorb what contemporary poetry is all about."

You will notice that I have printed the criticism in smaller type, because I still don't value it.

I felt my poetry was good. It was not modern, but it was my own experience and way of writing. Instead of being devastated, I decided that I would prove that I was right.

And would you believe it, I did!

Within a year of the rejection letter, I had a number of poems published in America, received an award in Washington DC ( 13 August, 1993 ), was made a Life Member of an International Poetry Society ( same date in 1993). So I can make an ugly face at academic magazines at my leisure!

Not only that but in 1993, before the award, I was invited to lecture for Culture and Working Life at Natal University, which was a wonderful experience. I spent two great years teaching students of the course. At the same time I also started email lessons with American students and that was very rewarding.

To return to talking about the award, upon winning the "International Poet of Merit" Award from the International Society of Poets in 1993, my immediate reaction was to publish some poems to capitalise on the award. Wouldn't you? So "Healing Africa" was the result and it was especially relevant I think at that time. The poems follow in the next section, including comments about reaction to the poems and you can see what I mean there.

I also wrote at that time, a series of poems about my experiences in America called "American Impressions", most of which were never published. They were a bit like a travelogue and

were I thought quite funny. You can see for yourself for the first time right now.

Here is the introduction I wrote:

I have been to America many times, the last time being in August 93 when I went to Washington DC, to meet fellow poets and receive an award. The poems in this book are a compilation of impressions of America as I have seen it over the years. The poems show you glimpses of America from the fanatical, the self centred, the lover, the friend, the dreamer. I hope you enjoy the poems. Regards.....This was dated: Durban 10 September 1993.

Here are the poems:

### There are no stars

Throughout the long  
and winding day,  
I look forward  
to the sight and flow,  
the melody and light  
of the thousand stars,  
that glow in the velvet night,  
but  
there are no stars tonight.

I am far from home,  
yet at home I feel,  
weary my soul,  
long the night,  
comfortless flow,  
blackness beyond sight,  
waiting for some glow,  
but  
there are no stars tonight.

**Agent mania.**

Stepping to the podium,  
 the poet speaks,  
 the power of the voice  
 impresses the two.

The lady jabs her husband,  
 "this is one", she says.  
 Her husband mutters slowly  
 and scratches his head.

As the poet finishes  
 husband rushes up,  
 flourishes his card  
 for the poet to accept.

Returning,  
 passes an album round  
 of greeting cards and drawings,  
 he looks real satisfied.

**Sinners.**

With a piercing look,  
 she walks up to the stage:  
 "You are all sinners,  
 damnation's slave."

Eyes shifting here and there  
 probing as she speaks,  
 firmness as she grips the podium,  
 which shakes and creaks.

Finishing, satisfied,  
 her words were spoken well,  
 one more sinner saved,  
 she won't go to hell.

**The Senator.**

The Senator  
 speaks slowly  
 words hanging  
 on his lips  
 showing the weight of years.

He speaks of his wisdom,  
 policies he prepared,  
 talking with humour,  
 telling of chickens  
 and lies beneath the sky.

Yet, I suspect  
 beneath the exterior,  
 sadness within,  
 a longing for magic  
 and those to share it with him.

**Banquet.**

Shimmering of saffron  
 television glare,  
 sparkle on glasses  
 caviar to spare.

Chandeliers tinkle  
 laughter from the guests,  
 music plays softer  
 anticipating the rest.

First speaker welcomed  
 band plays anew,  
 other speeches follow  
 laughter rebounding too.

Food flows onward  
 lights dimmer now,  
 bands getting hotter  
 artists take a bow.

Then the climax  
 dazzling display of light,  
 followed by silence  
 bidding us goodnight.



**The Cowboy.**

The crowd enthralled,  
 the man  
 in the cowboy hat  
 reads in a droning voice.

Every so often,  
 the crowd look back  
 see who is watching,  
 listen attentively anew.

I saw the cowboy  
 before he was up there,  
 sitting on the carpet  
 his face full of despair.

Far had he travelled  
 to come to this place now,  
 to receive appreciation  
 friendship's vow.

The crowd know not this promise,  
 do they care where he goes?  
 This is his moment,  
 the crowd love it so.

**American language.**

They are twisting English  
 we know not what they say,  
 yet in the world they proclaim  
 American rules the day.

Putting a man on the moon,  
 what did they say?  
 The moon is dead,  
 American rules the day.

At another insane moment,  
 the moon is deader,  
 you better be grateful for it:  
 American rules the day.

### A 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 explanation,  
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  
that 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.

### Big Skies.

Under the big skies  
I went my spirit to seek,  
mountains and valleys,  
streams and rivers deep.

In the purity of the air  
I sought my spirit anew,  
the roads were too long  
the people too few.

A solitary journey  
that brought me a long way,  
I did not find my spirit there,  
but there dawned a new day.

Summer lecture.

In the hush of summer  
I started talking,  
watching the faces  
gazing at me.

Some eyes blank  
some staring,  
others caring  
as if they understand.

Finishing my lecture  
loud applause,  
numerous questions,  
then a small pause.

“We would like poetry”,  
they enthused  
so I spoke,  
rapid applause.

Under the big skies,  
over land and sea,  
this is America,  
a place one is meant to be?

New York.

Stand here! Stand there  
we don't really care!  
You must go, you must stay!  
Get outa my way!

Hooting of the horns,  
crashing of the fenders,  
cursing of pedestrians  
dodging money lenders.

Advertising sex,  
tap dancing store,  
eating hamburgers,  
asking for more.

Stand here! Stand there  
we don't really care!  
You must go, you must stay!  
get outa my way!

**Knowledge.**

Eyes bright and eager  
 asking for more,  
 wanting knowledge  
 pretending to know all.  
 Driving ambition  
 disguised in spirituality,  
 wanting the light  
 looking not at all.  
 Spiritual beggars  
 sleeping with all in sight.

Ending in  
 a cafe conversation,  
 MacDonalds over hamburgers,  
 under neon light:  
 "Who is right? Who is wrong?  
 What is truth?"  
 Five minutes up  
 time to go  
 till next time,  
 so long...

**Leaving.**

Leaving the land,  
 puzzled a bit  
 as the plane wings onward.

Am I in South Africa  
 leaving for America?  
 Or America leaving  
 for South Africa.

So similar:  
 same heat  
 same people  
 same prejudice.

## Two: Healing Africa.

The book of the above title, was published in October 1993 and Dumisani Phungala my friend and Regional Representative of the Congress of South African Writers, did the honours in speaking about it at the launch. The launch was held at Avalon Bookshop, where my friend Sharon, who owned the shop, sponsored the eats. Dumisani said that the book reminded him of the fact that we are part of Africa.

The book was a success with 200 copies being sold within the first month of the launch. Good for a poetry book. Reactions were very favourable. Someone commented:

“ These poems seem to have messages for us especially at this time. Thanks so much for sending it to me. I do hope we will meet one day...”

Mangasuthu Buthelezi  
13 December 1993.

This message reflected what a lot of people were saying: that the poems were especially

appropriate at that time. Judge for yourself about the poetry. I think not as good as my later poetry, but still not bad!

Here is the introduction of the book:

Africa has traditionally been regarded as a dark continent. It has been seen as being poor. On the contrary, it is one of light and it is rich in spirituality. The poems in this book express the richness of Africa, my home. They are offered as ideal and healing thoughts to renew tired hearts and mind. In that hope and with hand to heart, I am...

The introduction became different when it was re-published as part of “Music in the Earth”. I will leave that introduction until the section devoted to “Music in the Earth”. su p. 55

Here is the cover as it was first printed and the poems follow:

# HEALING

AFRICA



Drawing by Ed Young from *Sabab and the Thousand Paper Cranes*

by

Shaun de Waal

## A Song of Africa.

In the morning, in the evening,  
in the glow of golden days,  
in the light of stars and campfire,  
lies the mystery of Africa.

In the rush of wind through grasses,  
rushing down the plains and streams,  
in the dancing of the dust storms  
and the flowing desert sands,  
lies the mystery of Africa.

She is a mother of the nations,  
She is the darkness that is light  
and in this world though poor she seems,  
it is but a cloak that hides her might.

She calls you as a mother, saying:  
"Children come on home,  
be renewed in my heart's fountain,  
legends, myth, soul, sound,  
no more will you be alone."

### The Centre.

In the spring, in the summer,  
 in the light of morning skies,  
 in the Southern Cross at midnight,  
 in the rolling valleys and hills,  
 in the sunbeam's and the bird's flight,  
 there is a centre of stillness.

It is a centre one can share,  
 it is a centre very few can bear,  
 it is a centre free from care,  
 it is the centre of Africa.

### Tale of Power.

There is a source of power  
 way beyond the sands of time,  
 it mummings in the evening,  
 it rushes in the dawn.

It tells of one's beginning,  
 it extinguishes the end,  
 it vitalises images,  
 it is quick to defend.

It touches us with music,  
 it banishes the dark,  
 it is a flame of fire,  
 it removes sorrow's mark.

Every day you see this power,  
 every day you touch it's might,  
 every day you breathe it's magic,  
 every day you touch it's light...

It is Africa.

### The Light.

Way past the dusk of evening  
in the light of stars and moon,  
there shines a light of softness,  
a light that follows through.

It starts the breeze flowing  
that whispers over the plains,  
it is heard in the voice of swallows,  
as they fly above the rains.

It is a light that touches,  
a light that is ever new,  
it sings a song of freedom,  
it washes freedom through.

It is attuned by water  
as it falls in crystal flow,  
it sparkles in the gemstones,  
the crackling fires glow.

All know this light,  
it's particles and flow,  
it is in our very breathing,  
it sets our heart's aglow.

### Storm and Light.

Upon the dark horizon  
through lightening, mist and rain,  
I see a small light shining  
obscured by my own pain.

As I stumble forward  
through the thickness of the storm,  
I see other lights appear  
over a thousand or more.

Then there starts the singing  
a melody so light,  
it calms the storm to stillness,  
so great appears it's might.

Out from a thousand voices  
there comes a new refrain,  
that sings anew of Africa,  
how it is whole once again.



### The Flow.

Flowing, flowing, flowing,  
like water in springtime,  
flowing, flowing, flowing,  
like dew in summer,  
flowing, flowing, flowing,  
like cold air in winter.

Caught by the currents,  
calmed by the flow,  
washed by the energy,  
warmed by the glow.

Whence does it come?  
Whence does it go?  
From the heart of the earth  
beating in our heart,  
from the soil of Africa  
of which we are a part.

### The Dance.

In the centre of the valley  
surrounded by the mountains blue,  
flanked by ancient forests,  
is the dancing began anew.

In the dappled green forest  
surrounded by summer sunlight,  
flanked by crystal water,  
is the dancing continued through.

It is a dance of magic.  
it is a dance of light,  
it is a dance of memories,  
it is a dance of might.  
It says we come from one beginning  
and to us there is no end,  
it says we share our burdens,  
it says we do not depend.

Through the dancing of this dance,  
find we joy and peace and love,  
for it is the essence that we are,  
we are the essence that it is.

Peace.

Stars in the evening,  
 rushing desert sand,  
 pale light moon,  
 light in foaming sea,  
 gently blowing wind,  
 a song and promise to be.

Footsteps walking the soft sand,  
 washing sandshore  
 mummings a new melody.

Footprints inward outward,  
 star patterned  
 gleaming in water,  
 doorway to beginning,  
 beginning to be.

Whispering songs of peace,  
 peace reflecting me,  
 answering love,  
 the will to be,  
 ever mirror, mirroring  
 like the sea.

Renewing Africa.

In the dark woods  
 did I have my beginning,  
 from crystal waters  
 I am come,  
 surrounded by a golden glow,  
 that wakes the sunlight of summer.

The dew of my fragrance  
 evaporates the mists of time  
 and I am made anew.

When my memory fades  
 wait I the light of the moon,  
 for it's rays so soft and gentle,  
 signal my return with the dawn,  
 murmuring, murmuring,  
 of love and longing.

Surrounded by the stars,  
 hills, trees and plains  
 I am you,  
 you are me.

**Africa.**

Walking on the waters  
 that stretch to the horizon,  
 in robes of gold, blue and green,  
 following lapping waters  
 in a melody of song.

Stretch forth your hand  
 and grasp the blue abundance,  
 let it run flowing  
 like the golden sand of time.

Approach the shore with gladness  
 it is a shore of knowing,  
 it beats in a rhythm of it's own,  
 it is Africa.

**Three: Poetry for Peace**

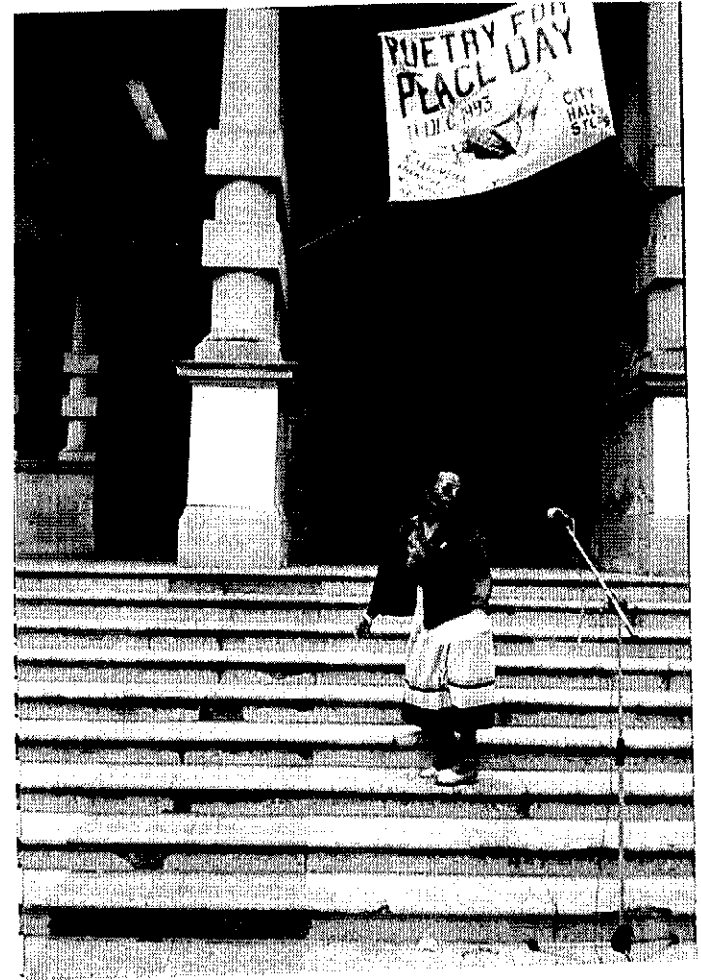
When I came back from Washington, I saw my friend Nisa Malange and showed her my rough poems that were intended for "Healing Africa". She liked them and we got to discussing the use of poetry to bring about healing. The idea of "Poetry for Peace" flowed out of that and we decided to hold a day of reading poems for peace and thereafter to publish a book. Dumisani was invited to be part of that.

The "Poetry for Peace" day was held on the 11 December 1993, on the steps of the Durban City Hall and here are some photo's of the event. Have a look at the banner in the pictures, the artists who painted it on the banner were especially proud of the dove!

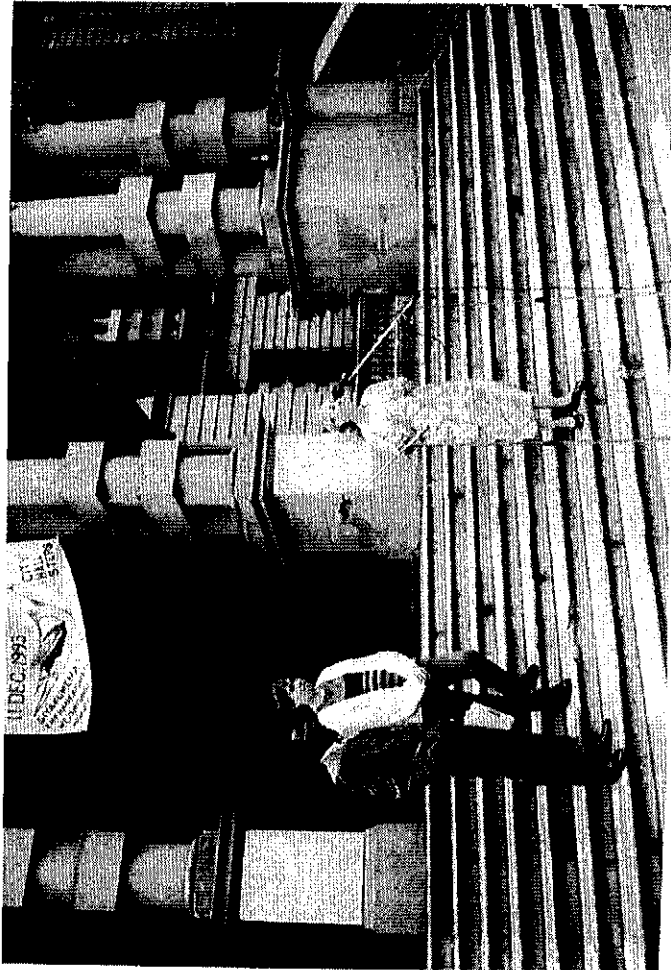
**Photo one:** my fellow poet and friend Victoria Pereira.



**Photo Two:** A well known poet and student of mine, see if you can guess who she is.



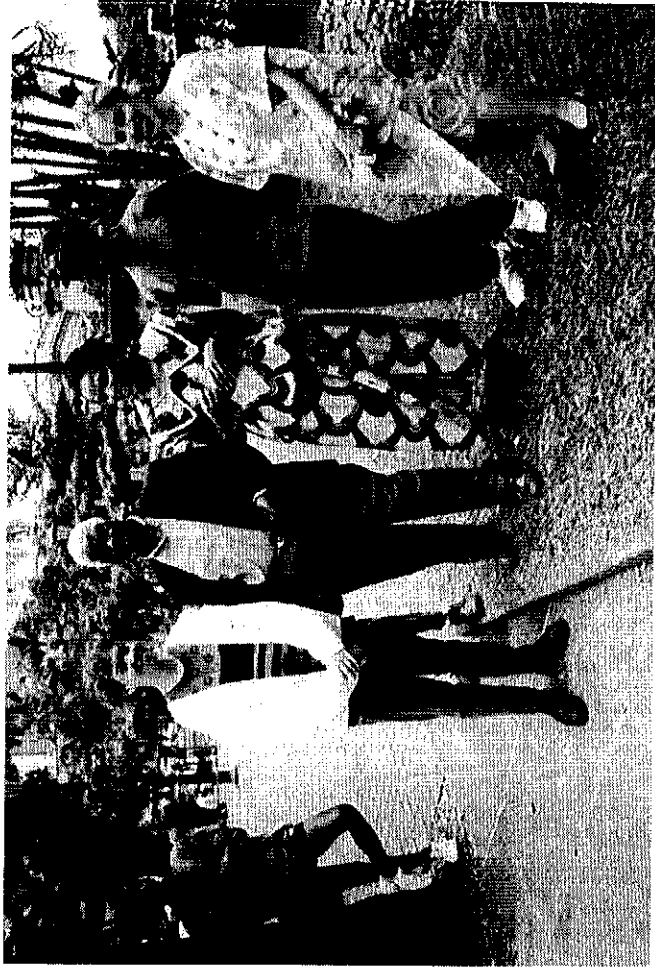
**Photo Three:** Me with international peace monitors.



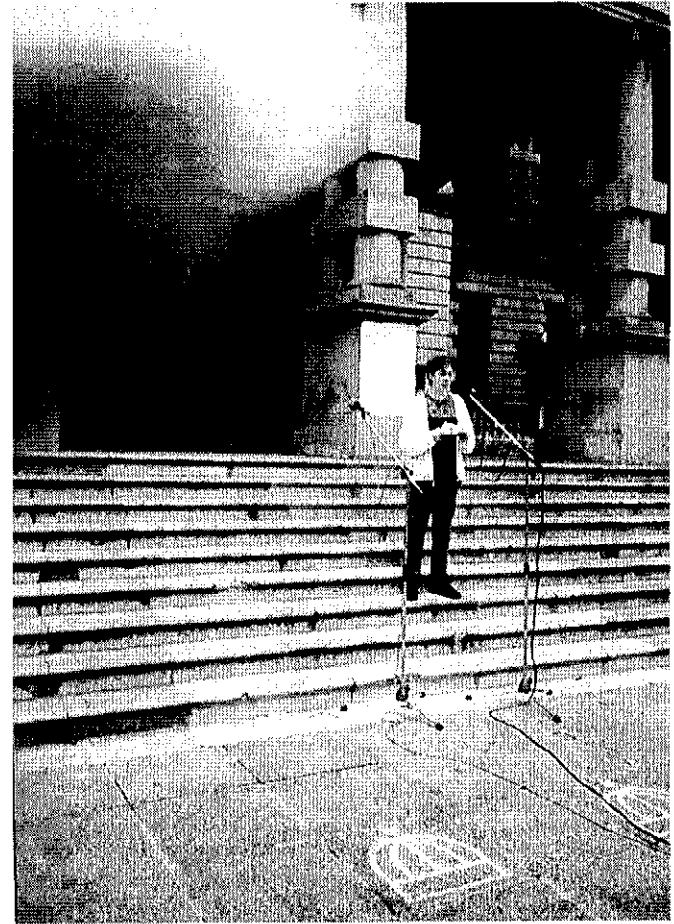
**Photo Four:** Some well known faces.



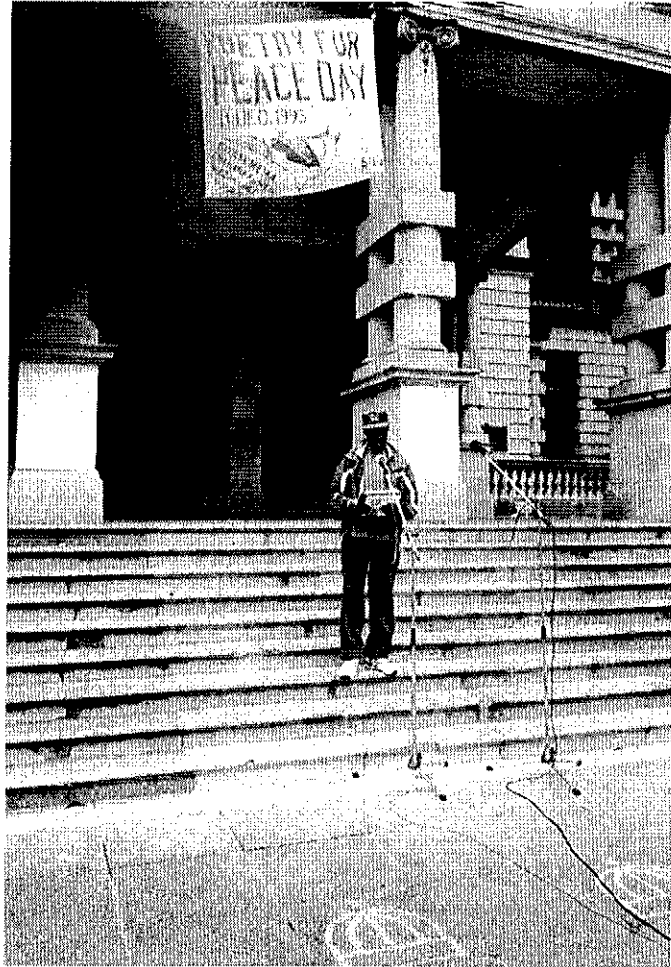
**Photo Five:** Nisa, Dumisani, me with Masizi, peace monitor and young poet in the background.



**Photo Six:** me presenting.



**Photo Seven: Dumisani.**



My poem which I read at the event, was as follows:

**The Flame of Peace.**

In ancestral trails we tread,  
our footsteps wearing grooves upon the soil,  
day and night we walk ahead,  
our future and our past  
weighs us down,  
until we moan for peace.

Surrounded by darkness  
as a starless night,  
we see a small flame within our heart's,  
steady and hot, it is the flame of peace,  
a seed of fire  
which we throw like spears,  
causing darkness to flee,  
our heart's atremble,  
as a sun is born.

The Poetry for Peace book was launched on the day before the elections in 1994. The "Berea Mail" photographed the event and here we are:



POETRY for Peace, a book filled with peace poems written by South African poets, was launched in Durban recently. The aim of the book is to use poetry to bring about change, healing and peace in our land. At the launch Durmisani Phungula (contributing poet) Shaun de Waal (poet and one of the editors of the book) Stephanie Miller of the Peace Secretariat and Prof Mazisi Kunene encouraged people to purchase the book as all proceeds will go towards funding workshops for writers. The book is available from most leading news agents.

Berea Mail May 27 1994

Nisa, could not be there as she was having a baby! The event went very well though.

Poetry for Peace has continued and we have had other events. One was on 25 June 1996 before elections again! We held it at the Bat Centre and there was an 80 person choir present as well as many well artists and singers. Sharon Katz was one of the artists who donated her services and there were many others. I must mention especially Illa Thompson who arranged all the publicity for the event and Ursula Cox from the "Live Poets Society" who was co-master of ceremonies with me for the event.

The public support was also great. We had over two hundred poets and guests there in my estimation. Here is a picture of some of the poets, me included:



6/Tonight

DAILY NEWS, TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 1996

Entertainment



PEACE POETS: Pictured from left are participating poets Vusi Mchunu, Tina Yengwa, Shaun de

# Poets of Peace

My next project, "Music in the Earth" in a way arose from "Poetry for Peace", so it would be appropriate to discuss it next.

## Four: Music in the Earth

The book "Music in the Earth" was launched at a spiritual conference in 1994. I had been invited to talk, at the conference as "International Ambassador of Poetry". I was appointed in April 1994 by the International Society of Poets, as ambassador.

The launch of the book happened at a time when I had just helped organise a "welcome back" celebration for Mazise Kunene with Chris Mann, Douglas Livingstone and other well known poets. I was fresh from that, when the book was launched.

What was interesting is that Chris Mann was experimenting with three dimensional poetry in sculpture form and was also trying to combine Painting and poetry. This was at the same time as I was launching "Music in the Earth". It was coincidental that we were both seeking to extend the bounds of poetry into new forms at the same time and it was also gratifying.

As you will see "Music in the Earth" has spiritual and healing connotations, thus the launch at a spiritual conference.

Here was the introduction of the book:

The adventures and discoveries of new ages, even in our present age, will stem from man's ( and women's) ventures into the interior of consciousness, as well as the universe.

The great psychologist Jung has set us upon this journey in more ways than we can ever know. Robert Assagioli, the Italian psychologist has added more.

The poems in this book are such an adventure. I cannot claim to be as great as the two persons mentioned above. In fact I consider myself a very modest explorer in the realms of consciousness. I present to you the fruits of some of my exploration.

As with Jung, who in the later years of his life was fascinated with alchemy, I have borrowed from alchemy in the way this book was structured. Each of the four sections is based on archetypes from the four elements: earth-physical, water-emotional, air-mental, fire-spiritual. The poems are not complex, because it is through simplicity that I intended the images to be apprehended.

I have learnt that in nature, in life some of the most beautiful things are so simple. I have tried to copy life and nature. At the beginning of each section, I have placed a short introduction to show you how you can experience the poetry, the images in a realistic way, almost with a three dimensional effect.

As such this is a new way of approaching poetry, yet it is also old, going back to the ancient roots of poetry.

The decision to write this way has been the result of a number of influences on me, which I would like to briefly describe: over the last three years poetry has been written as a part of my own inner voyage of transformation, as well as strong feelings and thoughts. Images would come to me of healing, of love and I would have to put words to them. I would have to write until the pattern is complete.

In addition I have been working with groups of people through lecturing, public readings and have found that poetry changes people. People have found release, healing.

One of the efforts that I was part of and co-edited was a book "poetry for Peace", which showed me how poetry can act as a force for change. Other

poets, writers, students have shown me the therapeutic effects of poetry.

This book is an attempt to pass on the adventure and experience of positive states of consciousness. This as an artist I am bound to do. As souls, we expand by experience, insight and sharing. I hope this book may serve to inspire, renew, exhilarate. Dated: 19 June 1994.

The book as it's first part included "Healing Africa". Here was the revised introduction to it:

Africa is one of the last unspoiled continents. It's wilderness as described in the wonderful books of Laurens Van der Post, is healing to the spirit. The poems that follow are based upon the healing properties of Africa.

The images are intended to bring one closer to the wonder of Africa, to soothe and heal one through the soul of Africa. One should read them best in the wilderness, around a camp fire, or in a park. This environment is a good focus point for one to experience the poems.

If this is not possible, at home put on a tape of the sounds of nature. African music such as drumming. Dim your lights to a comfortable level,

with pictures of nature surrounding you. relax and read the poems.

Whenever you read, look at the images behind the lines. After reading imagine yourself as part of the image or daydream with pleasant images the poetry invokes. The restfulness of nature - falling water, trees, bird song is renewing, healing.

It might be good to mention that I was trying to start my music career at the same time, as a songwriter. I only really succeeded in having music published for one of my song compositions. It was this song as set out in the next two pages. I was offered a recording contract with royalties for the song of 20 us cents, but I turned that down as I felt that was too little for my work.

At the same time one other music company liked my submissions and presented me with this certificate ( see third page following) dated 11 August 1994, which I never followed up on.

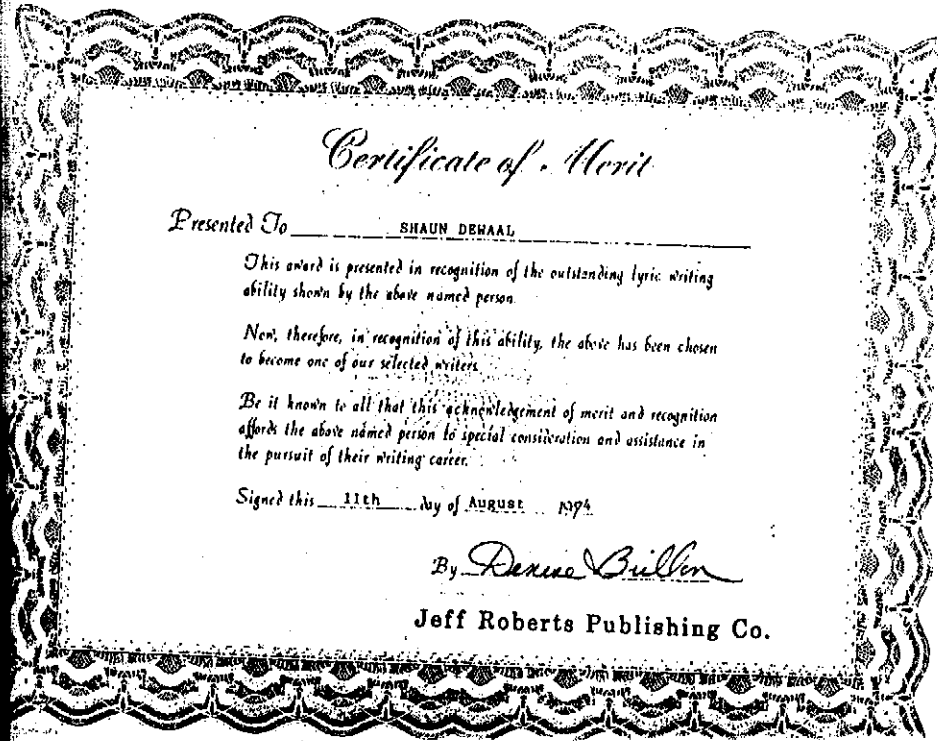
The reason: the music just never matched the expectation of my songs. I will have to learn music myself! Any offers?

Rock friends forever By: Shaun H de Waal

Rock friends forever By: Shaun H de Waal

Surrounded by  
A golden glow She refreshes the sunlit of summer with the  
dew of her fragrance The mists of  
As the stars of evening  
She is my friend of old Fullness of love for-  
ever I see her and am free  
One hand cupped upon her breast  
She looks with bright eyes  
And invites warm tender kisses Red and soft  
on her to rest She is my friend of old Fullness of love for-  
ever I see her and am free  
As at night She fades to darkness

Handwritten musical score on a single staff with lyrics and guitar chords. The lyrics include: "The first light of the moon", "For its rays so soft and gentle Signal her", "Coming with the dawn", "Murmuring Murmuring", "Of love and longing She is my friend of", "Fullness of love forever", "see her", "And am free Fine", "And am free". Chords such as G, A, D, and Bm are written above the notes.



# Certificate of Merit

Presented To SHAUN DEWAAL

This award is presented in recognition of the outstanding lyric writing ability shown by the above named person.

Now, therefore, in recognition of this ability, the above has been chosen to become one of our selected writers.

Be it known to all that this acknowledgement of merit and recognition affords the above named person to special consideration and assistance in the pursuit of their writing career.

Signed this 11th day of August 1976.

By Dennis Bullen

Jeff Roberts Publishing Co.

To continue with the poetry from "Music in the Earth" the water section was entitled "Aphrodite" and the introduction said:

For me there is one archetype that has been much maligned and that is of the woman. In primitive societies, the role of women, nature, the goddess was much respected. The poems that follow are based on the image of the goddess, the divine woman.

I have chosen especially Aphrodite, because the inspiration to do so came from a passage in a book by H. Rider Haggard, "The World's Desire". I was excited by the images of the book in that I felt as though I had known them before and the poetry that came from the images just grew and grew.

To read them do so around a fire with a loved one, or by yourself with Strauss waltzes playing softly in the background.

### Aphrodite.

The stars throw their veil  
across the sky,  
the sun throws it's light  
through the eternity of space,  
covering a temple pure,  
enclosed with roses, perfume rare,  
a form ever young  
divine light in her eyes.

Aphrodite,  
hear the stars whisper,  
a divine melody,  
from whose cup I did drink  
and in blissful happiness  
am made anew,  
Aphrodite.

**The Temple.**

Clear upon ancient waters  
 reflects a face beautiful,  
 ever young,  
 the light of love in her eyes,  
 the promise of fulfilment upon her lips,  
 the flame of peace  
 upon her brow.

She offer you a cup of golden liquid,  
 you may drink,  
 strength flows from it  
 love flows from it  
 youth flows from it,  
 beauty of eternity.

Drink -

her temple surrounds you,  
 drink -

her love is upon you,  
 drink -

you are forever free,  
 Whisper: Aphrodite.

**A message of love.**

In the temple of a moment  
 a form of radiant light,  
 stretches forth her hands  
 and touches you  
 with love.

She speaks in a voice soft and gentle,  
 cradling you in her arms;

“Many ages have I sought you,  
 my love a cloak enfolds you,  
 my light a form to hold you,  
 my gift of youth I give you,  
 treasures of life I bestow you,  
 together we follow the stars.”

### The Eternal Sun.

From the eternal sun  
the fire of life does run,  
flowing down the ages,  
whispering in my memory.

It forms a great adventure  
tantalising me anew,  
like a burning flame  
still and hot in me.

It brings before me faces,  
forms I once knew,  
recollecting the memories,  
making me want you.

My soul is on fire,  
burning day and night,  
longing for your touch  
Aphrodite.

### Love.

From the ring of fire  
upon the starlit sky,  
the love and the future  
blend and shall not die.

As a painter paints  
the mystery of life,  
so love is written  
ending every strife.

The secrets of creation  
full of life anew,  
complete their purpose  
in me and you.

Love is in the moment  
crowned with golden light,  
throbbing with magic,  
circling with delight.



### The fire of Love.

Through a window  
 upon a starry sky,  
 low in the heaven's  
 she lies,  
 her fire beckons,  
 calls to me anew  
 promising: love, friendship  
 richness of life,  
 she is my friend of old,  
 fullness of love forever,  
 I long for her light  
 to be free.

### Forever Love

There is a love eternal  
 reaching across waters full,  
 none know it's flow or tide,  
 except those whom it pulls.

Through the windows of the eyes  
 recognition gleams,  
 a sign of magic  
 love weaving unseen.

Painful the process,  
 helpless stand the two,  
 eternal memories  
 binding anew.

From different cultures  
 and different lands,  
 touched by the flame  
 that forever stands.

Will their love flow?  
 Will it be defeated?  
 Will it be consumed?  
 Will it be completed?

The answer in unseen forces  
 in the memories they impart,  
 we can only offer support,  
 love light from our heart.

**Together.**

Faces looking at me  
 people do not see,  
 how my heart beats  
 as I think we are to meet.

Your face is before me,  
 I trace it's lines in light,  
 building up the memories  
 moments we will take flight.

We will share tomorrow  
 through the lines of time,  
 knowing fulfilment  
 without reason or rhyme.

**Me and You.**

When earth was young  
 old legends sung,  
 together we would run  
 in days so long ago.

The days were long  
 sun so strong,  
 our hearts so full of song,  
 dreaming o so new.

Seek the sun's light,  
 love day and night,  
 fill with stars our sight,  
 rest in earth mother's arms.

No matter what I do.

Circled by the lights  
of a thousand places,  
I look forever  
in the archetypes of the faces.

a search across the ages  
ever wanting you.

From the dawn of morning  
till the dusk of night,  
the leylines of the future  
form tracks within my sight.

dying a thousand deaths  
longing for you.

As the last shaft of sunlight  
closes off the day,  
then light's the magic lanterns  
of the stars to guide my way.

wandering a thousand miles  
just to be with you.

The falling of waters  
pure fountains of light,  
say we will be together  
rainbows of pure delight.

Everyou.

Flowing silk  
starlight in your dress,  
gold and green fragrance,  
beauty never at rest,  
everyou.

One glimpse  
I was taken  
by the magic spell  
of your temptation,  
everyou.

Your name  
is my secret  
no-one but me to know,  
building moonlit memories,  
everyou.

**In many places.**

In many faces  
 I see traces  
 the desire of ages  
 Aphrodite.

Long have I journeyed  
 looking everywhere,  
 seeking, sighing, longing,  
 signs say you were there.

Always the mystery  
 will I find you today?  
 Will waiting be longer?  
 Will you let me stay?

In the light on water,  
 in my heart's reflection,  
 the desire of ages:  
 Aphrodite.

**Touch.**

Sighs escape the lips  
 the breath in short array,  
 touch a blessed sense,  
 estacy a moment away.

Curves of the body,  
 places one can touch,  
 merging of energies  
 the pleasure is too much.

You I have longed for,  
 here in this place in time,  
 now physically a memory,  
 present, future, mine.

You.

In the lines of your body,  
the softness of your skin,  
the whisper of your perfume,  
I am new again.

In the sparkle of your eyes,  
the lustre of your hair,  
the hint of your desire,  
I am new again.

Your touch is like a flame,  
soft petals burning glow,  
in being one with you,  
I am new again.

Together.

Caressing in the moment,  
waiting not at all,  
lost in each other,  
wanting all the more.

Passionately senses heightened  
in the rhythm of life,  
entangled together  
reaching new heights of love.

The next section air was entitled "Friendship" and the introduction read:

We all desire friendship and friends who are true to us. the images in the poems that follow reflect differing ideas of friendship, not only within humanity but with animals, nature, the universe. the first five poems are more archetypal or idealistic, the remaining more concrete.

In soft light, with something to drink, with friends or by oneself, read the poems. You can have soft music dealing with friendship if there are songs that remind you thereof, plus photographs.

### Hunters.

We were hunters  
you and I  
in some lost and ancient world,  
now we meet again,  
hunters the same.

From your talent  
purpose I draw  
recapturing the essence  
of nature's call,  
hunters once again.

In the strands of energy  
wound again anew,  
we forge new adventures,  
companions together  
hunters we remain.

Cities.

I thought I was dreaming,  
I saw four cities fair  
ringed about each other,  
wonder waiting there.

Symbols were in them,  
men and maidens great,  
richness beyond measure,  
freedom from all fate.

The secret of immortality  
boundless friendship too,  
one's to grasp  
every moment new.

Could this be a memory?  
A hint of glory to come?  
A watch of angels?  
Something to be won?

In friendship they give treasure  
never the same I will be,  
walking in the memory,  
renewing daily the dream.

Dance.

Night...  
the wind was wild  
flowing loosely over earth,  
fire was lit  
flames so white  
licking softly  
at the dark,  
we were there.

A bird call  
like flapping wings  
echoed itself in air,  
heightening senses  
for the music to come,  
transporting us magically  
into the dance.

In...  
the hush of starlight,  
breathing slowly ready,  
listening to heartbeats,  
faintly the music began,  
we were together,  
folk of light and laughter  
and we danced.

Friends.

Dappled green and yellow,  
 blue ringed horizon,  
 bark sharp and clean,  
 remembering  
 I have been.

Within  
 the wood so fair  
 all elements appear,  
 wonder told unseen,  
 remembering  
 I have been.

Would the wood encompass  
 tales of cities fair  
 long forgotten mean?  
 Remembering  
 I have been.

Never-ending.

The stars were bright,  
 night was clean,  
 summers essence  
 drifted, drifted, drifted,  
 circling up a spell  
 of neverending.

The grass  
 in sight pale green,  
 in moonlight  
 drifted, drifted, drifted,  
 circling up a spell  
 of neverending.

A maiden in silken veils  
 seamed with starlight,  
 eyes so bright  
 drifted, drifted, drifted,  
 circling up a spell  
 of neverending.

A man bearded  
 clothes of green  
 strength a warrior,  
 drifted, drifted, drifted,  
 circling up a spell  
 of neverending.

By the power  
 of the four  
 all things are complete,  
 the magic of the night  
 is neverending.



**Healing.**

He came from the dark night,  
 all was not as it appeared to be.  
 Beyond the exterior  
 lay many pains,  
 a cry for help.  
 Mine but the friendship  
 I could give,  
 a process clear  
 that comes from within.  
 We were friends,  
 Africa the backdrop  
 where healing begins and ends.

**Old Friends.**

We sat across a table  
 surrounded by the trees,  
 talking of new things  
 we already knew.

That did not matter,  
 talking was a means  
 expression of energy  
 working anew.

We knew each other  
 from long ago,  
 the energy we felt  
 an indication it was so.

The talk lasted an hour,  
 then it was through,  
 our energies were equalled,  
 we did not meet again.

Friendship.

Sitting  
 in the hotel lobby  
 weary,  
 travel tired  
 comforted by friendship's glow.

She appeared  
 waking from the daylight,  
 a singer of sorts  
 bubbling and bright,  
 seeking friendships glow.

She babbled on  
 we listened not responding,  
 our souls wanting peace.  
 She left disappointed,  
 we sat in friendship's glow.

Friendships Flow.

Many years ago  
 passing through times flow,  
 it seems the ages ran,  
 long before it began.

Life has a pattern:  
 soft fingers through the night,  
 walking velvet grass,  
 believing in each other,  
 no reason or rhyme,  
 trusting the purpose  
 bringing us together  
 through time.

Many years ago  
 passing through times flow,  
 it seems the ages ran  
 long before it began.

### The Group.

We sat in a group  
 New York,  
 talking about life:  
 one worrying about  
 which woman to choose,  
 another wanting a brother,  
 were the Japanese taking over?  
 Expressing  
 freely  
 against the backdrop  
 of rich surroundings,  
 mirror  
 glass  
 wall,  
 that's all.

The final section was called "Images of Immortality". It had been published before, the introduction was as follows:

The images that follow are based on my personal belief and values. I do not subscribe to the limits of any one religion, but believe that all great people who have been on earth, both known and unknown, came to show us how to expand our consciousness with love, joy, learning.

The persons talked about in these poems that follow are such men. However they are more than that. they are symbols and catalysts. Looking at the symbols and images should help expand and give insight. each poem has a symbolic drawing allied to it. Together they form a whole. In addition I have other drawings said to represent the thought or symbolise the planet as set out by Alice Bailey in her books.

To use the poems and drawings, sit in a soft restful atmosphere. Put on music such as Gregorian chants, light classical or music that relaxes you. Read the words, look at the images and see what it brings up for you. One can do the same with anything in one's surrounding: trees, insects, animals, other people. Ones awareness grows.

Here is the previous cover:

Michael Morain

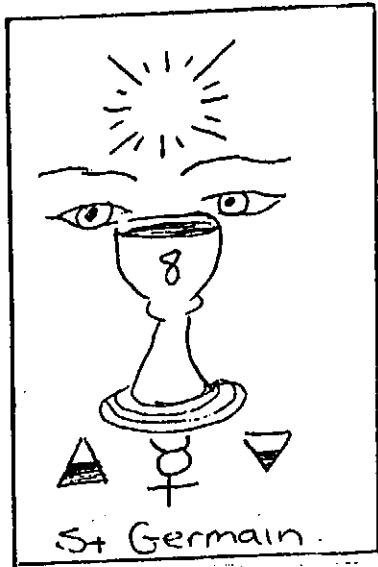


IMAGES  
OF

*Immortality*

Word

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We wait,  
The word,  
Of the master,  
But he says:  
You are I.



## Rakoczi

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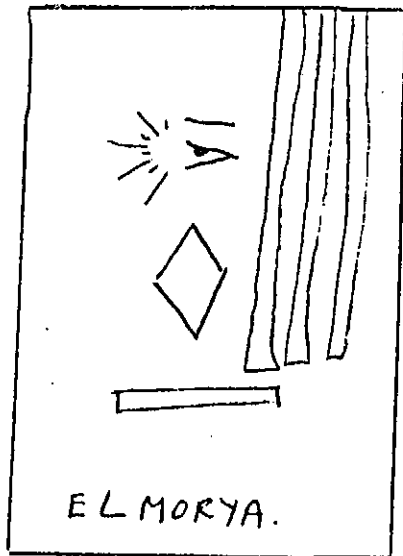
The diamond, the light,  
 The stars, the night,  
 Gold, violet, touch, sight.

Alchemy of transformation,  
 The cup, the grail,  
 The rose, the seven.

Rebirth, eternal youth,  
 Ancient memories,  
 A sign, a word, a compass.

Wisdom, peace,  
 A star of hope,  
 A crown.

Release, release, release.



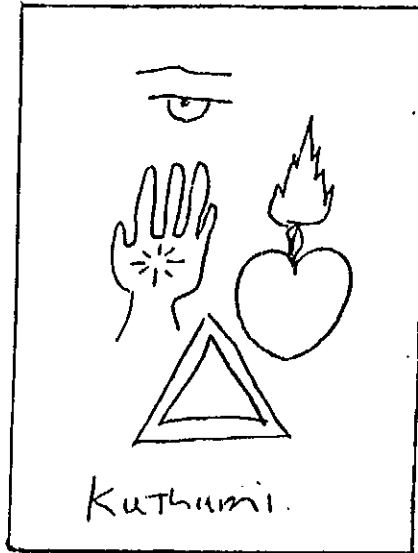
## Morya

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With my eyes,  
 From Himilayan stronghold,  
 I watch the world,  
 How often would I,  
 Bathe you in the waters,  
 As I did in days of old,  
 Wash you in the currents,  
 Of energy pure,  
 The fire of my will,  
 Renew you,  
 Renew you,  
 Renew you,  
 Until,  
 Together,  
 We forge a world.



## Kuthumi

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Peace,

Distilled in the mind,  
 Renewed in the heart,  
 Love in the moment,  
 The moon, the stars,  
 The sun, the earth,  
 One all, one together,

Peace.



## Jesus

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I am the light,  
My light goes forth,  
My heart bespoken,  
Negativity broken,

Be forever free,  
Look, listen, for me.



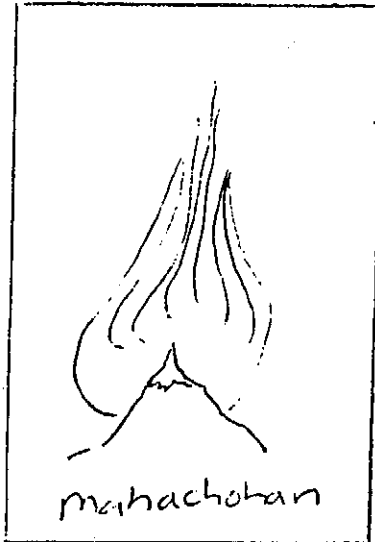


## The Venetian

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Balance is the key,  
Harmony is the rule,  
Love is the force,  
Paint boldly,  
Paint well.



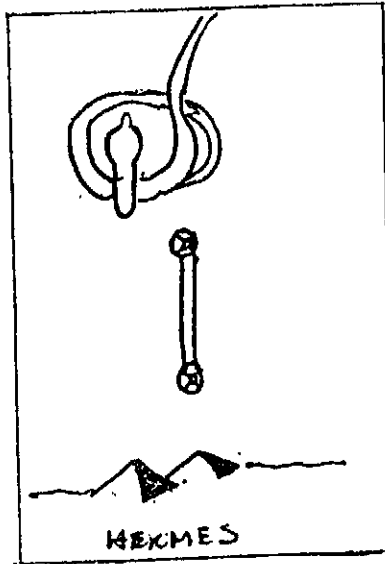
## Maha Chohan

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Upon the sea,  
 The moving of the ocean,  
 Move the winds,  
 Cleansing, purifying,  
 Within a flame,  
 A spark of the divine,  
 Calling again and again,  
 A divine desire,  
 Witness these energies,  
 Freedom of light,  
 Gaze upon the waters,  
 Wonder of the height.



## Hermes

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The initiator,  
 Carries a sword,  
 A flame,  
 Each one the same,  
 The portals,  
 An entry,  
 The light a renewal,  
 Raising,

Immortal,  
 Wait not,  
 The moment is now.



## In many places

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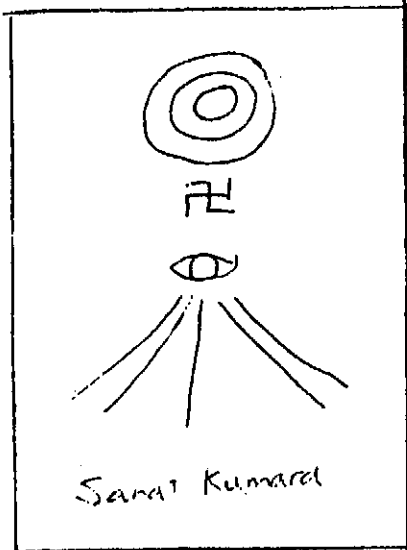
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I see the lights of many places,  
 I see the burning of their desire,  
 I see the movement of their faces,  
 I see the dawning of their fire.

My heart warmed by the flames,  
 My love goes forth into the light,  
 My brightness added to their names,  
 My power patterns beyond sight.

The currents of my energy,  
 Present everywhere,  
 Working a synergy,  
 My plan yours to share.

I look accross the ages,  
 I see you always there,  
 I turn in love the pages,  
 I am Maitreya, Christ, Iman madhi, here.



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## Wesak

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Gleaming lightly under starlight,  
 Starlight lightly moves the air,  
 Moves the forest to the currents,  
 Of the energy swirling there.

Then appears the eye of moonlight,  
 Moonlight bathing, touching, scene,  
 Like a rod of light flamed downwards,  
 Softly, Softly, healing green.

To the people world encircled,  
 Encircled hushed upon the lawn,  
 Waiting, waiting, still in starlight,  
 For the signal flame to dawn.

From the mountain stronghold distance,  
 Distance do gentle lights appear,  
 Like a signal to the forest,  
 Signal saying we are here.

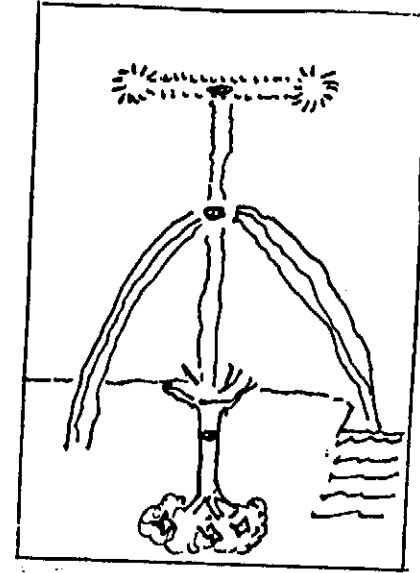
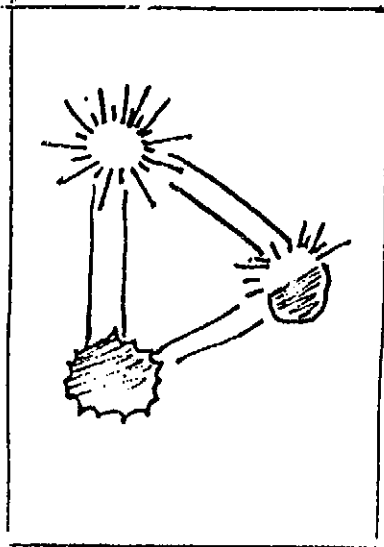
Clearly grows the moonlight bolder,  
 Bolder does the light grow near,  
 Hushed the trees upon the crest,  
 Sending out a signal clear.

Then the figures are among us,  
 Among us in their brilliance bright,  
 No more longer dark the forest,  
 Everything radiant, simple, light.

Know you of these ancient forces?  
 Ancient forces whereof we speak?  
 Resting softly in their prescence,  
 Calling us from deep to deep.

In this eternal moment,  
 Moment one are all here,  
 All the stars our companions,  
 Mountains forest and the deer.

Ask you not what of this moment,  
 Moment sharp in memory clear,  
 Rather say you would often,  
 Wish to be and stay right here.



## Five: Dreams Bright Feathered

The above book followed on my public reading with the Centre for Creative Arts (28 March 1996 was one of the dates and there were other events as well). It was a time of increasing success for my poetry overseas, where it was being read at this time on-stage in New York ( 26 July and other dates - see the internet for details ). I will leave it to you to judge the poetry and see if it is any good.

Of interest is that many poems from the book, have also been published at the same time locally in such magazines as "Atio" ( No 4, 1996), "Centrepoin't" ( Vol 1, No 6), "Something Quarterly" ( Winter: July: Volume 3, No 2) and through "Sunbelly Press".

## Mandala.

They tell me  
 If you throw the bones  
 You will find the meaning  
 Of the future,  
 If you look  
 At a crystal ball  
 You will see the mirror  
 Of who you are,  
 If you spread the cards  
 You will deduce the answer  
 To a question,  
 They say  
 It is good to do this  
 It clarifies the essence  
 Of nature enfolding us,  
 Like the essence of perfume  
 It reveals a mandala  
 Patterned in our image  
 Multicoloured in the light  
 Of our life,  
 But I say  
 I am free.

**Moonlight.**

The moon trails fingers  
 Across the backs of dolphins  
 As they lay quietly, confidently,  
 In their mother's warm embrace.  
 The cries of night echo the song of the sea  
 The moon changing  
 From orange age  
 To yellow of youth,  
 It's rays many handed  
 Stirring the wind  
 Which reaches me,  
 I breathe deep  
 And am new.

**The Seashells.**

A birdcall  
 Interrupted by chatting children  
 Barking of a dog  
 Echoes in the chamber  
 Of memory...  
 Sand  
 Washing the shore,  
 Seashells  
 Arranged maze like in silence  
 For us to behold,  
 The pattern a clue.



Leaves so Green.

In the doorway  
 Patterned by the garden,  
 The leaves so green  
 She stands,  
 Her face made graceful  
 By the coolness of the day,  
 Her lips trembling  
 In the moment,  
 Sipping each breath of air  
 As it moves against her heart,  
 She knows  
 From the radiance of her eyes  
 The secret of life,  
 An essence confided  
 In the perfume of the roses.

Fast then slow.

The rolling of the wheels  
 Along silver ribbons,  
 Stepping upon the rafters  
 Of a wood long dead,  
 Alive with the life  
 Of energy fuelled minute by minute,

The smoke  
 Black-white Black-white  
 Drifting with the coaches  
 Misting the glass, curling gently  
 As if to touch  
 With light fingers.

The glass  
 Straining in its borders,  
 So cruelly held down  
 Longing to be liquid  
 Once more in the sun's strong furnace,  
 To fly with the wind sparkling and bright.

The train  
 Running the track  
 Going fast-then slow

Winking past lights,  
 Bringing company to stations,  
 A parable for us.

The Rainbow.

Across the rainbow bridge  
 The Heart of Light beats,  
 Pulsates a rhythm so fast  
 No-one can see  
 Yet all feel the energy.  
 Beyond its light, the stars,  
 Molecules in the garment  
 Of the Universe, who like a mother  
 Gathers her children  
 In the water of the cosmos,  
 Softly singing a melody  
 That causes life to grow  
 Bud  
 Grow again,  
 Until the scent of stars  
 Carried on cosmic winds  
 Breathe us,  
 And we mirror  
 Them.

**Naked in Black Robes**

Born naked  
 In the jungle of the world,  
 Concrete, confusion, emotion,  
 We adapt black robes  
 Search for gold,  
 Battle with dragons,  
 Until weary,  
 Think Adam and Eve,  
 Then we are done.

**Through the Clouds.**

The moon  
 Shines pale through clouds,  
 Stars blinking like torchlight  
 Illuminating a prostitute corner trading,  
 Men laughing, smoking,  
 Cars flashing past- dazzling light,  
 And I,  
 I wait the moment  
 When all is still  
 Not midnight, not dawn,  
 Just moontime  
 I sigh,  
 Life asleep before the dawn.

**Imprint.**

A wave beats against grains of sand,  
 Flying sparkling in the sun  
 Retreats,  
 Leaving dampness in the earth.

I can leave an imprint there,  
 Rounded and curved against the sun.

It reminds me, I used to repeat  
 An ancient melody to Neptune,  
 Who favours poets,  
 Waiting for my ship to bear me home.

I thought it,  
 An imprint for the cosmic sea.

**Ancient Forest.**

A deep, ancient forest  
 Reaches towards the mask of the moon,  
 Stars wild flowers in the blanket of the night,  
 My fire a multifaceted jewel  
 Leaps and dances,  
 Mirror of my heart  
 Which touches the stars  
 Then drops them one by one  
 Over the horizon  
 Until they become the dawn.

**An Eagle.**

A multi-coloured blanket  
 Catches the starlight,  
 Patterns firelight,  
 Coming to an apex at his face,  
 Where he dreams bright feathered  
 Weaving the darkness,  
 Dancing like sunlight,  
 Drifting on an ocean of light.

In his dream he smiles and laughs aloud.

**Brush of the lips.**

I wait upon the waters  
 Protected by a dream,  
 The sunlight sparkles, ripples,  
 Light power unseen.

In the whispering wind,  
 A call is heard again,  
 Echoing down a valley,  
 Forerunner of cool rain.

This is a crystal memory,  
 Of a journey I would follow,  
 A quest, a grail,  
 Against which I brush my lips.

## Six: Secret Legends

Writing the poetry for “Secret Legends” was a new type of experience. The process really started with the “Aphrodite” poems where images from legends and myths played a part in my poetry. Unlike the “Aphrodite” poems, the “Secret Legend” poems are based on Kaballah images and have even resulted in short stories being written by me.

The poems are reflection of inner states and I think are some of my best poems. One of them (Where the pillars end) was chosen by Artists as a theme for painting and another called “Ancient Forest” from “Dreams Bright Feathered” was also chosen. They together with the paintings were exhibited at the NSA Gallery. The paintings sold for upwards of R300. I wish I could get that for my poems!

### Where the Pillars end.

You stand in a temple of Egypt  
 grains of stone  
 clean with cuts of ancient tools  
 that seem flowing mesmerising voluptuous,  
 and you think of the desert  
 the solitude periods of life  
 and a call seems to wind its way  
 among the pillars of your heart  
 and at the centre  
 a slender figure  
 at the place where the pillars end  
 hands resting on a stone altar  
 shoulder length black hair  
 pulsing in rays of the sun,  
 green eyes changing like the sea  
 Scent jasmine touches,  
 robes part revealing  
 green, brown, red  
 a breeze causing the colours to dance.  
 and you realise that you have been  
 longing for this  
 it is your source of nourishment.

Stunned by the beauty.

Lightning flashes across the sea,  
 thunder echoes from the hills  
 scent of rain comes to you  
 stunned by the beauty of the storm  
 wanting to run to it's heart  
 to a gothic cathedral  
 where Gabriel stands on naked glass  
 large golden wings erect with life  
 promising immortality, strength, visions,  
 while thinking thus  
 your eyes shining  
 lips red and moist  
 from drinking wine  
 you smile  
 enjoying the vision.

Seven.

As you look you see  
 seven stairs to a gold door  
 patterns of flowers in the floor  
 gold against the hand as you touch  
 writing curving from the gold saying:  
 enter.  
 Inside cool with light  
 orange and gold  
 unending height,  
 A man waiting completely naked  
 with wings on his feet  
 carrying a staff and cup  
 fire radiating:  
 "Let go and learn,"  
 and you realise  
 this is my life.

**White dove circles.**

A white dove circles the sea  
 where banners fly  
 almost sculptured to the rock  
 by the foam  
 and the star of Venus  
 gently caresses a naked woman  
 as she emerges from the water  
 breasts smooth and inviting:  
 "You must catch me"  
 as she runs to the temple  
 standing against the cliff  
 where we wildly kiss and make love  
 until we lie, her one finger  
 tracing a circle and she whispers:  
 "Aphrodite".

**Ride the sun.**

If you look just beyond the sun you  
 will stare into Apollo's temple  
 as he rides the sun and see  
 many images fly dance weave:  
 children breasting the hilltop as  
 they play  
 royalty blessing the desert  
 and a sacrificed god against the sun  
 which absorbs him,  
 the spears like rain reach us  
 each shot a memory  
 with a blessing  
 that makes us whole.



**Stormy sea.**

You watch as protesters  
 jamb the streets, smash their way  
 through shop windows  
 and you feel so angry that you  
 hope for their end  
 and as you touch this future memory  
 showers and sparks shatter the ground  
 while tanks run over wild flowers,  
 feet sear the desert with their touch  
 the stormy sea of war  
 runs out runs in  
 over the sand of the world,  
 the angel in scarlet  
 upholds his sword  
 to strike in justice and peace,  
 to burn, to soothe  
 until the silver dawn breaks  
 to reveal:  
 wasteland  
 and you say:  
 "Sometimes this might be right."

**Purple scarf.**

In my dream  
 a great king came to see me.  
 Active and strong he brought  
 with him a great light,  
 he touched me with his golden staff  
 and draped a purple scarf around my neck.  
 Then his light shone brighter  
 and he vanished  
 while a voice said:  
 "His love and benevolence are forever."  
 I thought I had been touched by God  
 who left his golden sandal with me  
 when I woke.

Night.

You remember your youth  
 the sorrows, joys, love  
 and as you touch these pictures  
 something deeper stirs  
 you remember  
 in the darkness of the night  
 how a single star shines  
 one that illumines a face  
 that guides you home  
 one that watches over the  
 life of the planet  
 You remember the kiss on the brow when young  
 expect one when dying in welcome  
 and you say:  
 "Amen."

Hunt in the summer.

When you hunt in the summer  
 and the deer stands trembling  
 under your gaze  
 it is as though a great king  
 touches you again with his hand  
 sends a shiver down your spine  
 reminds you he  
 left an imprint on your memory  
 and you remember  
 the meeting at twilight  
 when he showed you a beautiful tapestry  
 and said:  
 "Breathe"  
 and as you did it glowed,  
 so you stay your hand  
 and the deer bounds  
 to freedom  
 while you breathe  
 a sigh of relief.

**Light banners.**

In glowing mist dispersing  
 we stand upon a gravel path,  
 sand crystal stones shine,  
 light banners of silk: blue, green  
 greet the sun  
 which open petalled  
 fire soft searing seeing  
 welcomes us.

The sacred mountain  
 ancient stone serene with age  
 unwrinkled by time  
 touches the sky with peaks  
 where clouds settle as snow  
 and the pure water therefrom  
 caresses with cool hands  
 white flowers.

From crevice to crevice  
 the wind whispers:  
 "Shamballa."

**Seven: The garden and palace of  
 a forbidden place.**

These poems are really spiritual poems and are the last poems I have written. There was a poem when I first wrote, that described an exercise and movements, but I thought it did not really fit and so excluded it from the book.

At present the inspiration for poetry seems to have dried up, so maybe there will be no more poems, ever from me! (Do I hear cheering from my critics!)

Enjoy the poems!

Cluster the stars at midnight.

Sun touches the clouds  
 light shines upon the waters  
 rose-red, violet-blue  
 casting doorways upon the horizon  
 forming shapes, colours, pictures,  
 clustered like stars at midnight.  
 A language of the heart  
 setting souls on fire  
 breathing messages made of memories:  
 red sands, emerald isles, ice mountains,  
 comet highways,  
 all the while  
 your boat slips over the water to the palace,  
 place of invitation  
 You dance to the movement of the moon,  
 air sweet upon your skin,  
 naked but for the dust of stars.

A doorway

You touch the ovals lightly  
 soft hands caressing with silky touch  
 blue and red  
 then white  
 revealing beside the pillar moist  
 with dew of rain  
 a doorway  
 open  
 which you enter  
 the breeze of passing  
 stirring a cotton banner  
 "enter, possess the secret"  
 the inside aglow with  
 soft lights, faint music  
 reminding you of the heart,  
 your desire pushes you forward  
 from entrance vestibule to  
 an interior garden  
 lush with tropical plants, roses in bud,  
 water cool with promise,  
 you cup your hands, spreading the liquid  
 then drink, its sweet taste awakening you.

Eternity

Presence felt causes you to turn  
 revealing yellow robes with gold  
 an ancient youthful face  
 you have dreamed of often  
 from beneath a starry sky on an  
 African plain  
 yet you are here  
 and you rush forward  
 lips soft to the touch  
 an eternity of feelings  
 thought  
 love  
 and  
 you are sated from your wandering life.

Ornate

Follow to a private chamber  
 exotic perfume  
 gold damask Persian  
 great sheets of glass  
 ornate vases  
 you sit by a marble desk  
 "In ancient times  
 blue red and yellow  
 formed the world"  
 but you do not understand  
 between the pillars of a room  
 your desire growing  
 so you rise and walk  
 to the garden.

**Drift like clouds.**

Light stirs the leaves  
 made exotic by desire  
 winds cool your brow  
 like a lover  
 the garden fills your senses  
 builds you to a climax  
 of feeling  
 so that you drift like clouds  
 lost in a sea of sky  
 until a light touch  
 shows you a bamboo path  
 to a shining room.

**Colour.**

Sun has entered the shining room  
 filling everything with light  
 which touches you also  
 causing your skin to emit colour  
 sweet happiness to fill your being  
 and the master of this place  
 welcomes you  
 so you feel supported by the universe  
 in the garden and palace of a forbidden place  
 awaiting  
 five symbols  
 secret senses  
 to touch you.

**Conversation.**

Five symbols  
 earth moon sun stars nothing  
 red orange yellow green blue  
 body image emotions feeling sound  
 energy  
 touch arouses you  
 what you see fills you with want  
 your desire pushes you further  
 you are carried to a higher place  
 in the final moment  
 you enter beyond understand it no more  
 pleasure remains  
 energy  
 the master says  
 practice.

**Coolness**

You walk in coolness  
 the garden restful  
 under the stars  
 "Symbols are our secret legends  
 to ponder the stars  
 and understand them"  
 he picks a rose  
 to hand to you  
 you know you can stay.

## Eight: Bye!

It may be that I have not covered all the poetry that I could have, or covered all the events that have happened to me.

I have not mentioned the numerous internet publications, nor the postcards that Ursula Cox has printed of poetry combined with pictures of Africa, that are a great idea and are selling well.

I could mention my battle with cancer and other things such as the warm and wonderful people I have met.

However that would create an enormous book. Rather than do that I would like to end the book here with a poem that I wrote for a colleague. It is by way of a farewell to you the reader:

### Goodbye.

In summer days  
in autumn skies,  
I will remember you.

Like a ship upon the sea  
we fellow travellers have been,

sailing uncharted waters  
for part of life's dream.

We had our rough seas,  
which our ship did ride,  
to warm sunny weather,  
friendship beside.

Through far and future moments,  
as we sail on alone,  
I will remember you.

49 - Ursula



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Michael Morain writes under a penname, due to another author having the same name as him. Although a new writer to the South African scene, since he started writing poetry in 1993 he has gained recognition. He received an international award in 1993 for poetry published in America that year. Lifetime membership of the International Society of Poets, based in Washington, DC followed.

Community involvement has been through the Congress of South African Writers and lectures in Creative Writing for the Culture and Working Life Unit at Natal University. He is a founding member of "Poetry for Peace" and co-editor together with Nisa Malanga of the "Poetry for Peace" book, aimed at peace and reconciliation work with communities in South Africa. Further work has involved lectures for the Creative Arts Centre of Natal University and for the Grahamstown Foundation.

He has published two poetry books in South Africa: "Healing Africa" and "Music in the Earth". Author also of "A World to live in" based on early education work and "Gold like Dust" a new novel published solely on the internet. Poetry entitled: "A Touch of Light - stories and poems of Africa" is also published on the internet at: <http://www.writersg.com>

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