

HUSH!

Hush!

*My life is brushed by the sanctity of each moment.
I dream the eternal, blissful dream
weaving my life as a laboured sonnet,
anointed by the currents of prevailing streams.*

*'tis true; our realm is not a thorn-less shrubbery,
no sorcerer's magic-wand can conjure a frenzy of alms.
We labour in rubble, speckled by rockery;
only our inner peace provides us with calm.*

*In our Soul dwells a compass with wings of boldness
sent by the Heavens to dwell deep and dark;
to nudge us and keep our focus' sharpness,
to ensure we do not mar our singular mark.*

*For we are born with bells to furbish and peal
yet fickle like plumes of sandalwood smoke
we shuffle and cut the deck misapplying each deal
like a wheel frustrated by a lethal spoke.*

*Like Jonah the Prophet we disown our novel quest
neglecting echoes clamouring deep within,
drifting through snowy cliffs sans cheer nor rest
discarding Virtuosity as She fills our cup full to the brim.*

*'To be or not to be?' the wise bard wrote.
That vexed question shadows our every breath
lingering like a leaning, rusting bridge over a moat,
stalking us from conception to divesting death.*

Hush!

*A frail, hushed quiver haunts every life that ever lived.
Hushed, we ask, 'what, then, is the purpose of life?'
The reply conjured sends shudders through my spine;
'The purpose of life is to live a life of purpose.'
'tis true, whether yours, his, hers or mine.
All else, like snowflakes falling in muffled gentleness,
lies hushed!
All life draped in consecrated restlessness!*