

I AM NOT A POET

TO MY PEARL OF HERBALS

A BOOK OF POETRY

TO SPEAK OF HERBALS

POEMS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

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A Poem: Three Taps

A Poem: 1466 1992

THREE TAPS

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Three taps on the sky, the clouds break, a brilliant, radiant light burst forth, providing warmth, clarity, and understanding. A delicious blue yoke covers us all in omnipresent beauty, seen for the first time.

An infinite number of questions have been asked, the answers are elusive.

Time was simple, but clouds whisked simplicity away in a fast dance choreographed by confusion.

Life, in all its intricacies – effortless but shrouded in the mystery of living – we complicate; our nature sees to that.

Press play, and you ease into each day, turning corners that were never there before, around each bend is another challenge, brought forward in formula.

The sky appears far off in the distance – we used to know our neighbours' names – as we reach upward, their names become lost in illusion.

With each step, the sky races into the heavens, breaking us – and what was once blue begins to turn grey.

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We bought it, the plan that is, and the plan, the formula, is flawed.

It claimed equality when equality is only present in spirit.

Another step, the stair fractures, but you keep climbing; you're told you must.

Some fall from the crumbling weight of the clouds, malingering in what could never be defeated, not good enough; or so they were told – soon to be shunned.

Another question – the answer ducks behind the ambition.

You climb higher as a red brick is laid upon black brick while life shoots for the skies soaring in the distance, bitterly souring the taste of the journey.

You scream, believing you have figured everything out.

You're the chosen one, privy to the unanswerable questions.

Another brick is laid as a thousand eyes look down in judgement from faceless transparent buildings scratching the now grey heavens above – you no longer know your neighbours' names, bringing sadness instead of joy.

The connection to humanity is lost; people clawing for the same slice of reality – the answers; become victims of the pursuit as blame replaces civility.

Another blood-stained brick and those closest to blue fly past the ghettos below, often, and aptly, in the same buildings, many created by greed.

Up is not the answer, yet; you want more; with each leap, dysfunction replaces sanity, and the pursuit you've been sold begins to fracture everything meaningful.

Another day, what was once present has now vanished, growth and the race toward happiness masquerades before us subtracting purity; more meaning is discovered, and you realize abundance only exists in the matters of the heart.

You accept limitations. The sorrow of letting go allows the weight of what never could be to lift.

Another question, the answer; no longer critical, a smile breaks on your haggard face, you've cast desire to the side, allowing the essence to replace fear; the smile is infectious.

Understanding life is not the answer, living it, might be.

Another brick, the bricks are stacked so high they now replace the clouds; clouds that were never there, to begin with – you ask your neighbours' names as they soar higher up the ladder, passing the now countless burning eyes looking upward; wanting what they don't really have.

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Your neighbours' smile back – you've given something priceless they have yet to discover.

Another step, another smile, grey turns back to blue – you're okay – maybe for the first time as judgement has been subtracted – only to be replaced with love.

There is no need to be burdened; you reach the sky from far below, where the bricks start stretching into the heavens above. This time you tap the clouds only once – they open with ease, and love showers downward dropping pretence, letting love into our souls, for many, for the first time.