

Gail White

A Spin Of The Prayer Wheel

for Timothy Murphy

Hunter, when you are pursued,
kneel and let the hounds go past.
All our demons, first and last,
fear the scent of solitude.

As the lamas of Tibet
fling paper horses on the air
to rescue pilgrims from despair
when caught in winter's wiry net,

so take from me, a distant friend
who cannot reach you at your source,
the courage in a paper horse
that counsels you to rest and mend.

Though the winter chills you numb,
let the demon hounds race through.
Strength is storing up for you.
Hunter, you will overcome.

The Way It Ended

So time went by and they were middle-aged,
which seemed a crazy joke that time had played
on two young lovers. They were newly caged
canary birds - amused, not yet afraid.

A golden anniversary came around
where toasts were made and laughing stories told.
The lovers joined the laugh, although they found
the joke – but not themselves – was growing old.

She started losing and forgetting things.
Where had she left her book, put down her comb?
Her thoughts were like balloons with broken strings.

Daily he visited the nursing home
to make her smile and keep her in their game.
Death came at last. But old age never came.