



A week away

sit in awe and wonder of a woman who wears her possible fate in a way that marks a question on the mirrors of us all.

For nothing is ever more beautiful than pure courage and truth shared in the absence of fear.

And while she may feel there is now little she can give - she has never been so full.

And despite energy low and time much shorter than most, she commits to hand made juices, savouring every dip of a spoon - offering a recipe for us all.

Her touch is void of 'hurry' lingering
long and toasty warm. And the
serenity of her space sits you
firmly in your seat and somewhere
goes your list of 'things to do.'

Her narrowing breath brings to the
fore the holding of your own
which when released fills the space
that's kept you distant for so long.

The treat is the mischievous sparkle
that skips across tiring eyes to reveal
a woman who's swapped 'right' and
'wrong' to invite little girls to play.

And we do. Following her shuffling
slippers on legs we joke are now
so fashionably thin and a bottom
all but gone.

She steps into her garden world
full of birds she points high in gums
willy wagtails snapping insects in her
wake.

Her crave for something watery
leads to the river's edge where
each pause in her delicate steps
is a moment made precious to
soak in swans dipping deep
with strange bottoms pointing
to a cloudless sky and gulls
squabbling over a catch.

From this she draws a breath
so full, a moment of ease and
stillness, like a Dragon fly's hover
above her growing patch .

And when she lounges into a
tranquil nap, you pour the wish
of life into holding hands and
feel a strange and distant peace
knowing that if the day arrives
that brings no tomorrow, this is
where she'll be - in this beautiful,

beautiful

space .



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And the Dragonfly flutters free

As the Dragon flies
like little girls
mischievous at play
she follows the fly
far, far away
floats on bubbles
rides on circles
splashes in the wake
resting in the ripples
around and around
she goes until she
makes her final splash
high above the well
of wishes not come true
the girl
the bubble
the fly
and all that
now is TRUE.

