

Poetry Series

Iain Trousdell

- poems -

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Iain Trousdell (1951)

JOURNEY WITH MY SELF

Within each human being is our self, the peaceful inner person who is aware of being within all human activity.

To find this self is like peeling an onion; getting smaller and smaller, and then finding inside the little empty space that is left. Maybe some tears on the way... Then when you throw away the last bit, what is left? Nothing and at the same time all the universe!

How do you peel the onion? Ask questions of your self. Listen. Follow the path it leads you on.

Poetry works best to convey little aspects of this major reality, which is strangely both subjective and objective at the same time. I find it helpful as part of the conversation.

Oh, for ease of reading I have ordered the little poems into the sections of Awareness, Creativity, Hard Times, Nature, and People.

-SOME BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS-

Born in Sussex, England, with an early childhood in Scotland, I grew up in New Zealand.

Like many others, I have focussed on the question 'Know thyself', in its many variations. Life is unfolding. Now, I am working to help heal the quality of water.

Nature intelligent eco-technology and art. (see www.flow-forms.com)
Helping water support life. (see www.healingwaterinstitute.net)

My poems are dedicated with gratitude to my family, and all those who seek.

There must be more to life than life...

Awareness/ And Tame Cerberus Listens

Who am I? said the knock on the door.
Who am I? asked the shadow that followed.
Who am I? whispered around the glade by the stream.

I am a monster wrapped in a tinfoil suit
with a core of light like a God.

Come to me through my open door
where shoulder blades sweep upwards feathered
across the deep abyss of existence,
my friend insists
through the single window pane
pressed vibrating to my forehead,
awake in the middle of the night.

I will come
while the children rest
and tame Cerberus listens
on no chain,
and we will go where you want.

My eyes will get used to the light,
but remember please, won't you,
I have forgotten so much.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ But Your Voice

Your secret sessions of help
went unnoticed
long ago
when my timid soul ached, so
afraid of the light
that changed my world,
the uneven world playing the seventh note
out of tune with itself.

Until
one very tired night
when I was in despair,
your unexpected voice
said clearly,
~ I love you ~
in the back of my head.

Not my voice but your voice
from another sun.
It felt so perfectly warm and round
and light like, yes, a red rose.

Is this all I can say?

Why write words of not enough meaning
when the distant hum of surf
on the shores of your sun
reminds me
you are here, visiting us
for a long time.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ From The Very Start

From the beginning
you have made me
to search for you.

Whatever else I do
anywhere I am
this is my actual vocation.

You have wrought in me
from the start
a magnetic longing.

You have sent me
what I thought
were my own questions

and you have led me
along life paths
into dark dangers
and dry plains.

and you gave me
your endurances
until they were done.

All the time
from the very start ~
it has been you ~
changing me
from your hidden place
with patience and perseverance
through the years of my blindness.

And I had thought it was me!

Our picnic baskets have fallen to the ground
and all the pronouns are mixed up!

You are not anymore hidden
by practices for spiritual development -
now the sun is rising,
the cage door opens
and the key is thrown away.

The crowds are fleeing!
and I want to hold your hand.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ How Fortunate I Am

How fortunate I am
you have pruned and cultivated
my life and being. Thank you
for planting the glowing flowers
of your self in my soul.

What have I done
to deserve your gifts?

You are a constant sunrise
shining in my body.

You have saved me
from my ignorances
again and again,
persevering with patience
and love.

I was a wild place
where you built a home
and created a garden
to walk in.

I bend low,
grateful for your presence
and ownership,
sensing the subtle perfume of your kindness,
trusting in a future run by you.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ How Fortunate We Are

If my spirit was a shining tear drop
falling from your eye
it would fall and fall
around the whole world.

We would lift our sadnesses
and painful groans upwards
to be sieved for worth
and tossed higher,
evaporating in your arms,
beloved, where pain ceases
in the warmth and care
of your everlasting love.

How fortunate we are
you exist.

I cannot find the words
to thank you,
so the limbs of my soul offer
this great understatement,
a poem whispered in your presence.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ I Am A Newborn Seedling

I am a newborn seedling
rising into a new day,
morning dew my baptism.

My unfurling awareness
tinkles awed greetings
to the music of light,
the vast blueness,
the warmth of a breeze,
the tender concern of nearby clouds.

All that I was and knew
in the darkness
has gone.

Deep powers of fire
call down my shallowness
and the great majesty of high stars
flowers in my heart.

All is new and fresh,
unnamed,
and quietly exciting
to start again
with you.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ I Am Claiming My Soul Back

I was a rock in the desert
struck by your staff
and my life crumbled
to dust overnight.

I was a fallen fruit
whose flesh was melted
and stony heart crushed
in your compassion.

I was an onion peeled
layer by layer
until nothing was there
and you were crying
with me!

I am claiming my soul back
from where I left it
scattered around
in so many places.

Put the pieces
in a stone dish
held up for you!

Look! It melts,
flowing together,
living water from a desert rock
to drink at a wedding feast.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ I Am In A Deep Well

I am in a deep well
and you, who are light,
look down on me.

Earth wraps around me.
Heavy water and the
close, moist air
hold me down in the dark
away from you.

Down here,
lost
in my own little world!

As I look up, I see
a bright circle of day,
your light shining down
and at night, a few
moving stars in your mind.

O you, my great and generous friend,
who helped Joseph,
thank you for your care,
for keeping an eye on me.

I saw you for a moment above,
leaning on the circular dry stone wall
looking in,
framing a keyhole to the upper world,
the light shining from your kind face

and for a moment I was with you.

Oh, lift me out!

And I will be gone,
emptied over the fields
and only you will exist,
the seeds of everything worthwhile.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ I Have Known It All Along

When I was young
they all said, 'This is Iain'.

Believing them, shining eyed,
with curly dark hair and my face
turned just so
I looked out in the world, happily
building up a portfolio of identity
as the years rolled by,
thinking myself apart.

This certainty of being Iain,
whatever that means,
left unasked the question,
like a still stone unthrown
beside a forest pool,
'Who am I? '

Sometimes in a gentle mood,
a tree would wave,
a stream would come alive and
murmur messages,
and sudden birds flying by
raised the riddle:
'what am I not? '

I am not my house or car, or
even my beloved violin.
I am not my clothes, nor shoes
or, honestly considered inside closed eyes
am I this body

flowing inwards
I am not either any thoughts,
while emotions are coloured flags
simply thought-woven, and
all actions, every single detailed one,
are ideas' willing slaves.

All these bear my signature
but they are not
who I am
as I search inwards
where nothing is
waiting to be seen differently
with the recognition there
of a being
closer than my breath.

Attending my searching stillness
silent awareness pervades me,
sweetly waiting for a nod, a look,

a heart-felt conversation.

I have known it all along in quiet moments,
even for a lifetime of ignorance
not knowing what to call it,
when, through the air
of an intimate surrounding glade,
it looks and smiles and nods at me
in kind, silent approval.

Yes! my self is the heart of the world
who has loved and cared for me
through all my life.

In this light there is really no Iain
nor world, only
the all-transcendent One,
the radiant being of all,
to which, dear, all-praise.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ I Prefer The Depth

Finding you is seeing
the stars above
on a clear day
when sunlight
is actually darkness.

Hearing you is listening
to music beyond
our range, our capacity,

but when it happens
there is no mistaking,
for it is more real
than the shadowed day
and anyhow, different.

It is no pretense or illusion,
with such a strong
surprising clarity.

I prefer the depth
of this madness,
and your open arms
and considerately hidden presence,
to any sanity.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ I Shall Retire Early

I shall retire early
and rest in the waves of your love,
being with you.

I will push my boat across senses' sand
and paddle beyond the breakers of memory,
finding there the still numbness of your depths
while you lift the sails of spirit.

Gone is the beach, the world,
only the sea with no horizons.

Now gone is the boat...
just the sunlight
and invigorating warmth
of your presence
shining,
shining calmly.

Thoughts, still awareness ~
Actions, pure energy of being ~
Feelings, only peace ~
All drowned,
drowned
in the ocean of your love.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ I Thought I Was A Token Guest

I was a beggar
in the dust
crying for help,
pulled in

from the street
to fill an empty place
at a fine wedding.

I thought I was
a token guest
of charity

but amazingly I find
you have chosen me
as your bride.

Scrubbed in seven vats
of goats' milk
and beaten bright
with a besom broom,

wrapped in a cloth to dry
in a garden
of sunlight and warmth,
I look around, amazed.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ In My Heart I Am Also A Woman

Deep in my heart
I am also a woman
with straight dark hair,
long clean curves, and warmth
in my eyes
for this real world of myth,
where its deeper sun pours light
and warmth broadside
on an extraordinary existence.

She lives in my soul
wearing a soft leather dress
and moccasins beaded about a dark pool
in the forest where truth lives.

Her son is an otter child dancing
in the grass near blue iris flowers,
and swimming in the pool.
Her husband, the father,
a strong old man with clear eyes,
a feathered head-dress of white
and great thunder from a blue sky.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ Is This Truly An Invitation?

I see your upright figure,
standing at a distance
in your flowing brown robe
on bare sandy earth,
with your back
turned to me.

You open your arms
inviting me
to come to you
and from behind
I sense your kindness
and softly smiling eyes.

Is this truly an invitation?

I have spent a week wondering
why,
why did you
face away from me,
calling me to you? .

You reply, saying simply
~ Existence curves. ~

Then, in a moment, I see
you radiating love
over your horizon,
around the whole curved world,
embracing all of it,
pouring up
all around me.

My dear one
whatever way I face
I am in your arms.
Whatever way I turn
your cloak is around me.

You, who are Paradise,
embrace everything.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ Living Ideas From You

I asked you, again and again
what is the most
important thing to know?

I kept asking,
wondering
and one evening
when nothing was happening,
a small white box of light
opened
in the air above and
out flew two pale shining doves,
living ideas from you.

They hurled themselves
into my mind
and surprisingly
I heard they were
simply
gratitude
and
faith.

It was later you told me
they are
the magical siblings
of love.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ Must I Do More?

When I flew like a falcon
with powerful wings
carving the air on updrifts of your breath
could I have done more?

Must I run here and there
dancing and calling to the wind
that blows on this Autumn day
to find you?

In a dream I saw the mythic glowing beauty
of an elegant family of winged horses,
intelligent and pure
with the ensouled watchful eyes of musicians,
gathered on a soft green glade of another world,
the light purples and translucent pinks
of their radiant coats and manes
glorifying you even there.

I stayed by the tree.
Should I have walked over
and spoken with them?

Must I do more, something
I never thought of before?

Yes, you say
~ Rest
and love me
the way I love you. ~

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ Nothing Is Enough

You are the existence
of my being,
the sense of life
in my body,
the awareness
of it, the sensation
of being me,
calm, peaceful,
brimming with the energy
of yes! amazing,
I am.

You are the subsoil
of everyone's existence.

I know, because
I see you in their eyes.

I hear you in their voice,
my glorious, very patient friend.

We float through life above you.
We sail over the depths
of you and we ask...
where are you,
oh my God?

We cry out,
why are we so alone! ?

While you are woven into
every suffering and joy
we have.

You say,
~ Seek the seeker.
Close your eyes and see,
who is seeing.
Find the peace;
be where silence
is living intelligence,
asking for nothing,
telling you
nothing
is enough. ~

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ Step into the Light

What is this,
when each step forward
creates new ground
to stand on?

Ahead I see only darkness.

Yet, beside and behind me
daffodils and crocusses
spring up magically
amongst the fresh grass!

As I step forward
flowering trees emerge whole
from the soft earth into the
surrounding light,
under a grey-blue sky still cold
from the fear of dark nothing,
the abyss of not-yet happened
waiting for me to falter.

You say,
~ Step into the light, little one.
It is really light you step on,
even if it looks dark
and empty ahead. ~

Oh, please send me
courage to continue!

And somewhere a deep gong sounds.

I hear a single dropp of water separating
from a long white crystal,
falling a long way through darkness
into a still pitch black pool.

The small fluting splash sounds,
swells out, spreading through the cavern
calling the whole round planet
now the gong,
a great hollow drum
sounding creative overtones
of appeal for
initiative.

You ask,
~ Can you hear it?
Can you step on
this sounding light?
Can you see it
is indeed my back? ~

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ Strung Quivering With Perception

Swept off to sleep
tucked in the warmth of the covers
on that cold and frosty English night,
expecting sweet oblivion to
hide the difficult darkness of the days
for a blessed rest,
when of a sudden
I woke!

The shock of a view of a God,
the blinding unbearable power
of the eyes, the face, the stand of him
hit me past a shock but rigid
when something so unyielding pure
as the fiery piercing look that could kill, dismantle a mortal
who had lived on earth
as I had.

Blown back by the silent blast of his tall being
red and silver blue, and spirit gold
with no words yet, but the charge
emanating so all surrounding shook
with its vibrancy,
I pushed forward in a split second,
all in a split second,
and drove past into a vast view
of rotating geometric colossal light structures
in far far distances, kaleidoscopic enormity,
beckoning worlds but not for me
as I was plucked back in an instant and thrown forth
from the unseen castle like a fallen spendthrift unwanted,
with leprous black lesions and worse still deep within,
from the battlements unglimped tossed lightly
with a mighty "Goose! ! " ringing in my mind.

On waking a second time, strung quivering with perception
of something entirely untainted by humanity's condition,
such driven clarity beyond conception
with its final unbending power
shattering nerves on being brought home,
I saw my frailty and my distance and my longing
grew to mend and become unshakably
better.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ The Smallest Change of View

Eyes closed, quietly lying in bed
one morning as usual
searching for the silence
within my body,
in the tidal pools of inner space
where mind meets matter,
where my watching sunlight
creates a stillness
amongst shining reflections,
the mind paralysed
into
nothing,
the body relaxed and
numb.

An occasional crab scuttles past,
or a small fish flicks across the view.

The strengthening wish to see this
peace of being aware
creates no activity but a
radiating being
which is me in essence,
a shimmering awareness,
a pulsing peace
which is me in essence
with no words, no ideas.

All at the same time
awareness of peaceful being,
peacefully being aware,
being aware of peace

and then,
with the smallest change of view,
a subtle unexpected adjustment of reflection,
there
was a golden being
resident in my body!
a reassuring being formed of
light eternal in personal form,
my self calmly present
all along never seen
until now, like sunlight in a tidal pool,
so still and unassuming
to a blind man,
who, for the first time,
suddenly sees.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ The Sun's Sea

Sailing the seas of the sun
his body flamed
in a baptism of fire
on a deck of light
with the sun-winds
searing through
that sail of flesh.

Then downwards,
from head to foot
scorching fire burned
slowly each bone by bone,
the breath of the sun
eased the carving hurt onwards,
with a glowing good will
tattooed indelibly,
making me,
I later realised,
His.

After that night
when dawn arose,
young in the intense light,
transparent with sensitivity,
bones curved empty
in a new hollow space
that was my body.

And so I walked
weed-edged roads,
saw the light golden moon
set full on a tender pastel sky,
its soft shimmering
falling out over the dim west

as the full, full power
of the mighty sun rose glowing
on a new glorious day.

And the sun in me
was in awe of itself
radiating out over the world.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ The Wall

At the far end of the universe
my childhood mind
found a hard wall, high and strong.

Beyond that wall,
whose bricks and mortar
now I know
are made from death and fear,
was a terrible nothing,
the end of existence.

Yet in my longing
beyond it
I could hear the silence
of distant light forms
weaving complex creativity
overwhelming me.

Then I realised
there must be more
to life than life.

You say,
sunk in matter
you will never
find the answer.

First pass
the dark gate set into
the forbidding wall.

And see!
Standing peacefully
by the open door
you show me
two trees growing
the first in front offering dark fruits
of bitter understanding
and the other,
tall beyond measure
shining through the gloom,
the tree of life, a far fountain
set among high worlds
that see and hear us,
that question us.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ You Are In All Things

You are the shimmering light
in the leaves above me,
being the tree of life.

You are the fine vibrato in the air,
being all being,
whispering to me,
'I am here,
surely you remember me? '

You were the single trembling leaf
that leapt forward suddenly to fill my vision
waving a full 'hello, my love.'
My heart expanded
and I remembered, happy
for days.

You are the thought that thinks
itself in me
unexpectedly,
the momentary quivering star in the air
that appears just above my line of vision
imparting I am here, I miss you.

You are in all things and
I am so thankful for your company.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ You Are Not Somewhere Else

You are my very being
closer than breathing
more personal than my beating heart
more intimate than my secret thoughts.

My special friend,
you are not somewhere else.

Our world has no barriers
no inside or outside
it is an open secret
trees and grass our lungs
the rhythm of seasons and oceans our heart
the light of stars, thoughts.

It is always a new universe
where subject and object are
the same.
You quietly wait
patiently
for us to realise
this.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ You are the Complete

I hear it again!

You speak within my heart
familiar reassurances
with the warm confident tones
of a dear friend.

You say,
~ The power of a god
is in you. ~

Bathed in outer silence,
your eloquent presence
yes, in my chest,
leads me on
through this journey of life.

When I am quiet
your courteous words sound
unassuming and real.

Your silence is filled
with your presence,
my dear kind friend.

I am so happy to be with you!

In this gratitude, expanding
I know suddenly
you are the complete being of the world,
the light of all things!

You are love radiating
from everywhere the centre
the essence of all things,
indivisible.

(whispered)
You are my god, my beloved
teacher with no name,
holy companion of all;
my stillness and
my very own being.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ You Surprised Me

You surprised me
when first you introduced yourself
in the sculptor's pot of plaster I was mixing
for my teacher all those years ago
(a moment to you) .

I thought, how can the intelligence of being
warm my heart from within a black bowl of white slurry
on a table top?

My life was suddenly different
with everything the same,
in highlighted senses
a world echoing from falling in love.

We communed while I worked, though I was shy
and when you faded away
I looked forward to it happening again,
this soft visit of such an immediate good friend.

And now, after the troubles of life
that yap around my heels
after decades
follow more obediently,
you visit more often
and you are
everywhere.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ You Visit Me

Glory of my soul,
you are the peace of my being.

In the firmness of your will
aware and patient
among all my troubles,
you shine in the hollow space
of my flesh, you are
the light of my bones
the rose petals in my blood
and my dear companion of love.

It is your step my body takes,
your stillness so meek
nothing happens,
your silent intelligence,
your courage,
falling deeper
into a serene darkness,
where an emerging light
becomes wide views
in the air
around mountain heights.

My friend, I see you.
Your home must be the sun,
the light of day your essence
and your flesh the fabric of the world.

Yet, as well,
in this diving suit of my small body,
in the depths of matter, you visit me
for a lifetime.

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ Your Message has Rung my Heart

Faintly hinted, slender perceptions
resonated in me all day,
visits of life beyond
what I am used to.

I did not notice them
until they reached out
calling to me, and then I saw them!
Stars shimmering
through the dark sunshine of the day.

A delta of light rose upwards
(even though I was hardly aware) -
cumulus branches
on the tree of life
billowed up to a great height
(beyond my feeble attention) .

And then, in the indigo vault of heaven, stars!
Sublime glowing stars! A talking constellation
flowered on a vast tree touching the sky.

Another day is there.
A holy land where I live
augmented by you, my love,
with no form but
completely awake,
calling here, calling,
to an exile in a strange land.

Your message has rung my heart
all the long day!

Iain Trousdell

Awareness/ Your Silken Soul

This morning, while in a mood both sad and kind,
I saw you standing white, silent on our back lawn,
raying kindness.

As all pure oxygen is drawn to pass,
from tight to loose
on being placed in air, so did the wisdom
of your silken soul flow softly from
your eyes to fill the vacuum of my mind.

Iain Trousdell

Creativity/ A Strong Heart Of Its Own

The language of imagination
has a strong heart of its own.

Its speaking tongue is rippling light
on the small waves of the sea.

Its winged feet
run with effortless leaps
arriving at exactly the right place
to begin from.

Its eyes are blindfold
to protect the outer world
from the shining light
pouring from them,
a deep sky with two suns
and at night
warm moons of soft pink.

I cannot see all of you,
I cannot keep up,
but such occasional glimpses
tell me the world and the stars
are in your glowing hands.

Iain Trousdell

Creativity/ An Ancient Beast

Being human
is strange
and difficult.

Within each one of us
hides a divinity
clothed as
an ancient beast.

To befriend the pent up power,
to wrap your arms around its neck
to rub the rough hair
opens the gate
to ruin and release.

How do we do this?

You say,
love all of yourself
and your neighbours
the same.

Know I am
the beast of gold
under the awfulness,
a kingly peace
and a sublime magic
within the raw power.

Iain Trousdell

Creativity/ Dare I say?

Dare I say my poetry comes from another land,
an overtone of this one?

That my throat begins to glow
and words beam out shining,
a lamb still singing on the spit?

It is not easy here,
where the light is dim
and darkness makes decisions hard,
for the stars do not shine in the day
as they do at home.

Life is not always sweet
nor meant to be down here,
though everyone deserves fresh cream.

Iain Trousdell

Creativity/ It Is True!

I have read Lorca and Tranströmer
and Mirabai and Hafez!
At first I was scared,
but now I am drunk and say anything!

I see through forest branches
fine filigreed brightnesses
floating upwards.
They are tiny crystal spirits freed
from the newly fallen snow.

Stars cry out and suddenly
fall from the ebony sky...
(just ten or twelve)
and great soothing choral music
flows up to meet them.

In the centre of this snow covered pine forest
that sings
there is a golden well
filled to the top with light
like water!

It is true!
I have drunk only a sip,
and now can say anything.

Iain Trousdell

Creativity/ Let Us Instead be Positive

Let us instead be positive
about the future.

Perched high above the ravines' slow sliding river
the canyon dark like a giant eel's mouth,
I stand on a slimy winter log
trembling with arms out wide.

Arrive safely!
Firm breaths, and
strong legs
able to move.

It's strange
how worry and dread are automatic
while positivity takes work,
born from clouds filled with heat
and deep earth where dark lightening brews.

Iain Trousdell

Creativity/ Like My Father On His Deathbed

Poetry is not about words.
Poetry flows
from experiences that hover beyond words,
a shining memory sounding muffled
hidden behind a familiar door.

The words of a poem
are the funeral of my old father,
magnificent, watchful and feisty,
but available to the last
through indefinable gestures
and a shining silence
existent somewhere else now
as poetry is, the real poem,
not the heavy coffin of the print.

Poetry pines for it's lost world,
its hidden home,
like a swan still singing on a plate.

It is homesick, alone, away
from its chosen canyons and
mountain trees around the lake,
vibrant with colour
in memories that glow
for a lifetime.

You know, as I do, that poetry is not words,
but a royal personage,
my father on his deathbed.

Iain Trousdell

Creativity/ Poem To My Self

The words of my poetry
are little waves lapping
on the shores of a lake.

The sky with all its weather,
the hills with all their life,
the lake in all its depths
is the scope of you
I do not know yet.

I am blind and can only write
of the sounding waves' gentle impressions
on the short stretch of my little mind.

Sometimes I sense the view
but the journey seems so long
and my steps so small.

What of the vastness of the night sky?
What of the intricate rhythms of nature's weaving?
What of the personal longings in the soft souls of so many?

What of the light that shines,
and the darkness that makes it brighter?

It is all you.

You.

Iain Trousdell

Creativity/ The Words of My Poem Tumble Out of the Sky

The words of my poem tumble out of the sky,
images peep from spaces between leaves
and rocks.

I collect them in my red scarf
and later
spread their bones
out on the table
to ripen with the fruit.

Then when the poem is ready
I throw it on the floor,
but not too hard!

And it leaps up alive
dancing in the mirror of my mind,
and talks to me,
reflections
of its original nature.

Iain Trousdell

Creativity/ What Use Are These Words?

When I wrote poetry
I thought I was calling out
to you
but now I realise
it is your words
calling to me.

What use are all these words?

They are old footprints in a desert
swept away in the wind.

They are the wake of a small sailing boat
quietly fading away
in the beauty of the view.

Iain Trousdell

Creativity/ Where Curved Walls Bathed

Deep in the dark cave where
curved walls bathed in soft red shadows,
warmed by flickering dry flames
fervently I painted rich colours,
rich animals daubed
in scenes of absorbing grace.

Strong with such a revealing
glimpse of primal energy,
this ancient memory of creative power -
impelled in those luxurious moments
of generous expansive choices -
my spirit,
amidst the cold harsh struggle for existence
tightening flesh on bones,
broke through, glowing
inside the rust red light
wrapped around me,
to reveal also the power of a god,
bathed glorying in human arms and eyes
and passion, standing where the
hard curved wall disappeared!

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ Before I Was Broken

Before I was broken on the wheel
of life
I was armour coated,
defended against most things,
rigid in my certainty and will,
yet an uncertain child within.

Since, in your kindness
O Finger of God,
this profile of a personality
was cracked open
during your starless pitch nights of my soul,
revealing darkness dull in darkness,
the rich purple mists of your love
have swirled about you revealing
a gentle man walking forward within,
barefoot with the strength of a hundred knights,
and around me regained
spontaneity!

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ Early Morning Darkness

The rain falls
and the birds sing softly
in the dark early morning darkness
while the night prepares its sadness
for the coming of the sun,
shining out the songs of a colourful earth,
played beneath our awareness.

You are the musician,
you are the painter
my dear one.

You are the light
and the warmth.

All our lives are your lives,
all the art of living
is your being,
where we walk and meet.

Our actions, our thoughts,
our feelings,
whose are they?

My dear heart, soft and glad
in your patient rhythms,
you are actually invisible...
an open door, a room
full of you,
my dear first person.

You are morning's light
warming sadnesses,
the joys of my small life.

Be my actions,
and think my thoughts,
colour my depths,
my great friend,
in the heart of everyone.

I am really a nothingness
from the other side of nothing
where you are, more real
than I will ever be.

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ Grief

She has gone.

The harmony of my bones
which I took for granted
has left me.

My feet drag like soft lead,
and my limbs are liquid.
My cramped, jagged belly cries out for peace.

I did not know
I loved her this much.

Now, wings of pain
hover around me,
groaning in my nerves and muscles,
slicing through every sensation
and thought I have,
waiting for me, again and again,
around the blind corners
of a confused and disjointed future.

O God, my fragile soul
fights for its very life,
stretched and scalded
by every waking minute.

How can I breathe the air of this shocking pain?
I would rather be burnt alive
to ease the pain and have it over.

Light the fire now!

How can they say suffering is a gift –
when I fight to stand up straight?

Oh, I have lost my darling wife!

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ Grief Does Not Say Anything

I am tired.
So very tired
of making it all fit.

I suppose it's called
grief.

It wears you down,
into a rounded rock
in a dull dumb landscape,
where once was
an exhilarating mountain range,
lush and forested.

Everything, or something like it,
has happened before -
and why bother anyway?

Just to walk away
from the flowers, grass, the seagulls and people,
the tiptoeing, fence-walking cat
in front of that hazy tall-trunked forest
across the grey wide river
as it meets the Tasman tides.

A lovely break at Port Waikato!
with the heat, noise, active flea or two,
and mosquitoes at night -
but most of all
with grief,
my companion with no name,
because grief does not
say anything.

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ I Seek Thee

Death I seek thee ghastly;
yet fastly flee I from thee.

Inner heart, still seeing, breathes,
feeling in-needs of self-budding God,
hears, decrees a sentence of death!

Hear fear! Blind choking light, Oh no, Lord!
sweeps sudden surge, fast fear to quench breath;
I grasp tight gasp; acidic horror seethes.

But ah! Life's life I seek thee;
now trembling come I near thee.

And tight in fear fades, flows away.....
for all I have is gifted, shrifted, uplifted
in pure purpose shaped through Him for me.

Sweet love! Fibre found, binds all worlds gifted,
perpetual pours through night and day,
filling love-made with love; all asea of Him in thee!

1977 (after G.M.Hopkins)

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ I Was Part Of

Walking a shattered beach
on a dark night alone
by a darker empty sea
strangely moving,
wading against the flow
of a suddenly changed future,
pressured by a current
of being without you

I looked up and noticed
stars so ancient
long ages were new born,
the whole vast concave orb
shining with a calm intelligence,
no agony not witnessed below
on this huge sphere of numberless acts.

Being bitterly alone,
in a moment of expansion
suddenly I was part of
every private hoping heart,
fireflies all struggling
courageously through the depths
of life.

Into the sky's dark shine
and back again
to this precious earth,
the idea of separateness gone
in a magnificent oneness,
I am reborn through my pain
into a new life
in a single gifted breath
on the power of a single idea.

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ If I Can Hold Onto

Pass through
the dark gates
to find
a new person,
yourself.

My friend, you are there
deeper in,
quietly watching,
listening,
sharing it all.

It is simple now.

You are beyond psychology,
beyond words and concepts,
fabrications and complications.

If I can hold onto
your robe
or your waist,
throw a lasso
around you!
and be pulled along,
I will be safe
whatever
the thorn hedges
or deserts
or oases.

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ Light Has Followed

Each time I am shaken hard by life
there is less to let go.

I cry out in depths of turmoil
where are my wings? ...
hidden from public view
a pitiless vice squeezes my soul,
a dark future grimly threatening.

Are these nerves that leap
and stretch such dissonance
cutting through my bones?

Or is the sweet song of my dear soul
out of tune with the harmony
of the world?

You say...
be brave,
face what you see,
a moment at a time
with firm knees on the ground
supplicating.

In the past
light has followed and success,
milk and honey,
and angel wings.

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ Ready To Pour

More could be said, I guess,
clarifying the many details,
the who's and why's
and wherefores from every side,
to make it clearer, and fairer.

But why, my friends,
why bother?

A broken jug
glued back together
must feel like this.

Ready to pour,
with no milk leaking everywhere.

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ She Was My Rich Hilled

She was my rich hilled and side cliffed woman
whose shapes I knew so well,
like the green waves of home.
We had babes together
tucked into wool-lined cots under a safe hedge,
and solstices smiled on us with breaths of wind
on a still night.

And you stole her
as friends sometimes do.

In another time
I would have split you forehead to pelvis
a final deep swing of family heritage
a bitter two-handed sword
graced by our strong, down-armed rising rage,
teeth clenched, hard staring eyes,
and a wild shout of rock splitting triumph,
after you had slipped that thin sparkling grey knife
between my ribs.

But now I am older looking back,
and its true I had lost her specific person earlier
not realizing, loving her in general
with a warm intense genuine habit
and not a hint, poor man,
from overwork that this was so.

You gave her something,
a new sense of herself
amongst all the pain and confusion;
and when I was split in half
out flew saw-toothed bats grinning from dark caves
leaving centuries of dust and nose-biting dried droppings,
out crawled giant lizards hips hinging sideways,
up on hind legs at the entrance of my heart
beating their chests in rage;
and slowly, a dragon, old and stiff limbed,
turning his head from side to side
viewed the strange world of light
with mist creeping upward from a slightly opened mouth.

They flew away, all of them,
after a time of many returns,
and when we cleaned up together
(she had returned)
over several years,
there sat a glowing dark cup of blood-agate
on the quiet ground
in the middle of the cave
with crystal stalactites hanging high above
sparkling in an unseen light.

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ The Light That Fell With Us

Those voices always called out of darkness
commanding, muted and whispering
so I did not hear them,
what with the pleasant light of day shining round me
and them in the caves of my mind
telling me what to do
what to think and feel.
I was a slave unaware,
so happy in it
not noticing those
who were constantly awake,
making the decisions
so often.

This appalling view of pressured confusion,
with creatures bullying in me,
sneering and cajoling,
seems like utter darkness,
an end to sanity
but is really
an angered normality
illuminated by God
so we see
what has gone on before
all the time.

And now
while it may seem like a worse darkness
than we have ever known,
a nightmare,
the light that fell with us
shows simply
we are creatures sunk in the mud
of a dark pool
in a king's forest.

These murky nights of the soul,
make a story of illumination,
an eternity of acceptance,
in which the presence of God
comes closer than the breath,
friendship more inward than the marrow,
kindness itself,
without which we are condemned
to endlessly
be ourselves.

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ The Years Of Pain

The years of pain
have wrought a change
invisible.

My God! how were those steps made,
made, how were they made
over the moments of all those years?
Each one swung through a time
thick as glue
viscous with no other word but anguish?

The pain, solvent
and the iron in my soul
released
beaten red-hot by life
for action,
and now
tempered steel
with your carved word
and being.

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ There Is A Shadowed Man

Like an evening tree
in a cold mist,
there is a shadowed man in me,
flesh of dark steel quivering
with a tension forged long ago,
twisted with anger unanswered.

I saw him soot black,
frozen rigid, comatose,
on the hard earthen ground,
his steel limbs stretched out,
his body groaning in anguish.

The metal softened into flesh
under my gaze
and he stood up,
this dark mirror of my self,
and asked
to come home
with me.

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ This Sorry Decor

I am sorry,
not realising before
your pain
being resident in me.

Your perfection
has bowed so low
to serve as spirit
in myself.

All my thoughts,
all my feelings and acts
are the sorry decor
of your hovel, me,
a poor room
in your vast mansion.

Thank you for your patience,
the warm understanding,
your rich glance and soft smile
tenderly forgiving,
your quiet compassionate look
through the opening air.

It is from you
I learn what love is,
how to live it.

My dear and lordly friend,
lift me to my feet again!
Help me
into a better future,
led by you.

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ We Are A Fallen People

We are a fallen people
for whom this beautiful earth was made.

Yet, it was us who made it so hard.

The crags above the abyss,
there we climb...
or fall into the darkness
which is ourselves unknown.

Who dares climb to the golden castle
of insubstantial light shining so far away
amongst the towering clouds?

Who does not fall?

We are the fallen people
who find
what it is to be lost -
to have no purpose, sense
or reason left
amongst the incessant action
of our own souls -
to make not one true awake decision
because there is nothing left we knew before
in this darkness,
where once was a personality,
a character, a person
suddenly switched off
amidst the creatures of darkness
milling in our abyss.

The confusion of not knowing why
or how
rules the density of who-makes-a-decision
until the time
we accept the clamoring voices
of nonsense
belong, are part
of me.

Listening, reserving action
questing firmly in the not knowing,
a little light...
a harmonic voice
in tune with your own self...
a friend to be trusted,
turns on
sounds in the heart
and you have arrived at the gates
of the real castle of light,

after knowing you had fallen
forever.

For there
the guardian of the gate speaks,
who through the grace of God in royal robes
has made a friend of his enemy,
and welcomes you in.

You even visit me in my broken house
down here,
your face shining in my chest
a lit candle to comfort me,
to instruct and guide me
my dear friend and master.

Before I climbed the cliffs
near the unregarded abyss,
when I called out to you,
I did not know I was
a wretch, an arrogance
from the tribe of the father of lies.

But now I know
I am of the fallen people
and darkness our abode
without you
who makes his enemies
grateful friends
bending over with extended hands of love.

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ We Know Too Little And Presume Too Much

There is a way through the darkness
of too many voices.

Remember there is always
a witness
and this is you,
with your inner sight
in the limpid view of what is happening
where all is clear,
even when it is confusing.

We know too little and presume too much.

The noise and distraction of power
pulling you left and right
are simply wrong.

They are the false warnings of a false lighthouse
avoiding a safe harbour
where the simple light of a single star
is home and safety.

Your home.
You.

There is a place of peace,
further in behind the cries for help.

It simply requires rest, and rest, and rest again,
combined with an utterly central activity
unknown before,
watchfulness and listening to the silence
behind the noise,
until the silence becomes loud and strong,
with walls of iron, and a door of flame,
high windows of pellucid alabaster,
a ceiling of gold leaf and jewels ~
and all along there a sequestered guest
you never knew,
your self.

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ We Travel Where We Never Went Before

Trusting, wide eyed,
a smile of hope, even excitement,
an inbreath for potential loss...
the child places his exquisite model ship
onto the calm surface of the river eddy
shattering the swaying reflections of the overhanging willow branch.

The current pulls and tugs –
the ship turns slightly and floats away
curving into the swifter currents, stronger waves.

Such marvelous courage, unbeaten,
in ship, in boy,
- the spirit of defeat
defeated utterly in the foolhardy venture.

Running unheeded along the bank
on wings of his tears
the child cries out to his beloved,
"Sail well! God speed! "

Listing to its side the ship's
sails billow out full and golden,
catch the wind and snap forward
to meet their doom.

We travel where we never went before,
to cover the sea of pain, to cross it this time,
and find a new land
which being found is created
in the heart of mankind.

I will run alongside you
even when you are far past
the bend of the river –
when no longer I see you
my beloved, sweet beauty of my life,
praying "God speed! God bless! "

And we shall never part
for you never went away
and I never let you go.

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ Where Have You Gone?

This morning
I am having trouble.

Where have you gone?
I have obliterated your presence
in a resurgence of me.

The future has tilted off centre.
It is no longer
where I expected it to be.

The past is empty,
the future has gone
and now,
it is meaningless.

What if the moon rose slowly
in the west, large and silver
with a corolla of deep purple
looking at me quizzically?

And no thoughts arrived like sudden fireworks
silent in a distant sky
amongst clouds gliding illuminated?

I am in deep water,
dark hidden currents pulling at my legs
knowing there is only one life raft
just out of reach.

The person I thought I was
yesterday has gone.
yet you I know,
you are the same.

I will take more care
to not be who I was.

The things that mattered so much
are choirs singing in another key
far down a long corridor
and at last I am alone,
safe with you,
a lion licking the neck
of its beloved prey.

Iain Trousdell

Hard Times/ You Are The Real Gift

I fall limply to my knees with
tears of help! my friend of power,
sobbing hard on the ground.

It is you to whom I appeal!
beyond the pressing thorns
that hem me in
where shadows lean glaring
over my future and
my soul quivers groaning,
washed in salt tears
of uselessness.

I cling to the rock of ages,
the megalith of your peace,
your unchanging mind and
its sun-shimmering rays in washed light
pierce through the dark clouds,
carrying me through these excruciating moments
until the time arrives when yes
will mean life, and no,
the end
of what was.

Yet your prosperity is a lifted lid for me.

For you are the real gift,
invisible light smiling
in my view,
a smile of reassurance in the air.

You are a lullaby calming fearful woes,
and I, curled up gratefully in your arms,
am swaddled in the warmth of your smile,
which is glowing light,
a pure smile with no face
and love supernal shining on me.

Iain Trousdell

Nature/ 4 Haiku - by the beach.

Submerged rocks stare back
through the glistening water.
I empty my mind.

--

The dark stream slides by.
I look at the hills and lo!
they move like water.

--

Standing still I watch.
The sea rubs frothy fingers
on the beach's back.

--

Fernfronds carved in sand
by the water's streaming pulse.
Where has the beach gone?

Iain Trousdell

Nature/ An Italian Bell

After traversing the grey Austrian alps,
viewing the white medieval church
near the top of the cold pass,
we came down into
what seemed a palmed paradise,
warm Italy around a blue still lake
by an old town, edged with cliffs,
altars to Mary and her child
cut in
hundreds of feet up.

In the next morning's first light
shining through open windows
I heard the church bell's first strikes ringing
amidst the birdsong, and imagined
the carvers climbing once more the cliffs
while the ringing continued, echoing.

A burnished overtone started to glow
above the deep belling,
like spirits over a statue
and then, soaked up by the transformation
the ringer and the ringing disappeared,
only the high single rich sounding
remained, unpunctuated, unwavering,
singing without breath
a perfect radiating, shining
moderately high pure note
holding time close to it.

You say,
without words,
all the world is like this.

Every single named thing,
therefore considered separate,
is an indistinguishable unity
sounding out me.

Iain Trousdell

Nature/ During A Tender Morning

During a tender morning
of hidden surprises
I looked out for you
in the Spring garden
I was working in.

The rich holding of the dark earth
was your deep unexpected kindness.

The fleckled light reflected
from the deep green citrus
and waxen camellia leaves
was the shining approval in your eyes
.

The colourful little frezias near the ground,
the jonquils, roses, the floating jasmine
and all the other
many flowers around me
were the warmth I felt
in your smile.

And the humming of the bees
is the sound of your being.

Iain Trousdell

Nature/ I Have Been Watching Time

I have been watching time carefully,
watching it flow by,
reaching out with my hands
my empty hands into another world
adjacent in the air of my garden
where the monarchs fly.

I think they live there,
and we don't
know.

The time I watch is the fundament of all things existing,
is a river inside my garden's air and light,
a flowing oceanic emptiness
that stays still
but actually carries all with it.

I tilt my head
to see the light on its liling waves,
to view the slivers that
weave through and through.

This living time,
the one I watch and hear...
it is life itself
in no metaphorical sense
making progress
while a monarch skims past my face
and delicate waves wash on the shore.

Iain Trousdell

Nature/ Ruapehu

Driving up the great volcanic heap
with baked summer rubble revealed
where no snow lay...
was a dark moonscape
awesome and rough.

Taking the ski lift further by myself
over the icemelt rivulets and rocky spurs
I met the ice of ages that never melts
and walked the balcony edge
away from tourist teas.

Gazing up to the summit of you
O Great One, I saw the top,
your massive distant crown
and then, oh my soul! leapt
out of me and flew to you
as a lover to a lost one suddenly refound,
expanding to embrace all your living frame
and spirit beyond the rock and snow.

My dear friend Ruapehu! I am sorry!
I had forgotten we knew each other so well.

But never will I forget again...
when such a complete embrace,
final with its implacable fiery power,
mingled with our intimate respect.

You are my mountain now,
and I am your soul.

Iain Trousdell

Nature/ The Crows Fly Towards

As I sit on my verandah and watch the crows
fly towards the soon rising light beyond the distant ranges,
the quiet hills and sky, the gently waving trees
await their sungod -

And then, in the very moment of sunrise
beamed over them in gold
they echo back a silent exhalation of praise,
a booming silence,
a breath of thanks,
glorious acceptance of the gift
pantheons of praise, around and round the Earth, forever
as the sun rays the new day
over the perpetually rolling horizon.

What a breath! Seen between perceptions
on the fulcrum of a question.

My person feels so little, tied down,
but the soul partakes
in its natural element
the world, and all its weaving rhythms,
silent communications in
pulses of power.

Iain Trousdell

Nature/ The Real Stand Of You

Claiming a steep valley
and its two hills,
the forested Autumn scene
richly still and calm
intelligently quiet, pausing
in the cool damp air
pulled me into itself.

A light wind streamed across one hill,
an invisible flock of no birds,
seen only by the flowing wave
of the spontaneous tree tops,
arrived near me
where russet leaves fell
momentarily heroic and glorious
from an empty minded maple
to the auburn copse below,
each one a finished thought
intent on ceasing,
and in its ceasing
to enrich the earth.

Walking by
later in the year
this selfsame tree is bare,
visible clear and essential
without its profusion of leaves,
to my sight, somehow more
a tree,
not less.

You say, so it is with the self,
when thoughts cease
revealing the real stand of you.

Iain Trousdell

Nature/ These Hundreds High Oaks and Stately Elms.

Blessings from the great trees
hovered like moist air in the dark
as I passed through the shaded
sanctuary of their arches
early that spring morning.

Descending calm peace,
the rich pollen of birth before conception,
as real as water to a dry thirst,
drifted down towards the ground,
an extra element I didn't notice
before I reached out
my soul, my actual expanded soul
flying intermingled amongst
the harder branches and soft green leaves
of these hundreds high oaks and stately elms.

Aware of its spread here for the first time
I love them more, dear peaceful calm trees.

Their thousand hovering blessings
eddy down, the life of soft leaves
invisible and welcoming
and I am the wind
a sun spangled pond to fly through.

Iain Trousdell

Nature/ Where The Air Speaks

The soft earthed hills
rounded and pressed down
uphold forests' abundant life.

Cliffs and beaches
edged by the blue depths
of sea and sky beyond -
all so rich, all
outside
enamelled by the light of the sun.

Where are more rich senses
for an equivalence within,
where worlds are?

You say, keep looking for me
and you will find
a new world
waiting unexpected
and long there,
where the air speaks.

And I will meet you half way.

.

Iain Trousdell

People/ A Life Well Lived

You have become an enigma to me
now dead,
you who were so present
and interested when alive.

You have the value to me
of a vanished note,
the realism of a fresh air tune
played on a panpipe in the hills
now silent.

The aftertones sing on
in memory,
the pipes tucked away
in a leather bag
and walked off
around the corner of a dusty road
by the player

and so your undemanding,
interested and contained
presence is gone
with no fanfare

and I miss you quietly
my dear mother,
with a tranquil acceptance
of a life well lived.

Iain Trousdell

People/ I Kept Asking

I kept asking you
for a teacher
I could touch
and surprisingly
you sent me young
Panchen on a dais.

Looking deeply,
we accepted each other.
He leaned forward,
this tuning fork of life,
and touched my forehead
with his.

His note ringing
from the foundations of the cosmos
took away my mind
and reset my bones' deep humming.

I am a cup for you
who is the true substance of all traditions
and the love of my life.

I am sorry so much of my day
is wasted still.

Iain Trousdell

People/ In the Hall Tonight

You are everyone.

You are the sound
in all the music.

You are the light
in all the looking.

You are the essence
in all being.

In the hall tonight
you were everyone.

My dear friend
my sweet companion,
I was so glad
to see you there
shining in everyone,
care and kindness within
the friendship and laughter,
the shyness and sensitivity.

I was melted, quite melted,
a warm spring overflowing,
my heart untapped.

I was a rich hive full of honey,
in love with them all
seeing you.

What else can I say
that silence can not convey?

Iain Trousdell

People/ It Was The First Thing

I was as natural
as a happy child
alive in Spring
when butter is richly yellower
than the rest of year,
playing amongst the just cut grass
smelling life,
abundant life
leaping
in my happy limbs.

In those later days
I followed you
whom I loved so tenderly,
I followed the so familiar beauty
of your lovely light blue frock
through the new sprung woods
that also changed to darker winter days,
stepping slowly and carefully
between May flowers and the fallen green
that hid rotten logs.

It was on such a Spring day,
I asked you,
my other greater beloved,
what is love?
And you said,
it is movement,
love is movement
and it was the first thing
I heard you say to me.

Iain Trousdell

People/ Marama

I saw you that night,
skipping happily along a short length
of light-blue polished marble tiles
on such a light abundant
beautiful corridor in a heavenly palace,
and I knew you were somewhere
happily busy with friends,
though we and your family had been left behind
or so we thought.

Earlier you had been so brave, walking the hill
with your headscarf as your only shield
to share your kindness with your classmates
those special days.

Do you remember? You asked your mother
if you would have to make your bed
when you went to heaven.

She loved you so much.
I knew you returned it,
yet when the early moment came
you ran to your father before falling
that last time into his arms.
You had to go to one of them, and you chose right.

It was the first time many of the young ones had
looked death in the face
and what a face you showed them that later day!
Radiant peace and a shining beauty such
as I have never seen on anything living.

Oh my darling girl, this was enough for me to know
you still exist and
there is love behind creation.

Iain Trousdell

People/ My Son

You were so noble in your complete weakness
it broke my heart and mended it
at the same time. And continues to do so
when I think of it...

Oh my son
what can I say?

There was a night when
the angels visited
while you lay silent next door.

A concentrated essence of angels,
a compressed reassurance of angels
in the room of the still house
while you were so very weak and strong
at the same time
next door.

They came, a breathing spirit
filling the room
overflowing
and then we knew you
would be all right.

Oh my son, my dear friend,
what can I say?

My heart is a soft sponge soaked
with moist light, and a glad dew
sounding deep deep bells.

Iain Trousdell

People/ Ramana

Shining in the central trunk
of a vast galactic tree of life
lives my sweet unshakable hero, Ramana
where countless stars are flowered leaves,
where interweaving branches are streams of light
and his deep warm roots of fiery will
reach down into worlds of matter
and the psyche of all living things.

Thank you for inviting me there,
for showing me him, a part of who you are,
the perceiving heart of all worlds
in the expanding creation of unity.

Your light is there for us to find in life.
The spring sap of your love is rising!

Iain Trousdell

People/ Reply to a Letter from Miguel Hernandez.

Dear Miguel, I know you wanted your wife
to write to you while you were in jail,
and to see your son,
and that I am unknown to you
but I must say
you are like an angel who came down
to wrestle with each of us,
those who breathe the air of poetry.

I send you my love,
even though
my leg is now lame
and my heart beats unevenly
from the fumes of life.

The goats of your poetry chewed on the dry roots
of the brown hills around my house
while the Spanish sun baked my compassion
so it burst from its paper chrysalis and
arose potent, sublime with wings,
with fiery heated wings!

You should know Miguel, your glowing thunder
is still here,
resident in red molten clouds of the soul
grappling with me in the uneven rhythms of the night.

Thank you for reading my unexpected letter my sudden friend.

I will visit you and then, I hope, we will talk.

Iain Trousdell

People/ She Appeared

Kneeling in anguish
struck down by a powerful loss,
the unknown veil between
my mind and living spirit
swept aside
in a moment of grace.

In front and above
she appeared -
compassionate, loving and beautiful,
her blue sweet regal calmness
a pure impression of light
pouring into my smallness.

The young child softly in her arms,
his unhindered depths of understanding
clear in those eyes, and slight smile,
leaned forward vibrant
and touched my lips
with his little right hand.

A final look
and they were swiftly gone from view
but for the echoing light
in the air of my small living room,
my amazed gratitude,
and a new strength
in my heart.

Iain Trousdell

People/ Such a Wonder is Passing from this World

Such a wonder is passing from this world!
My dear irreplaceable old father is dying,
gaunt and laconic,
stilled beyond speech
but the twitch of an eyebrow,
flickering eyelids
and a pressing hand.

His thinned chest looks hard at death
testing its resolve
and slowly winds down
while wings, all along
lobed in the spirit,
fill with life again.

And he will away like the wind
around a streaming sun pillar
on a rich soft spring morning,
through a dark cloud,
across a misty rainbow,
into my heart.

Iain Trousdell

People/ The Swans

We stood together
you and I
near the wood
where the leaves had fallen
to the cold musty ground
and while we stood unspoken
they flew by
a pair majestic
white swans heavy
with life
wings beating out
a rhythm in the wind,
a picture of power
and impermanence.

We said nothing
but knew
this was us
another life
flying past
and this time
water.

Iain Trousdell

People/ Visiting Adam

To see you lying there
was hard.
The heaving chest
and gaunt legs
covered by the woolen rug
took you to a place
far from us.

The eyes fading within
gave promise of vaster worlds,
and when you woke more
and talked, and gazed at us
you brought them with you
to caress us, to comfort us.

And I wonder
who was visiting who
and from where?

Iain Trousdell

People/ You, Old Man

I couldn't bear to leave
you by yourself
venerable, dressed in old clothes
and slippers,
to walk away from our conversation,
from you, old man,
a relic from an ancient time
sitting on a buckled verandah
amongst the unpicked wild orchard,
and fallen apricots, over-ripe peaches
all through the uncut grass.

You clearly didn't mind.
Not one bit.

Your hidden smile
and opaque eyes
filmy with maybe a century of life,
with all your ancestors
tattooed and stored away
in there,
yet none of your younger ones
around to help.

My fellow youthful student teachers
city bred,
all keenly lined up
in the marae hall,
singing
the simple Maori counting songs
you found faintly amusing,
called to me -
yet you were more real
the genuine traditional experience
hidden away
in the upriver breakdown
Whanganui marae
all those years ago.

Iain Trousdell

Z PUBLICATIONS

=====>>PUBLICATIONS since 2004

HARD COPY:

=>> The New Writer (UK) 2005 International Competition
March 2006 Award.

One of the major, international prizes for contemporary fiction and poetry, essays and articles:

Single Poem section: Top 12, judged by poet, Jane Draycott.

'There Is A Shadowed Man'

Published as Highly Commended

<http://www.thenewwriter.com/prizewinners.htm>

(see under Hard Times/ There is...)

=>> NZPS Anthology

2005 November international competition anthology.

Official NZ Poetry Society 2005 book.

Poem chosen for inclusion

'Awake In The Night' (see in Poemhunter under Awareness/ And Tame Cerberus Listens

=>>NZ

SPHERE magazine. March 2005 NZ Issue

Poem: Strung Quivering With Perception (Awareness/)

=>>UK

NEW VIEW magazine UK Journal Spring 2005

Poem: I Have Been Watching Time

(Nature/)

=>> USA international Anthology

2005 special limited edition by The International Library of Poetry. 'Catching the Moon'

Poem: The Words Of My Poem Tumble Out Of The Sky

(Creativity/)

=>>

2005 WHO'S WHO of International Poets.

To be published 2006.200 poets chosen from many sources by The International Library of Poetry, Maryland, USA.

Poem: What Use Are All These Words? (Creativity/)

=>> USA Anthology of Spiritual Experiences

Three poems selected for publication Christmas 2006 in Illuminations 2, a book by Evolving Editions, USA.

LITERARY WEBSITE PUBLICATIONS

====>

Subjective Substance, Online Journal Of Poetry

<http://sspoetry.net> Omar Azam, Editor.

Poem: It Is Your Step. (Awareness/)

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Iain Trousdell