

Poetry Series

# **Champaben Mistry**

## **- poems -**

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# Champaben Mistry(June 1971)

Female.

Wonderful family. Married.2 brothers and 3 sisters.

My creativity blossoms with each passing year.

Gifts of the universe and the humanness shared, as I make his journey of my life, is received with gratitude and joy.

# A Call Into Morning

There are people sleeping, and  
I arise.  
Blessed by the sun streaming in.  
Its daylight,  
A call to awakening.

The day is not yet drawn.  
The time not fixed.  
This new day awaits.  
I embrace it with delight, joy and pleasure.

The open skies call,  
The meadows awaken my senses.  
I move in symphony with what I know.

You listen, I listen.  
I breathe, I take the road,  
Of greatest balance, peace and harmony.  
Your love everywhere and every-when,  
So, now I am not alone.

(Sunday 30 April 2006, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# A Friend Goes Into Hiding

From whence this pain came,  
This I know not.  
In the joyful moment,  
My sadness finds me, where my friend was, and is no more.  
I see the significance of true friendship,  
The grace of a new note.

A new music finds me once more.  
An old song, a dull sound now,  
And as I allow and embrace,  
The sadness departs,  
To, from whence it came.

I find a glory of me.  
As a brave as a knight in the dark,  
I ride into my night.  
My heart alight with the flame of love,  
As I ride to a home,  
That is this, that I call my home.

(Bolton, Monday 8 October 2007)

Champaben Mistry

# A Soul-Mate Dance

Daylight Blooms.

The prism of light shifts and changes within me,

Glistening and reflecting the beauty.

The colours shimmer a piece of my soul.

I am alight,

My breeze lifts you,

A thought of you.

As delightful sounds fill the air.

I dance to the rhythm of the night i met you,

I silently am.

A place in the stillness of youth,

Where age means beauty.

I command myself to presence,

A place of self-truth,

A place of love and honesty.

A place when the endeared are kept in my soul space,

I have a place for you, my love.

My home and you are one.

My love, my light,

My joy,

This is the place I dance with you.

(Saturday 23 June 2007 Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Beneath The Pain

The quiet Buddha,  
Finds a silent space,  
The mystery was the harshness of a sudden storm that has died.

The trodden on soul,  
Similarly finds this genuine solitary place.  
Where the flower scents reign.

In this peaceful place,  
My heart beats to this different drum,  
Where my strength unites with joyful aim.

Where others know not of the pain that waits to heal,  
This is my soul with grace.  
Where the significance of my life becomes a ray of sunshine light.  
This space is mine.  
With smiles, and eyes that light.

This I is as I am.  
My heart, my mind and soul join in a spectral dance.

Champaben Mistry

# Beyond The Salty Tears, I Smile

Through the lavender scent,  
The biscuit crumbs,  
Roses, bloom at noon.

A compliment I accept dear friend.  
The air lighter now, and  
Where somewhere in the haze,  
I shy away to hide.

You see, as I dazzle and shine,  
I am like a diamond mine.  
The raw of me is here to see,  
The treasure is like a breath of life to me.

Champaben Mistry

# Breath Of Life

Let still, the silent air be,  
Let be, the music of my melody,  
Let be, the magnificence of my being.

Forget not, the merriment in the air.  
Forget not, the fire of delight dancing in your eyes.  
Remember to listen, to the peaceful soul, and  
Catch the air in your mouth.

Forget not, the inter-connectedness of our beings,  
Trust in the knowing of your soul.  
Delight in the solitude of your beating heart,  
Join with the joy that rises from light within.

(Wednesday, 23 August, 2006, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry



# Childs Play

Playful happiness found me,  
Where in the song,  
I sang a tune.  
That carried beyond the fear,  
An ear that listened to my cry in the day,  
Tunes my chords found,  
In a delightful display.

I brushed away the tears,  
I walked through the cold,  
I huddled up to my comforting self,  
I composed myself like a walk I'd made.

05/03/08 Bolton, UK

Champaben Mistry

# Dancing Dream

My hand your comfort.  
My love your dream.  
My beauty our blessing.  
Your touch, my heart.

I sing to you my sweetie.  
I delight in you, you are my dream.  
There is nothing more precious,  
Than this reality of you in my life.

For you, I thank the Universe.  
For you, I give the gift of me to you.  
You my soul,  
My heart,  
My life.

I hear your heart.  
I soothe your fear.  
With the love that I now know I am,  
Glide and float along with me,  
Let us sing, us this beautiful melody.

There is only what is meant to be,  
There is this moment of need.  
Let the words come as they may,  
Let us share, whatever we please.

We are great peace,  
We are such delight this world has never so seen,  
We are this lovely music.  
We are this lovely dream.

(Sunday 8 July 2007, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Dancing Girl

Rising beyond hope.  
I am afloat once again,  
Dreaming of the life that is within reach.

Many days have since gone by,  
Where my dreams once put aside,  
Return.

With the merriment of my youth,  
I embrace the delight of the new.  
Dancing in the rain.

The flowers bloom,  
The colours vibrant and alive,  
The grass greener than ever has been seen.

The clouds saunter by.  
The warmth of the night all my own.  
Compliments and joy, like a field of lavender in bloom.

The scent in the air,  
Fresh and beautiful,  
A glorious movement.

I am deliciously caught in the evening light,  
My eyes sparkle with a radiant beauty,  
All once more, my own.

Champaben Mistry

# Day Gone By

The clouds floating,  
Like a lazy summer day.  
The silver reflections,  
Glitter and light my eyes.

The blue clear and bright,  
The colour rich with promise.  
The clouds gentle now,  
As the summer storm has passed.

The day done.  
The hours and minutes gone.  
I feel the green of the leaves,  
In this balmy summer's eve.

(Bolton, UK. Tuesday 26 June 2007)

Champaben Mistry

# Delightful Light

Steadfast in her attitude.  
Resolute in action.  
Breath taking beauty,  
Delightful in surprise.

The wonder of the moment,  
As colours sparkle.  
The light reflections,  
Make me whole.

A skip to the beat,  
The sparkles shine.  
My dear, oh how I see,  
The light dancing all around me.

The magical moment,  
The delightful light.  
The symphony of movement,  
As the dance of light becomes quite a lovely sight.

(Bolton. Friday 27 August 2010)

Champaben Mistry

# Delightful Moments

I journey on with you,  
I am floating with the peace of truth.  
I see and speak.  
We move on.  
Through the rain our friendship is.

The umbrella our coloured dream,  
Visible only to those with eyes to see.  
Life in its meandering, shapes the soul,  
In this sea of souls,  
On their way to work,  
On this grey and dreary day,  
Where the colour of the umbrella,  
Is another spectacular me.

I bouncy on air,  
Still the rain goes on,  
I find a me that shines,  
Shines on you.

Apple in my hand.  
Taste of the delicious divine.  
This a remembrance of a moment,  
Captured.  
This is my magical delight.

(Saturday 7 July 2007, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Divinity

I hear the sound of angels laughing,  
Their music catching the floating air.  
The soothing melody of delightful merriment,  
Touching my beating heart.

The grace of beauty,  
Meets my shore,  
The purity of angel light my heart.  
This is the grace of today.

In this moment I can sense,  
My joyful, calmness, deepens in the silence.  
Here in this rhythmic ocean of life,  
Caressed by the sound of an angels' laugh.

The still air dancing now,  
I walk immersed in the bounty of life.  
I allow the playful, creative essence of my being to be,  
As I move in rhythm to the angels' song.

Now a spectral light emerges,  
And the fire ignites my soul.  
And as I listen to the symphony of my physical and emotional being,  
I move to beat of a different drum.

(Wednesday, 23 August, 2006, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Dream In This Mist

Beyond the portal of pain,  
I find a glimmer of light.  
Where there is a green beauty,  
This is a dreamy sparkle.

Beyond the emerald,  
I see a living place for me,  
Where I find the joy of my being with me.  
Through the sunshine,  
I find a sparkle of my youth.

My truth reveals itself.  
I find a delightful smile,  
It graces my face,  
And replaces the tension that lurks beneath.

I find the crimson,  
Joining with a glitter of gold.  
My clouds lined with silver,  
My heart finds a beating tune quite beautiful.

I listen to new music,  
Created for me.  
I dance with the joy of my being,  
Surrounded by the beauty of you,  
My friends.

Our travels bring us here,  
Where through the signals of our lives,  
We found this place.

I give thanks to the joy,  
Of this, my joyful dream.  
Where I only see the glimmer of my truth,  
As it shines on you,  
And rests upon and with me.

(Monday, 08 October 2007, Bolton, UK)





# Find A Friend, In Peace

Untamed, free  
We embrace discipline with open arms.  
We embrace our brothers,  
We are not alone.

Your energy is linked with mine.  
We are the snow capped mountains,  
and the radiance of a cloud filled sky.  
We are mist upon the meadow.  
And dew-drops on the grass.

We are petals on the wind,  
And we are nature's animals.  
Wild, free and whole.

There is no end,  
Therefore no beginning.  
Water is our uniting essence,  
We are energy beyond molecules.  
We are spaces, waves, trees and spirit.

Our love, our respect, our empathy,  
Is what makes us whole.  
We are whole in our peace.  
Divisible only to find greater peace.

Our spirits speak,  
it is our nature to be.  
We think our thoughts,  
And with good grace,  
We know,  
Peace, balance and harmony.

(Thursday 27 April 2006, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Floating Candles

We float here,  
Upon a frosty bowl,  
There is only a lingering sigh,  
Of the coming and going of this evening.

The Freesia's song,  
A delicate harmony with our own.  
Our candle light flickers,  
Our truth, still.  
In gentleness, we sit with the warmth of this night.

With children in play we were made to be.  
Caressing the air that they breathed.

The night dimmed and the song of the child ceased, and  
We were here still.  
Through the coming of dusk  
We became a spectacular peace.  
Ours a quiet serenity.

(Wednesday, 02 May 2007, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Floating With You

The light upon your hair,  
The golden sun-kissed form,  
The taste of summer sun.

I taste the rhythm and gentle tone in your words,  
I am the dance between the notes,  
The splendour revealing.

I am the catch in the storm,  
I am the delicious invite.

I feel the energy of you,  
As you dance to the beat of your drum,  
A hear the magical sound of your footsteps upon the ground.

I heart your heartbeat as it pounds.  
The softness of you.  
The beauty that is you.  
Lose me not me, my me.

(Saturday 23/6/2007, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Follow The Sun

The joy of the day,  
Still sweet upon my lips.  
The fragrance of collected beauty,  
Like the sweet nectar of summer.

Today was colourful.  
My emotions rising and falling,  
Ebbing and flowing,  
And like the moon, a silent light upon the earth am I.

The cheerfulness of laughter.  
The tenderness of friendships.  
The beauty of a kind word,  
Sits delightful upon the evening air.

The unhidden knowing need for comfort and security,  
Like a soft blanket in eternal youth,  
To be seen in the darkness of the night sky.  
I am ignited and visible.

I shall dance with you, in this evening sky,  
Share a piece of me,  
Until my eyes can stay open no more,  
My merry day pulses your heart with mine.

This is indeed a beautiful day,  
Let me sip it as sparse water in a heat-wave,  
Like a nursing child, drinking milk,  
And cherish it like lambs dancing.

The joy in my new step arises,  
The waves of remembrance do arise in time.  
The magic of new adventures and travels,  
Lays ground for the new tales I will share.

(For Lilian: This poem is in kind remembrance of Eric, Lilian's late husband, and with thanks for her living son Eric and family. She recounts their journey, which inspires me to write, Follow The Sun/Tuesday 29 May 2007, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Forget Me Not

I sit here,  
Waiting,  
My thirst desires to be quenched.

I know I am loved,  
Forget me not.

A plant in need of re-potting,  
I am this silent disgrace,  
I sit and soak up the sunshine.

My palms leaves are like a jungle.  
And my leaves curl.  
My roots are tight, and  
My thirst is deep.

Champaben Mistry

# Friends

A lonesome dove I am,  
I find a joy in peace,  
This is Beauty's gift to me.

In the silence space where one is not seen, I rest.  
I am the grace you do not see,  
The feel of beauty is the me that I am.

When all seems lost,  
I am.  
When one so dear calls,  
I am.

Through the wind and rain,  
I am.  
Like a balm upon a wound,  
I am.

There is a place where I am not,  
The place where you are here for me,  
My friend.

Champaben Mistry



# Gaudi Creates

I am more than the sponge in a cake,  
I am more than the icing that decorates,  
Marriage can be bliss.  
My heart clear and pure.

There is a sparkle of remembrance.  
Of the purity of joy,  
The melody of the walk,  
My time honoured form.  
I am the exquisite delight,  
Beyond dreams of reason,  
I am a rapturous cry,  
A shared union,  
Strength.

The me that learned to create and share the me of me with you,  
The divine delight,  
The beauty as two souls meet as one,  
I am a wellspring fountain,  
I am dizzy with a rush of magical sparkle.

The form the colour the beauty,  
The circle of my truth,  
The gentle wave,  
A quiet design.

(Written 19/6/2007, Ramblas du Catalunya, Barcelona and modified 23/6/2007,  
Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Inviting Tennis

My healing has begun.  
A glimmer of sunlight,  
This an opportunity, my friend.  
A game in play, on this grey and windy day.

Tennis the game of season,  
An ace, a deuce, a me and a you.  
Successful from love to love.  
The corners and lines, a kind of rhythm.

First set.  
Centre Court seats.  
Raising the game,  
The air cool and the weak backhand noticed.

Commentary delights,  
As the sun sparkles in,  
Balls fly through the air,  
The racket swinging to deliver a great return.

(Monday 25/6/2007, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Laughing Together

Your laughter says it best.  
The furrowed brow no more,  
The air fills.

I chance a glimpse of you.  
As you find a delight,  
In the humour,  
And I sing along with you.

My laughter fills the air.  
My cheeks swell,  
I am a radiant beauty.  
I chilled out,  
And befriended you.

The night closes in,  
The drama ceases.  
The tension melted,  
I sleep easy with you.

Champaben Mistry

# Laughter

Eyelashes flutter,  
As I think of the joy,  
Of the moment of laughter cultivated in this storm.

Where the song of my heart resides with you,  
And the peace of my being awash with the glow,  
Of my merry youth.

When I think of the colours,  
Purples, gold, bronzes and green,  
I think of the melody of a heart in love.

I think of the curled up form of me,  
As I laugh at the stickers and the fun I give to me,  
I drink with delight,  
The sunshine, not just orange juice  
My laughter in a glass.

Bolton, UK, 28 August 2007

Champaben Mistry

# Letting Myself Be

The vastness of me is beyond anything I know.  
Where when set upon,  
I find a lot of place still to be.  
Where the nectar is my simplicity of being.

The harmony of the quiet that is I,  
Finds a solitude all its own,  
Where the rush and tumble of the day,  
Finds melody to call its own.

The single minded focus of letting myself be,  
Is this little temporary place I call my own.  
My scattered papers find their own order,  
And I listen to my breath as I continue to breathe.

The day continues on,  
A tune and rhythm, I now seek.  
Of joyful serenity,  
Where love can silently be.

The love I speak of,  
This the call of my heart,  
Where its current silent prayer is answered.

(Tuesday, 06 November 2007 - Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Light My Dark

Deception point was and is,  
Where I found this black candle,  
And a spell I put upon you.  
Where I like a child in the dark of the night,  
I needed just a light like you.

Where through the play of the moment,  
Through trepidation and delight,  
I cast my love upon the earth of being.  
I emerged whole and new.

I flickered in the night air,  
Warmed, comforted only you,  
Where in my desert storm,  
I shared a companion or two.

I found within me a whimsical me,  
Where I played and danced.  
To the songs of my praise,  
Like a demented child,  
I heard only you.

Into the coming of my senses I found,  
A practice of Mindfulness of mind,  
Where the heart of me and the kindness of you  
My souls full beginning begins in you.

In the outer and inner,  
Through chasm of spirits,  
My light reflects in you.  
I shine like a beacon.

I rescued the only soul,  
The souls full beginning,  
The beginning is you.

Through the rough seas,  
I have travelled,  
I made my home in the storm filled skies,

And now I journey on with you.

Champaben Mistry

# My Dark Knight – A Warrior's Journey

Do you suppose,  
That i do not know,  
That you are no good for me,  
And I no good for you.

Do you think,  
That you can hide,  
When I watch you, and you I.

I do see the pain,  
I do see the fallibility of humanness,  
I do not know when my knowing came.

Soft like a ribbon of silk,  
My kite flies.  
Soaring in the dark,  
The dark that is you.

I embrace the not knowing,  
I challenge my truth.  
I know that my heart will find a place,  
Of understanding, of you.

Love' s mystery,  
We cannot hide.  
The instinct of man to survive,  
So through the storm and tears,  
I will fly.

Like a hero,  
I will take up my arms,  
And embrace,  
With joy the pain, that resides in you.

Then, like a balm,  
I will heal,  
A little place in you,  
That is me.



(Bolton, UK. Tuesday 26 June 2007)

Champaben Mistry

# My Smile Caught Your Eye

The rose blooms,  
Not too soon,  
It is the red the colour like the rouge I wear for you.  
And my eyes glisten to the tune in my heart,  
As I dance a silent song with you.

The elegance of my form,  
I allow a drawing to grace a page for you,  
I see the beauty of the shining example of beauty,  
The you that is you, with me.

You are a friend.  
And I know you as such,  
Beyond the writing,  
You find me.  
I trust you to know my name.

I know your truths,  
I have mine too.  
I know only the song of two,  
This, that is you.

Through the beauty of you,  
I can see a glimmer of me.  
I see the youth you capture,  
A piece of me you hold true.

I am the distant end,  
The new beginning.  
The peace for a friend that is two.  
I am this song,  
A song for you.

I thank you.

Champaben Mistry

# My View

He sits there – laptop his companion,  
Chewing gum,  
Moulded into a business man.

The glasses frame beautifully,  
A pensive look graces the air.  
A silent distraction,  
Silent no more.

A quite cleverness,  
The abundance of words float onto page,  
The air cools me and i feel my chest cool.

There is a hushed silence,  
His hair falls and rests upon his forehead,  
His nose a delightful form,  
A simple build,  
A bone structure that to me appeals.

I a unique form sitting here,  
Keeping myself in calm,  
With the delay in the airport lounge.

(Written 15/6/2007, Manchester, UK and modified 23/6/2007, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# No Bull In Bulgaria

I danced last night,  
Where the music found me,  
My clumsy steps warmly accepted,  
To bring me to this classic moment.

The rain falls and the summer sky darkens.  
I see only beauty finding its way home,  
Where the song and music find there way to me.  
This tranquil paradise a pained storm, quitened.

The friendship rose flys and the rivers fil,  
The trees growing into a longevity to be shared,  
My music is glorious and I lift others in the storm,  
The gold in the darkened sky lifts us into a new high.

The beauty of the written word,  
The sexual pleasures of man spoken of,  
The spirit not unlike a relationship in flower given.  
I am the anger quitened and the warmth once more.

My fears slienced and and the rainfall warms,  
The solitary soujorn that I make to here,  
I am finding my words again to share with you.

Those who care to read between the pillow talk,  
A heart beats and its mine,  
The candle flame flickers and the graphite etches,  
A face to see.

02/28/08 Plovidv, Bulgaria

Champaben Mistry

# No Flight Just Right

One foot forward,  
One thought in mind.  
My home coming is in me,  
As I wait silently.

Deep is the well of peace,  
Delight in within me,  
The days journey somehow complete.

I stay steadfast in my thought of you,  
I stay calm in the storm once more.  
I find you,  
You find me.  
One we become, once more.

(Bolton, Tuesday 24 August 2010)

Champaben Mistry

# One Wine Later

Remorse.

A feeling of letting ones beauty down.  
To drink without purity reigning,  
I make my peace.

The clouds they sail silently, gently.  
The light fills the air with inspiration.  
The contrast colours the sky.

I see blue,  
I see grey,  
I see white,  
I see you, compassion, forgiveness and love.

We wonder the skies looking for meaning.  
We ride the waves of colour.  
We enter tunnels of beauty.  
And arrive at coloured skies anew.

Fresh and vital, beauty and radiance.  
Our hearts, smiles and minds unite.  
As one with nature,  
Our essence speaks.  
In silent grace we move.

Delight in the joy  
and grace.  
Delighting in the passion of each precious moment.  
We are the space between the notes.  
Like of glass of wine drunk in merriment.  
We forgive the numbness we inflict,  
Upon our senses and learn to reunite,  
with our heart once more.

(Thursday 27 April 2006, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Peace

Finding a space in my normal awareness,  
A space of positive peaceful being,  
A space where music plays,  
A symphony of sound fills the air.  
The ear, what a magnificence organ.  
Connections, nerves, sense.

The air I breathe,  
Joy, love, peace, balance, harmony  
I deliver good.

I am one in the universe,  
I choose to connect with,  
You, peaceful being, my loving kindness.

Peace my guide,  
I love and trust the process,  
and arrive home.  
All is well.  
I am here now, in the presence of peacefulness.  
Peace fills the spaces between my discontent.

I am joyful and in bliss,  
I share heavenly meaning,  
With you our peaceful being.

(Friday 28 April 2006, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Peace Found Me

The dance upon the night  
The laugh upon my lips  
The sigh my delight

Singing in tune  
Joining as one  
My peace found me

My day unfolds  
With love that grows  
Day by day  
I am made anew

(Bolton, Tuesday 24 August 2010)

Champaben Mistry



# Poems From The Silence

Here we find  
Within my mind  
A place of dwelling sweet

Where true love calls  
And faith is my shawl.

I find a place to share this loving poetry  
From my heart.

And as we listen,  
We do hear,  
Like the rise and the fall of the wave,  
Poems from the silence.  
Our silence embrace.

My wholeness now, complete  
I share a piece of me,  
With the embrace that is you.

My silent friend,  
Who is this friend,  
Why its you.  
A place in my heart, reserved, just for you.

(Tuesday, 1 May 2007, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Privately Untouched

Do so hold me light,  
Do so touch me tenderly,  
Rising passion, falling truth.  
The sun catching to give,  
A sensory sparkle.

The form of sensuality,  
The glistening colours,  
Limes, purples, blues,  
Mine is a place of delicious invite.

Trust in the truth,  
Of the being that I am,  
The sounds of reason,  
The taste of heaven.

I am the sun, and the shade,  
I am the walk here today,  
My grace an intricate form,  
Glorious surprise and delight,

What is the feeling,  
What is this word that I seek,  
This place of pure stillness,  
I can share.

(Written 19/6/2007, Ramblas du Catalyana, Barcelona and modified 23/6/2007,  
Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Recovery

Children at play,  
Amused by the slightest thing.  
Eating the last thing on their mind.  
Little boy he can do a headstand, no hands,  
Delighted in joy.  
The moment, expressed.

Family sings,  
A card made.  
All the best for good recovery.  
Strength in relationships.

A little bear.  
Balloons, a verse,  
and shapes cut out,  
I see Lilacs.  
I see play.  
I see beauty.

I am enriched,  
I am calm.  
Recovery is on its way,  
I am recovered.  
My mind working with my heart.

I see life anew,  
I see beauty,  
I hear music.  
I resonate with vibrant energy.

I am alone here with you.  
On and on we go,  
Recovery, thank you.  
Recovered a new sense of being.

Saturday 29 April 2006

Champaben Mistry

# Reflected In My Mirror

I see my love for you,  
I sit here and wonder what will be.  
What lies I say to you.

Here for me and you.  
I see a fool in me,  
I see beauty in you.

I become the pain I see before me,  
I sit and wander in lonely thought.

The calm you feel and experience,  
Is no more than is in me,  
You are a shining star.

In the universe,  
In the dark cosmos,  
I see the loneliness of you.

The sadness in me, departed.  
As my sadness departed,  
I saw you.

Your fears became not unlike my own.  
And now I sit here.

In company of stars,  
Not unlike a shining star.  
My star, I found you.

(Bolton, UK. Wednesday, 10 October 2007)

Champaben Mistry

# Rhythm Of The Night

My dance finds me here,  
My feet, are this beauty that floats on air.  
I sway to the music.  
My feet find a way to me.  
I am dancing.

I find a cautious me waiting in the wings.  
The final song, sits unknown.  
In air that rises from the dance floor.  
I am a solitary soul,  
On this wooden floor,  
Where the music carries me, to places only I know.

I choose to dance,  
And move in harmony with the rhythm of my beating heart.  
I know of no place I would rather go,  
Than to this, a rapturous dance, in moonlight.

I am the child in play,  
The artist with creation,  
Pulsing, sharing a new life.  
This is I, the life.

Champaben Mistry

# Sheet Music

I talked of you today.  
The space between the notes,  
Where without I the music, I am not.

This silent space I found today,  
This is no silent space at all.  
Where emotions rise,  
The silence falls.

The gentle summer breeze my shawl,  
The children's delightful cry,  
Stay and play today with tonight.

Like the crashing and the banging,  
Of no space between notes, I am.  
The treason of tears,  
A melody of charm,  
Through my emotion, I am found.

A heart that will not rest tonight,  
Where in joyful harmony,  
I find a silent space, and  
My spoken word is not a screech.

(Friday, 20 July 2007, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Silence Sound

We sat and found a little space just to be,  
Where the summers sun warms us still,  
The berries of winter's tang, sharp.  
Biting cold.

The stones fallen,  
The biting wind, a cold embrace.  
The day long and beautiful,  
Where people wait, in their silent youth.

The sound of song,  
Echos safely in my heart.  
Where the laughter captured,  
A summers nectar, all my own with enough to go around.

The peace and tranquility,  
The laughter resonates still.  
I am safe in the growing of my maturity,  
I am moving, beyond that which is known to man.

(01/02/08, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Solitary Charm

I am no less a little world than you.  
I too have feelings.

There are times when I hear,  
You care only to state your view.  
There are times when I am sure I do, too.

In the humanness of my being,  
There, right here, in my solitary soul.  
Where the silence fills me,  
On my own I may be, but alone, I am not.

Here where my sea is azure,  
Where the seashells glisten,  
The salty sea my delight,  
My skin softens with innocent joy.

I am in rapture at nature's splendour.  
As I sit and delight in the beauty that surrounds me,  
My inner chatter quietens,  
It is here that I feel, for a moment, peace.

Through the passage of time I grace,  
You are unknown, yet known.  
Your intelligence, a glorious golden beauty,  
I become the radiance of sunshine.

Champaben Mistry



# Steel Strung

My Artist's date was fun today.  
I chanced by a musical opportunity.  
I took a leap to ask, when may I learn,  
Then in excitement,  
I floated in the space between notes.

Acoustic sounds will fly,  
My fingers ready for the tremulous sigh.  
I quiver at the thought,  
With a glint in my eye,  
Here in June.

There is no greater joy,  
I have me by my side.  
Me, my playful creativity,  
Wanting to sing, dance and play the music of my soul.

The air vibrates joyfully with me,  
I smile as I gently take sight of an acoustic guitar.  
Not a sound, listen...

My song in the making has begun,  
My journey is new.  
Dancing lights sparkle upon my eye.  
I share this silent tune,  
What a joyful delight.

My determined spirit,  
Positively engaged and resting in the space between the notes.  
Like an actor in a play,  
Waiting for my cue, and I become, my duet with you.

Champaben Mistry

# Storm

To true the mountain of my truth  
To fearsome a truth, this I am.  
Struggle through,  
I know your boat fills with such rain.

Bale out all that threatens to destroy you,  
Pull back the sails of your vessel,  
Let not your brow furrow,  
Feel the wetness,  
Feel soaked right through.

I am here in the storm,  
With you!  
I am the hail, for you,  
I am the pounding upon your vessel,  
I am only a simple truth.

Hear me now,  
I am lost without you.

Champaben Mistry

# Sweet Memory

It captures me while I wait,  
The moment of beginning,  
The soulful dance,  
My gentle beating heart awakened.

The memory deep and full.  
The beauty of the moment resonates within me,  
And the music sweet to me.

I thank the beauty of life,  
The creative prescence that brought me here.  
And now once more,  
We are here in tune, whole.

Hold me gently,  
Hold me kind,  
Deep in peace begin a new life.

(Bolton, Thursday 26 August 2010)

Champaben Mistry

# Thanks To You

The life that is mine,  
Is mine to share,  
This blessed storm,  
My friend.  
Upon my canvas,  
I capture a light.  
The light in your eyes,  
My friend.

Where there is a love beyond,  
Salt tears.  
Beyond a furrowed brow,  
Where aloneness settled in.  
To become a piece of me,  
This all I have to give,  
An inner sanctuary,  
In gentleness I know as your friend.  
This is a visit to me,  
Within this that is my soul,  
A space I share with you.

Champaben Mistry

# The Airport Lounge

In the landscape,  
I do see people sitting, peacefully.  
The occasional glitter of frustration etched upon the brow,  
The calm of the heart revealed.

Children sitting eating upon the lap of man,  
Clip clop of heels upon tiles.  
The air conditioning rumbling in the background,  
The long sigh as we wait.

I take a moment to be.  
I need not wait for me,  
I am here, sitting with me,  
Ever so peacefully.

The tension in my body,  
Electrifies the air around,  
The rumbling sounds,  
The scraping chairs.

People stopping to reflect,  
What is written upon the page.  
I sit and wonder at the melancholy rising and disappearing,  
Here i am today.

The curled smile,  
The squinted face,  
A back resting in relaxed pose,  
All around the unaware.

My words once written,  
Weave into a harmony of their own,  
With this peace that is me.

(Written 15/6/2007, Manchester, UK and modified 23/6/2007, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# The Clean Cobweb

I feel you here now.  
Like the cobweb upon the iron gate.  
The weave of your web,  
A silken form holding in the gentle breeze.

Your web it holds the evening raindrops.  
And in the morning light, shines.  
Glorious golden colours within the water-droplets.

I pulsate with the freshness of the morning air,  
I feel the rhythm of this new day,  
My heart beats strong.

I live beyond hope,  
To the knowing that already is.  
The place where silken form is made.

With an effortless peace,  
I, the web vibrate in the morning air,  
Noticed, and now not the nothingness I was at the break of dawn.

(Sunday 8 July 2007, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# The Poets Soul Song

Some where through the mist,  
You will see me.  
Find me,  
I am the lingering touch.  
The light of the moment.

Our joyful laughter fills the air.  
I move onward to places new,  
Where with this me by my side,  
I am.

I try words new,  
I seek meaning in the me that I am.  
And I listen more clearly to the peace.

I find a joining of my soul with the peace,  
I seek not to change it, just be it.  
The delight of this moment is yours to share.

Find in you this silent space,  
Where two hearts meet.  
And meet you for the first time.  
Know me as you.  
And you as I.

(Saturday 7 July 2007, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# The Warmth Of The Night

A mist of confusion lifts,  
The glimmer, of gentleness comes into moment.  
As the dark nights draw in,  
We draw hearthside,  
Holding dear our cups full to the brim.

The cool nights,  
Make warm a friendly embrace.  
The succulence of the evening,  
Becomes a sumptuous and delicious delight.

Somehow through the dark nights,  
We regain a sense of ourselves.  
A sense of the calm serenity that waited,  
This is a warm evening.

The cosy candle lights the rooms,  
Of our blessed home,  
The festivities begin,  
Ready to be savoured.

Thursday, 01 November 2007, Bolton UK

Champaben Mistry



# Transformation Of Friendship

Resting in this place,  
I explore the landscape of me.  
I see a well cut lawn,  
I see creativity in bloom.

The hummingbird flies.  
The hummingbird's glistening beauty captured my eye.  
I smell the scent of flowers in bloom,  
The fragrance of my new day is mine to enjoy.

I see the me that is.  
I hold me firm.  
Let me see through the brilliance,  
This sunshine is my friend.

I see fairness in the storm,  
Where I live in place,  
That requires no further reassurance,  
My place I find, in grounded beauty.

My solace is an open fire,  
Where the cold crisp night air,  
I place into un-harmful form.  
And I can be the humanness of me.

I feel I captured a piece of me today,  
When I stilled long enough,  
I saw this me that I am.  
Where through my insecurities,  
I really do fly.

I fly firm,  
I fly fast,  
I fly in colourful beauty.  
I am the dream.  
Colourful gold's with red and, luminescence fuchsia.

(Bolton, UK. Wednesday, 10 October 2007)

Champaben Mistry

## Trusting Me (V2)

Do not think for a moment,  
That I know what you need.  
Be the person you are,  
And you will find me with you.

My treasured beauty.  
My enriching self.  
You are a precious present, a gift.  
My love.  
I sparkle when I think of you.

The singular form of me,  
Becomes a wholeness.  
I am the beauty of truth,  
Words once more in form.  
Where in love and peace I am.

The me that I am is what we created to be.  
I am once more.  
My life a light become the light to joy,  
Where fears and anxieties are the energies of joy,  
To this they return for me.  
So I may be the Joyful calm.

And now here I am with you,  
My trusted friend.  
Forgiven into a wholeness of me.

Monday, 03 September 2007, Barcelona

Champaben Mistry

# Warm Sunshine

When being nice to myself,  
I stick around.  
When hurting and feeling,  
I sometimes retreat.  
There is a silent place where I can go.

Like when the rain falls,  
Tears like sunshine become a stream,  
Leaves will float and be driven on.  
And fishes will swim.

The reflections cannot be seen,  
The clouds bring a hue of grey.  
My need for clarity consumes me,  
And I rest in this place with grace.

There's seed I sow,  
Of peace and thanks.  
Where on some sunny day a flower will bloom.  
In euphoric praise,  
I once again will fall to my knees,  
And just be.

Silent tears,  
A kindness,  
Peace.  
The joy I am, for those who wish to see or hear.

(Monday, 24 September 2007 Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Winter Nectar

The rain subsides,  
There is flurry of snow.  
The joyful beginning of a story,  
My life blessings remain untold.

Where people brace the wind,  
And children delight.  
There are frantic strangers.  
Finding hope, in glittering wrappings.

A present for you,  
Is like the fragrance of a flower.  
And I see people scurrying,  
Taking precious moments with you.

I sit in quiet reflection,  
As December draws near.  
And the tinsel moment,  
I felt in autumn is now a reality for me.

The early bird sings,  
And delights me once more.  
Rustling of leaves, no more.  
I hear the music of the notes.

I hear this beat of my drum,  
That says sing along, and hum.  
Know I am here.  
I will always be here.

(Monday, 24 September 2007 Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry

# Winters Tale

Open your eyes and see,  
A wonderful place to be,  
Where frost glitters,  
And the sun sparkles.

We think of loved ones past,  
We think of friends in need.  
We join in the beauty of the moment,  
And let hope flow.

In the silence of the night,  
With people in deep slumber,  
We can let our spirits flow to a new song.

Saturday, 06 December 2008, Bolton, UK

Champaben Mistry

# Words With Heart From Patient To Therapist

The light once more  
I ignite.  
The, me, my character,  
I have found.

From a journey within,  
I know now,  
My family and I  
Are with me.

Like a balm to a wound,  
I travelled to a place,  
And found treasures,  
That reach beyond, my wildest dreams.

My wealth, my family and my friends,  
I am this wholeness.  
I share with you.  
Excellence is you.

So as I depart  
Our journey complete  
I say, thank you  
A gift from me that stays

(Bolton, Friday 14 September 2007)

Champaben Mistry

# You, My Spirit

A bird flies the open sky.  
Sailing, gliding with defining edges.  
The wind catches the feathers,  
and still afloat this bird flies on.

The trees they are adorned,  
By brilliant sunset,  
Beauty and lightness.

The bird that was still is,  
But yet no more, and  
we know,  
That in its present form,  
The call of the wild,  
Is its truth and mercy.

Natures,  
silent beauty.  
The changing of clouds and trees,  
The figurement of imaginary beauty,  
a stillness that is not captured by our eyes.

Buds blossom.  
Trees grow.  
Clouds change.  
And my spirit flies.

(Thursday 27 April 2006, Bolton, UK)

Champaben Mistry