

Poetry Series

Helen Gaudin
- poems -

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Helen Gaudin()

As a child, I remember sitting in the back yard with a lined A4 School Exercise book and pencil and telling my father I was going to be a writer when I grew up as I frantically scribbled down ideas that danced in my head. I remembered the all the stories I read and retold them to my younger sisters. Over the years I drifted away and then back to putting my thoughts into words. The dance between my imagination and the actual process of writing wax and waned as the demands of daily life pulled me in different directions. Over the last few years I have once again returned to laying down into the light the words that dance in my head.

A Cage Of Bones

The bones in my face press insistently outwards
Piercing through skin they expand like a cage
Forward and beyond they grow
Enclosing my aura in a projected bony facade
Like an ill fitting garment uncomfortable and too tight
My hands press against my face to bring the bones back
But pressure builds, pushing, pushing
Pain flickers darting backwards and forwards
From inside my head the bones seem to have a life of their own
Taking me out of this dimension.

Helen Gaudin

A Hollow Reflection

Saints and Icons carry memory of worship
Stars of yesterday's grace
Given life through prayers and soft murmurs of wishes
Steadfast they reside in hallowed spaces
A promise of piety given place in heaven
Sanctified and held up to inspire and to youth aspire
Removed from the messy reality of the world
Life that was not as now told, gone in the blink of an eye
Only a hollow reflection of humanity remains.

Stars and Heroes created through the media
To generate adulation and worship
Given status to divert and distract and youth to aspire
Held up to high standards only to be pulled down
By the power that created, thus destroyed
A reminder that there is no sanctity in glorified heights
And heaven no longer awaits
Rewards are only monetary and public attention is fickle.

Saints and Icons, Stars and Heroes litter the archives
The required anguish of blood, sweat and tears
Forgotten in the captured moment of glory
A history momentarily remembered
As they show their Stigmata's, their wreaths and medals
All that remains of the promise is a hollow reflection
Generated through the imagination of the final observer.

Helen Gaudin

A Little Death

Sleep
Perchance to dream
Or, not

Sleep
To knit the ravelled sleeve of care
Unconsciously

Sleep
A gift that takes away the world
Softly

Sleep
A venture into the unknown
Alone

Sleep
A pathless ravine, dark and deep
Enclosing

Sleep
A little death practiced
Daily

Helen Gaudin

A Passing Storm

Battered and blinded by the rain
Water sliding down my neck
Wet down to my skin
Shoulders hunched
Struggling against an adversary I couldn't overcome

I stopped
Raised my face to the storm
Closed my eyes
Let the water flow
The rain washed over me
I existed only inside the passing storm

I tasted my world
The sea, the wind, the sun, the snow
I knew soon, piece by piece, moment by moment
They too would become my whole world
As it was only a passing storm

Helen Gaudin

Awakening: The Journey Continues

Darkness holds a soul defeated
Till fallen from the sky
The stone's magical light breaks the world
Seen, unseen all is one
Spirit awakened, soul transformed
The journey takes the seeker
Through the shadows in search of knowledge, guidance and self
The stone, shielding and protecting from within
The thread of life unwinds in its fullness

Helen Gaudin

Become

In becoming who you are

Do not hide the fire in your soul under a mantle of smallness

You have been forever, eternal

You are present in the now, being

You will be in the far distant future, infinite

Your grace flows endlessly from one shared universal source

You are a powerful natural force

Grow strong in growing into yourself

Do not hide the fire in your soul

Become who you are.

Helen Gaudin

Bringing Grace Into The Day

Body waking to the bright morning
Quiet mind, thoughts stilled
From depths softness arises
The taste of earth, rich, deep and secret
Followed by a salty sweetness
And a sense of timelessness
Of traditions handed down
Bursting across the tongue; flavour
Of life lived in its fullness
Mind and soul wreathed in gentle quietude
Light flows through porcelain
Infusing the tea in a golden glow
Enfolded in fragrant steam
The mind's eye sees high mountain plantations
Glossy green leaves, quick hands
Young tips plucked as they begin to unfurl
Tenderness in the leaf
The delicate flavour floats softly
Into mind body and soul
Bringing grace into the day

Helen Gaudin

Chasing The Moment

I am behind myself
Chasing the movement of the day
Moving but not achieving
As if the world beneath my feet
Is flowing backwards
For every step I take
I still do not reach this moment
Frustration and irritation arise
I have to stop, rewind and begin again

Helen Gaudin

Child Of The Stars

Touching the edge of night□
My wings flamed in the dying sun
The world could no longer hold me
I sprang into the air
And soared into my birth.
I am a child of the stars.

Helen Gaudin

Connections

From soft, misty shadows they emerge
At first just a shape, indistinct
Gaining form, coming closer
Heart leaps with recognition
Familiar likeness
Becoming more distinct the closer they come
Then you see the strange, the difference
It is other
It is not you, meeting yourself

Tentatively reaching out, lips curve upwards
Matched by responding upward curve
Eyes meet momentarily
Unspoken words fill the space between
Warmth flows
Passed by, drifting further away
Shape forming, new, lips curve
No match, strange, turn away, pass by
Cold fog fills the space between
Connection and disconnection
Finding and not finding myself in others

Helen Gaudin

Dancing Light

Rain reflections in red, and white and green
Webs of light dancing across the grey
In flares and sparkles and flashes
Refracted in the water droplet on my glasses
Sudden flare of red burst in my vision
Coherent lines of white flow towards me
Twisted and turning green enters the dance
I drive home through curving ribbons of light

Helen Gaudin

Do I Exist?

Sky melting down into the landscape
Definition lost, edges undefined
Sound muted into grey
Do I exist?
Or have I faded into the pallid light
Flaked out into ashes
Unresponsive
Do I exist?
Or have I become part of this achromatic world
Dispersed, blanched white, withered away
Soundless
Do I exist?
Or am I a ghost in the landscape
Encased in dreams
Blind to anything but shroud around me
Do I exist?
To any but myself.

Helen Gaudin

Drenched Green

Green; dripping
Grey; lowering
Damp; rising
A world of drenched green

Sun; hidden
Rain; constant
Wind; intermittent
Summer, a distant prospect

Earth; foundations
Water; emotions
Air; thoughts
Fire's transformative energy lost

Balance unstable
Motivation low
Life force stagnant
Under the drenched green

Call on fire
Light the candle
Meditate on obsidian
Add chilli to chocolate
Elements of energy and transformation

Move beyond the drenched green

Helen Gaudin

Earth Song

Our Mother sings an earth song
She sings into being the web of life
The sound of her song spirals down into our souls
Her music winds itself around each beating heart

In the sparkle of the sun on the sea; you will hear her
In the whisper of the wind in the trees; you will hear her
In the movement of the bones of the earth; you will hear her
In the fire's laughter; you will hear her
In the depth of the night; you will hear her

In your soul
You hear her

And when you hear her; will you answer?
Will you dive into the web of life and offer up your heart?

Helen Gaudin

Fractals And Spirals

Fractals and spirals
Trap the eye and ensnare the mind
Taking us in and down
Descending
Following the internal DNA path
We travel the long journey
Down to our centre
Into the eternal space
The place between the stars

Helen Gaudin

Haiku #31

Wretchedness and woe
Unwelcomed disarray; lost
In sleep's oblivion

Helen Gaudin

Haiku #32

Winter garden sleeps
Rising murmur far below
Promise of new growth□

Helen Gaudin

Haiku #33

Sun strike, eyes blinded
Eastern journey bathed in light□
Darkness burnt away

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 01/01/2017

Fire's crowning glory
Tree of life, circle keeper
Pohutakawa□

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 01/07/2016

Icy southern wind
Clouded mountain, snow mantled
Winter `s grip flexes

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 02/01/2017

Keeper of knowledge
An ancient, transcending time
Te Tuatara

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 02/07/2016

Silence layered deep
Fast feet touching lightly down
Over ice edged grass

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 03/01/2017

Gentle summer rain
Flowers graced in diamond strands
Soft water falling

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 03/07/2016

The guesthouse empty
Hours disappeared in darkness
No guidance today

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 04/01/2017

Wind born dreams are shared
Floating in the endless blue
Dandelion's drift□

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 04/07/2016

Sunlight on branches
Feral faces peeking out
It's only shadows

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 05/01/2017

Illumination

You have the power to choose

Your centre expands

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Haiku 05/07/2016

Eyes blind, fate unknown
Scented visions, Oracle's
Perception obscure

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 06/01/2017

Outer world exists
Mirage like; in my mind's eye
Endless visionscape

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 06/07/2016

Gentle rain on the roof
The alarm ringing loudly
Opposite callings

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Haiku 07/01/2017

Lazy wakening
Unplanned hours stretching out
Weekends's blissful gift

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 07/07/2016

Subconscious images
Stories woven from the mind
Dreams materialised

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 08/01/2017

Blustery forecast
The sound of wind, a lost voice
Seasons inside out□

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 08/07/2016

Black sky reflection
Wind dancing wildly above
Fish serenely float

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 09/01/2017

Curiosity

Space full of hidden secrets

Wide eyed reflection

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 09/07/2016

Silent tapestry
Torn asunder when disturbed
Embrace the soundscape

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 10/01/2017

Out in the darkness
Morepork's plaintive call resounds
A shadowed night song□

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 10/07/2016

Sinking deeply down
Sleep drawing veils over mind
Here, but not here

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 11/01/2017

Deep contemplation
Beyond closed eyes timelessness
Aurora dreaming

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 11/07/2016

Deep water below
Sitting precariously
Reaching for the stars

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 12/01/2017

Empty eyes gaze out
The mask discourages exchange
Emotions hidden

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 12/07/2016

Light on horizon
Wheels on asphalt, rising sound
Dawn's silence broken

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 13/01/2017

Under drowsy heat
Heavy eyelids drift downwards
Summer somnolence

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 13/07/2016

Frigid rain, whip lashed
Drawing down night over day
Darkness enshrouded

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 14/01/2017

Silver coloured sky
Fragile bodies, heat battered
On the sun's anvil

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 14/07/2016

Round pegs and square holes
Fitting in impossible
Changing shape daily

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 15/01/2017

Ragged edges smoothed
Heartbeat slows, mind unfolding
The balm of quiet souls□

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 15/07/2016

Spelled water flowing
Circe Invidiosa
Sings; Illusions spawned

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 16/01/2017

Promise in the bud
Blighted in harsh conditions
Beautiful decay□

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 16/07/2017

Spelled water flowing
Circe Invidiosa
Sings; Illusions spawned

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 17/01/2017

Lying in the deeps
Legendary Taniwha
Keeper of shadows

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Haiku 17/07/20106

Raining in the night
Warmth inside, with lights glowing
Winter held at bay

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 18/01/2017

All deities tread
The dream space inside your mind
Guarding and guiding

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 18/07/2016

Drifting in the blue
Sunlight sparkles through the mind
Winter's diamond days□

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 19/01/2017

Enclosing darkness
Air shivers; chimes resonate
Night has its own grace□

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 19/07/2016

Nubilous light falls
Like a blade, wind's ice sharp kiss
Caresses my face

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 20/01/2017

Little known; we
Strangers; reaching towards each
Other's differences

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 20/07/2016

Morpheus reaches out
Suspended within the dream
web; Inner eye opens

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 21/01/2017

A crack in the dark
Sleepy song heralds the day
In dawn's early light

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 21/07/2016

Mountain, sea bounded
Life balanced and turbulent
Between strength and flow

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 22/01/2017

Elemental wind
Defending the damaged world
Arctic anger roars□

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 22/07/2016

Weathervane rotates
To left, to right, spinning round
Indecisively

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 23/01/2017

Flowing down the curve
Sweet reward for day's labour
Liquid caramel☐

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 23/07/2016

Water draws inward
Wash of emotions flow out
Released on ebb tide

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 24/01/2017

In the quiet breath
Darkness wraps the mind gently
Peace flows to the heart

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 24/07/2016

Rain loud on the roof
Slowly sinking into sleep
Cat's purr a comfort

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 25/01/2017

Outside, ordinary
Inside, flights of fancy reign
Filling hidden depths

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 25/07/2016

A floating dreamscape
La Serenissima calls
Venice is timeless

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 26/01/2017

In a heart's winter
Grasp the eternal promise
That all season's turn

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 26/07/2016

Seen, unseen; eyes drift
There but still invisible
Perception faulty

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 27/01/2017

Breathe in then breath out
Counterbalancing tension
Sinking into self

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 27/06/2016

Brain slides into fugue
Counting off life in moments
Inner grey fog state

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 28/01/2017

Tenderly curled up
Surrounded and protected
Burgeoning new life

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 28/07/2016

Out of the timeless
Swampy green; blue feathers flash
Pukeko strolls through

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 29/01/2017

In to and out of
Dimensional transcendence
Your thoughts flow freely

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 29/07/2016

Distant inner gaze
Imaginations full flight
Private worlds open

Helen Gaudin

Haiku 30/07/2017

Wind plaintively calls
Spirits dance within the flow
As stories unfold

Helen Gaudin

Holding Onto Summer

At the land's end the sea rolls up to the sky
Warm colours flow together
Like butterflies into heaven
Leading day joyously into night
I stand in the fading light
Tightly, holding onto this perfect day
The smells
The tastes
The joys
A breath, in drawn
Held for that long moment,
Focussed on absorbing every last sensation
Folding them carefully in my memories
So that this summer's day will never end.

Helen Gaudin

I Am Hers

Into my mother's embrace I give myself
I match my heartbeat to her eternal rhythm
My breath sighs in and out to the ebb and flow of her tides
Through my veins flows life as the streams from mountains to sea
Unique, ever changing and everlasting
Expressing herself in movement through the myriad of creatures she has birthed
Creative, imaginative and compelling
She is life, I am hers□

Helen Gaudin

Inward Focus

I joke that my ailments
Are all inside my head
I could cut off my head
Leave it behind and all would be well

Points of pain, points of pressure
Build in sparks and flashes
Across the bone scape
Eyes shut, I can paint my face
Coloured in pain's dimensions
To my own internal music
As a continuous ringing
Pulses in my inner ears

All my focus turns inwards
My inner world scape overwhelms
While in here I have nothing to give
That is beyond this space

Helen Gaudin

Life; Dark And Light

Wings of darkness descending
Spirit retreating inwards
Body connection unsettled
Pain, discomfort, melancholy
Aura weighted down
Disconnection

Mind, body and spirit
Cautiously finding balance
Memory markers reveal
Points of stability
Climbing back to place of balance
Reconnection
Wings of light ascending

Helen Gaudin

Melting Landscapes

Strawberry clouds lay in folds upon the horizon
Lavender drifts folding down into bruised purple banks
Darkening moment by moment, sun overwhelmed by the brush of clouds
Crystal drops randomly hit the windscreen, changing shape and becoming fluid
My morning's journey through a surreal world of melting landscapes

I enter an enclosed space where I will spend hours
A place separate from enlivening and ever changing nature
A man made box sealed off from the chaos that is the world
Order, structure, time and rules are the byword of this artificial landscape
Beyond the window I momentarily see a sliver of the dark grey sky
Enclosed between harsh, straight lines of solid mass

And as I left this enclosed world and stepped through the door
The southern wind buffeted me with a hard body blow
I thought of the words of Kahlil Gibran " the wind delights to play with your hair";
I took off my hat and released my hair from its tie
The wind leapt forward and I was surrounded by a white cloud
Fingers of wind danced through my hair and twisted and curled
Elflocks were dropped onto my shoulders, then lifted up again
I looked at the world through stranded white and the wind still danced

As I entered my car the rain flung itself onto the windscreen like a jealous sibling
The wind lost its playful nature, buffeting as it threw itself against the car's metal body
The sound of rain reverberated through the car
Visibility reduced, the world refracted, chaos once again in dominance
Enlivened nature gave me a journey home through a surreal melting landscapes

Helen Gaudin

Mygraine

Light flickering around the edge
Sight inwards
Chaotic vision
Pressure building
Heaviness bearing down
Dark overlay rising

Light shining on the underside
Spiralling down
Deep within
Becoming lost
Floating amongst stars
Sparks lighting darkness

Inside everything expanding
Dark, dark, light
Heavy, heavy, tight
Until released
Disconnected
Dropping into the dark

Helen Gaudin

Quiet Space

Outside the busy world clatters, chatters and rattles on
Sounds of vehicles rushing by
The constant electronic hum, just below hearing, felt in the bone
The minutiae of other lives seeping into you through waves of sound
Day in, day out, constant sound, always there always present, filling mind and
body to the brim.

Breathing consciously you create the pause between the layers of sound
Quiet space, inside your head, expanding out
Your eye rests gently on a peaceful scene;
Breathe, space
Your hand curves over the warm, soft body of a companion;
Breathe, space
Drifting softly the scent enters you soul, memories expand;
Breathe, space
On your tongue, the taste of family, of love, of happiness in the bite taken;
Breathe, space.

Inside, the quiet world, expands, flexes and absorbs and fills your soul to the
brim
You move beyond the world's noise
You leave behind those other's lives
Breathe, space, quiet, no sound, always there within your reach, always present
filling mind and body
Slip gently into your quiet space, your regenerating place.

Helen Gaudin

So Many Smiles□

So many smiles begin with you□
The bridge that crosses distance
The light that bathes another's soul
The door that invites connection
Smile and you have the ability to overcome; time, gender, age and race
It is a sharing
It is a blessing
It is an invitation
A smile lifts weight, creates warmth, releases spirit
It is a gift beyond price that weaves grace and harmony into the fabric of the
world
Share freely
So many smiles begin with you

Helen Gaudin

Sorrow Shares My World

You lie in the dark
Quiet beneath the ground
Held in an earthly embrace
Insensate
Nothing touches your cold flesh
I stand looking at the enveloping earth
Saturated with sorrow

Wrapped in shadows of doubt
That life can still exists inside of me
My heart hardens
As if made of stone
I cannot see beyond this grief saturated moment
Sorrow darkens my soul

Matter from earth, matter back to earth
A connection that has never been abandoned
My grief has me yearning
My soul reaching out to join you
Under the weight of sorrow

Around me is the enigmatic, eternal, waiting silence
Like the sphinx blindly staring across the desert, unknowable
For a moment I see through the eyes of the dead
To eternity
Reluctant acceptance slowly rises
Through the curdled emotions that push against the edges of my skin
I endure the ache of sorrow

Within me rises the deep understanding that it is not my time
The living world is still waiting within my reach
I still have to withstand all the midnight hours
To survive the dark before the dawn
Now that Death has cut the ties
And sorrow shares my world

Helen Gaudin

Sorrow's Thorn In The Faded Memories

The barbed wound in the softness of melancholy
Yearning for a life long gone

Beauty decayed
No longer shining bright
Memory betrayed

Hope, lost in the hidden recesses' of the mind
The sharp pain, knowing for a moment you cannot remember
Sliding back, into the blurring colour of the faded memories

Sorrow's thorn

Helen Gaudin

Spring Showers

Misty rain□
Gently soaking
Colours blurred
Light nubilous
Soft focused
Edges indistinct
Melting down

Life burgeoning
Breaking open
New growth
Hazy green
Flower faces
Rain speckled
Rising up

Sunlight breaks
Cloud cover
Growth rises
Season's promise
Blossoming forth
Life's exuberance
Offered freely

Helen Gaudin

Storm Riders

The 4.30 dark under stormy skies
The cold slap of rain
The push and shove of wind
Storm riders flowing through the streets

Sharp spike of lightning
The flash of light in the storm
A bite of cold against exposed fingers
Storm riders sky born rumbling thunder

The watery shine of the car lights
Flowing forward
Reflexes need to be quick
As Storm riders draw darkness over the world

Helen Gaudin

Taken Home

Where feathers fall angels tread
Down mountains,
Through fog and silence
Arrow pierced the fragile skin
Circle broken
Luminous moon shone
Down into dark canyons
Wounded souls
Gathered up and taken home

Helen Gaudin

Te Maunga And Te Moana

My brother the mountain
My brother the guardian
My brother, watches over me

My sister the sea
My sister the guide
My sister, brings the world to me

His strength; holds me up
Her fluid nature; engages my mind
His strength; lets me go forth
Her ebbing tides; releases my spirit
His strength; protects me
Her abundant energy; liberates me
Te Maunga is the mountain, Te Moana is the sea

Helen Gaudin

Tea, Simply Complex

A slow and gentle awakening
As fragrant steam softly rises
Gently touching my face
In amber liquid endless reflections
Dreaming into the day
The first sip a benediction
Flavours burst across my tongue
Of long ago and far away
A world bounded by the china rim

Helen Gaudin

The Bone Dance

Quick flicks of fire
Smudged shadows of pressure
Cursive lines cracking open
Arches limned in fiery light
Light, light, dark

Shape defined in the mind
Coloured in dull burning red
Blue shadowed dark silhouettes
Fired into infinity in fading sparks
Dark, dark, light

Bones clothed in skin
Wanting to feel the light
Dance upon osseous fibre
Gleaming whitely in the dark
Light, dark, light

Swallowing the receding sparks
Turning inside out
Change the focus outward
Draw the lines in the air
Light, Light, Light.

Helen Gaudin

The Bone Landscape□

Bone pressured as in a vice
Pushing forward defining shape
Sculptured in pain
Lines of fire arching outwards
Burning hollows falling deep
Every bone screams
A topography of pain
The outer world lost
Focus turns inwards
Tracing each line
Measuring each point
In a bone white landscape
Under muscle and skin

Helen Gaudin

The Circle

The brazen sun beat down in waves,
Slow and deep and heavy
The weight of sunlight pressed.

The graceful trees uplifted branches,
Lithe and high and light
The kiss of shadows whispered.

The sparkling ocean danced,
Quick and bright and cool
The pull of water renewed.

The enigmatic earth supported,
Strong and deep and calm
The energy of earth restored

Fire, air, water earth
Within and without
We are the circle of elements

Helen Gaudin

The Scintillation

Scintillation dancing
On the edge of vision
Brilliantine curling
Swirling in twisting motion
A dance of light on light
Enticing the eye to turn

Vision caught in pulsation
Focus into the centre
Reject the light fantastic
A faceted trap
That frames the world
In endless motion

Responsible reaction
Ignoring the dance
That bathes the world
In diamond lights
But, oh, I wish
I could give in
To the scintillation

Helen Gaudin

The Sound Of Silence

Silence makes the loudest sound
It presses heavily on my eardrum
Inside and out
A soundless barrier echoes
Confining my mind

The sound of silence sinks deeply
To weigh upon my spirit
Bearing it down
Like the weight of a thousand raindrops
On the head of a flower

Somewhere in the silence
I float between body and mind
Reaching for a connection
To break the resounding silence
And re-enter the physical world

Helen Gaudin

The Stories We Tell

Pale light
A luminous face
Blanched ghost-like
Gazing blankly
Unseeing
Vision tunneling
In and down
Through mind's ravines
Turning over memories
Pulling apart stories
Finding the myths
Seeking that which defines
That shapes the everyday
Listening to the echo
Of words that vibrate
That flow out in waves
To the edge of your skin
Picking up loose treads
Weaving pieces together
Kaleidoscope fragments
Moments that rise
Like bubbles in yeast
Patchwork of life
Piled up one on the other
Piece by piece
No life is lived
From end to end
It is only refined
In the stories we tell
When the gaze refocuses
Returned
To the everyday world

Helen Gaudin

The Truth Story

Truth

Constructed through assumption and little information
The could be, would be, should be, definition
The he said, she said, repetition
Of second hand, third hand, talking heads opinion
Passed on as gospel

Truth

Defined in word bites and pieces
Floating like algae in a pond, fostering murky perception
Accumulating weight with every word shared
Growing larger, conversation by conversation
Wantonly spreading far and wide

Truth

In "The News" truth is only ever an illation
Woven, from within countless opinions
Filtered through fractured prisms
Only showing a partial conclusion
To forge the response required from the audience

Truth

Is only a story within which we participate
Through the sharing of opinion.

Helen Gaudin

The Weight Of Silence

Can a scientist measure the weight of silence?

I sit in the silence and feel the weight pressing down
Inside my head a soundless voice crying out
Needing to break the barrier that surrounds the space
Silence full of pent up emotion
So smoothly impermeable and densely compacted

How many kilograms of silence weigh upon a metre of space?

Every centimetre of skin is alive to the pressure silence brings to bear
All sound is crushed under the weight
No word is spoken
But we all know

Silence creates the loudest statement

Helen Gaudin

The Wolves Of Grief

The wolves of grief have taken my heart
A child gone before her time
The cold moon ignores the pleas
Of a soul shrouded in agony
Sorrow takes all light
As I fall down, down, down
Into the tunnel of despair

Helen Gaudin

Turning Into Silence.....

Falling like a stone into the depths of my self
Silence become a presence
My eyes cry out the words I cannot say
They all fade away into the silence
Deep inside I howl, I scream, I cry
But nothing passes my lips
Only silence speaks
In the language of stone

Helen Gaudin

Water Call

A thick blanket of grey
Drawn down as streams of water
Wrapping around in a clammy embrace
Weighting down on all it touches
An opaque misty world
Through the stream, colour diffused
Visibility restricted, encased in a tunneled vista
Opening and closing, before and behind
Soft focussed, edges fading away
Dampness creeps into all the tiny spaces
Like little fingers drifting across skin
Calling to the water inside

Helen Gaudin

Within The Curve

Soft flow

Gentle motion

The eye faithfully follows the curve

Mind quiets

Centered

Stillness and peace flow out

Helen Gaudin

Young Love

Young love swiftly flown
Looked back upon with sweet delight
The memory of a love so full
The inconceivable idea that we would part
Our world wrapped around each other
Forever friends, our life would always be together
But time and world moved and changed
You went away, and day by day my world turned
Challenges arose and life was lived
And you went from my mind and from my heart
A busy life, a full life, new loves, new lives, new joys
Life was lived
As age increased, challenges lessened, time slowed and allowed for reflection
One day, a name in the newspaper
From the depths of mind and heart a memory arose of a young love swiftly
flown.

Helen Gaudin