

# The Mood Of An Evening At Bellmore Island

I am alone at Bellmore Island -  
This imperturbable rock in Azelock sea.  
The crescendo of the surf and the gusty dance of the winds  
Play on the strings of the mind like on a piano.  
The mood turns from the rapturous to reflective.

I ask myself what have I done?  
What will I do today?  
What will I do tomorrow?  
And the future looks a blot of ink.  
Mornings dawn and suns set,  
And time moves in a labored sigh.

She was an angel who did not want to live in a heaven,  
But in the clamor and dust of the world -  
Among the human beings.  
She lived with a passion to give,  
To heal others' wounds.  
She was not ruffled by the world's slights,  
Its materialistic core.

She searched for a God who would make her strong and free,  
So she could continue her mission of love and caring.  
An ethereal gracefulness enwrapped her;  
Her charm was a ribbon of light.  
My mother left this world recently;  
Leaving behind a footprint of nobility,  
A scent of love, a vision of perseverance.

I must return from Bellmore to the world,  
To complete my work here on earth.  
Then to mingle as a dust with the dust from the stars;  
To dance the cosmic dance from which life began.