

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.