

Falling Upwards

Falling upwards
Through the ether of life
At the speed of light.
Through searing heat
And deadly cold,
Past lives unlivd
And stories still to be told.
I see all and yet nothing
The Cosmos still and yet rushing.
I see myself dead and alive,
As my mind tries to survive
And my world caves in all around
To the deafening sound of my own screaming
voice. I have no choice but to let my soul disappear
into the densest blackhole. Yet all that I am is
alight, caught up in an infinite flight. I burn like a
supernova, knowing that everything is over. For I
am falling forever upwards
And upwards and upwards

My Childhood Self

(Inspired by Robert Hayden's Those Winter
Sundays)

My childhood self had no grasp
Of Love's austere and lonely offices,
Nor understood why grown-ups stressed
About life so much. I wondered sometimes why,
Judging them from my small height,
They did not sit down for a while and watch some
telly?
Of course I never asked them that.

I see it now, having had my own.
The world dictates how a home should be,
Not cold,not angry, not loveless or scary.
So we raise them carefully if not truthfully.
Faking it, hanging on in quiet desperation -
Well isn't that the English way?
Protecting them from the way that we were raised.

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ABOUT Catherine Morgan Wania

Catherine has been writing poetry since 2009 when she
was inspired to do so after a trip to Tibet, recording her
own inner experiences. She continues to use poetry as a
means to communicate her vision and insight about life
as she travels through this journey called life. This is a
small selection of her postcards from her journey.

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THE PK POETS SECOND SERIES

#18 Catherine Morgan Wania



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It's Not About That - But it is about This

This is not a poem about a taxi,
nor about the heat which caused the leather
seats to stick to bare skin. It is not about
the acrid smell of the Christmas Tree air-freshener
hanging from the mirror nor the mustiness
reminiscent of a second hand shop,
Nor the light of the Mediterranean evening
as it faded into iridescence.
This is not about the salty sweet taste
of anticipation, imagination running amok,
Flying around the stratosphere.
No it is not about that -
the indescribable yet essential nature of life itself.
This is not a poem about waiting in the scorching
sun
watching people exiting the airport,
eyes squinting against the blinding light,
looking for a familiar face.
Nor is it about the waiting for what felt like hours.
It is not about the all- pervading smell of the place -
that evocative mix of incense, spice and humidity.
It is not about things foreign
yet as deeply familiar as the scent of a rose
lingering in the recesses of a half-forgotten
memory.
This is not a poem about love once felt,
nor about watching them unseen
laughing with a stranger.
This poem is not about sitting in a cafe years later
waiting for food,

And it is definitely not about the pizza we had
ordered
nor about the antique beauty of the place
nor the blend of coffee and expensive cologne that
filled the air.
It is not about the sound of wine glasses,
shuddering on zinc trays being carried high above
our heads,
Nor about the iced water or pebble-like olives
Or about the pink claws and dark grey shells
Of the seafood piled high on a platter at the next
table.
This is not a poem about sitting and waiting in a
chair every evening.
It is not about waiting for help to arrive to get into
bed.
It's not about the armchair to wheelchair existence,
nor the view of the garden kept tidy by others.
It is not about the constant sense of bereavement
nor about being alone for nearly a decade now.
This is not a poem about questioning the nature of a
possible God
Not about the daily struggle with this slow and
steady demise.
No, this is a poem about what it means to be here
and now,
Here on a spinning rock turning around a ball of
fire.
Here clad in a suit made of skin and bone,
Here part of some Cosmic dance of light.
It is about the invisible thread of life that we are
sewn up by:
The transience, the fragility, the Don't blink or you
will miss it.
Feeling like we were forever when time was on our
side.
But every breath was being counted, the heart a
ticking clock.

Land of the Lotus

Where the eternal river flows,
And waters dark and ancient,
Wash the lotus feet of living souls,
And carry the gentle ash of death
In its final journey to the sea.

Land of the flute and sweet sitar
Of wild drums and tambourine.
Every colour of heaven and earth
Swirling in an endless dance
Of a million million human births.

Land where peacock and elephant
And Camel and sacred Cow
Stroll in the dusty sun and heat.
Where parrot`s shriek and monkey`s shout
Fill the broken smouldering streets.

Land of floating orange marigolds.
And rose and jasmine floors,
Of incense heavy air and sandalwooden doors.
Where everywhere the promise of the lotus flower
Is written in indigo, saffron, red and burning gold.

Land of inner paths and understanding,
Of timeless patient sacred search,
Where sage and mystic teach their ancient ways
To seekers searching for long-lost things-
The elusive keys to that which lies within.