

Anthology of JayGeorge



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To gentle spirits, wherever they are

summary

Mother Knows

Listen on the Wind

The Parade

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The Lone Wolf

The Wolf Princess

Mother Knows

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The pendulum swings to and fro.
As the hour advances, the clock shows
that the time for rest is drawing nigh.
Mother blinks; a knowing sigh
leaves her lips. She reflects,
whilst shadows dance from crazed insects,
flitting round the subdued light;
as if, their very survival might
depend upon the power akin.
Mother smiles: she knows within.

She feels the passion of the moth,
as she halts the stitching on the cloth.
The dainty frock in vivid blue,
soon to envelop her infant new.
An unborn babe, yet to arrive,
still, mother knows and contrives,
to vest her child in fitting dress.
Her instinct sound, she'll not guess,
her issue's being. Well, she knows,
what Nature tells her, as it grows.

When the babe is born, Mother knows,
how her new life role goes.
The needs of one so meek and mild
are lodged within and reconciled.
With her love and steadfast care,
she dedicates her life to share,
her mind, her soul and faithful heart,
with one from whom she'll never part.
With one she'll forge a bond so rare,

Mother knows she'll always care.

As her offspring thrive and grow,
through life's barbed pathways they must go.

With tender heart and loving care,
all their traumas she will share.

Facing their troubles as her own foes,
she cossets her kin; thus, she knows,
all tribulations yet to appear.

In eternal support and cherishing dear
her children' lives, thus from the wings,
she awaits what Destiny brings.

The years pass, mother grows old.
Her sweet counsel is such to behold.
Her babes full grown and far away,
Yet, mother sits and always prays.
her love will forever touch,
her children's' souls just as much
as when from her arms they soon arose.
She raised them proudly; now she knows.
her life's complete. As Nature willed,
Mother knows her call is fulfilled.

The pendulum swings again a time.
A tardy hour! The clock then chimes.
Mother smiles and surveys the night.
She gently reflects through fading sight.
Images still clear and yet she knows,
before she adjourns to seek repose.
Once more with a knowing sigh,
she proudly recalls her purpose high.
Mother knows then in her heart,
what God intended should be her part.

Jay George 2023

Listen on the Wind

Listen on the Wind

*Listen on the wind; watch as the river flows.
Marvel at the sun rising and honour its repose.
Cherish the budding flower and the winter's veil.
Regard the heavens' depths and the ocean's swell.
Look at the spirit inside all you behold,
on the fertile earth and the desert's gold.
Look in the seasons; for there I dwell.
I am in the mountain, the wild bluebell.*

*The perennial cycle that binds us all:
the spring, through summer, the Fall.
Like the aged tree I ceased and went.
like my fathers. I return, as I was sent:
to Creation once more. I enter her embrace.
I left my mark on this earthly place.*

*Though I came but swiftly, to follow Life's scheme,
I may be there, in all that you dream.
My soul is as bright as the summer sun.
Hold but a thought - and we are as one.
However, Destiny should render your fare,
think of me - and I shall always be there.*

Jay George (2023)

The Parade

*The soldier marched, erect, resolute.
A child followed mourning, inconsolable.
The child gazed at the throng assembled.
to honour the father. Slowly faces emerged.
An army of souls, familiar and tender.
Love radiated in waves from the gathering.
Steadily, the soldier proceeded into shimmering light.
The throng drew inwards: comrades stood in salute.*

*The light beamed brighter and warmer.
As the soldier marched steadfastly onwards,
the commanding officer emerged veiled in brilliance.
The soldier ascended the podium towards his destiny.*

*The serenity grew. The child realised he was in the
presence of a Great Spirit in a limitless hall.
Amid tranquillity and benevolence,
the soldier passed the threshold into eternity.
The child halted, lost in despair.
As he pondered, the Spirit spoke in resonant tone,
'If you have need, think of him. He will come and serve.
you as he has well served me.'*

Jay George (2023)

Moonshine on the Mere

*The full, new moon glistened like a silver shield.
The stars twinkled in the deep azure above.
A cloudless sky ? a heavenly plain!
The wind called a truce and breathed benignly.
A gentle zephyr blew across the stilled mere,
as moonbeams danced on the mirrored face
of that tepid pool. No beast roamed abroad:
No sound perturbed the evening calm.
A discernible ripple betrayed the stilled.
the water, as a sail fluttered o'er the hulk
of a tiny fragile boat that blithely tacked
with the meagre gust of arid, August air.
A sole sailor cruised on a lonely course,
homeward: his modest catch round his feet:
the bountiful fruits of the depths below.
Peace reigned in the moonshine on the mere.*

The Lone Wolf

The biting wind blew southerly: relentless,
across rugged grey ridges. Defenceless,
against the Arctic front, a noble spectre rose.
Hawkeyed, with cold, discerning nose.
Proud paces loped upwards and on
towards the peak. The bold moon shone,
casting eerie shadows around the terrain.
The lupine form, like a noble king. No regal train
honoured him. He exuded all majesty,
yet, no court prevailed: a seeming travesty,
to this Lord of the Wild, erect, and silent.
Head, perched high, showing all dissent,
to the savage chill, assailing his form,
the Lone Wolf knew soundly this norm.
He ruled the land; where, all he surveyed.
The desolate wastes, where his realm portrayed.
grisly crags of wrath in a wretched plain.
He howled, long and soulful, wracked with pain.
A call from a mate ? a faint but certain cry!
He sensed survival; his breed would ne'er die!

The Wolf Princess

She sat nobly, surrounded by moonlight,
that gently disturbed the calm, arid night.
High on a mountain top she posed,
as the wolf pack surrounded her. It closed.
to protect her from harm. No fear
beheld her, as the feral beasts, dear,
and loyal to her being, attended.
The lord of the clan had surrendered
his fiefdom to her. He stood, proud,
at her back, to challenge aloud,
anyone who would dare to call.
Leaves rustled freely in the early Fall.

The princess's smiled betrayed mystique.
Above, a condor deferred with lowered beak,
to salute the pure maiden below.
Her shimmering locks, and skin, aglow,
stood out starkly amongst fang and fur.
Her scent lingered in the static air.
The wolves around her, docile but keen,
were the courtesans, to this latent queen
of the wild. By implied command she reigned
o'er each willing warrior who feigned
and paused in homage. The princess peerless,
governed the night, amongst the fearless.