

Moonlight Reflections

By Warren Singer

October 2000



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Category: Literature. A collection of original poetry and art work.



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Preface

I would like to dedicate this little book of poems to my wife, Michele, my son Jonathan and daughter, Shani.

The contents of this book were prepared over a period of eight years, during a time of intense change.

The graphics are originals, designed with the aid of a computer graphics program. The poems cover a broad range of themes, including immigration, change, family, death, life, love, loneliness, nature and civilisation.

Moonlight Reflections

Gathering thoughts

I sit on the edge of this rock

Besides a tranquil pond

And gaze into the water.

In the night about me, I hear

The gentle croak of frogs

And chorus of crickets

A sweet and soft lullaby

Lulling me towards sleep

And rest.

Reflected in the pond,

The moon and stars

Gaze up at me.

My soul is a shadow,
Cast upon the water
And filled with star and moonlight
As clear, as empty and as full
As the night sky.



The Sad Face on the Box

I am a sad face on a box.

Cry for me, because my tears are dry

Don't ask me why

You too know what it means to drop

Silent tears.

I cannot

Too many years, Locked inside

I have tried,

There is nowhere left to run and hide

And I am tired.

Inside turned outside

My soul a stamp

For every passing eye

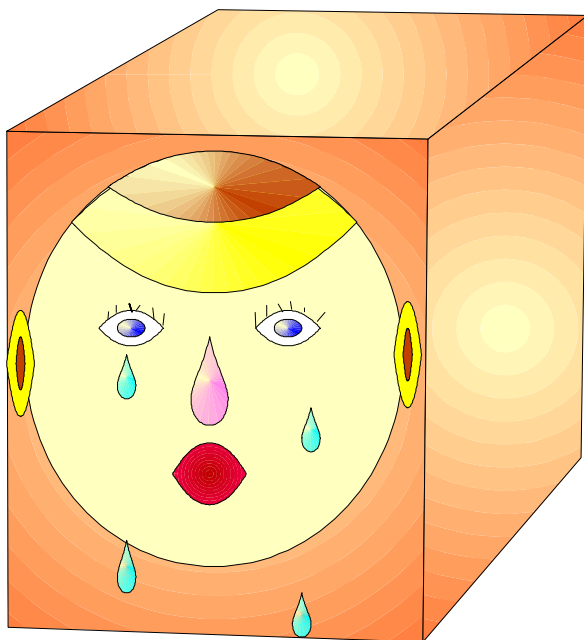
How the indifferent eyes pry

Am I as hollow as I seem?

This life, a passing dream

I am a moment
Caught and pressed upon a box
This glance,
One long, eternal, frozen speech.

The Face



Warren Singer

Home

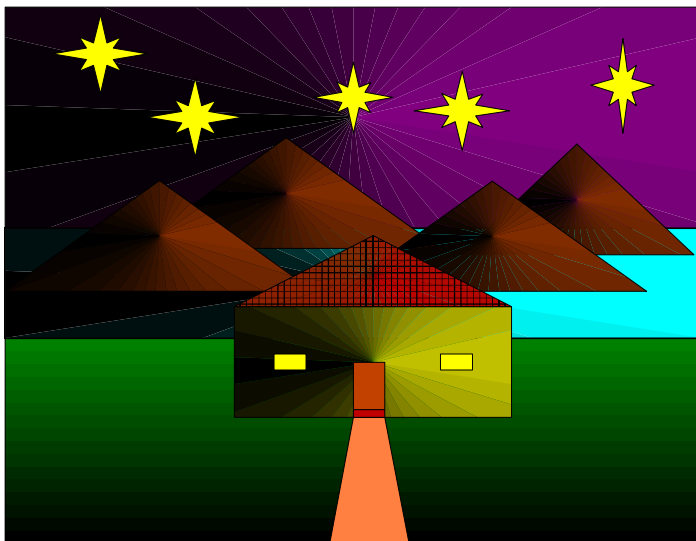
Far away from home
Lost and forgotten in a fleeting world
I long for a vanished past
A dream, swept away.

A stranger, fleeing from place to place
Seeking a roof and a small grass space
To call his own
A safe and secure home.

Carrying our homes on our backs
Stray belongings discarded on the lengthy road
Loved ones, left behind.
Home is where you make it.

We too now, discarded, in an alien land
Where is our home?
The bright stars call to me,
Promising warmth and safety.

Far out, beyond the night that clouds my vision
Far away, beneath the stars,
Within the cradle of the mountains
Lies my home.



Happiness

Happiness is..

Watching the laughter light up my son's face

My daughter's first wobbling steps

Being jumped on and tickled as I lie on my back

And late at night,

Cuddling next to my sleeping family.

Happiness is..

Sitting with my kids

And hugging them in my arms

Making trains from Lego

Playing talking puppets.

Happiness is..

Teaching my son to swim

Singing my daughter nursery rhymes

Taking them for walks

And pointing out things in shop windows.

Happiness is..

Watching them grow and become

Little people.

Happiness is..

Coming home from a hard day at work

Knowing that they're there

Safe and protected

And being welcomed

As I enter the door.

Shadows

We live on the very edge of society
Like shadows on the wall.
Nobody hears us, nobody notices
When we call,
Our cries are distant murmurs
Falling on unlistening ears.

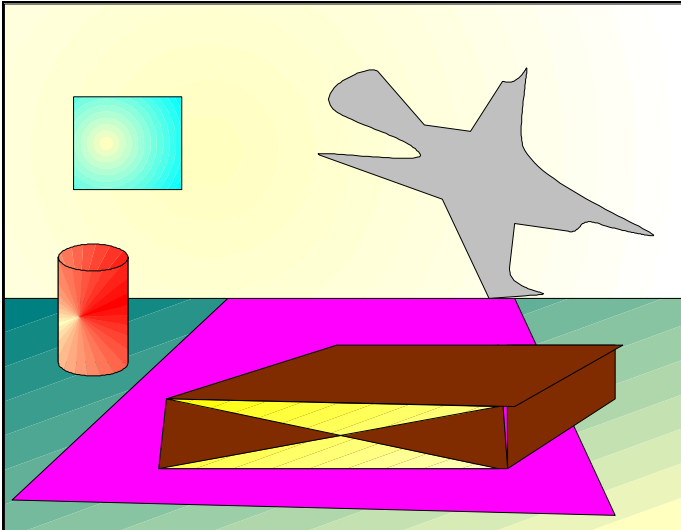
Our actions are dim smudges,
Occuring in the background
Of more important events.
Our tears and prayers go unanswered
Our anger harms none.

We move on, from place to place
And nobody notices when we've gone.
We have no name, no heart no face
And when we die, we don't leave an empty space
In some loved one's heart,
We are the displaced.

You don't hear about us,
Because nobody speaks or knows
Nobody pays attention to the blows
We suffer day by day.

We go our own way,
Measuring out our little lives
In pots of clay, watching it seep away,
And nobody has anything to say.

Remember us.
You may be like us, one day.



Travel

I've often dreamt of going

Far away

To places where they say,

It's snowing,

I've never seen real snow.

And I've often dreamt of being

So high

Up in the mountains, near the sky,

Skiing,

I've never done it before, you know.

And I've often thought of sailing

On a calm blue sea,

I think I'd be happy,

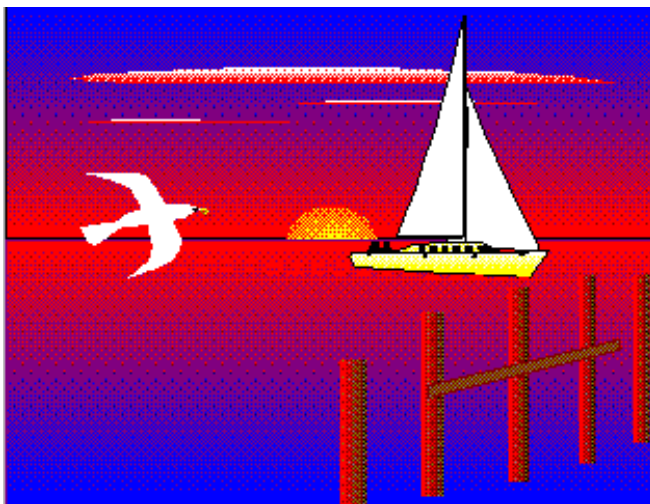
If I were on a boat, watching

The waves below.

But I've never been away

From home,
Sometimes, when I'm alone
I'll sit and think the whole day
Of where I'd like to go.

I've never seen a mountain
Covered in snow,
I've never seen the sea
Though it's where I want to go
One day, I'll travel there, you know.



Shock

It came out of nowhere
A storm from hell
Dark clouds gathering
Like angry giants
Hurling thunder and rain
The howling winds
Raging like a demon let loose.

We cowered
In locked cellars and school halls
While chaos roamed freely
Lifting cars and sweeping away
Homes and lives.

We sat shivering in the dark
The angel of death
Called for our souls
Taking some and leaving others behind.
On a cold and bitter morning
We survivors rose from our dark hiding places

To view a world of destruction.

There is nothing left

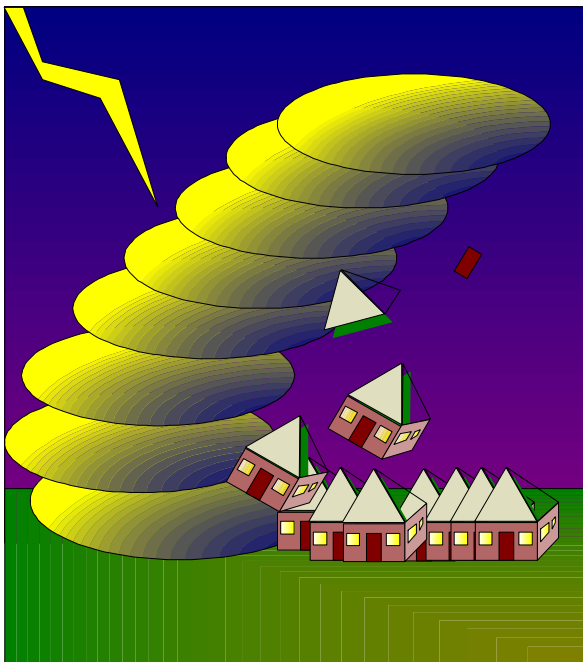
Homes in ruins

Loved ones gone

Or injured beyond repair

How shall we now start again

And rebuild our lives?



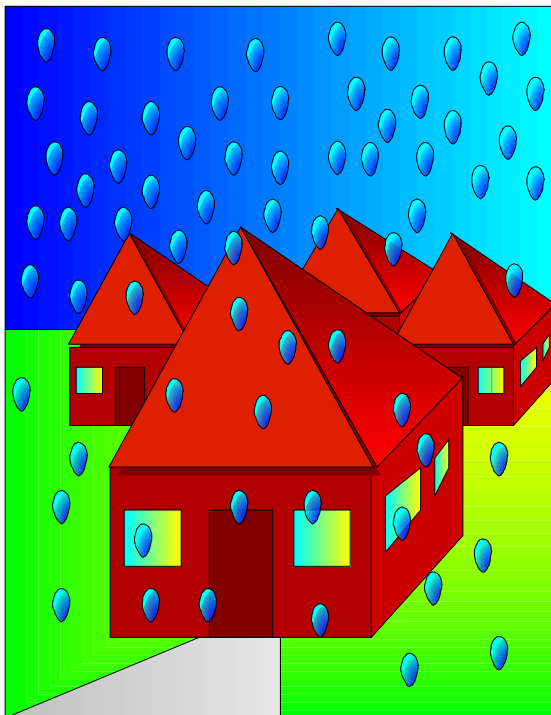
The Rain

Listen, it's raining outside
You can hear the rain
Falling on the window pane
Beating against the blinds
Washing away the dirt of the day.

You feel warm, lying in your bed
With a pillow under your head
And a blanket around your arms
There's a small lamp, burning bright
On this dark and rainy night.

Close the window tight
To gather in the light
And shut out the night
It's easy to close one's eyes
To dream of pleasant things
Or of clear and sunny skies.

To listen to the rain
As it goes and comes again
Thinking pleasant thoughts,
Perhaps a time to smile,
Or perhaps a time to weep
Over memories that have passed
And slowly fall asleep.



Mountains

Mountains!

As far as the eye can see

Clothed in green forests

And capped in snow

I long to loose myself in their depths.

To climb to the summit

Of an inaccessible peak

And like an eagle, floating above the world

Breathe the rarefied air

And watch the vast panorama spread out below.

Striving for the peak

One step at a time

Each step takes us closer

Towards the skies

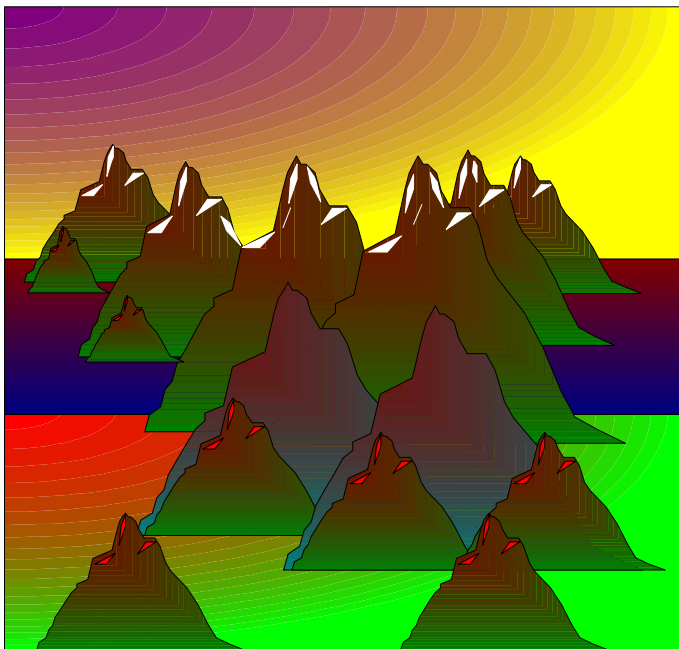
One step, further away

From the dusty earth, far below.

Dwarfed like ants beneath this majestic beauty
Our minds spread out to encompass all
And we soar.

Sweating and aching limbs
Taking joy in the challenge
Always looking forwards and up
Ready to meet whatever obstacle lies ahead.
A clear goal in sight
And the mind, totally focused.

How much easier
To climb a mountain
Than the daily struggle
Over unforeseen hurdles
Never seeming to reach anywhere
With no clear goal in sight.



Sprouts

In the dry, rocky earth
The seed lies sleeping beneath the surface
Waiting its time to awaken.
Dreaming dreams of birth and growth
Turned inwards
Closed and protected from the outer world.

Planted in dry and barren soil,
Patiently it waits
Until the harsh and unrelenting sun
Finally relents
And the dry desert dust
Is covered in the soft patter of water droplets
Blind eyes turned up towards the life-giving scent
The seed bursts its fragile, self-enclosed walls
And reaches out towards the unknown world
Drinking deeply from the fresh water
It grows strong and tall,

Thrusting towards the sun.

Summer rests on the land

Full of fertile trees and bird song

Bees buzzing and insects crawling

A busy time for the forest

The seeds are thrown to the wind

In bursts of energy

Scattered by the myriad birds and insects

A creative frenzy of life.

When fire comes to the green lands

Animals and birds run,

Trees and bushes lie scorched and blackened

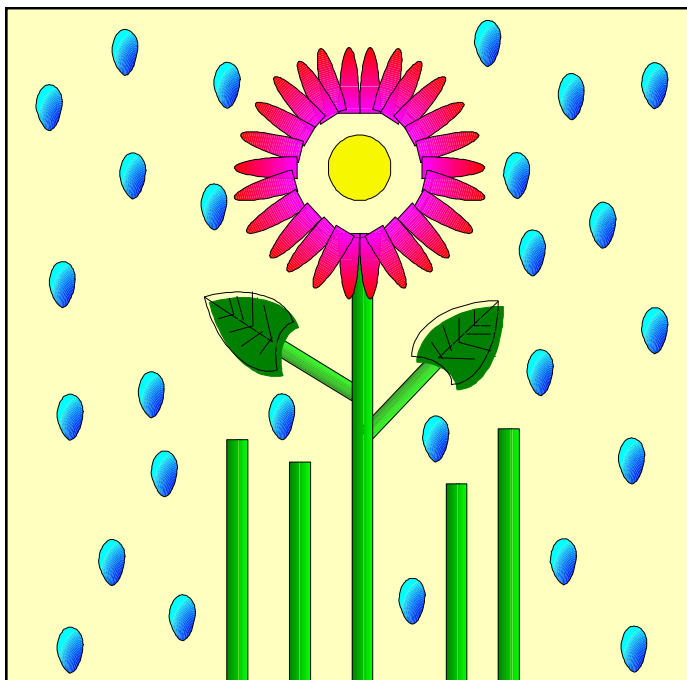
Almost lifeless, the land lies open

Exposed once more to the harsh sun

The little seeds wait patiently

Beneath the soil

For the forgiving rains to come.



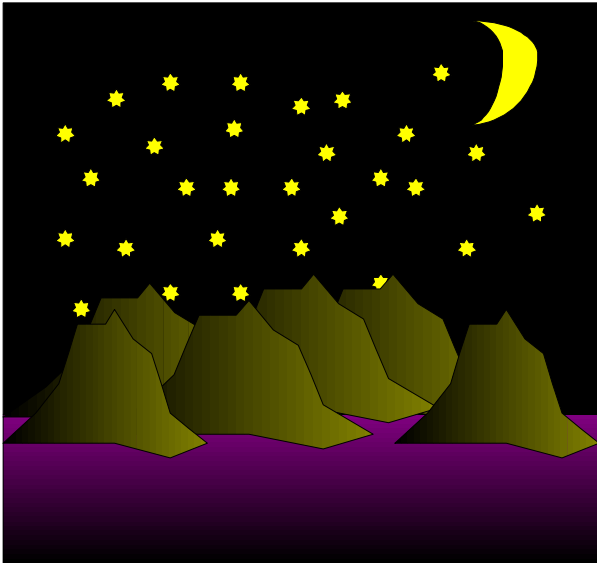
Star Gazers

Late into the evening
We gaze up at the stars
Nestled between the mountain peaks
In their thousands,
The shimmering lights of a million lanterns
Floating in an endless sea.

Far out, in the middle of wild nature
Quiet surrounds us
All is dark, except for the stars
Snuggled comfortably in our sleeping bags
We are bathed in their light.

Far away from the city,
The piercing majesty and beauty of the night sky
Lies open and unveiled
A complex mosaic of swirling lights
A glimpse into infinity.

Lying tranquilly in my bag
At peace within
My mind a clear and silent pool
Reflecting what it sees above
Reaches out to the night sky
And in my thoughts I fly
Amongst the stars.



Inspiration

Where to shall I turn for inspiration?

In a world that no longer inspires

Long polluted and overexploited.

There are too many voices

Crying to be heard

What is one more small voice?

Amongst a thousand little voices

Competing with each other.

A mountain of words already written

Flaunted in books, magazines and newspapers

Or floating on the Internet

Who needs more fuel for fires?

Save the trees.

Inspiration comes on the wings

Of effort and perseverance

Having no alternative, I write,

Did the rooster, crowing at dawn

Ever stop to think

Whether a thousand other roosters

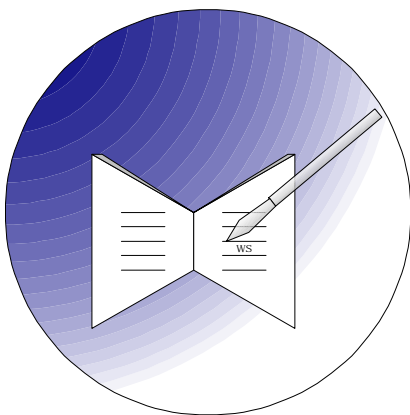
May have been crowing the same song?

Let me find my little piece of space

And crow at dawn to please myself

If none other.

This is inspiration.



Raining

Monday morning and it's raining outside

You have to go to work

You have to catch the bus

But somehow you decide

It just isn't worth the fuss

So you cuddle in your sheets

And save yourself the trouble.

You lie and listen to the rain

Cars are hooting, stuck in line

Trying to be at work on time

Marching boots go up and down

On the pavements of the town

Umbrellas float along

Through the wet and muddy throng,

But you're sleeping all the while

With a simple, gentle smile.

The Tree

A tree is a natural thing
It has branches that grow
Roots that dig into the soil.
A Tree sprouts according to its needs
A wild collection of branches, each
Developing at its own rate, each
Expressing in full the life of the tree.
Some branches are longer than others,
Some shorter, according to need
The tree breathes and gathers life through its leaves
And attracts birds and other life.

Then man comes,
He cuts and prunes the tree,
Imposing a symmetrical shape
According to some artificial plan.
The tree no longer expresses what it is
No longer develops according to its own needs

But is made to fit the abstract concept of the gardener
To express a vision of itself alien to itself.
It no longer grows free, but is made to serve another's
Purpose.

A man is a natural thing
He has his desires, his talents and dreams
And seeks to fulfil himself
Some parts he wishes to express and have them grow
Deep needs drive his growth,
And express who he is.

Then society comes,
With expectations and demands
Imposing boundaries on the man
He works to fulfil the needs of others
Constrained to live a life imposed upon him
Abstracted from his real, basic needs,
He no longer expresses himself in full.

We are all trees in an ever-shrinking garden
Pruned and stifled to make space for other trees
Our branches cut off, deprived of leaves
From which we draw sunlight and breath
Turned into trunks with withered stumps
We suffocate and die.



What Money Cannot Buy

You can't sell the sunshine
You can't sell the rain
You can't sell the clouds outside
They won't bring you any gain.

But it doesn't mean they're worthless
Just because money cannot buy
Each and every star up there
Is a jewel in the sky.

You can't sell affection
You can't sell you're dreams
You can't sell love and hope
With those little paper greens.

But it doesn't mean they're worthless
Just because they are your own
In the end that's all you have

That belongs to you alone

You can't sell your freedom

You can't sell your youth

You can't sell who you are

You can't sell the truth.

But it doesn't mean they're worthless

Just because its only you who cares

In the end they're all that matters

Not your bank account or shares.

You can't sell your past

All the times you've laughed and cried

All those sweet and bitter memories

You've kept these years inside.

But it doesn't mean they're worthless

Though they're special just to you

In the end they're all that's left

On the road you journey through.

They can package and sell dreams

In a book, a film or play

Get the best actors

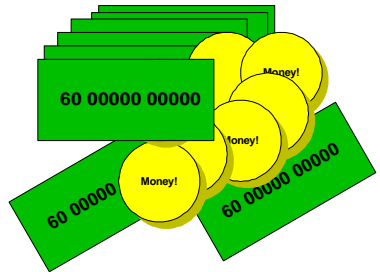
To make you feel and make you pay.

But they can't take the real thing

Because its not for sale

They can only sell a replica,

That's at best, lifeless and stale.



You can't sell the sunshine

You can't sell the rain

And you can't sell the present

It won't come back

Again.

What Money Can Buy

You can buy anything
Everything has its price
From caviar and pate´
To chopped liver and rice.

You can buy a mountain
You can buy a stream
You can buy a field
You can buy a dream.

With money you can purchase
All the things you ever want
You can even buy a lover
There's nothing that you can't.

Without money there's no hope
No freedom and no youth
Money makes the world go round

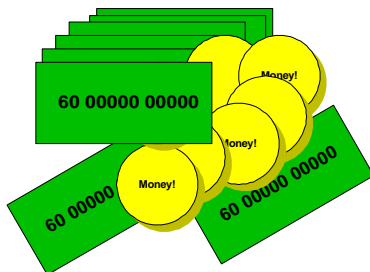
And that's the simple truth.

You can play around with words
Talk of hope and love for weeks
Talk about all these noble things
But in the end, only money speaks.

Money buys you happiness
Buys you love and care
Buys you freedom from starvation
Degradation and despair.

Puts food inside you're belly
And clothes upon your back
In the end, when all's been counted
Its money that you lack.

Money buys respect
Gives you space to learn and grow
It costs to make your dreams come true
Any fool should know.



You can buy a human soul
If you know just the right price
None of us are free
We all pay to eat our rice.

We've all sold our souls
To make some worldly gain
Though we may delude ourselves
To cover up the pain.

And all the things we say
Are simply empty words
You need to back it up with cash
In the end that's all that's heard.

So work hard while you can
To earn those little greens
Because, in the end, that's what really counts
In fulfilling all your dreams.

The Runner

We gather at the start line
Waiting for the sound of the gun
To surge ahead
The finish line, miles away
Our distant goal.
Shoving and jockeying for position
Stretching and limbering cold muscles
We wait.

Bang!
We go, like water released from a dam
A formless mob of noise and colours
Jogging feet
Carry us along
Some go quickly
Impatient to reach their goal
Some go slow
Patiently jogging along,

Enjoying the company and view
Each to his own pace
And me, to mine.

The striving is difficult
But the end is sweet
Body soaked with sweat
We relax to cold water and beer
Tired, our energies expended,
But satisfied and fulfilled.

Time,
I no longer race
Me feet are cold, my shoes are hung up
And now the race is harder,
The struggle more intense
The finish line not clear.
I stand still, while the world
Races about me.
Racing headlong into an unknown future

Shall I stumble and fall?

Retire on the sidelines?

Give up the senseless struggle?

Pushing and shoving to get ahead

Endless thousands, racing to achieve their ends

Crying out for more and faster

More money! Faster cars! More power!

I stand, like a spectator on the sidelines

While the surging mass push on

On and on they run

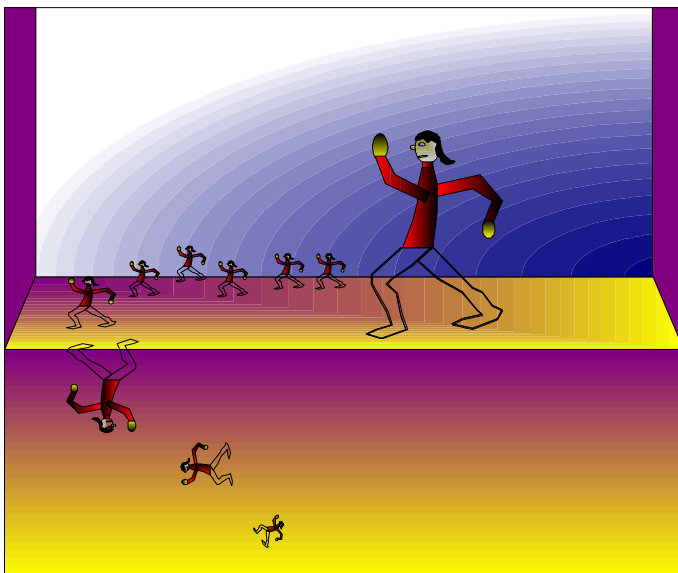
But where are they all going?

Ahead, the dark chasm looms

Blindly the unstoppable tide moves on

Faster and faster

Over the edge they pour.



Resume

Hello

Let me introduce myself

My name is “X”

My age is “Y”

I grew up in a place called “I”

I worked for years

With a big-shot firm

I was a manager of sorts

I was highly desired

And when the company went broke

I was unfortunately – fired!

I did some courses

Repackaged myself

So now you can hire me

That’s why I’m here.

I’ll convince you to buy

This desirable package

What's that you ask?

You deal with people, not products.

Well, I'm a 100% guaranteed genuine person,

With a wife and two kids – the statistical average

The main breadwinner, so you can feel good

Hiring me, cause you know you're helping me out,

But also, cause you'll have me by the balls,

And I won't be leaving in a hurry.

I smoke too much – which shows I'm human

I like money – I can be bribed

And I've passed all the personality tests.

In short, I'm the package you desire,

And right now I'm for hire

To the highest bidder.

Going Once! Going Twice!

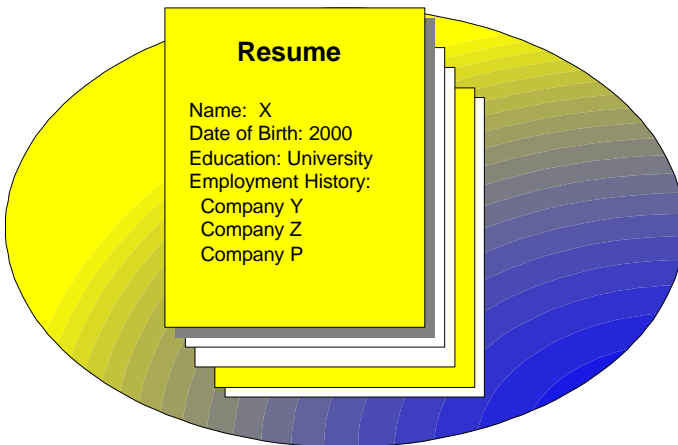
How much do I hear for this

Used, 2nd-rate merchandise

10 years experience plus

No health problems.

We regret to inform you,
That although you're great
You're not good enough for us
We put your CV in cold state
Goodbye – don't bother us any more.



Cages

Born to be free
Born to be wild
Locked up in a cage,
For its own protection.
I looked inside and thought,
We are all animals in cages,
They in theirs and we in ours,
To protect us from each other.

They told her

They told her what to wear
They told her how to dress
They told her how to live
It was all for her own best
She couldn't have a bicycle,
Because it was too dangerous
So she never learnt to ride.

Crazy old woman

Crazy old woman

Living next door

Why are you shouting

What is it for?

All the time arguing

With the neighbours outside

Why all the bother

Don't you get tired?

Crazy old woman

Living next door

Why do you mutter

As you clean the floor?

Morning till evening

In your matchbox room

Back and forth and up and down

With your duster and broom.

Crazy old woman

Screaming again

Why all the tears

Why all the pain?

Morning till evening

In your matchbox room

To whom do you speak

In the silent gloom?

Crazy old woman

We were surprised

When a visitor came

She saw you, and cried.

Crazy old woman

Her door is closed

We'll never see her again

Because last week she died.

My House

I live in a house

I sit in my room

I watch the television

And I go to bed.

I live in my house

I feel like a mouse

In a neat, little cage

Running up and down

Up and down

Like a clown on a stage.

I live in my house

I pick up the broom

And sweep the room

I make a decision

And turn on the television.

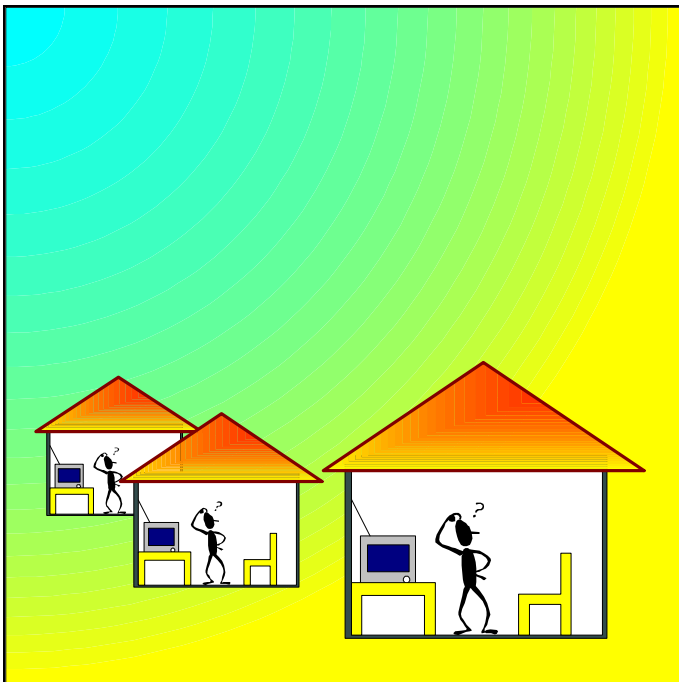
I live in my house
I open the window
And what do I see?
Thousands of people
Just like me.

Thousands of people
Who live in a house
In a small room
Just like a mouse.
Thousands of people
Who sit on chairs
And eat their bread
Then watch the T.V
And go to bed.

Up and down up and down
Like a paper clown
Come and visit me at home
When I am alone

And you will see
It's lovely and clean.
I use my broom
I sweep the room.

After all, it is my house.



The Old Man

There once was a man

A sad old man

He lived all alone

In a dirty, old house.

He lived all alone

In a house made of stone

With a roof of straw

He was very poor.

He lived all alone

With a dog, a cat and a mouse

All together

In his dirty, old house.

The dog gnawed a bone

The cat chased the mouse

The mouse ate the cheese

in the dirty, old house.

The man chased the dog
And the dog chased the cat
And the cat chased the mouse
Around the dirty old house.

The sun went up
And the sun went down
And people got up
And went to town.

But the sad old man
Sat alone in his house
While the dog gnawed his bone
And the cat chased the mouse.

Wandering Cat

My fatty cat is gone

What can I do?

Fatty, come back

It cannot be true

How could you go

When we really loved you?

Such a sweetie-pie cat

With your whiskers and paws

Sniffing the air

And scratching at doors

Where are you, where?

Just answer our calls.

I took him outside

For a breath of fresh air

And when I got back

He just wasn't there

And now we're all lonely

Wondering where..?

Of Fatty, just know

Wherever you are

Wherever you go

We'll never be far

We're thinking of you

Our wandering star.

Roots

Time to move on
We came in search of an identity
New roots, a home in the world
A place to call our own.

We drifted from place to place
Without a past, without a future
Seeds blown by the wind
We looked for a place to dig deep
And make our roots.

We had no home, only memories
And nowhere to return to
The past a grey mist
The future a shifting place of uncertainty
We sought refuge in our dreams
To build a foundation
For the future.

We came, with hope
With vision for the future
Energy and purpose drove us:
To unite in our differences
And make the deserts in our hearts bloom.

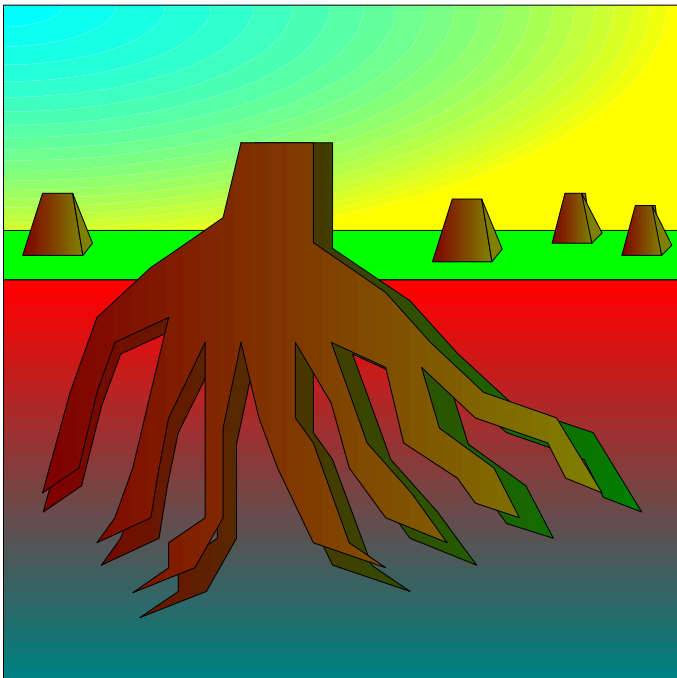
We came
To an alien, harsh land
We lost our youth and poured our life
Into the desert
We watched it change..

Into cities, highways, factories..
A man-made, polluted desert
We pushed and shoved and cursed each other
Little men amongst thousands
Of other bitter little men
Cursing the winds that drove us here.

You cannot change the deserts in men's hearts

We remain strangers in a strange land

United by an illusion.



Little Miss Muffin

No, you don't know what its like

Little Miss Muffin

Living in your comfortable house

With your snotty kids

And stuffy husband.

Going to all the creditable charities

Drinking your tea and biscuits

Discussing starvation in Ethiopia

And war in Yugoslavia.

Out on your mission

To save the world

Little Miss Muffin

If only we were all like you.

Miss Muffin says,

All it takes, is a little effort

A little determination
And we can change the world.

But we are not as good as Miss **M**
Who campaigns for peace
Writes moving speeches
And collects money for the poor.

Who after all, only wants
The best for all
With her biscuits and tea
Milk and one sugar, please.

He's only a baby
Why?
Blood on my shoes
We didn't deserve any of it.

No!
Please don't.



A little water, please

Don't!

I'm cold

The baby's crying

He's hungry

I'm scared.

The long procession

Of human misery

Staring faces, some

Without hope, some

Eyes ablaze, with fever.

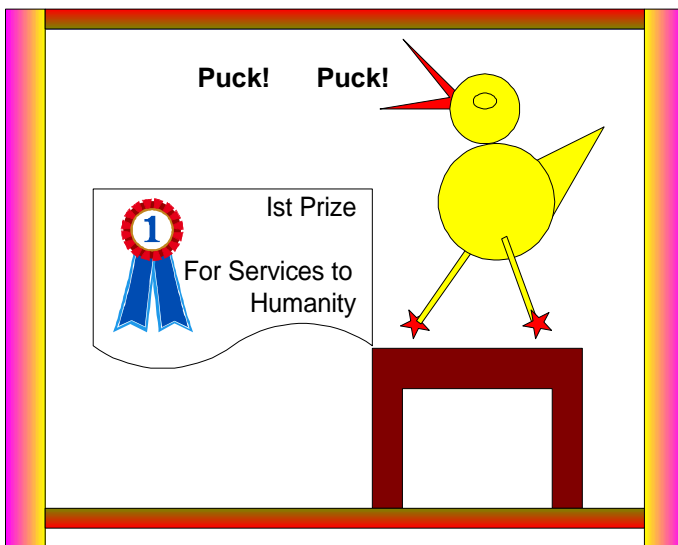
Some, beyond hope

Some with perpetual hope

Some facing reality

Some, living in delusion

Miss Muffin gets up,
To say her speech
And collect her prize
For services to humanity.



The Immigrants

We came from a distant land
To a strange, foreign country
Our mouths were mute
Our ears deaf
The people hard and unforgiving,
Suspicious of strangers.

Without family to help us
In our hour of need
We struggled to support ourselves
What work that was given to us
Was hard and back-breaking
With little pay
Measured out miserly
By hard and exploiting men.

Understanding and acceptance
We seldom found

Our neighbours distanced themselves
We became the scapegoats
For a society's ills and crimes
We lived at the edges of society
In run-down apartment blocks
Rented out by unscrupulous landlords.

Speaking in broken, pigeon tongue
The customs and habit of a people
Unknown to us
We stumbled.

Without voice, or power
Silently we moved through wealthy homes
The humble servants of sheltered housewives
Thanking them for their petty kindness
And superficial generosity.

We did it, for our children,
So that they at least

Could live a better life
But how much have they lost?
Stranded between two worlds
Belonging to neither
Who are they now?

We cannot return
Our homes left far behind
We cannot only look forward
Into an unknown future.

The Cursed Land

This is a land accursed.

An angry, aggressive nation

Self-righteous, close minded,

Running headlong towards its own destruction

Selfish people, each clinging to their piece of sand

Fighting off all others.

A nation motivated by greed,

Defended by aggression

The parched sands, the dry desert,

Covered by shining, new white houses,

Smiling like teeth against the stark sun and clear blue sky.

Time will reclaim sand and stone

Houses will shatter, leaving nothing,

But heaps of stone,

Places of worship and courts - ancient ruins

All is an illusion.

The presence of man covers the land
A spreading disease across the desert and swamp
Fighting amongst themselves, packed together like rats,
Living in heaps of tiny boxes called homes
Each man's hand raised against his neighbour.

Strutting peacocks, puffed by ignorance
Lead out your petty lives
And spend your blood upon the cursed earth.
You are but a brief shadow in the face of time.



Rebirth

We have been dead for a long time
Anger eats away at the soul
And dries up the freshness and beauty of life
But even our sadness is now less than a shadow
At most a memory, in some living room picture.

Buried beneath the relentless weight of earth
The dark walls frown upon us
Doomed to an endless sentence
In a dark and rancid tomb
We scream in silence for release
But who shall open the door of no return
And turn back the slow decay of time?

The cold sinks down while we lie,
Faces upturned towards the distant sky
Frowning or smiling with rigid eyes
That will never laugh again, or cry.

The dead do not feel
They do not hope
They do not want – or dream
Everything that was – has been
And will never be again.

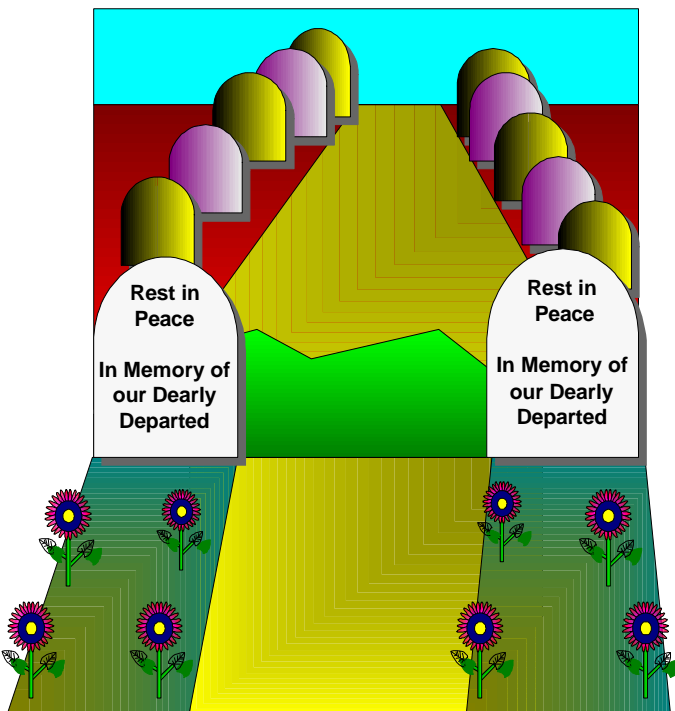
Not pleasure nor pain
Only the slow decay
Each day,
We are much less,
Of what we once were
Slowly, we return to dust
From which we came.

Better that cold eyes do not reopen
Or rotting mouths smile again.
You living – do not
Think too much of us
Where we are, is beyond hope
And even love.

Memory, gone from the dead,
Fades quickly amongst the living
Soon even these dry and brittle bones
Will be forgotten.

Un-remembered we shall lie
Beneath this endless night sky
While the living turn to die
And die and die and die
For eternity.

Perhaps, when we die, a part of us flies
Into the sky
Or becomes a wave upon the sea
And finally, we are free.



If Wishes Were Fishes

If wishes were fishes
Far out in the sea
I would be there
To catch one for you.

I'd gather my nets
And sail my small boat
Far out to the ends of the sea
To bring back that wish for you.

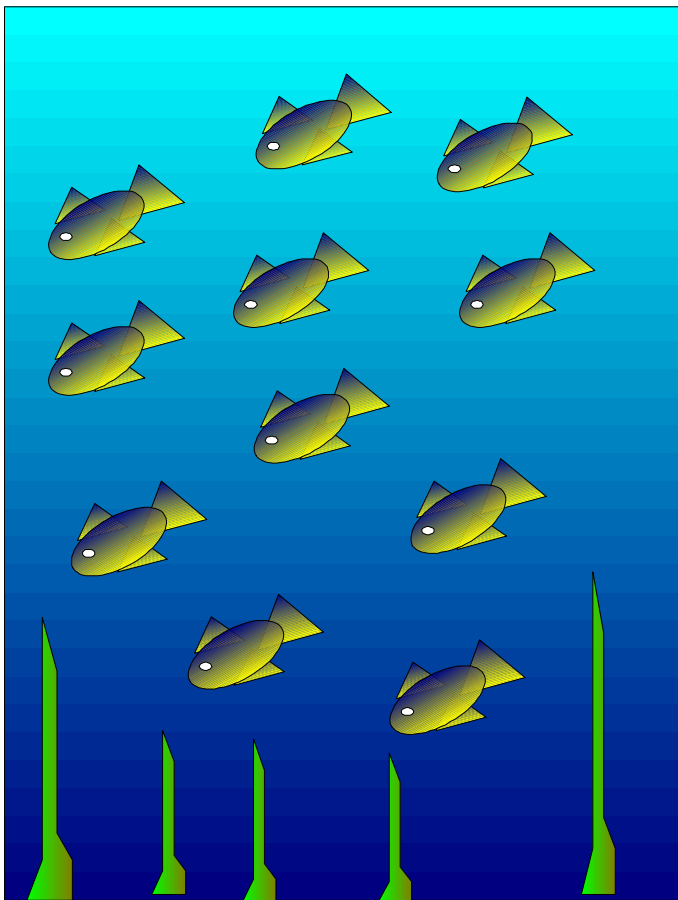
If I were a bird
Flying high in the sky
I'd fly to the ends of the earth
Just to bring back your wishes for you.

The time is passing
And here we are
Just you and I.

And our dreams remain
Sailing away
Like the clouds in the sky.

If I have but one wish
For the rest of my life
It would be
To spend it with you.

If wishes are fishes
Let's take our small boat
And sail to the ends of the sea
Together we'll find
All the dreams we have made
Beyond the horizon
Together, just you and me.



My Father

My father was a simple man
He went to work at six each day
Thirty years with the same firm
Making carbon parts.

A man of few words
He seldom spoke
Quite and unassuming
He lived at peace with his world.

He was not exceptional in any way
Not overly generous or
With intelligent words to say
But, he was well liked by all who knew him.

He taught me in his way
Not through loud words or being rough
But through a mind that knew its fill
Not too little or too much,
But just enough.

When young, I thought of him as simple
I was frustrated with his slowness
But time has changed my understanding
And shown me his true wisdom.

A father and husband who stood firm
In a shifting and uncertain world
Loved his wife and child
And worked hard to shelter and provide.

So many years ago I left
To make my own way
Now in a strange and distant land
I miss them.

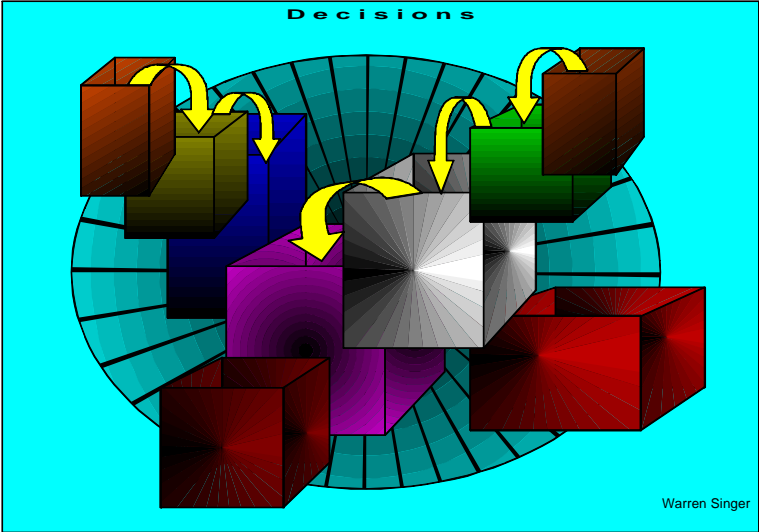
Time has placed us far away
And we seldom have a chance to speak
But, perhaps one day we'll meet again
And keep life's storms at bay.

Decisions

Modern life
Is full of decisions
Countless decisions and revisions.

Choosing one of the many options
Can be confusing
Perhaps you'll win the prize
Perhaps it'll be a dud
The choices in our lives
Are like closed boxes that we open
To see what prize lies inside.

Our petty lives are made up
Of countless little decisions
Meek and timid we agonise
Over which box to open.
Some may contain pleasant surprises
But some may contain nightmares.



Pandora's Box

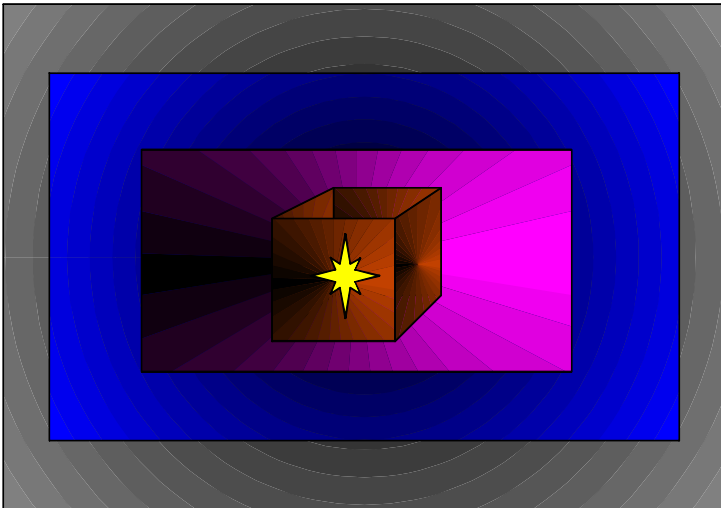
Within the parameters of the frame lies the box whose hidden meaning can never be fathomed. No matter how many layers of the box we uncover, another layer always lies behind.

We are all in perpetual search of the meaning of the box. The deeper we go, the less certain of ourselves we become. As layer upon layer of different interpretation overwhelms our human ability to cope and to integrate, we become lost in the infinite variety of possibilities.

The endless search for meaning, the attempt to comprehend and uncover the hidden value of the box are processes natural to humans.

Approach the box at your own peril. The wisdom learnt from uncovering the first layer is sobering. You are exposed to the surface of your own inability to completely comprehend our world.

We are all equally ignorant, searching for the light that lies behind the box.



The Door

Once you go through the door you can never come back
You can never come back through the door.

Don't think there's a door.

If you think there's a door you will want to look at it

Once you've thought, you will never forget.

If you look at the door, you will want to open it

Once you've looked you can never close your eyes.

If you open the door, you can never close it

You can never close it again.

If you go through the door, you can never come back

You can never come back through the door.

If you go through the door, it will close behind you

You will never open it again.

You were sitting in a room

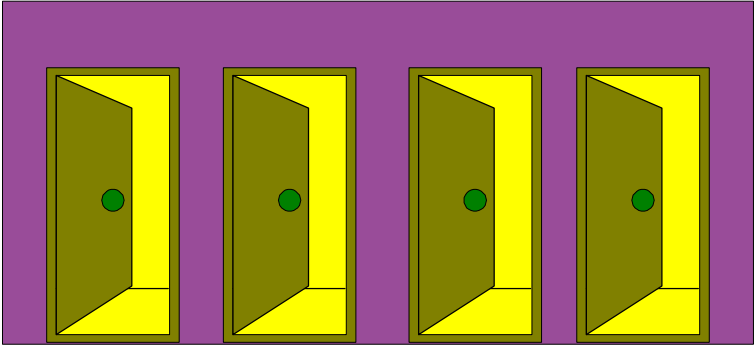
There were walls, but no door,

But you thought about the door,

You opened the door, and it closed behind you

And now you can never go back.

You can never go back through the door.



We all make decisions that are based on deep urges. These decisions are like doors in our souls, leading us down a different road of destiny. The choice is there because of the strong feelings within us, which move us to become what we are.

Once we've constructed the thought, then we see the door or opportunity, and once we have seen it, we have already chosen to open this door, to follow this path, we have chosen to explore this aspect of ourselves or of our world.

We say to ourselves, let's try this, we can always come back – but there is no returning. Once we have experienced, we can never return to be the same person that we were before, because we have grown and changed and we see the world in a new way.

Experience is sometimes a hard teacher. It is never what we expect it to be and often we are hurt by it, sometimes beyond repair. This is the price of experience, and once we have made our decisions, we should not look back on the past and regret our choices.

All paths are unknown, and there are a thousand doors in our souls that have the potential of being explored. No way is certain. We are moved like the waves of the ocean. Each wave rises in response to its own call. But each wave is moved by something that is greater than the individual instant, each wave is moved by the greater force of the tides and the ocean.

You are caught in your own world. You cannot see the doors I have passed through or the worlds that I have encountered. You are deaf to my voice. You are blind to my world. I pass through a hundred rooms, but always I am within the same room.

Notes

1. **Moonlight Reflections.** The title of this book is taken from this poem. This book is a collection of personal reflections.
2. **The Sad Face on the Box.** Explores the idea of the faces that we expose to the outer world and what they reflect of our internal life.
3. **Home.** The theme of this poem explores the alienation and loneliness experienced by many refugees and immigrants. It is for anyone who has ever left home and can never return.
4. **Happiness.** This poem reflects the idea of happiness experienced in family life and the fulfilment provided by one's children.
5. **Shadows.** This poem is about the marginalization of minority groups in society, such as old people, invalids and housewives, who are hardly perceived to exist by mainstream society and have no voice of their own. On another level, it is about every one of us as single, isolated individuals.

6. **Travel.** A child's perspective on travel; the longing to explore the world and experience new experiences.
7. **Shock.** In dedication of victims of tornadoes and other natural disasters.
8. **The Rain.** A poem on the theme of the spiritual healing and nostalgia of the rain.
9. **Mountains.** The joy of mountain climbing. Why do people do it?
10. **Sprouts.** Explores the theme of growth and regeneration through the cycle of nature.
11. **Star Gazers.** Describes the experience of gazing at the beauty of the stars.
12. **Inspiration.** In a world flooded with the written word, it is difficult to find the motivation to speak out in one's own voice.
13. **Raining.** A variation on the theme presented in "The Rain".
14. **The Tree.** A critique of the influence of civilisation on the individual.

15. **What Money Cannot/Can Buy.** These two poems explore the theme of the value of money, offering two opposing points of view.
16. **The Runner.** Explores the idea of life as a road race and modern living as a rat race.
17. **Resume.** Explores the theme of the “productization” of workers in the modern work force and how we all need to constantly repackage ourselves in order to sell our skills on the market.
18. **Crazy old woman.** We had such a neighbour once. Sometimes, we dismiss the idiosyncrasies of others – old people, invalids – whose behaviour is somewhat eccentric. Often, these people suffer burdens of physical or emotional pain and loneliness that drives their behaviour. We should never forget that they, like all of us, need love and acceptance and care.
19. **My House.** Nonsense verse exploring the theme of loss of individuality and the sameness or homogeneity of people in society, who for the most part, lead similar lives.
20. **The Old Man.** Nonsense verse creating a sense of the absurdity and repetitiveness of life.

21. **Wandering Cat.** In Memory of our cat Fatty, who ran away from home.
22. **Roots.** Explores the theme of immigration in general and specifically refers to the Jewish immigration to Israel in search of new roots and cultural identity.
23. **Little Miss Muffin.** A critique of the type of the “social charity” carried about by middle-class women without any real commitment or understanding of the people they are supposed to be helping.
24. **The Immigrants.** A variation of the themes explored in “Roots”.
25. **The Cursed Land.** Explores the theme of the Jewish immigration to Israel.
26. **Rebirth.** The title is ironic, since the theme of this poem is the reality of physical death and the impassable barrier it represents. The subtext of the poem is the emotional death that anger brings.
27. **If Wishes Were Fishes.** Prepared as a song, on the theme of love and commitment to achieving dreams together.
28. **My Father.** Dedicated to my father, a simple and honest man.

29. **Decisions.** A poem on the theme of free choice and decision-making and how this influences our destiny.
30. **Pandora's Box.** A poem on the theme of exploring the unknown and the quest for knowledge, wisdom or experience and where this leads us.
31. **The Door.** A poem on the theme of free choice and decision-making and how this influences our destiny. The idea is that once we have made a choice, we can never go back.

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