

Words to Share Poetry Brian Matthews 12-4-22

Timing So Cruel

It's hard to believe
Life can be so unjust
Another brother gone
My wife appalled.

Mortality rears its head
As it surely must
For all must tread this path
No matter who they are.

But sometimes fate determines
A gruelling schedule of events
Not allowing some to recover
Before the next blow falls.

Little can be done
To make those sorely affected
Achieve an even keel
Waves slamming them.

Eventually a calm will settle
Time all wounds heal
Scars run deep though
Reminding of those lost.

Brian Matthews, 25-3-22

Precious Moments

Time spent with loved ones
Can be so precious
Some more so than others
But every moment important.

We never know what will be
Which times will be remembered
And which will disappear
Our capacity to recall limited.

Sometimes someone will say
Remember, you told me this
And you just might think
Did I say that, am I so wise?

Rarely will others remind you
Of foolish things said
Though silly things done
Can become a family legend.

It is a real privilege
To share innermost thoughts
Not knowing when the chance
Will happen by again.

Usually we all assume
There's plenty of time
To do it all again
Until there's not.

Brian Matthews, 25/3/22

Despondency

I wish that I could be
As full of life
As once I was.

At this moment though
That is not to be
Surrounded by despondency.

Just one of those cycles
I try to convince myself
But there's more than that.

Pressure to make a decision
One not wanted
The bright side of life elusive.

I do not want to be here
I've had enough
Just let me be life.

I've been here before
I know all will change soon
But for now I despair.

Brian Matthews, 1-4-22

Yoga with Hannah

Breathing in and out
Moving parts of the body
Making such stylised movements
Clearing the mind.

Yoga not for everyone
And in the past I felt
Like a pat routine
But now it helps.

A very good instructor
Evolving the process
Adjusting the moves
Adapting to the group.

Movement so important
To those of all ages
Ageing such a challenge
Faced by all in time.

Being proactive important
To meet bodily changes
Overcoming creeping inertia
The body no longer as willing.

Refreshed I always feel
At testing the limits
Clearing the mind
Encouraging more flexibility.

Thankful I am
For her open face
Radiating warmth and acceptance
Soothing words a balm.

Brian Matthews, 5/4/22

Loneliness

Loneliness can be complex
Not just sitting alone
So often a mindset
Related to choices.

If we choose to be alone
It can be such a joy
If not a choice
It can be so painful.

Most tend to turn
From the neediness
Of someone begging
For a little company.

But for those sensitive
To the pain of others
It is a signal
That action's needed.

Just a little time
A chat, a coffee
Some shared experience
Can be such a comfort.

For we never know
When the need will emerge
For time with others
A balm to our soul.

It takes so little
And can mean so much
To be seen
To be truly heard.

Brian Matthews, 10-4-22

‘When the moon shines on one hundred bowls of water, no matter where they are, each bowl is filled with moonlight. Remember that when you wake in the night. The moon that shines on you here is a reminder that love is like the moon in those bowls of water—it is everywhere. Your bad dreams come from the fear and the sadness you carry with you. It’s now time to let them go. Love and courage are stronger than those things. It’s only when you let go of fear and grief, though, that you will find the freedom to be brave and to love fully.

Fiona Valpy

The Storyteller of Casablanca

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