



Poems

By Ehrle Howard

A walking dream

Walking along the cliff top

The air hits me like a breaking wave

Swooshing, pushing me to a stop

Unsure, one step forward, must be brave

Walking down to the beach, the breeze light

Gulls cry, sea salt on the fine white sand

Stranded jellyfish, soldier crabs gather for a fight

Dark shadows emerge from the sea onto the land

Walking through the beach village, girls' hair swirl from the onshore wind

Ice creams, fish 'n' chips, pink fairy floss, consumed by the happy crowd

Toothless old men drink Port and tell tall sea stories of when they sinned

Dark storm clouds gather, rain, the beach covered in a shroud

Walking on the moon now, the earth walk was a dream

Taking giant steps to my moon home, gazing longingly at earth

There was a time when you could feel the wind when the weather wasn't so extreme.

Now we look to the galaxy, a new home, to feel the wind, walk and give birth

Om...Om...

Om... Om...breath in, breath out

Breaking waves of stress mounting

Thundering like horses bounding

Then easing with each step on a relaxing rout

Om... Om...sacred sound, primeval sound

Mind whirling and spinning, can't find my level

Discipline escapes me, as I find myself unravel

Returning to my spiritual path, peace again is found

Om... Om...the essence of the cosmos

Thoughts like racing cars cross my mind

Mustn't stop them or I'll end up in a bind

Accept the past to move into a state of reposemos

Om... Om...the absence of desire

But how can all consuming desire end in satisfaction?

Feeling lost, looking at everything, unable to take action

Breaking from technology is the only way to unwire

Om... Om...don't dwell on perfection

Progress, calmness are achieved by entering your imaginary pool

Floating on your back, gazing at the stars, you have mastered the tool

Time has stopped, in your mind is the deep sound of 'Om', it is your connection.
