



STRIPPED

By Wayne Visser

Stripped of all the trappings, the clatter;
Bare without the wrappings, the chatter.
So much of me remains untouched, unseen;
So many worlds are still unfound that matter.

The way an unexpected music swell
Can sweep me, tumbling, in a frothy bliss;
Or how a skilfully crafted spell
Of words enchants as much as any kiss.

Unplugged, the silence is brimming with sound;
Unlocked, the horizon need know no bound.
So much to re-imagine, to re-dream;
So many universes spinning round.

The way tangled roots in a forest patch
Can reconnect me to life's web, and tug
At my senses, giving me space to catch
My breath and feel revived by nature's hug.

Unseen, the flames of quiet passion burning;
Unheard, the cogs of creation turning;
Untold, the lament of a heart's yearning;
Stripped bare, the journey of a soul's learning.

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