

TRANQUILLITY

Life's harvest is reaped
like ears of mown wheat.

As another pilgrim
on the path of humankind,
I always sought compassion
in the human heart.
Sometimes I found it;
at others, seeing the face of a child
or a man outcast,
I felt pity.
In moments of solitude,
only feelings, garnered,
filled the most hidden
recesses of my mind
with calm tranquillity.
I was immersed in the linguistic jungle
of 'cultured' folk;
but far beyond the language
I daydreamed of white orange blossom
and the smell of Easter cake, freshly baked.
Now I write to pass the time
and to recover my forgotten childhood.

Life's crop is harvested
like ears of mown wheat.