***From Every Corner***

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*By the later stages of writing this book*

*and the thinking thereupon*

*I left “love”.*

*Running towards a 755 bus-stop in the city*

*avoiding rain*

*I left “love”.*

*In the light of my writing*

*I had always thought “love” a loaded word.*

*Sure, many gave it meaning,*

*amorphous, persuasive, binding,*

*but open to impinging instrumental forces,*

*vulnerable to imposition, expectation,*

*embracing another’s timetable.*

*Yesterday I planted love and hid in leaves*

*to watch where trust grew*

*where life shimmered*

*and the rain, rained…*

*I had the exact word,*

*through “trust” I encountered life.*

*Crossing the road to the 755,*

*I saw “trust” as the centre of my life’s compass,*

*my songs, my life’s experiences.*

*There was my tract.*

*There was the Alpha and Omega of my being,*

*I saw that.*

*Love was something to accept or give,*

*sometimes an inspiration,*

*sometimes an imposition.*

*Trust,*

*a rough track, a muddy stream,*

*a gaze or rain finding rest,*

*urging stories, seas, and signs*

*from every corner…*

*Trust saw, swerved, settled on the moment,*

*gathering faith, grace, God, and here*

*I fold away old days with time and torn curtains.*

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*Nicholas Lyon Gresson*