

Holy Trinity

A baffling concept and the preacher's dread
And yet it holds the secret of our lives.
To love and be loved (no more to be said)
Is the yearning that weary souls revives.
The invitation to join in the dance
Is extended unfailingly to all
Who face the fear and recognise the chance
To enter Love's inebriated ball.
There is no room for cautious pondering
About the judgements of law-abiding folk.
Eros and agape are exulting
In their divine philandering and soak
In the heat of the scented bath and foam
Which tell the loved and loving souls of home.

Brian Thorne (18/01/13)

Celebrating 25 Years Shelf Life

What is the reward to have written books
Which thousands read and speak about with pleasure?
Twenty-five years this one has been in nooks
And crannies of people's minds that measure
In some mysterious way its value
To their work and therapeutic struggles.
I suppose it's shocking if I tell you
That for me there's little in these puzzles
To make me tremble on a winter's eve.
As daily the end of life draws nearer
Only loving and being loved relieve
The doubts and fears and make all things clearer.
So, dear reader, tell me if dare you can
That reading me has made of you Love's fan.

Brian Thorne (04/02/13)