

*I am a traveller, shod for this journey.
Across the starfields of infinity
The Centaur gallops strongly,
The year's nadir my zenith; its short midwinter day
Heralds my circling path to the next spring.
Midsummer and midwinter, this year and next
Are but the inns along the way
Offering refreshment.
Each ending is also beginning;
Each day is an arrow shot over the rooftops;
Each day is midsummer day.*

Forecast

I was in love with misery,
revelled in pain and the rough,
Taught myself to treasure tears,
bitter laughter, and bluff.

Each person was an accuser,
each word another death.
I defended and tried to destroy myself
with every hurting breath .

I did not consider suicide,
but committed it all the same.
I chose self-denigration
and denied the real name.

Not wanting life as I imagined it,
I chose madness instead,
rejected the essence of self
into the dungeons of the head.

Having chosen death too much,
I now prefer genuine life,
and to set sail on a perilous course
with companion and wife.

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John Moore