



*A Personal Reflection
By Geoffrey Butler*

WORDS OF WISDOM

The spirit of man is the
lamp of the LORD,
searching all his innermost
parts.

Proverbs 20:27

Cromer WWII Observation Post- Looking Out – Looking in

Red wine glows in the light

Of the wrap-around glass slits of
the WWII observation post (*now
accommodation for Cambridge
graphic designers on holiday*).
Overlooks the broad North Sea,

Supple, sensuous, rippling like
skin.

Grey and purple mist covering the
endless, shining, summer evening
Conspires with silence and Queen
Anne's Lace to seduce me into
spirit space.

Blackberries and horsetails,
rampant seashore shrubs,
Fields of grass and wildflowers
Are the close view
Punctuated by the occasional
walker
Emerging from the wild field
grasses on the cliff-top path.

But the North Sea merging with
the sky is eternal,
Merging with existence itself.
This is the incarnation.
This, then this, then nothing –
All is.

One tall Queen Anne's lace stands
out,
Emergent above the sky line –
One floret gone to seed.
The bees bothering the living flowers
Insist on their participation in
fertility too
And all will be, in two weeks, seed
heads
And like glorious voluptuous women
Will wrinkle and age
But without regret.
They know they have produced an
array of new forms
Hitherto not seen
And have conspired with the creator
In originality.

And Campbell calmly negotiates little
Penny to bed downstairs,
Hearing her stories,
Telling her stories.
Bringing her to Grandpa, once, twice,
to say, "Goodnight, I love you".
Grandpa sings.

A great ship appears out of the mist.
Campbell sings, "Yes, Jesus loves
me".

Penny interjects with conversation
To avoid drifting off into the world of
sleep.

Daddy goes on singing.
The ship moves on to the centre of
the horizon,
A wall of mist behind – a veil of mist
before.

And the pigeons and magpies
swoop through,
Like Penny insisting on
consciousness,
Whining against the fading of the
light,
The certainty of sleep.
Struggling against reality,
Penny cries out:
"I need to go and see Grandpa".
"Daddy! Daddy! I need to go and
see Grandpa".
Campbell leaves her to visit the
view and drink his wine
But then returns to the resistant
sleeper.

The ship has gone now...All is mist.

Daddy is strong.
He will stay (like Jesus) close
beside her all the way
Till reluctantly but blessedly
She enters the land of the
unconscious.

So let this be for all of us.
Give us companions
As the evening moves on, the light
gradually fades
And we are released,
Merging into the eternal horizon.

And wake us in the morning