



So Much More

Beauty and the Beast poetry

by Peggy Garvin

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It's Just A TV Show (for Linda Barth)

It's just a TV show;
that's what they're telling you.
And several hundred miles away,
they're telling me that too.

Yet deep inside our hearts
we know it's just not so.
For Beauty and the Beast has changed
the lives we used to know.

The "just a TV show"
has drawn from miles apart
two people in a friendship that
might not have had its start.

without the Tunnel World
and its philosophy
that helped us through the times that weren't
what we had hoped they'd be.

Yes, Vincent and the love
that he and Catherine share
has given us so much more than
a TV show would dare.

(October 1995)

The Essence of Catherine

What aura of mystic power
emanates deep from within?
The song and sight and scent of her;
the woman called Catherine.

With remnants from the dress she wore
on the night of dancing lights,
she fashioned a heart-shaped pillow
and filled it with such delights

that mingled in a special blend
of flowers and herbs just right;
to hold within its silken clutch
a reminder of the night.

Of the one whose heart is longing
to leave her life far Above.
And don't forget the yarrow's touch;
sweet dreams of our one true love.

(May 1993)

The Essence of Vincent

(Through the Eyes of Catherine)

What aura of mythic power
emanates deep from within?
What rugged sensuality
forms the essence that is him?

Cloaked, hooded, protected he stands;
lethal weapons gloved from sight.
And the warrior he commands;
ready in defense of right.

Is that the Vincent I long for;
the man I hold in my dreams?
His slightest touch all I wait for;
the object of my love schemes?

No, a scholar is my Vincent
with an understanding mind.
A demeanor that's innocent;
a heart both loving and kind.

Bottomless sapphire depths – his eyes,
wild, thick, tawny mane – his hair;
velvet sandpapered voice belies
the persuasive power there.

Hard-muscled, gold-carpeted chest
begs my head to shelter there.
Strong, comforting arms end my quest
for a haven from all care.

Supple leath'ry palms stroke my cheek;
stubbled chin rests in my hair.
His words are the solace I seek;
saying he's ready to dare

to forget his oppressive past;
to join hands – go forward with me.
As we venture safely at last,
on our journey toward destiny.

(April 1992)

Parallel Worlds (Within the City)

Parallel worlds within the City;
to one another unknown.
Near disaster brings them together;
now they know they're not alone.
In the struggle against oppression
and to help the helpless ones;
they are allies, brothers, kindred souls
living each day as it comes.
Loving each person for what they are;
guiding each one to fulfill
their special talents, their sense of worth;
combining each person's skill.
To build a new world far better than
the old one that rules Above;
structuring it on the principles
of patience, concern and love.

(April 1992)

The Heartbeat of the Tunnels

The pipes are like the life blood
of the Tunnel World's domain.
Every tap is understood
by the souls who must remain
safely hidden 'neath the street;
engulfed in the warm embrace.
Absorbed in a life complete
in this caring, unique place.

Cries for help, sounds of alarm,
daily communication,
joyful news, warnings from harm,
and useful information.

All this and more the pipes give
in the hands of those who know
how precious it is to live
in this magic world Below.

(May 1992)

A Changing Point of View

A passing image drew her eye;
the man gave her "the smile".
His body language was employed
to work his magic wiles.

And as she turned her head away
his perfect image failed
to conjure any interest – by
comparison he paled.

When thoughts of Vincent's innocent
and unassuming charms
came to her mind all others failed
his powers to disarm.

No more would the conventional
idea of virile do
'cause wild blond hair and arching brows
and piercing eyes of blue

had raised the standard concept of
what masculine had meant.
No ordinary man would do
And wherever she went
she'd give no man a second glance.
None caused her heart to stray.
She's found her one true love and vowed
with him she'd always stay.

(September 1993)

Color My World

Rock walls do sometimes, in my case,
a prison make.
Where greens and blues and reds all blend
to shades of gray.
And choices are afforded all
save me, alone.
A brother to the darkness, I;
it is my way.

I've yet to feel the sun's sweet kiss
upon my face.
My skies are not of blue and white
but only stone.
Yet I no longer crave these things
since she has come;
and brought with her the light of love.
I'm not alone.

(June 1994)

Face to Face

Crumpled sheets of paper
filled with longing thoughts
lie at my feet tonight.
My mind is overwrought.

For I cannot express
what I truly feel
with just the written word,
because I can't reveal:

The lovelight in my eyes
merging green with blue.
The beating of my heart
when he comes in view.
The trembling of my arms
longing to embrace.
These things he cannot know
except face to face.

So, without his help I find
I'm forced to reach beyond
and tell him that I love him
through our own special bond.

(January 1995)

The Bridge Is Love

Catherine's world is
-- the world of her birth

Its outward appearance is one of colors and light
But its inner being is of darkness and hate.

Vincent's world is
-- the world of her heart

Its outward appearance is one of darkness and
cold
But its inner being is of beauty and love.

Catherine is
-- a woman of BOTH worlds.

Vincent is
-- a man of Below

BUT LOVE
-- that is always and forever

is the bridge between two worlds

AND COURAGE

is the ability to cross the bridge.

(March 1992)

A Babe to a Man

A babe abandoned and all alone
found on St. Vincent's step
Frightened he cried out in mewling tones
when out of the shadows swept

A figure dressed in outdated clothes
with a heart both good and kind
Possessing a nature that is loath
to leave the helpless behind.

Inside those warm protective arms
the babe is cradled away.
Into a world where he'll not be harmed;
one where he's welcome to stay.

Holding onto life tenuously
the poor babe fights to survive.
Growing each day in strength, steadily;
his daily goal – stay alive!

Years later the man he's turned into
was formed by the world Below.
And evinced in all he will do
to repay the debt he owes.

He's a figure in outdated clothes
with a heart both good and kind.
Possessing a nature that is loath
to leave the helpless behind.

(June 1992)

Narcissa

A turbaned head bent as she kneels
watching the shells on their tray.
Leathery, careworn face reveals
the answers the shells convey.

Many magical ways she knows
to sense what she cannot see.
Within her heart a yearning grows
to guide you to what "should be".

Pale, opalescent eyes can see
beyond a mere mortal's sight.
She speaks of things as what "might be"
guiding your heart in its fight

to heal the pain, relieve the grief,
deal with the problem you bear.
But you must listen in belief
and you must be well aware

the answers that she offers
can be in a riddle form.
The helping hand that she proffers
can lead you into more harm.

So if you don't understand it;
ponder it most carefully.
Misunderstanding's a bandit
that steals possibility.

And fear will hold back the progress
that only you can achieve.
Move forward rather than regress.
You only have to believe.

(June 1992)

She Loves Me As A Man

Though it is hard to understand;
I wonder at it still –
Catherine loves me as a man,
and says she always will.

And in her eyes of green I see
the lovelight shining there.
I feel her love is meant for me;
so why do I despair?

I hear her words – she feels they're true;
I know she is sincere.
But what am I supposed to do
to overcome the fear

that's grown inside me through the years
and lives within my heart?
I'm sad that I have caused her tears;
But how do I depart

from ways that are a part of me;
embedded deep within?
How can I help her see the me
that I have always been?

And understand it's not the way
I always want to be.
It's just the price I've had to pay
for being only me.

(May 1992)

I Live For The Night

I live for the night – the setting sun –
the rising of the moon.
For darkness allows my love to come;
it cannot fall too soon.

In the daylight I can feel his love
through the bond that we share.
Even though I am alone Above,
my heart is well aware

when night descends that he will appear
and tap upon my door.
Bringing the sound that I long to hear;
one I've been waiting for.

I rush to fling the doors open wide
and fall into his arms.
I will my rising desire subside
to save him from alarm.

As we sink to the balcony floor
to read our time away;
I long for a life where there is more
than he'll allow today.

Even though I suppress inner needs
and feel we are denied;
I'll cherish this time, hoping it leads
to avenues untried.

And never a single thought would I
give to letting him go.
He is my life and I'd surely die
without that special glow

that emanates from his unique love
filling my life as none
before had done in this world Above –
he is my only one.

(June 1992)

Realities

A slash of time dissolved the life
I'd thought was right for me.
The lifeline of his gentle voice
restored my chance to be

an asset to my world Above –
tuned to reality.
Yet glimpses of his world Below
continue haunting me.

My face – a shock I could not bear.
His face – and then his pain.
You have the strength; he said he knew.
Will I see him again?

I told him that his secret world
was safe, I'd not betray
the trust he'd openly bestowed.
And then he slipped away.

No time to thank him for my life
nor ask why I must go.
The burning question now is this:
does he exist Below?

Or did I fabricate the tale
in fevered dreams Above?
No, he is real – I know he is.
I still can feel his love.

(January 1994)

'Tis Such A Sweet Pain

Her pain lies centered deep within
my very heart and soul.
At times I can't distinguish it
from all the pain I know.
Yet a close examination
reveals its essence true.
And my stronger concentration
enables me to do
what none save I can offer her –
a guardian from her strife.
I'm grateful for this bonded gift
and pledge to her my life.
For it is all that I can do;
my love I can't reveal.
To be the vessel for her pain;
provide a place to heal.
It is the least that I can give
to her; she is my all.
I pray I'm always able to
answer her silent call.
Yes, Brigit's words are true for me;
to serve is not in vain.
I'd gladly take her every care
'tis such a sweet, sweet pain.

(April 1994)

A Distant Shore Fan Quality Award
Best Poem – Third Place

Inevitable Confrontation

Inevitable as the rising sun
the confrontation hovered in the air.

The man they both revered the only one
whose presence held at bay a war declared.

Two people love the one, each in their way.
He dominates, protects and won't release;
while she sees things a very different way.
A life together lived in love and peace.

(September 1994)

Fear Faced

Fear faced and subdued does not weaken;
it merely waits its turn.
In silent contemplation seeking
your new respect to earn.

In dreams your vulnerable mind betrays
your iron will of strength.
It opens in innumerable ways
and goes to greater lengths

to overturn the new-found peace
you've fought so hard to gain.
Conquered fear is the masterpiece
we fashion through our pain.

(April 1992)

All

All the thoughts I've never let myself think
All the needs left teetering on the brink
All the wanting we've painfully endured
All the dreams of longing we have obscured

All the fears I've tasted
All the years we've wasted

Now the past I forestall;
So we can have it all!

(July 1992)

Grow in Strife

Happiness, despair –
each visits our life.

We relax in our joy –
we grow in our strife.

We learn from our enemies –
so it seems.

But love is the way
to fulfill our dreams.

(April 1992)

All I Need Is You

In dreams we do as we desire
we set aside the rules.
Our wildest fantasies transpire –
while waking, passions cool.

You are the woman of my heart
I never hoped to find.
And though our lives are set apart,
we have a link that binds

Us in a special atmosphere
only love can provide.
And when our passions start to stir
I fight the urge to hide.

I need not face the night alone.
And now I know it's true.
Oh how I wish I'd always known
that all I need is you.

(August 1992)

The Bond

Silken thread of gossamer hue
inexplicably ties our two
souls together and we are one
through this unique phenomenon.

Your essence dwells inside the part
of me that's nestled near my heart.
Intercepting the rise and fall
of your emotions when they call

me to defend you, Catherine dear;
from whatever causes you to fear.
My life for yours I'd gladly give;
no price too high so you can live.

But there are things I can't explain;
that I ignore yet they remain.
Through our bond overwhelming need
envelops me and I must heed
your desire as it sears my core
igniting thoughts I can't ignore.
Melting my will of iron so we
can live the life that's meant to be.

(August 1992)

One Special Woman

That one special woman
I thought I'd never find
has the strength that gives her
the courage to be mine.

And one of these nights when
a dream of love we share
I'll take her in my arms
and do what we've not dared.

In that peaceful shelter
only love can provide
I'll lay her down and then
I'll lay right by her side.

And this time I'll love her;
fulfilling all we've dreamed;
and wake up to find it
was much more than it seemed.

(August 1992)

Our First Kiss

The lovelight glowing in her eyes
revealed the dream to me.
A dream of love and light made real
as we wished it could be.

And slowly as my lips met hers
the gentle sweetness masked
the fires of passion deep within;
the questions left unasked.

He's shaken to his very core;
and yet he does not flee.
My hands are gliding through his hair.
He's not resisting me.

A sigh, a step – the moment's gone;
his fear begins to rise;
until he sees my dreamy smile;
the lovelight in my eyes.

It's what I've wished for oh so long –
your loving lips on mine.
Our first kiss is a promise of
the most important kind.

Your willingness to open up;
to drop your stern reserve;
a chance for us to grow into
the life we both deserve.

(April 1993)

A Gift

I want to give him something
to hold near when we're apart.
Yet I cannot decide since
I already gave my heart.

I want to give her something
to hold when she is Above.
Yet I cannot decide since
I already gave my love.

(April 1993)

There Is Love

There is someone who will love you
for who you are.
There's a destiny that can be
if you dare try.
There's a way to vanquish your fears;
she has fears too.
There's a love to answer all needs;
don't let it die.

Reach inside and feel her presence;
never give up.
To avoid the breaking point you
must learn to bend.
For together you can conquer
every doubt
There will come a day when your
aloneness will end.

(June 1994)

A Rose in Friendship – A Gift of Love

One perfect pale pink rosebud
offered with barely a thought
To the impact it would have
on the truth that two hearts sought.

A gift in friendship given
to a friend to pass along
To the one love in his life
with no thought that it was wrong.

For Vincent loved his Catherine
as a man who's found his mate
And Stephen hoped his gesture
would let Vincent demonstrate

How special Catherine was to
his life and how he longed for
The courage to believe in
their chance at forevermore.

(April 1993)

The Haven of His Arms

"Vincent," she murmured in the silent room;
his presence engulfing her soul.
Answering her need – bringing light to the gloom
was worth whatever the toll.

Comfort, safety, warmth are his gifts;
unaware of his worth to me.
And in the haven of his arms
is the place that I long to be.

(April 1993)

Love's Ups and Downs

When he found me, he was sure
that what he felt could not endure.

When I saw him, first came fear –
by the second look, it was clear;

I was drawn but he withdrew.
Then eight months later we both knew.

On this roller-coaster ride –
we're in, then out – just like the tide.

He thinks himself unworthy of
the life that's destined through our love.

So patiently I'll wait and see
how long before he comes to me.

(June 1994)

More or Less

I could not love you less or more
if yours was the face that you
seem to think that I would adore
each time you came into view.

I could not want you more or less
if you changed to features new.
Than this you I long to possess;
it's all in my point of view.

For you are beautiful to me
on the inside AND the out.
And even though you disagree;
I have no reason for doubt.

So I will tell you once again –
I love the you that I see.
We deserve it all – let's begin
our happy life that CAN be.

(May 1992)

Inspired by "One Perfect Whole"

(by Joyce Fuller Kleikamp in "Bondstories IV")

What am I doing here?
Why did I live?
What purpose has my life?
What can I give?
Oh why did he bother to take me home?
Instill new hope with his voice alone?

Reality has me now in its clutch.
And all that sustains me is his soul's touch.
I don't understand it; it can't be real;
yet I dare not deny what I can feel.

He is with me always deep down inside.
Inspiring me to seek things yet untried.

I'll strive and push myself to the edge.
And make you proud of me, Vincent, I pledge.

For your voice still echoes the truth you knew.
Now I have the strength to come home to you.

(June 1994)

Pathways Untraveled

Despite his promise that they would
move toward love together,
He knew the paths they must traverse
to get to their forever

were, in truth, impossible for
him to walk at all.

Just a cold and bitter pathway
into the endless dark
awaited them at journey's end
should they try to embark.

For should you see me as I am
in truth not with your heart
would cause dishonorable offense
and tear us both apart.

Oh, Vincent, can't you see why you
have braved the pain to share
your greatest fear with me alone?
You must have been aware
that together we can conquer
the darkness you perceive
and see the light of truth in love,

Reach through the bond – believe.

(September 1994)

Possibilities

The seeds of hope were planted long ago;
and lying dormant barely touched his soul.
Until her spirit wakened life in them;
yet thorns 'neath flowers always took their toll.

Now destiny is finally fulfilled –
a life together truly can begin.
And love beyond beginnings is their guide
to possibilities from deep within.

(September 1994)

Vincent's Secret Friend

You offer me the solace of your silence.
The cleansing balm of emptiness you give.
My deepest pain and fear you accept freely.
There's nothing I can say you won't forgive.

You cleanse my mind of thoughts that are
forbidden;
and save me from the madness that is near.
You hide within yourself my darkest secrets.
You patiently accept – not interfere.

When sleepless nights descend you're always
waiting;
accepting all the questions I bestow.
And even though you offer me no answers,
you help me see what I already know.

Within your heart my life has been recorded.
My hopes and dreams – the fantasies that send
my pen racing across your blank white pages –
confining in my faithful journal friend.

(July 1992)

How do I love thee, Vincent?

I loved, first, the timbre of your voice –
the sound that brought me back from death.
Your healing words became my ray of hope.
Your gentle soul poured out to make me whole.

SHOCK

My face ... Your face

And then ...
I took a second look.

You gave me the courage to return –
told me I had it all the while.
And I began to build my hollow past
into a life of substance and of worth.

SATISFYING

Yes ... No

And then ...
I realized just why.

(March 1992)

Different Worlds

In my world there are people
whose beauty hides their soul;
Who use their face for fortune;
gaining wealth is their life's goal.

In his world all the people
lay their soul out for your sight.
And no one makes their fortune;
but they strive to do what's right.

To help and protect others
is the way of life Below.
And though he can't accept it;
it's the life I long to know.

So I will live in my world
waiting for that precious day
when he takes me in his arms
and says, "Catherine, please stay".

(April 1992)

I Want Her To Be Happy

I feel the sweet contentment;
her enjoyment of the day.
The music of her pleasure
fills my heart in such a way

that brings conflicting feelings
to me – happiness and pain.
I want her to be happy;
yet I struggle now in vain

with selfish thoughts and longing
that I, not the world Above,
provide the only source of
Catherine's happiness and love.

(May 1993)

A Love Beyond Belief

Her music echoes hauntingly;
a familiar siren song;
imparting to the heart of me
that our yearnings are not wrong.

Intense longing, unending need –
the soaring symphony swells.
Rising, running without heed
my growing passion foretells
the demise of my suppression
of a love beyond belief;
the death of my regression
and the birth of our relief.

Through my self-imposed aloneness
we've both stoically endured
postponement of our happiness;
but our future's now assured.

As I reach for her pure essence,
the gossamer thread we share
proclaims our interdependence
and insists that we declare
the love suppressed and smothered
by the agonies of youth
set free to range untethered
through the purity of truth.

(January 1996)

Love Away Our Fear

I love your boyish wonder –
your innocence of soul.
I love the spell I'm under;
your touch can make me whole.

I love the hesitation –
and the way you search my eyes
for any inclination
the embrace that you devise
may not be what I'm wanting
not the same that I desire.
Those doubts are ever taunting;
they douse each love-kindled fire.

But, Vincent, if you'd only feel
through the bond that we have found;
you'd know my longing is as real
as the one that has you bound.

You'd hold me as I want you to.
You'd kiss away our fears.
And do the things you're aching to;
erasing all our tears.

Upon my breast you'd lay your head
as you pulled my body near.
We'd softly sink into your bed
where we'd love away all fear.

It's what I'm wanting more than all
the world Above can give.
Take me, love me – break down the wall
and let us start to live!

(April 1992)

Dominion Over Desire

The slightest movement sent his hair
 across his shoulders wide.
Arousal rippled to her core
 as she stood at his side.
Oh, Vincent, your hypnotic voice,
 your intense eyes of blue,
your velvet skin, your amber mane –
 no other man – just you
elicits such a raging fire
 of need deep in my soul.
If only you were ready to
 accept the lover's role.
You sense that there is something wrong;
 "I'm fine," my weak protest.
While my imagination fills
 with things I could request.
No, I must hold myself in check
 as he discovers how
dominion over his desire
 is now within his power.

(September 1994)

Once Again – Alone

Your touch is as I always
 knew that it would be.
Sensuous and haunting as
 just your touch could be.

Your kiss is just as unique
 as you are, my love.
Your hair is even softer
 than I had dreamed of.

Your eyes are molten azure;
 darker than the blue
that I remember seeing
 when I've looked at you.

My body has this aching
 only you can ease.
But then I feel you leaving;
 Vincent, please don't tease.

The magic of the moment
 slips aware and fear
washes o'er my waking mind
 as I wipe a tear
from my cheek where once your kiss
 made its presence known.
And I find myself in bed;
 once again – alone.

(June 1992)

The Chamber of the Falls

With one I share this perfect place
where water falls with pow'ful grace.
Enveloped in a peacefulness
we share a hesitant caress.

The shadows mask his eyes of blue;
no words of mine can change his view.
"A life that cannot be," he sighs.
And tears well up in both our eyes.

Oh, Vincent, we must share this fight
and struggle 'til the time is right.
I'll treasure every moment spent
with you whose love is innocent.
And wait with patience for your heart
must know that we can never part.

(April 1992)

When the Music Starts

Two souls drawn together;
held fast in their quest.
Hand-in-hand they bolster
each other in this test

of their courage to ride
out the storm of truth
that Vincent had summoned
from the pain of his youth.

His hands he berated;
her words could not touch
the misery that held
his heart tight in its clutch.

My hands hold no beauty;
just think what they've done.
And through his firm statement
she realized she'd won.

And what of my own hands;
they've hurt – yes, and killed.
No, Catherine. Yes, Vincent.
Then both voices were stilled.

They both spoke, in echo:
"These hands – they are mine!"
As large, fur-clad fingers
and small, smooth ones entwined.

Doubts fell like the rain as
his mouth so unique
caressed her lips softly
dispelling the mystique

that had shrouded their love
in his fear far too long.
The first verse was written –
now they'd finish their song.

(February 1994)

Circle of Love

My soul longs to hold her
and never let go.
My heart beats so fast that
it just will not slow.

The line that I've drawn in
defining our love
is harder to maintain
when she is Above.

And I am bound daily
to wait for nightfall;
to go to the woman
I love above all.

Why does the world try to
keep lovers apart?
Yet how can I presume
that we play this part?

We are kindred spirits
with every heartbeat.
And in all ways save one
the circle's complete.

She's my life and my light.
It's harder each day
to keep from fulfilling
our love in all ways.

(May 1993)

Even I Can Dare To Dream

"Whatever happens, whatever comes,
know that I love you." That statement true
was spoken out of desperation.
Yet now whatever was he to do?

He sensed the same deep hunger within
his love that he lived with night and day.
He felt its physical expression
could complete them in a wondrous way.

Yet did he have the right to bind her
to him and end her chances to find
a life with someone else – but could she
realistically leave him behind?

For even as he pushed her away
for her own sake – he clung to her too.
I can't believe you want all of me.
Yet I long for that dream to come true.

(April 1993)

My Pain – Your Pain

It is inevitable,
he said with a voice
that held so much conviction
and left him no choice.

She will leave you, I'm certain;
you don't understand.
Your grief and your pain will be
more than you can stand.

I know this because I have
endured life Above;
and felt it wrench from my grasp
my only true love.

Forget foolish dreams of this
life that cannot be.
Send her back to her World, you
belong here with me!

(May 1993)

Catherine Lives

How ridiculous this headstone;
how absurd its lofty claim.
That beneath it – lost and alone
there rest her loving remains.

No, there is nothing of her here
in this cold and empty grave.
Nothing of my Catherine dear,
for all that she was – she gave.

And all she was is with us still;
in all that she touched she lives.
She guides us and she always will;
through our hands it's she who gives.

Soothing arms to the sad and weak
and kind words to each who grieves.
Through our voices Catherine speaks;
and within our hearts she lives.

(April 1992)

Vincent's Lament

I feel cold and trapped – not by earth and stone;
rather by the aloneness I bear as my own.
I could go Above; ease some of the pain.
Yet my longing for that is completely in vain.
For the light is stealing across the park;
with its onset has stolen my safety – the dark.
The creatures of earth and sky would accept
me as I am and afford me the same respect
I afford them; yet the same is not true
of the self-proclaimed masters who rule all they view.
With their ignorance they would dissect me.
From their greed and hatred there's naught to protect me.
So my spirit must reside
not just Below – but inside
No wait, I must have been wrong.
Reach out to my soul --
I'm not half but whole.
Hope fills me within;
her name – Catherine

(June 1994)