# Dedication

I dedicate this anthology to my mother, Miss Kathleen Donnelly, who has gone through many struggles during my childhood due to illness and of her own due to Fibromyalgia. I also dedicate this anthology to all of my old school friends, especially Linda Egan; remember that cupboard where a few of us had lunch? I also dedicate this anthology to a great friend of mine who I sorely miss. A Mr Samuel McLean; I will never forget your eccentric personality and the memories we created over the years that we knew each other. Samuel, I hope your Red Reptile Skin shoes have joined you in the after-life. I shall always remember your shoulder that you always let me cry on whenever I needed to.

# Our Eternal Mother

Every day is different but the cycle of day and night remain the same.

Some may say that happiness is made and not given but many are deprived of this emotion.

Seas and oceans are both dominated by moving energy and thus waves are born but stillness is never far behind.

The very essence of life itself is sometimes masked by our selfish nature; we take but rarely give back.

Regardless of our very nature life continues on even if we are gone from this earth.

Some say death is a burden but it is part of life; we are born and then taken away however it may be.

History repeats itself, like a broken record unable to move on to the next chorus of song.

Still words are eternal however how it is done; songs, writing, hieroglyphs or even prehistoric art, they all project meaning and one of many may become part of the puzzle still to be discovered for life has many secrets yet to be shared among the souls of this earth; eternal and alight like the sun and stars held by the invisible hands of our eternal Mother.

# Mother Nature’s Mirror

Many tales encase mirrors both glittering and new, still the reflections portrayed may become distorted by a single crack thus one becomes many.

Light absorbed and then broken into an array of colour;

Many smiles surround the boundless room of Mother Nature’s good will.

The purest of white floats across the bright blue sky, like magical boats carrying the very essence of innocence.

Then yet human nature is selfish thus reflecting a darker side; we all harbour inner demons that manifest themselves, like the sly virus created by man that leaves a path of destruction across and within nature’s niches.

But still Mother Nature forgives for her resilience is beyond the claws of man; She will remain even when we are gone for day and night are locked in an eternal cycle for ever to be the mirror in to which we peer in to her world.

Regardless of our selfish nature, She will always be heard whenever we need teaching from wrong to right; her voice is always there in the form of eruptions from her fiery belly, violent quakes from within her soul and almighty thunder from within her powerful lungs creating tornadoes and hurricanes alike.

Still Mother Nature is forgiving but our inner demons continue to shadow the mirror in to her world thus we are destined to overstep our limitations and end up trapped in a whirlpool of denial and false hope.

# Pagan Faith

Many gods and goddesses may exist; however, each one only portrays the many personalities of one wholly being when combined.

Our Mother cherishes us all but still our inane habits inhibit the possibility of a peaceful planet.

We take everything for granted not thinking of the consequences of our many selfish actions.

Our Mother exists in everything we see and do, still life displays a certain essence to cause destruction, extinction or simply evolution.

Each of us behold the ability to change but our stubbornness creates a false image of security, wrapping us all in a thick layer of cotton-wool.

Pagan faith is a way of becoming one with nature enabling us to see how precious life is.

Sadly, our subconscious makes us blind to the fragmented forms of how life behaves; life can suddenly become dark and flooded with fear and melancholy making us see life in a different light making many bitter and scarred.

Nature is the centre of pagan faith thus it is seen as precious and is thus treasured and deeply appreciated by all followers.

Many of us learn life’s most important lesson at a turning point in our lives: life can be altered in a blink of an eye, like day surrendering to the night setting free the all seeing eye, it provides the only light through the darkness.

As inevitable as it may be, darkness has to submit to light releasing the slumbering spirits of life.

# Mysterious Forest

Many things appear lost and hidden but a certain light gives them life.

Twilight gives everything an opaque glow making it appear solid like stone.

Many sounds, both imaginary and genuine, ricochet around the darkness creating fear and a sense of being gone astray.

Forests are found on either side, both black and dead; all the trees deformed into eerie formations, each one seems to strangle another.

The owl holes seem to possess jagged teeth, like a wild animal beholds.

Suddenly, the only light is provided by a whole and bright moon; a wolf howls in the distance.

Twilight has gone, everything appears dead, even the moon is surrounded by a few spine-chilling clouds.

Everything has gone silent; something appears to move; leaves rustle raising one’s hair.

Without warning, everything has gone black, like a great darkness has engulfed one’s soul.

Sadly this is not so for one has become part of the surrounding land, both dead and living.