

Poetry Series

Mary Mc Creath
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Mary Mc Creath(26/12/1936)

I have been touched by the poems written by others on this site and I am enjoying reading them. It is good to read the words of people who have put their life experiences on this site for others to read, and be inspired by them. I am happy to have found this place.

My poems were written as I was reflecting on my life experiences. I have written most of them years ago and have them in notebooks. As I come across them I type them up on poemhunter.



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My First Car Ride

The Visit in 1939

She came to visit mum
A friend who planned.
To leave our country
For a distant land.

While mum and friend
Had a nice long talk
I was offered a car ride
Around the block.

I toddled down
At the age of two.
For a ride in a car
What a strange to do.

It had a crank
That wound it up.
I sat in the back seat
Like an eager pup.

It chugged and spluttered
As it came to life.
I sat in trepidation
In this strange device.

Around the block
We started to go.
A happier event
I was never to know.

My first car ride
Left an impression on me.
Of wonder and awe
For new technology.

Mary Mc Creath

For Joseph

Go gently into that bright light
Dear brother.
Embrace it with your
Closing eyes.

You'll open them to see
Someone is waiting.
To take your hand
To show you a surprise

Your ancestor have been
There waiting.
So long for you with smiles
And open arms.

To greet you with a song
And hug you dearly.
To welcome you
Among their millions strong.

A thousand thousand wait to
Meet their Joseph.
A thousand thousand sing
To you their song.

Of all they gave to you from
Their own stories.
Now! Add your story
To that endless throng.

A story of your life and every venture.
A story of your pleasures and your pain.
A story of your failures and successes.
A story of your losses and your gain.

Then add your light to theirs
And see the glory.
Of being part of more
Than who you are.

Your one of many in
An endless story.
And we'll join our story
To you 'fore anon.

Your just a step ahead and
Soon we follow.
You'll greet us then
And lend a helping hand

We'll sing to you our
Many many stories
And have you take
Us by your own hand.

Mary Mc Creath

Christ 2

Christ, may all that is you flow into me,
May your world and cosmos, be my food and drink.
May your Alpha and Omega, be my life and strength.
Christ with you at my side all has been given.
May the shelter I seek be the light of your being.
Let me not run from the love you offer
But hold me safe in your being.
On each of my dyings and risings shed your light and your love.
Keep calling me till that day comes
When with all your creation I may live in you forever

Mary Mc Creath



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Hand

I put my hand in the hand
Of the one who stills my consciousness
I put my hand in the hand
Of the one who comforts me.

I look at my life. As it is lived
At this very moment.
And I know it is all that I want
And can ever be.

I put my hand in the hand of
The one who calls me forward
I put my hand in the hand of
Who is there for me.

I put my hand in the hand of
All I've ever longed for
I put my hand in the hand
Of the love that's there for me

I put my hand in each new day of living
I put my hand in the choices it offers me.

I put my hand in the things all life puts before me
I put my hand in the gifts they bring to me each new day.

I put my hand in. The new life that is singing
In my heart as I travel on my merry way.

I put my hand in the hand of the one my life has longed for
I put my hand in the call of each and every day.

I put my hand in the love that's given to me.
I put my hand in the hand of the one to whom I pray.

I put my hand in the hand of the one I'm seeking
I put my hand in that hand each and every day.

I put my hand in the hand of the one who gives me meaning

I put my hand in the hand of the one who shows the way.

I put my hand in the hand of the one who shows me dreaming

I put my hand in the hand of the one who gives new sight.

I put my hand in the hand of the one who shows me secrets

I put my hand in the hand of the one who whispers "know";.

I put my hand in the hand of the one who tells me stories

I put my hand in the hand of the one who makes me glow.

I put my hand in the hand of the one who holds a lantern

I put my hand in the hand of the one who lights my way to go

Mary Mc Creath

Healer

I use my gift to serve the world
Of body, spirit, mind.

To find the way to cure the pain
Within, without, I find

My own life has its share of woes
`Tis here that I begin

To find the salve that heals the wounds
Embedded deep within.

So outward now I turn my gaze
And from this place of pain

The well of healing water streams
A journey does begin

To share the living waters found
At this enchanted stream

To bring the healing back with me
I live my newfound dream.

Mary Mc Creath

Journing

You take me on a journey,
To where I would not go.
You take me on a journey
I see the things you show.

You take me on a journey
That broadens out my mind.
You lead me to a distant place
At which a jewel I find

You take me on a journey
To lands I have not seen.
I follow you to vistas
Of endless distant dreams.

You take me on a journey
Where none have gone before.
To meet that which I'm seeking
On some far distant shore.

You take me on a journey
As homeward bound I go.
To bring back from the vistas
That which the way did show.

You take me on a journey
Back to the very start.
To find the gift you hid from me
And then you've done your part

Mary Mc Creath

The Seeker

I am the one who asks the reason why,
Did it have to happen and is it in a plan.
I am the one who seeks the reason why,
It did have to happen and what is the plan

I am the one who looks up to the heavens
Seeking for an answer to follow the plan.
I am the one who lives out in my being
What I see as the answer, if and when I can

Mary Mc Creath



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I Ask?

What is our purpose
As I look at the dawning?
What is our purpose
In this world I pray?

What is the meaning
in the light of the morning?
What is the meaning
In this world for today?

What do I value
As I rise from my Yawning
What do I value
In this world can I say?

These are my question
Light I am seeking
These do I ponder
At the breaking of day.

Mary Mc Creath

One Singer One Song

One origin, one destiny for all
A future together or, not at all

One Creator from whence all came
One life to live, but never the same

Although separated all over the earth
Nonlocally connected since the day of our birth

Connectd by a consciousness we all possess
A noosphere exists by which all at blessed

Affecting each other, all species do
Effectively sharing whatever they know

If you listen, you will hear each one speak
And be blessed by their wisdom in all that you seek

So take time to be still and open your heart
And let messages in from all of your parts

To affect you each day, as you travel along
With a multitude who are each singing their song

Mary Mc Creath

Memories

How long have I loved you,
Oh God of my heart?
Since childhood, near death
Did we meet..... did it start.

A vision was shown of
A choice I could make.
Come to you...and to bliss
Or to live on and take

Up a life that was given
To be part of a plan
That would grow and
Develop to show who I am.

In relation to you and
To all you create, in this
World that was then in
A terrible state.

To a world that's at war
With your vision and plan
For persons and countries
To do what they can.

To build peace with each other
And love every race.
Created by you
At this time, in this place

I've chosen to stay,
What can a child do
But offer its love given
By you.

To family and friends
To city lived in,
To country and allies,

And enemy to.

For all of us here are
A part of your plan
And each one is doing
The best that they can.

Mary Mc Creath

Christ

Christ is born
All the world has
hope

Christ is alive
all the world
Renewed.

Christ at work
and the world
is at peace.

Christ is suffering
and the world
is healed

Christ has died
and the world
is saved.



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Christ is risen
and the earth is
reborn.

Mary Mc Creath

My Mother Said

'There is a place for everything
and everything in its place'.
were the words Mum
often said to me

I was angry and frustrated
at the sound of these words
that she spoke often
most continuously

Why the fuss, why the bother
Cant its stay just where it is
Till I need it at some
later date.

Why the head shakes and
finger points, upsets
That ruin every
single day



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I managed in my teenage years
and when I was an adult.
I could put my finger on anything
in any pile or heap.

It was no problem for me
to find that elusive 'thing'
With no fixed place
to keep.

But now that I am older
and wiser to boot
There are some habits I now
wish had taken deeper root.

I find my self now sorting out
my things with Mum in mind
I hear her golden saying
Spoken to me out Loud.

'There is a place for everything
and everything in its place'.
If she were here with me right now
She'd be so very proud

Mary Mc Creath

Backpak

Oh! my brother sister
Can you see my plight.
As I struggle and wander
in this deep deep dark night.
As I cling to childrens hands or
Carry in backpack all that
I could rescue from the life I now lack.

Mary Mc Creath



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Cultivating Life

Life and living has to be cultivated
as one becomes older.
It is more delicate than
Any other stage
and more exhotic.

Such has it to be treated
With tenderness and care,
With wonder and awe,
With love and devotion
hold it blithley.

Mary Mc Creath



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Watching

Watching life go bye
A moot point
flying around
Condenses here in space time
Hear the happy bird singing
Take a bow forever

Mary Mc Creath



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Then And Now

In the 1950's

Then began working in my first job.
Now retired from full time work.

Then played the records of Johnny Ray,
Tommy Steel, Elvis, on a turntable.
Now listen to songs on ipod.

Then took first flight from Glasgow to Dublin.
Went from home to destination in 2 hours.
Now same journey today, with all the security
And traffic could take over 6 hours.

Then saw Princess Elizabeth the year she became queen
Now enjoyed her diamond jubilee in 2012.

Then bought family our first TV and watched coronation in 1953
Now follow interest on Utube and Tedtalks

Then queued up for tickets, Bill Haley and the Comets,
Saw him perform 'Rock around the Clock'
Now go to see live performance of The Lion King
or watch favourites Andre Rieu and A L Webber

Then followed sputnik and the race to the moon
Now download the mars landing video and NASA space photos

Then loved the A- line skirt
Now still love and wear A-line skirts

Then post was main means of communication.
Now send sms's to friends.

Then travelled by public transport, tram, bus, subway
No Chevy to drive anywhere.
Now little public transport, practically everyone has
own means to get about.

Then followed main news at weekly cinema shows
Now minute by minute updates on cell from CNN.com

Then loved to read works of great poets.
Now also enjoy writing my own verse and thoughts.

Mary Mc Creath

Happiness

It makes me happy to see children play
But its sad to think they will be old some day.

It makes me happy to see the sun rise
But sad at the thought of it's nightly demise.

It makes me happy to watch a game
But when my team looses I'm never the same.

It makes me happy to see a flower grow
But when it withers and wilts sadness will show.

So to be happy one moment and sad the next
Is a part of life that is hard to fix.

For what makes us happy can also make us sad
So its important to learn to take the good with the bad.

To enjoy what is there that makes life glow,
And accept when it changes from a high to a low.

Mary Mc Creath

They Are The Ones Who Call Us To Stay Awake

We are the farmers students labourers
Who died in both world wars.

We are the soldiers from many countries,
who fought in obscure wars for no real reasons.

We are the disappeared of the Revolutions In
Africa Europe and Asia who fought for freedom.

We are the departed Egyptian Libyan Syrians
Who gave all in the rise of the Arab Spring.

We are the fruit sellar and monks who immolated
Themselves in dispair about poverty and for freedom.

We are the workers who fight for a just wage
and are gunned down by the system.

They are the ones who call us to stay awake
And pray that we do not fall asleep again.

They are calling you and me to take a stand. Now!
To be counted among those who will not sleep!

Mary Mc Creath

Did You Know

Rock, mountains become
a billion grains of sand
per second

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - Snail

dark green moss
dry brittle crisp
a snail crawls

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - Midday

green leaves
gleam in midday sun
phone rings

Mary Mc Creath



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Wonder Wander

I wonder, ponder
what awaits yonder
as I wander

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - Recession

recession smoulders
a country stands on a cliff edge
politicians tango

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - White Foam

white foam twists
lush green trees grow
water wonders

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - Stone Pathway

rain falls plops
on the stone pathway
leaves float

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - Straw Hat

summer sun
reaches its zenith
straw hat

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - Autumn Leaf

an autumn leaf
floats from a high branch
earth bound

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - Leaves

olive leaves
glisten in sunlight
rough bough

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - Bracelet

i show mum
my new bracelet
daisy chain

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - Time

passing time
on the kitchen wall
clock ticks

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - Return

a sparrow
returns to waiting nest
night falls

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - Acorn

oak leaves
carpet the green lawn
acorn sprouts

Mary Mc Creath



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Alphabet Magic

A writer writes a story, begins it with a plot.
Develops genre, characters, gives it lots of thought.

The subject has been chosen, to set the scenes alight.
He ponders and considers this, in inspiration flight.

A mystery here, a drama there, a story in gestation.
To titillate his readership, he aims at fascination.

A writers tools are magic in creating what they do.
Since the time of cuneiform, they've fascinated me and you.

Alphabet and punctuation have been helping them along.
To tell so many stories to a population throng.

©

Mary Mc Creath



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Posibilities Of The Optimist

I'm an optimist of optimists none stronger you will find.
The things that I can see would never cross another's mind.

I'm never slow then to express the wonders that I see.
A dream of distant vistas will always capture me.

My heart is warm and ready to delight in everyone.
But if you are my friend you'll feel you are the only one.

As teacher I saw every child was different in my class.
Taught them to be the best they could, no one could them surpass.

In personal development a challenge was old programmes to erase.
To let the new flourish now, you're in a different phase.

Moving on to consulting with groups of every kind.
A new world order in this realm for all of them to find.

So if you have the time, just come and visit me.
You'll hear the joy and mystery of a happy ENFP.

Mary Mc Creath

Bridging The Gap

How?

To bridge the gap, gorge, chasm,
forged
by the years of the
tread, trod trodden on backs,
of these.

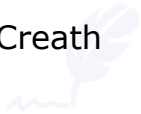
How?

To stop the fright, fear, terror from the
hand
that holds the latch, bolt, keys
of the life of these.

How?

To help the poor, old, young
giving each a place in the sun, rain, land
that belongs to these.

Mary Mc Creath



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It Is Real

Oh! Africa
Oh! Africa
We weep, we weep.

Take a picture now!
See how real it is
Oh Africa we weep.
We weep, we weep.

Mary Mc Creath



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The Refugees

Not one, but thousands flee a land of pain and woe
Each searches desperately for a place to go
To find a haven without terror or distress
To find a place of safety
And begin again to rest

At night and in day
Away from bullets, bombs and fears
That is their heartfelt quest
Amid panic, loneliness and tears.

Yet their onward journey ends for many in despair
Dead and dying people, children...does anybody care?

Drowned in some unfriendly ocean are hundreds in a day
Others suffer suffocation in concealment on their way.

Hid in lorries, vans and case.....
And out of desperation
dealt.....
A JOKER
Not and ACE.

Mary Mc Creath

Have You Noticed

Have you noticed,

How branches of trees,

Dance and sway,

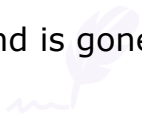
In the wind.

When the wind is gone,

The tree is still and silent.

The wind stirs life into them

Passes and is gone.



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What stirs life into you?

Moves you, to dance and sway?

Mary Mc Creath

Shame On You!

They are coming from the US and elsewhere,
to our beloved Karoo.

Government contracts are a plenty, a 30 day bill
will soon allow for this.

Hundreds of square miles of shale underground.

Jobs for the poor, not likely.

Gone in four years leaving devastation of farmlands,
small holds, rivers and water table.

Hundreds of poor villagers will have no drinkable water
to nourish them.

Water that brings disease and ill health will be left behind.

But who cares, they are only the poor of the world? And
Governments need to find money to function.

Have you no conscience,

You the mighty nations of the world?

Does profit drive you so much

that you would rob the poor

of their main source of clean water and arable land.

Have you not conscience,

government of South Africa?

You betray the very poor

you are called to serve.

SHAME ON YOU! ! !

Have the poor of our land

not suffered enough at the hands

of the rich and greedy and from all kinds of
exploitation?

Mary Mc Creath

Respect

It is a gift that brings balance into my life.

Can I respect myself enough to, stop worrying, overworking, blaming and shaming myself?

Can I respect myself enough to take time to write, relax, play and regenerate myself?

Respect curtails my terrors, panic, anxiety and fears.

Respect gifts me with belief in my self-worth, abilities, talents and possibilities.

Respect is a gift I cherish.

Mary Mc Creath



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Energy

-is a gift that allows us to do many things.

It fuels our emotions of passion, desire, vision and commitment.

It fuels our actions as we work, play, rest and contemplate.

It is curtailed by worry, stress, conflict and illness.

It is revived by openness, reflection, sharing and searching.

Energy gifts us with life, love, happiness and contentment.

Energy is a gift I delight in.

Mary Mc Creath



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I Want

To walk down this beautiful road.
To drink in the warm autumn hues.
To press some of the leaves in a book.
To sit under a tree and eat my sandwich.

To take photos of my own of the scene.
To bring my paints and capture a leaf.
To listen to the bird sounds and song.
To reflect on the life message it holds.

Mary Mc Creath



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Gone

You are gone
My heart is broken
Where can I assured
Solace and repose discover
at the loss of you
my dearest friend
and mother.

Mary Mc Creath



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Happy Bird

I hum from flower to flower
Harvesting nectar happily
Delighting in each delicacy
along my merry way.

Small I am yet quick
darting here and there
with transparent Ah!
but very, swift wings.

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - Crimson Sunset

crimson sunset
swallows circle in free dance
lawnmower hums

Mary Mc Creath



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No Leaves No Birds

The birds have
Fled and nestlings
Flown away
No company and
All alone am I.

I stand here
With all my beauty gone
Uncovered, naked
Facing winter's
Cold.

New strength
I draw from deep within
My roots
Till winter goes

Then I'll again
Be dressed in fairest green.
My leaves will grow
and flowers will bloom again.

The weaver birds
Will come and make their home
Till fledglings fly once more
To warmer clime.

And I another
winter sleep will take
resting alone
no leaves, no birds

Mary Mc Creath

My Cat

I had a tabby cat
Who was a hunter to his core.
Now in our house the
Rats and mice are gone forever more.

He was a most beloved pet
to all my family,
And very, very special
To all of us and me.

There are other cats I keep
But he's the favoured one
And no one loved him more
Than me and my two sons.

We watched him
as playfully he hunted, climbed a tree
Like no other cat
in all the world adventurous he'd be.

If you would look most any time
Into my living room.
You'd see a fluffy furry cat
Chase away our gloom.

He is no longer with us.
We've lost him, our dear friend
And sadness fills my heart and mind
That feels will never end.

Mary Mc Creath

Tastebud Moments

There is time,
To sit and eat,
Ice cream and peaches,

To enjoy, its
Delightful,
Delectable,
Delicious,
Taste and flavour.
Savouring
Enjoying
Tingling
Tastebud
Moments.

Mary Mc Creath



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Eileen A Cheo (Isle Of Mist)

You cross a bridge to get to Skye
a grander sight you'll never see
a happy trip that takes you to
the bonniest place you'll ever be

Portree is where you're headed now
to find a place to stay
you can go sailing all day long,
within its sheltering bay

Go for a drive and you will see
fair hills and dale and then
the mountains rise in splendour
in this fair Scottish glen

Along the way you'll meet some friends
the very humble cow
She finds it hard to see you
with long hair on her brow.

A final scene to greet you as you
drive back home that day
Is sheep on rolling hills
and sunset on the bay.

Mary Mc Creath

Ah!

The northern lights
Look dim and pale
As one looks out
Beyond the veil
of night.

A cosmic beauty dims
these lights as
pulsars quasars fill
our sight

Beyond the spiralled
Milky Way
Andromeda

Ah! such bold
brash brazen brightness
Amazes
Delights.



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Mary Mc Creath

Haiku - Spider

web shakes
a spider freezes
the lizard flicks

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku- Bench

grass grows
below the bench
shadows fall

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - Boots

heavy boots
crunch through frozen snow -
fierce dog barks

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - Pathway

rain fall plops
on the stone pathway -
leaves float

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - Swallow

crimson sunset
swallows circle in free dance
lawnmower hums

Mary Mc Creath



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The Artist

An artist picks her topics
To illustrate and then
She looks around for paper
for pencil or for pen.

Moves her subject here and there
To get the lighting right
Sits down, then considers it
For Inspiration flight.

Shading here a highlight there
The sketching has begun
Eliminates wayward line
And voila' it is done

An artists tools are magic
They capture many a sight
And turn the simplest objects
To wonder and delight

Mary Mc Creath

It Touches Me Somehow

In my life I've been inspired
By many people and things.

The heroics of brave men and women,
The exploits of prophets and kings.

I've marvelled at the beauty of nature
And the wonder of internet things.

I've delighted in visions of sunsets
And the joy of a slow walking pace.

But of all of those things nothing touched me,
Like the warmth of a poet's embrace.

In the picture the poet has painted
Of a vision created in space

Be it Shakespeare or Byron or Shelly,
Be it Langstone or Angelou.

What I've needed to live in this moment,
They've said it in words somehow.

Mary Mc Creath

Haiku - Flower -

A flower
Sitting on a branch
See the swallow.

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - Weaver Bird

Bird pecks
At the new weaver nest
Rain is falling

Mary Mc Creath



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Haiku - At The Mall

A tablet blinks
It's screen goes black
Drinking coffee

Mary Mc Creath



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Always With Me

You gave me life.
You gave me love.
I followed you
And found my way.

I loved my life
T'was long and free.
You're always there'
To comfort me.

So be with me,
Along the way.
In joy and sorrow,
Every day.

You know my story,
You are my friend.
Please stay with me.
Till journey's end.

Mary Mc Creath

Woolly Jumpers

Winter, woolly jumpers
Are what comfort me,
When the weathers cold and frosty,
Woollens are for me.

So furs are an an anthem
And skins of any kind
Give me my woolly jumper
And true happiness I find.

Mary Mc Creath



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Society-The Prank

Its done and can't be undone,
So what to do.

We do not know
What words we say
In jest or play
Will do to those
Who hear them,
On any given day,
We do not know.

But some D J's
Who thought a prank to play
Know just what they can do
And who did hear them
And what it led her to.

It's done and can't be undone,
So what to do.

If you are sure that you
Have never said a word
that could have led
To such a consequence
Then go ahead and throw
The stone.
If everyone did this then
Surely we would all be dead.

Its done and can't be undone
So what to do.

No matter what the shock
all of us need to take stock
This could just as well have
Been
you or I.

Its done and what to do.

So I say with Him of yore
That the one who has not said
a word that could have led
To a deed we all deplore,
Can walk away knowing this
Could be us someday,
The pranksters or the woman.

Its done and what to do.

Comfort those in suffering
And in pain, the family
And the D J's who started
It all.

Its done and can't be undone.

Learn from both so that
We and others do not
Repeat what they did

Its done and can't be undone.

Mary Mc Creath

Belief-To Be Born Again And Again And Again

Life is a continuous series
Of birth and death.
To be born is the first stage
Of being alive.

As our mothers suffered
The birth pangs of our
Entrance into life
And accepted this as
The natural course
Of events so we continue,
To suffer the pangs of birth
As we grow and are reborn.

Again and again in our life time,
There is no escaping the next
Pangs of birth.
They are a natural course
Of life events and signal
A transition from a world
We are comfortable in
To a new world that makes
Different demands on us.

Just as some animals shed
Their skin to make way
For a newer body,
So we too shed through
Suffering and pain
A life that no longer
Fits us,
To make way for a new life
That is as fresh as that
Of a newborn

We have to learn all over again,
how to crawl, walk, speak
And relate to ourselves and others,
In this new life.

Mary Mc Creath

Transition-I Am Old Now

I am old now and I can tell you,
I would not change my place
With anyone.

I have know what it is like
To be a child
A teenager
A young woman.

At thirty I felt accomplished
As a teacher.
At forty the deeper meanings of life,
Attracted me.

By fifty I had three careers after teaching.
At sixty I started to wonder
How life would be for me from now on.

At seventy I am beginning to feel,
A joy at being alive, that is new to me.

I feel my vulnerability,
I feel my fading strength,
I know my demise is approaching,
Yet there is a peace and happiness
That I feel at a new depth,
A knowledge and understanding,
I have that I can taste and savour
With delight.

a peace and security I have
That leaves me,
With an openness to what,
Life has to offer me still.

I am old now and I can tell you
I would not change my
Place with anyone.

Mary Mc Creath

Life-Day Begins

The branches move,
In quivering motion,
The sky is dark and cloudy
The birds sing in a subdued tone.
And warble in a whisper.

The noise of traffic,
Sounds,
Loud and clear and
hums,
As people move to where
They go each day.
What will it bring
Them?

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Society-Someone Came Knocking At My Door

She walks and walks,
And walks.
From here to there,
And everywhere,
With measured stride,
She walks.

She talks and talks,
And talks,
About life and what,
Is happening,
As she meets it every day,
And in so many,
Different ways,
She talks.

She helps and helps,
And helps,
Most anyone
To get things done.

A bill to pay,
She'll do it.
A tea to run,
She'll see to it.
A bank or post
To get to and,
She is there
To see to it.
She helps.

Need a reminder of
What is coming up
She'll have the info
That you need,
And more.

So life is always,
Interesting, when



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She'll come knocking,
At your door.

Mary Mc Creath

Being-There Is Time Right Now

There is time right now,
To sit.

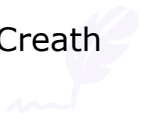
To sit and listen to,
Quiet music.

To gaze out of the window,
And catch the playfulness
Of the trees.

To watch as they bend and dance,
To the movement,
The wind is stirring,
In them.

There is time,
right now.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Time For Ice Cream And Peaches

There is time,
To sit and eat,
Ice cream and peaches,

To enjoy, its
Delightful,
Delectable,
Delicious,
Taste and flavour.

To be grateful,
And thankful,
For this dish,
And for savouring
The enjoyment,
That it brings.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Life-Sleep Won'T Come

It's late at night,
It's time to sleep,

But sleep won't come.

I close my eyes,
Put out the light,

But sleep won't come.

I toss and turn,
I stretch and yawn,

But sleep won't come.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Feelings-What Is Depression Like

It is similar to a vegetative state.

All movement is curtailed,
Paralysis sets in.
Vitality and energy,
Vanish.

It is a direction - less state,
That sucks the life out of a person
and leaves them feeling,
Empty and isolated.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Consciousness - Awareness

To be conscious is to
be aware.

I can be aware,
and have no
Physical signs
of consciousness.

Scientists have
Proved this,
With MRI experiments
on persons who are in
a vegetative state.

They ask the person,
in the vegetative state,
to imagine playing tennis,
and can see activity in
the brain light up.

They ask the person,
in the vegetative state
to stop imagining and
their brain activity stops.

Mary Mc Creath

Feelings-What Is Depression

Depression

It comes and goes,
in the life of most of us.
Unless it becomes,
A chronic state.

It is a feeling,
just like any
Other feeling.
It gives us
information about
How we are.

It is not who,
We are, unless
it becomes,
A chronic
State.



PoemHunter.com

Mary Mc Creath

Feelings-How Depression Feels

A depressed person feels

Isolated from themselves,
Others and the world.

A depressed person feels,

Isolated from past,
Present and Future.

A depressed person feels,

Isolated from movement,
Direction and activity.

A depressed person feels,

Empty of thoughts,
feelings or desires.

A depressed person feels,

Empty of meaning,
hopes and vision.

A depressed person feels,

Empty of life,
light and love

A depressed person feels,

All of these.

Mary Mc Creath

Consciousness-It Moves Us

Consciousness moves us

from inactivity to activity,
from activity to activity.

Conscious moves us,

from activity to feeling,
from feeling to thinking.

Consciousness moves us,

from thinking to activity,
or inactivity.

Consciousness moves us.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Society-Who

Who cares?
Who loves?
Who listens?
Who hears?
Who waits?
Who comes?
Through out the years..

In days of darkness,
In days of pain,
When things are dreary,
When life's a strain,

WHO?

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

The One

I hear the One
Who speaks to me,
When troubles
Fill my mind.

I see the One,
Who visits me,
When dreams,
Are hard to find.

I feel the One,
Who holds me,
When fears,
Keep me in their sway.

I touch the One,
Who touches me,
When new vision,
Comes my way.

I know the One,
Who comforts me,
When darkness,
Fills my heart.

I love the One,
Whose always there,
From whom,
I'll never part.

Mary Mc Creath

Being-5. Not To Be

There is an insatiable desire,
to know and understand
what has become of the entities
that I have known and loved
And
in a lifetime
these have been many.

A beloved relative,
A childhood friend,
A pet bird, dog and cat.
A tree it used to climb.
An insect its brother destroyed.

The millions who died in wars.
The extinct vegetation, plants and animals.
The deceased entertainers and sports persons.
The wise and foolish of time.
The persons from past and present centuries.

Where are their essences?
Where did they go to?
How are they relevant?
To whom are they relevant?

Philosophers say that all are one.
But what does this mean to any one entity.

To be then
not to be?

What is the answer to this question?
What has become of them?

Written in 2012

Mary Mc Creath

Being-3. To Be

To have a life, but not to be its
Possessor.

To live a life but not to
Own it.

This is a relationship with,
Something so ordinary
Yet so mysterious.

To be alive is to live
With this most ordinary
Of mysteries.
To know that your life
Is yours.

Yet does not belong
To whom it is given.

Daily, hourly, minute by minute
And second by second,
Someone or something
Loses the gift of life,
And ceases to be.

life did not belong
to whom is was given!

Written in 2012

Mary Mc Creath

Being-2. To Be

Autopoiesis or the
Ability to self generate
An existence is within
All being.

It does not belong
To whom it is given.

The life of a being..
Can be utilized
Unaware, or..
To a greater or lesser extent
With full awareness.

Awareness does not possess.
It acknowledges that which is.

This does not belong
To whom it is given.

Written in 2012

Mary Mc Creath

Society-Inconviencing People

You, you never come on time.
You always have an excuse.
You contradict what I say
You like to have your own way.
You, you know better.

Written in 1976

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Society-Frustrating People

You, you come when I am busy
and you say you need me.
You borrow and do not return.
You inconvenience me
I'm mad at you

Written in 1976

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Society-Annoying People

You, you moan and groan
about your lot.
But you never think
of what
I have to do.
You, you just think of you.

Written in 1976

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Society-Accepting People

You, you make me happy
light-hearted
and joyful.
You accept me,
Make me laugh,
at my foolishness
I like you!

Written in 1976

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Childhood Memories -The Visit

When I was just
a child of eight
my gran she came
to
visit me.

I had been naughty
and I had made
my mums life
a
misery.

So she scolded me
and told me my mum
was ill and
she
could die.

If I continued
as I had done
I would soon
be
all alone.

My brothers who
were six and two
would then
be my
responsibility.

From that day on
I did what I could
to no more
be bad
and always be good.

For I did not want
that day to come
to look after my brothers



PoemHunter.com

and
loose my mum.

Mary Mc Creath

Being-1. To Be

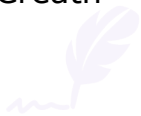
Being alive is a gift
Given by life
It does not belong
To whom it is given.

It is given to all kinds
Of beings, plants, animals, planets,
Galaxies, universes,
Multi verses and humans.

For some of these life forms
Existence is very short
For others
It lasts billions of years

Written 2012

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Music

Music lifts the soul,
Fills the heart.
It enters spaces within,
We did not know existed.
Till it was touched,
By music.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Life-2. What Makes Me Be

My being then,
I've come to see,
is given me.

You give me life,
you make me be,
when you love me.

From deep inside of me
you call it forth
and make me free to be.

You make me be when
you hear me.
You call forth hopes and dreams
from deep inside of me
and make me free to hope
and dream
and be.



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You make me be when
you cry to me
of all the joys and pain,
that make you be.

My being stretches out
and tries to touch,
the joy, the pain
and be with you,
One being from the two.

Oh blade of grass, oh bird, oh tree,
can I my being share with
you as with a friend?
Can I my joys and sorrows pour to
you and you them mend?
It seems not.

But I can be one with others.

I am for them,
and they for me, but not
the blade of grass, for blade of grass
the bird for bird
the tree for tree.

Written in 1977

Mary Mc Creath

Being-4. Not To Be

The loss of any life,
is felt by those
who still have this
gift that they
do not possess.

They wonder about the life
that is no more.
a flower, an insect, an animal.
a star, a planet a person.

Where has its essence gone,
the uniqueness that
the entity did possess
and brought to life
and lived?

Where have all the essences gone?
Who took them?
Where have they been put?
What has become of them?

Written in 2012

Mary Mc Creath

Transitionc Trust Hope Belief

I have to Trust, Hope
and Believe,
In what?

What the caterpillar believed in
as it spun its cocoon
before becoming a butterfly.

What the star believed in
as it shrank to less than a pinpoint,
before exploding into a supernova.

What a galaxy believed in
as its form is captured by a
larger galaxy and it is torn apart,
to become something larger than itself.

What a singularity believed in
as it exploded into being
expanding into another universe.

What a person believes in
as she draws her last breath,
and is no longer present,
to their physical form.

What Christ believed in
when he spoke to his disciples
at the last supper
about the place
he was going to that they
could not come to now.

Mary Mc Creath

Transitionb Dying And Rising

Did I say that I had,
Packed my suitcases?
That was a mistake.
No suitcases are necessary,
Where I am going.

Did I say I had,
bought my ticket?
No ticket is needed
where I am going.

Did I say had
studied the maps
of my new world?
There are o maps
needed to get to
where I am going.

How will I get there?
It is the easiest thing,
yet the most difficult,
to get to
where I am going.

I have to die
to the form I am
now in
and
let the form
that allows me
to live in
this new world
emerge.

There is no manual
to show me how to do this.
I have to trust the life process
that manifests forms
and

their containers.

Mary Mc Creath

Transition4 My New World

A whole new world was now
opening out to me.
Undreamed of experiences,
were now coming my way.

I now realized how limiting
was my wholeness,
I had clung to,
on my mountain peak world.

That world had been shattered.
I had been scattered,
in all directions.
Only to find a new world,
less solid than my old world.

I now lived in a fluid world,
that constantly opened to me,
a newness and never ending variety,
of ways of relating to it.

Mary Mc Creath

Transition2 My Downfall

My downfall was warmth,
something moved close to the base
of my mountain peak. It dared
to touch my coldness.

I thought that if, I ignored it,
It would go away bye and bye.
But it did not. It stayed at the foot
of my mountain peak world.

The solidness at my base began to melt.
It reached farther and farther,
till the firm foundation of my world,
ran from under me.

I felt myself falling,
falling from the peak I had clung to,
on my mountain peak.

As I fell my shape changed.
My wholeness scattered in all directions,
as I rushed to the valley below.

There was nothing solid left of me.
My being oozed in all directions,
as I continued to tumble
from my mountain peak world.

I looked for the warmth that I had
allowed to come near to the base of
my mountain peak world.
But it was gone.

Mary Mc Creath

Belief-I Saw A New Heaven!

What do we long for and hope for
In our day and age.
Our parents, grandparents
Suffered war, sickness, Poverty,
And drew hope in another world
Called heaven.

It was a place up there in the sky
Where the good and righteous would go.
There they would receive their reward
For their suffering here below.

This was the place where angels with
Silver wings lived and where all good
Things waited to console us
For our sufferings here below.

It was a place where we Would meet again
All, those who had gone before us.
To heaven above, parents, family
And friends.

So today in place of heaven above we,
Find more and more stars and galaxies,
That populate our infinite universe.

And our universe sits
As a bubble in place
Among infinite bubbles
In the multi verse space.

So where has this place we called heaven gone
That is now replaced by a multiverse throng?

I believe that the world we called heaven exists,
In another dimension quite different from this.

It's beyond what our form here on earth can surmise,
And I believe when we get there we're in for a surprise.

Our forms will have changed from what they are now
And we'll wear a new form that gets us there somehow.

We'll know and be known as never before and be one
With all life and the people we've known.

We will live in a light that we emanate,
And be one with the light from which we were born.

Our form will have changed from a fixed to a flow,
There is no longer a place to which we cannot go.

Can you not see it now this beautiful light
That moves through all space, what a heavenly sight!

That moves through all time calling us on,
As we live and die here on this earth we have known.

So no longer look for heaven above, but for
The magnificent light of all love.
That takes on this form as it moves in and out
Of stars, galaxies, universe and all about.

Let the warmth of the love that this light holds for you,
Permeate your whole being and then you will know.

That the heaven you seek has a beautiful form,
That walks with you on earth where you now belong.

Mary Mc Creath

Childhood Memories-Barage Balloons

They sailed the skies in days of war
To keep the enemy at bay,
And bring them down in firey flames
If they came near our homes one day.

Hugh they were, tethered and spaced out,
to fill the day or night, protecting us
from harm of flying death, that
tried to wipe us off the face of earth.

When we played in the park beneath them
we felt safe, and had no care
for we could not be harmed
when these sentries armed,
patrolled our sky above.

We watched as they were pulled down,
refilled and then sent up again.
How quick and dexterous were the hands
who did this task protecting us.

The Ak - Ak guns were also manned and in this park
scattered and ready to play their part.
A place where once we had our fun and games
was now a war zone, dispensing fire ad flames.

Written in 2012

Mary Mc Creath

Feelings-What Feelings Can Do

Feelings can trigger fear or joy
They come about when perceptions
enter my neural system
And are linked to data stored there.

The sight of a beautiful flower or sunset
triggers previous feelings of joy
I have stored in my neural system
concerning the flower or sunset.

A sight or sound of an explosion
triggers previous feelings of fear
that I had when these were perceived
in my past and stored in my neural system.

It is important to take time
to evaluate the current feelings
we have before acting on them
Otherwise they will link to past data
and the strength of them will be
multiplied from past experiences.

I can savour this flower or this sunset
and appreciate it before it is consigned
automatically to my joy database
Thus consciously opening a sub directory that is
new and deeper.

I can look at where my feelings
of fear are coming from and
notice it was a car backfiring or
someone just popped a balloon.

In doing this I no longer add
to my database of fear but open
up a new directory for other sounds
that do not have the deeper fear,
associate with them.

Mary Mc Creath

Feelings - Feelings And Data

Feelings are information about what
my brain is telling me,
in relation to perception
that it has noted

When my brain starts to make
assumptions about the meaning
of my feelings from sensory and
stored data
It can be very wrong.

Written in 2012

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Feeli Gs-You And Your Feelings

A feeling is just a feeling
neither good or bad,
Yet a feeling becomes more
than a feeling
when it becomes
who you are

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Childhood Memories -Shopping In The 1940's

Firstly shops specialized then
You had dairies, fruit shops,
Butcheries, news agents, shops for
Hardware, bakeries, and Confectionery
Shops that sold sweets.

Sometimes the shelves and shops were empty.
There were no customers in sight.
At other times long queues snaked
For great distances from the shop doors.

You had to be patient to go shopping in those days.
And be ready to wait in queues for a long time.
As long as it took to obtain
The items on your list.

It was easier if it did not rain, and it often did.
Then we would all huddle together in the four deep
Snaking queue against the wall if there was one.
People could not afford the luxury of an umbrella
or a raincoat.anyone lucky enough to have one of these,
Shared with all around them.

It was with great satisfaction and a sense of
A morning well spent when you could return home,
With the 5 or 6 items from 4 to 5 different shops
Safely in your keeping.For a day or two the family
Would have enough to eat for survival.

Mary Mc Creath

Universe-Outer Space

Outer Space is not empty
It can bend and twist,
It is so real it helps
Shape all around us.
It is the very fabric
Of the cosmos.

There is also inner space.
If all Space were removed
from Atoms in Empire State
Building, the remaining matter
Would be the size of a grain of rice
and weigh millions of tons.

Science is saying that our world
Is two dimensional and is projected
As the three D world that we see
From the surface of a black hole
In a distant part of our universe.

So space fills out our world to give
The illusion of a three D world,
That is only really a flat world
And no more than a projection
Of the matter that it contains.

And that is that!
Or is it?

Mary Mc Creath

Childhood Memories-Gas Masks

Every child has one slung over their shoulder
As they leave home for school each day.
This is a requirement to protect them
From bombs that might fall from the sky
Filled with glass that could maim or kill them.

At school there was a room where they were tested.
They went in there to make sure they were not faulty.
As they walked into the room each one wondered if
It was real gas and hoped their mask was fully functioning.

Small children had masks with a Mickey Mouse face,
They were coloured to make them attractive.
At the sound of a warning siren they had to be put on.
And were only to be taken off at an all clear signal.

War affects lives, of those who fight in them and
Those who remain at home. It changes life for all
Who are affected by it.

Mary Mc Creath

New Technology-3d Printing

Did you know that you
Can print a toy car
In 3D?
But not from ink.

Manufacturing a product of one,
Is what a new form of printing has begun.
Instead of an assembly of many parts,
You use a printer that immediately starts.

You download a file that has all the code,
And take it to a printer and then upload.
It spits out the form in perfect 3D
And the owner of the object you will be.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Life-Choices

We make choices
and end up
in some place
and we wonder
how we got there.

As we reflect on
where we are
we wonder why
others did not
make choices
that would have
been helpful
to us.

Never realizing
that they are
wondering the
very same thing.
About us.

PoemHunter.com

Mary Mc Creath

Belief-Heaven

I once read that 'Heaven
Is not so much a place
That you go to,
But what you become'.

This changed forever
My notion of what heaven was.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Feelings - Some Feelings

Some feelings are joyful
Some feelings are sad
Some feeling are good
and others are glad.

Some feelings are painful,
Some feelings are bring joy
Some feelings are proud
Some make us vain.

Some feelings can lift us
and some pull us down
Some feelings are peaceful
and some make us frown.

Some feelings we relish,
again and again.
and replay that feeling
To take away pain.

'I remember the feeling',
One often will say,
When thinking what happend
On some other day.

Written in 2012

Mary Mc Creath

Life-Ironing

Two baskets of ironing to be done
I wonder when I'll do it.
To pass them by each single day,
I wonder when I'll do it.

There's other things I like to do.
So ironings relegated,
to be passed by each single day
Until its reinstated.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Childhood Memories-Street Battle

We line up.
Top of street,
Against,
bottom of street.

We range in age,
From three to twelve,
Each has a weapon.

A hatchet made from,
A tin can and a stick,
A rope, stones and a brick.

One voice yelled charge,
And we run, to meet enemy
For us this was fun.

We mirrored the war
That was fought, by our fathers
And uncles, now back.

We had territory to defend
And a line that was not
To be crossed.

To be hurt was unusual to,
This was what we would
See adults do.

In our play with our
Energy spent,
Back to normal
Everything went!

Mary Mc Creath

Childhood Memories-May Day

It's May Day

All the coal carts and horses are
decked with flowers and streamers,

The carts line the street on each side
Waiting for the children to pour onto them,
Yelling and happy children, thrilled
To be taken for a ride,
Out of their tenement street,
To the countryside.

It is a bumpy ride, but no one cares,
This is a happy day in May.
When they forsake concrete street and back yard.
For countryside forest, burns, river and park.

Cake and lemonade is served
in bluebell woods.
And children are happily
collecting flowers, stones and insects.
For many happy hours.

Away they are from boundaries
Of life on a tenement street,
To run freely and happily,
Far from the hard stone concrete.
Of their everyday existence.

To play in streams of cool water,
To roll on the grass and the Land,
To smell the fresh air as they potter,
Around in the woods, this is grand.

That night as they sleep in their beds,
The children all dream of the day,
When it's usual for them to play,
In the light, wind and warmth of the sun.

To feel grass not concrete under feet,

To breath air that is fresh, and not stale
From the factory stacks that prevail,
Everywhere around where they live.

Oh! What a heaven it will be,
For a time to come when they see,
Such a vision of life real for them,
So they sleep and await for that day.
That always will be like one in May

Mary Mc Creath

Childhood Memories-Fathers

The fathers have all been taken,
To fight for a country at war,
The mothers and children forsaken,
Till it is all over.

Each father returning is welcomed,
By all in the street where he lived,
With flags fluttering, waving and dancing,
And banners of welcome to boot.

A lone figure is spotted by children,
Entering the end of the street,
And all of us run to meet him,
To escort him, his family to greet.

Windows in street are flung open,
And faces appear waving flags,
Jim Brady returns as a hero,
With his haversack strapped to his back.

From the mouths of the close people exit,
To welcome a street's hero son.
They raise him on shoulders high,
To meet his family who only can cry.

Welcome, welcome, were glad you are back.
A table appears and is laid.
A meal is set out for a feast.
We gather all, from important to least.

That night in a tenement tall,
One family is whole again,
And the many who still wait and pray,
Have new hope from events of that day.

Mary Mc Creath

Childhood Memories-Witness

I was there to witness the end,
Of a war that was finally done,
To see the return of the soldiers,
But also the telegrams come.

To those who would never more see them,
Alive in this world they were brought
Lost in action, killed in battle,
Was the fate and the end of their lot.

Mary Mc Creath



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Childhood Memories-Put Out That Light

Windows are covered,
Not a chink of light,
Was able to escape.

If this happened,
You would create a target
For the bombers, hovering, above.

Inside our habited cocoons,
We waited, with bated breath,
Fearfully, for it, to be over.

'Put out that light',
Booms a voice,
from the street below.

We dashed to our two windows,
To check for a chink of light,
In case we were the culprits,

After an hour or two
the siren came,
Danger was averted for another night.

Mary Mc Creath

Nature-Have You Noticed

Have you noticed,
How branches of trees,
Dance and sway,
In the wind.

When the wind is gone,
The tree is still and silent.

The wind stirs life into them
Passes and is gone.

What stirs life into you,
moves you to dance and sway?

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Universe-Many Worlds

Upper world, wonder at stars galaxies, cosmos, universe, multiverse

Middle world, see, feel, touch, things, people

Lower world, enchanted by bacteria, molecules, dna and quanta.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Childhood Memories-Rationing

To get anything
You need coupons.
They are in a
Rationing book.
Each child and adult
Has one

There are
Coupons for tea,
Coupons for sugar,
Coupons for sweets, and
Coupons for clothing.

When done you Cannot buy any,
Of these things Until next month,
Then, a new set of coupons Become valid,
And a limited supply of these goods,
Can be yours again.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Death-Sand Grains

From death
new life arises.
Rock and Mountains
gives way to a
billion grains of
sand per second.

Sand can be
cemented into sandstone
by bacteria
or formed
into sand dunes.

Sand dunes can
travel six hundred metres
per year and
cause whole villages
to migrate.

Even sand grains
have a life
that affects the world
they live in.

How do you affect
the world,
which you live in?

Can you see how you do?
Can you think how you do?
Do you know how you do?
Do you feel how you do?

In a second, minute, hour,
day, week, month, year,
lifetime,
How do you?
How have you?



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Mary Mc Creath

Childhood Memories-Saturday

Its a Saturday
we are off to the pictures
ninepence each to spend.

Mary Mc Creath



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Childhood Memories-After The Raid

On the way to school
after a raid,
I wondered
who
would be missing?

Some days everyone
was present
on others,
there were
Two to four
empty places,
never to
be filled again.

We said a prayer
for them and
our school day
Began.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Childhood Memories-Night Raids

The siren screeched
Its warning, signaling
us to take cover from
bombers above.

My brother and I
hastily donned our
jumpsuits, knitted
by our mother for
Just this occasion.

We played the game
of 'who can get
into it quickest'
Our lives depended
on this.

We fled down to
the reinforced close
below and huddled
there with twelve
other families.

The adults played
games with us
to distract from
the seriousness
of the situation.

We all could hear
the bomb blasts
hitting other targets
and we prayed they
would miss us.

Mary Mc Creath

Death-My Gran

She knew,
I Knew,
She knew.
But how?

What gave her strength,
Such perfect strength.
Now?

When I did ask,
How could she face
That Mary,
Had to die.

She said to me
In answer clear,
HE knows
The reason
Why



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Mary Mc Creath

Thoughts About-Joyous Things

A cool breeze on a warm day
A blazing sunset
Children discovering new things
The eyes and smile of a baby
A cool drink when one is thirsty
A meal after a hard day's work
a sound sleep when one is tired
Awakening to a new day
The fragrance of a flower
A rose in full bloom
They majesty of mountains and hills
A swim on a hot day
Discovering the meaning of a poem
A good book
An unexpected letter
To sit after standing for a long time
meeting a friend unexpectedly
Playing a game
Listening to music
A walk in town or country
Running water
Doing an receiving an unexpected kindness
Sharing
Reflection
Having a new experience

Mary Mc Creath

Society-Revolution Haku

Take a picture now!
See how it captures the war.
and shows up injustice.

Mary Mc Creath



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Being-Magic

Ah! the wonder of it,
listening to the magic,
caught in a voice sound.

Mary Mc Creath



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Being-Something

'Nothing comes from nothing'
Goes the song.
'Nothing ever should'
It continues.

How can one learn
to 'see' the something
That is the cause
of a present situation?

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Darkness-Darkness

Where has the light gone
for those who are
in darkness.

How do they find
it again
to be their guide.

Do the just sit
and wait
for it to turn on again?

Mary Mc Creath



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Darkness-Stuck

I can see it coming
again, today
a restlessness
that
is stuck
in time and space
and can't
move on.

Stuck in
repetitions
locked on a course
of endless gazing
into empty space
an business
with trifles.

A robot existence
not fueled
by the energizing
light
That gives
clarity
insight
vision
Love
to life.

 PoemHunter.com

Mary Mc Creath

Being-Perception

Is happens when we look at something,
It enters the database
Of our mind
and we store it.

When two or more people
Look at the same thing
The perception that they
Store of it will differ.

Mary Mc Creath



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Being-Here There And Everywhere

I know you here,
I see you there,
I look and find you everywhere,
Beneath the sea,
Upon the earth,
High in the sky,
And out in space,
My heart is stirred,
By every word
And every
Smile on every face,
Of all you've made.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Being-Consciousness

It swims with the fish in the ocean,
Runs with the the antelope in the veld,
Soars with the birds in the air,
Spins with the earth in its orbit with the sun
Moves with the planets in the solar system,
Shines with the stars in the galaxy,
Accelerates through space in the universe,
Vanishes into the multiverse in the eleventh dimension.

Mary Mc Creath



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Quanta-Quark Co-Operation 2

Said the quark
To the anti-quark
I'm positive,
we should stick together,
and make
a different life.

How does
Meson sound
for our new name?

Mary Mc Creath



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Light-Light

Light glows and
Shimmers
It is golden, bright and warm.

Light illuminates.
It changes flat shadows
Into three-dimensional objects.

Light shows us colours,
In different hues
and saturations

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Quanta-Quark Co-Operation -1

Said a down quark
To two up quarks
Why not come and
join with me
We can have a
Life together
Then a baryon
We will be.

Mary Mc Creath



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Quanta-What The World Is Made Of Part 3 - Hadrons

Did you know?

That Composite particles
Called hadrons
Are what quarks
Form together.

Electrical charges
of individual
Quarks in a hadron
always add up to
an integer.

A quark has a colour
Charge, hadrons
Are colour neutral

Hadrons have two
Classes, baryons
And mesons.

So now you
Know more about the
Infinitesimally small
Of the
Quantum world

Mary Mc Creath

PoemHunter.com

Quanta-What The World Is Made Of Part 2 - Leptons

Six more particles
We can find at large
Electron, muon and tau
Are the names of the
Leptons with charge.

Who compared to the first
Are as a flea,
with one
for each Electron, muon and tau.

With equal mass
And opposite charge.
Is how they live in the world
At large

For each of the six leptons
That exists
An antimatter-lepton is their bliss.

All leptons are independent
And can exist on their own.
Companionship of other
Particles are not for them know.

Internal Structure or
Size are not part
Of who they are.

Mary Mc Creath

Quanta-What The World Is Made Of Part 1 - Quarks

Twelve particles
of Matter everything
In existence
Doth make.

Enter the
six Quarks

They come
In many different
Flavours.

Some are up
Some are down
Some are top
Some are bottom
Some are full of charm
Some are strange.

Up is lighter
Than bottom
Top is heavier
Than down.

Charm is heavier
Than strange
Yet they all
Have the same
 $\frac{1}{2}$ spin

Two or three
Of them is
What it
Takes
To make
A proton or neutron.

Every nucleus
In every atom

In every cell
Cannot do without
Them.

Their creativity
Is endless they are the
Basic ingredients
Of you and me and
Of all that exists
On earth and in the Universe.

Mary Mc Creath

Society-Tahrir Square

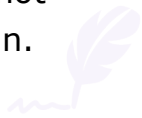
A sea of faces
Waving flags
Cheering
A Victory.

Long Sought,
Long Desired,
Long Waited for

Won by all
and for some
Blood and gore
Of silenced spirits,
spent.

Watching from
Another view,
Who did not
Die in vain.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Society-The Pilots

Turkey and
Syria?
but what
about the
men who
flew
the plane
and their
families,
wives, children
mother, father?

Who thinks
of these?

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Society-England Team

Today England
has hope,
a further round
to go.

Can it pull
a win
out of the
coaches hat?

Or? No?

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Universe-Acceleration

Matter
Real...matter,
Dark....matter,
Dark...energy
propelled.
Moving through
Time and space
At an ever
Speeding pace.

Accelerating.
Accelerating.

Stars vanish
One by one
Till the
Night sky
Is only
Blackness



PoemHunter.com

This will be
The fate of
Of the view,
from earth
in billions
of years.

Yet even thinking
of a sky
without stars
brings sadness
to me.

Mary Mc Creath

Quanta-Higgs?

I heard the
Higgs field
singing
at the
thought
of being
found.

At last
It's just not
another boson
Giving mass
To all around.

It's a very
Special particle
That's been
Sought
A long
Time now.



PoemHunter.com

And to all
Who helped
To find it
Would you
Care to take
a bow.

We the world
Who've been in
Waiting.
Salute this
Precious find.

Thank you each
And
Everyone
For doing
This for

Humankind.

Mary Mc Creath

Universe-Clap For A Universe

The multiverse
is opening
clap for
another Universe

Mary Mc Creath



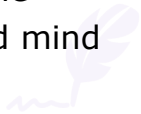
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To Will It?

To do what
Mind and
Heart
Desire
It needs a will that's free
To choose and
Not to fear,
To lose.

Without
The will
The heart and mind
Can only dream and
Never find.

A will that's free.
Can just ignore
All that the
Heart and mind
Explore.



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Without the will
To act upon,
What is desired?
Or thought
Can come to nought.

So tell me how can
You find the
Will to choose?

When it is silent
And sleeps
And hides beneath
Beneath what
Heart and
Mind
Desire

How?

What can wake,

The will to act and choose?

But not to fear

the losing in the choosing?

Mary Mc Creath

Being-Time

I live in time
Time lives in me.

Time creates who I am,
Time lets me be.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Life-Held By Life

I Captured life today and
Was held within its sway.
It looked so beautiful to
Me, in all that I could
See.

This is a state of mind
That I can often find
As life lived passes by
At such a hurried pace.

It is a space that comes
And goes within a hurried life
That fills my being with repose
And love of all of life.

I stand outside a world
Of fear, pain and woe
To get a sense of where
All life doth go.

I try to get a sense of
The meaning to be here
And the purpose of all life
Without any sense of fear.

Here I know that I am loved
And the love that is in me

Here life is standing still
Yet moving all around
There is silence at the depth
Yet I'm hearing every sound
Around me.

Mary Mc Creath

Life-The Smell Of Life

How beautiful is the smell of life,
of trees, of fresh air, of
Sight and sound

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Being-Development

I am developing into
The person that is me.
I do it alone and with others.

I am never the same after,
Another has touched my
Life.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Call-Call To Oneness

'Loose yourself in me and you
Will find yourself.'

Matt 10: 39 10: 1-42 the Call

Relationship is mixing.
Mixing my humanity with
The humanity of others.
Mixing my spirit with
The spirit of others.
Mixing my spirit with
Spirit.

It is the mixing that
Unifies us all as one.

I come from a relationship more.
I am myself plus,
A part of the one related to.
I have mixed with them and
Now have within me part of who they are.

It mixes with who I am and
I become more like them,
one with them.

I relate to Father Son and Spirit.
Their being becomes one with me.
I lose myself in them and
Return to myself from a mixing
That brings them increasingly,
More and more a part of me.

I loose myself to find them.
I find them in me to find my
TRUE SELF.
I relate to others.
I mix my TRUE SELF with them and
Find myself in them and they in me.

I always have those I relate to
close to me, within me.
They never leave me,
But are present, are presences,
That have become part of myself.

Mary Mc Creath

Prayer-Probing

Probing is going deeper.
Probing is realizing,
I am always
On the surface.

It is knowing that,
There are hidden depths
Still to be discovered,
Still to be found
Still to know.

Probing comes from the
Realization of mystery.
of self,
of others,
of my world and
of God.

It is necessary to do it gently.
There is a time for probing into mystery.
The probing can be active and inward,
Or passive and inward,
Or vice - versa.
I need to do it reverently,
with respect for the
'Mystery'.

In silence I come to an end
Of probing and meet Someone.
Mystery is not something,
It is 'Someone'.

I need to respect mystery,
In my probing.
When I try to possess it,
It eludes me.
When I give myself to it,
It finds me.

Mystery is the deepest 'One'
To probe.
It is all around me
And in me.
It is outside of myself.
It is inside of myself.

I probe into mystery in
the midst of life and activity.
I probe into mystery in
entering inwards
into my very self.

I am developing into
The person that is myself.
I do it alone and with others.
I am never the same after,
Another has touched my
Life.

Probing is going deeper.
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I am always
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the midst of life and activity.
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entering inwards
into my very self.

Mary Mc Creath

Universe-Rockets

As fiery arrow speeds
Its way beyond the
Sky we see each day.

It takes with it our hopes
to see beyond the vistas
where we be.

The Milky Way, Andromeda,
Our local group is
Now explored.

As ships we sent to sea
In days of yore
To seek new lands.

We send these
Arrows into space
To seek new earths.

Mary Mc Creath

Being-Be-Coming

I am becoming a person, a woman,
A Christian, a religious.

I am not these yet- in a finished way.
I am becoming, I am becoming.

To be- coming is exciting. It began when I was born
And soon I entered into the process.

All that I experienced, things,
people, events, God - are -
coming to be before my eyes.

They are never the same for any length of time.
Again and again I have to learn to accept what 'is'
In its be-coming.

Again and again I am surprised at
myself, others,
Changes in the process of
be-coming.

When I let my awareness dull for a time.
It is like living in darkness, underground,
Without light.

Be - coming for me is light, it is an energy
From within that lights up the way of
be-coming.

□

There is a paradox in becoming.
I become younger as I grow older.
I become filled as I become empty.
I become receptive in giving.
I become sure in unknowing.
I become myself outside myself.

Mary Mc Creath

Being-At Centre

My centre is where I find deepest and truest meaning.
It is the quiet place, where I stop searching-
Looking for and seeking answers.
I rest at my centre and behold all that I have been seeking,
In an inward way that is gentle and integrated.

I receive no answers, yet my questions cease to need them
For I know without having answers.
Returning from centre the world is renewed and
I see it in a different light.
People are different.
I see them in a new way.

At times I loose the sense of my centre □
then I am like a person who has lost the way.
I become a prisoner of my self,
Which is a very small area in which to be confined.

At my centre I have freedom and liberty
To explore and relate to the mystery of being
In me others and the world.
Off centre I find myself alone.

Mary Mc Creath

Prayer-Mountain Climb

Mountains are a challenge to the beholder
They are full of promise.
Climb me and you will be lifted to a height
From which the world will look different.
At my top the life in the valley will seem small.

You will have an overview that will stretch
For miles and miles
And all this you will see without moving
From one spot on top of me.
I have stood here for thousands of years.
Watched the trees and vegetation grow.
The rivers cut their way through my foothills.

I have seen people come and build shelters
That varies in style,
For thousands of years.
I have seen generation after generation
Laid to rest and new generations
Grow sturdy and tall.

My life, my prayer is a climbing a mountain.
It is a mountain that has a peak higher
Than I can ever reach in this life.

My climb began many years ago
On the grassy foothills
Where all kinds of flowers and small wild life grow.
I progressed to more barren regions
Where the grass became thinner and wild life more scarce.

I meet fewer companions where I am now
On my mountain but there are others nearby
And now and again
We meet,
In the most impossible places.
They assure me that all I have to do
To get to the top is to keep climbing.
Their faith helps me in my climb,

Gives me courage.

Sometimes in my life, my prayer,
I become worn out with my
Climb and am
Unable to go any
Further.

I let go and the Lord comes,
Carries me over mountain faces
That It would be impossible to bypass
Alone.

He has all the equipment necessary.
I trust myself to him and
The impossible Mountain face is
Conquered.

There are resting places on the mountain
Where I gather strength and new energy.
That carries me to new reaches and
Vision.

Mary Mc Creath

Prayer-River Voyage

My voyage is also
Sometimes, on a river.
The river is gentler.

Here I have time,
As it slowly flows,
To wonder
At the lush vegetation
On its banks.

Sometimes it turns
And my heart pounds
In expectation
Of what is waiting
Round the corner.

I love the river,
Of my prayer
It carries me on
To new vistas.

Sometimes there are
Rapids in my river and
I struggle to come past them.
Yet the river is true to me and
Soon it becomes gentle again.
I can gather strength in its
Gentle flow and peaceful scenery.

Mary Mc Creath

Prayer-Pilgrimage Road

My prayer seems to come
Out of a need for meaning,
Out of a need for becoming,
Out of a need for letting go,
Out of a need for wonder, discovery, searching,
Out of a need to be with the One who attracts
And draws me as no other person or thing can.

I see prayers living,
Walking through lives,
Some, joyful and energetic,
Some sad and sorrowful.
The stillness of nature,
The wonders of the universe,
Ask me to discover them and share their being.

I hear prayer in music and song
They tell of the longings and yearnings
That have been put to melody.

Prayer surrounds me on my journey.
To be in touch with it,
All I need to do is to change my perspective.
To see that the world is alive with the grandeur of God.
In the things and persons created,
To accompany me on my journey and
To accompany others on their journey.
A pilgrimage alone yet together

Mary Mc Creath

Universe-Beyond The Stars

The Northern Lights
Look dim and pale
As one looks out
Beyond the veil
Of night.

The cosmic beauty
Dims these lights
As pulsars, quasars
Fill our sight.

Beyond the stars
Of Milky Way
Andromeda,
We sail new ships
To find new worlds.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Death-Where Have They Gone?

Where have all my loves gone?
Am I part of a part,
Without significance,
or a whole being of consequence.

What is the consequence of my existence,
of any existence.

To what greater whole do I belong?
To whom do I belong?
Myself?
My family, community?
My country, my world,
My universe, a multiverse?

Of what consequence to all of these,
am I?
what is my significance.

And if I die before I
Wake, then who will come
my essence take?

Who takes our essence,
and where is it put?

I Have a desire, a passion, to
Know where all life doth go!

Answer me, Oh giver of essence
Where tell me where,
have all the essence gone?

Mary Mc Creath

Life-Life Calling

Life does not stand still
It is always on the move,
towards being or
non-being.

Did it catch your eye today?
or did it just fly by today?

A song, a word, a bird,
Can call it forth.
A weapon, disease, disaster,
and some life will cease to be.

Yet many things give birth
and life will live.

What pleasure is in life
What torment is in strife.
What joy to be alive
What silence when we die.

I caught hold of life today.
It held me in its sway.
I felt its meaning deep
inside of me.

I pondered and enjoyed,
The essence all around
Within the many
Sounds of life.

Mary Mc Creath

Life-Life Is

How precious life is
how resilient life is
How surprising life is
How beautiful life is
How ingenious life is
How attractive life is
How unpredictable life is
How different life is
How short life is
How long life is.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Call-The Future

To listen to my call,
again anew.

To open mind,
and heart,
to what it is.

To hear what answers come,
in empty space,
created by what,
is now past and gone.

Of how I lived
and was.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Thoughts-New Thoughts

Some thoughts I entertain
Some fill me with distain
Some cause me consternation
And despair.

Some fill me with delight
My heart begins to sing
And I love everything

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Being-Old Voices

Today I knew myself again
as me.
And not as voices, rules and roles
of yore.

A veil it fell and gone
was aching pain, of grief
and having to be all that I
was meant to be, by
old voices now stilled.

To let me see now
Who I am and all that
I can be.

There's stillness now
And time to look around
To breath and hear the
Sound of Piet me Vrou.

To take a shower and
feel the water fresh,
To say good night
And rest at last in
Bed.

Mary Mc Creath

Thoughts

Some thoughts I entertain.
Some fill me with distain.
Some cause me consternation
And despair.
Some fill me with delight
My heart begins to sing
And I love everything.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Belief-I Believe

Parody on a Frankie Laine song 'I believe' top of the charts in 1953

I believe the morning sun will rise and run across the sky.
I believe in azure blue I'll look and see bold birds fly high.
I believe that trees will grow and bend and bow and dance.
I believe that flowers will show and prance with their fragrance.

I believe that all life wakes to own and claim their day.
I believe their spirits rise to guide them on their way.
I believe that deep inside of everyone, we all are there.
I believe in being still and resting there in silent prayer.

I believe that this is how we all will find our way,
To face our day,
In every way,
And live as one,
Beneath the sun
That rises every day and makes its way across the sky.
To shine its light
on you and I.

Eternally
Eternally

Mary Mc Creath

Life-The Fixer

A death?

Ill-health

An economic,

Political or social

Turn of events

Can cause

A downtime

To arise

For a person,

Family,

Country

Or world.

Who fixes the downtime?

and

HOW?

A Constantine?

A Joan of Arc?

The Fifth Army?

A Gandhi?

A Nelson Mandela?

A World Monetary Fund?

A vendor immolating himself?

A hunger striker in prison?

A revolution or a new constitution?

Violence or non-violence?

War or Peace?

And is it really

Fixed?

Mary Mc Creath

Life-Downtime

A waiting time
Between
What happens and
What happens next?

A time when
All is blank and still
And life goes
On from day to day.

A time that's
Filled with
Emptiness of
Welcome thoughts
That causes
New life to be.

A downtime
Of the consciousness
That
Worked so far to make
Life happen
Meaningfully.

Who is called upon
to fix the downtime life?
To investigate
the cause for the pause
In letting life be for me.

Mary Mc Creath

Life-Receiver

I am a receiver of all
that my world has to offer.

I receive people, classify
them, fit them into my known
patterns as I would a jigsaw puzzle.

The pieces that I cannot fit together
I ignore
and receive those that I find
meaningful and can put in place.

I receive my world as something
given to meet my needs.
Sun saves me from using electricity.
Roads make getting where I want to easier.
Shops sell the goods I need for living.
Fields produce food for me to eat.
Flowers decorate my room.

I am a receiver of things I need.
I have a subject object relationship
To my world.

My employer is the object that pays me my salary.
Workers are the objects that busy themselves with
menial tasks I am saved from performing.

I am a receiver of all
That my world has to offer.

Mary Mc Creath

Transition3 Revealing World

And so,
I found myself moving farther and farther away,
from my world on top of the mountain.

I found now a stronger warmth
as I neared the foot of the mountain peak.
This warmth melted what was left of my
coldness and firmness,
and instead of slithering downhill,
I began to run freely,
in a new form.
I just could not recognize myself anymore.

In my old form of hard solid ice,
I knew who I was
But now I kept discovering
new things about myself,
that I had never dreamed of.

I could seep into the ground,
enter a tree or flower, escape again,
in the air and rise high above my mountain peak world,
that once was my home.

I could join a river,
and travel faster than I had ever dreamed of,
to meet an immense mass of water
that was full of fascinating creatures.

Mary Mc Creath

Transition1-Vanishing World

My world is changing,
Like a glacier tumbling from a
Mountain peak, re - arranges it's form
To fit the valley. So my being
tumbles from the world it knows
to come to rest in a valley that is
a mystery.

Scattered are the pieces of my mountain peak world.
Shattered is the wholeness
that was there;
I lie flat and run where the
sun has melted the frozen,
firm, pieces of my mountain peak world.

No one could come near me in my mountain peak world.
I was strong, hard, and solid.
I knew and could predict all
my relationships to my world.
I had the strength of years of
snowfalls that added to the
solidity of my mountain peak world.

Mary Mc Creath

Society-Friendly People

You, you always greet with a smile,
You welcome me
You make me feel good.
You are thoughtful,
I like to be with you.

Written in 1976

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Society-Irritating People

You, you make me
Angry, sad,
I'm mad
With you -
You frustrate me.

You, you get in the way.
I don't like you,
I don't like,
the way You eat,
You never come in time,
You're always late.
You contradict what I say,
You like to have your own way.
You -
know better!

You, you come when I am busy
Say you need me.
You borrow and don't return.
You inconvenience me
I'm mad at you.

You, you moan and groan about
Your lot.
But you never think
of what
I have to do.
You, you just think of you.

Mary Mc Creath

Prayer-Prayer In A Dry Time

My God I need you.
My heart reaches out to the
tips of my fingers,
Longing wells from a depth
that is unfathomable.

I long to be reached by you..
I long for you like a lost child it's mother.
Like a desert traveler for water,
Like a rocket searching the universe,
For a place to land.

I look for you like a poor man,
Looking for work to feed his family.
Like a young man searching for pleasure.
Like an old man seeking rest.
Oh! Where are You?

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Childhood Memories- Childhood Play

In buildings tall with concrete wall,
I came to be.
Twelve families a tenement did
share with me.
Backyard of concrete too did see my play.
Two rooms for shelter eight of us did stay.

The stairs we leapt and slithered down for fun.
The railings climbed,
the smaller buildings too.
The lamp posts used for swinging with a rope.
The enemy were often tied there too.

Cakes from mud with broken china paid.
A piece of chalk and peever beds were laid.
Balls bouncing `gainst the wall swayed too and fro,
Count one to ten...the others flee.. search high and low.

The canal and lock was there
for our fun.
A pin and string then fishing
was begun.
The seasoning planks became
a source of play
and we could walk on water
any day.

The war-torn buildings were there
tall and thin.
We played amid the ruins
stark and grim.
No doors or windows there to
bar our way.
The walls had gaping holes
and we climbed in.

Mary Mc Creath

Life- 1. What Makes Me Be

What makes me be?

From parents two,
I came to be.
Their life gave,
life to me.
I fed on food and grew and grew.
I fed on kindness,
trust and hope,
and grew to be.□
I fed on fear,
and apprehension,
and knew,
What I was not,
and shrank from being.

My table rich with food was laid,
My wardrobe filled with clothes,
but starved was I for want of love,
Ah!
Words!
Kind words!
Oh!
Where are those who say them.

My being dies for want of these,
though richly it is fed and
warmly clothed,
I shiver still for want of warmth,
of beings just like me.

Written in 1977

Mary Mc Creath

Belief-Where Is God

Where is God?

Outside?

Inside?

'Everywhere is God! '

In what outside is God?

'Inside,

what is outside is He'.

What,

inside,

is God?

'That inside,

which makes things be'.

Grass

What makes you be?

'Soil from the earth,

rain from the sky,

sunlight from the sun,

that passes by.

These make my being show.

These make my being grow.

But is was there before the sun,

the rain,

the soil,

made it grow.

What makes me be,

I just don't know.'

Tree,

What makes you be?

'Water,

light,

soil called me forth,

I live,

from what they give,
to me.
But they do not make me be,
That's something deep inside of me.
And what it is,
I cannot see.'

Bird,
What makes you be?

'From egg I came,
and mother's warmth
she fed me chewed the food for me.
And so I came to be.
I fed on worms and seeds,
and came to be what you can see.
But worms and seeds,
and mother's warmth, help me to be.
They do not make me be.
That's something deep inside of me,
And what it is,
Eludeth me.

Mary Mc Creath

Music-Pop Shop 1977

POP

TV black, white,
noise vibrating,
drums beat,
pulse beat,
heart beat,

Voices emanating,
sound.
Loud sound,
sad sound,
same sound,
drums beat,
pulse beat,
heart beat.

Soft voice,
silk voice,
lonely, searching.
Drums beat,
pulse beat,
heart beat.

Sound that's longing,
lonely
unsure,
another round.
Drums beat,
pulse beat,
heart beat.

Swaying softly,
swaying frames,
longing,
unsure.
Drums beat,
pulse beat,
heart beat.



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Mary Mc Creath

Nature-Day Ending -Izeli

Jacaranda in full bloom,
points it's branches to the setting sun.
Gentle breeze rains blossoms from on high
to carpet the earth with their purple dye.

Heavy flapping of the cawing gulls
swallows in pairs dance in a race
Bright green light green shadows lengthening
White disk with a shimmering face.

Dark green treetops turning yellow green
Olive lit hillside now to be seen
Tiny butterflies fluttering bye
Dust like dots of the tiny fly

Here I sit and drink in the life
of nature and creatures
as the day is ending
I marvel and wonder at the life I see,
in a perfect rhythm of eternal blending.

Mary Mc Creath

Nature-Sunset Izeli

Light green, bright green,
bronze sun glittering.
Hoot coo, twittering.□
Blue sky, dark sky,
night awakening.
Cool air, closed flowers,
day forsakening.

Clouds, low wispy,
edged with light,
fire disc shimmering.
Down,
down, and down
out of sight.

Bright horizon where there was a sun,
silhouette trees there when its's gone.
Light edged clouds turning grey,
Night comes slowly at the end of the day.

Grunt from the pigsty here in sight,
Birds in the blue sky flicker in flight.
Flies buzz around and get in the way,
Cows low contented munching the hay.

Leaves move gently, sway in the breeze,
Gull sounds moving over fields and trees.
Clouds turn golden from the sun that's gone,
High pitched whistle of a bird's
even'song.

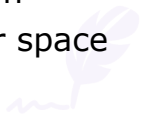
Mary Mc Creath

Thoughts About-Memories

They come from
Outer space
Within
These
Thoughts
Of times now
Past and gone

What called
Them forth
From deep
Abyss of
Time

A million, million
Or even more
Aspects, experiences
Live within
The outer space
Of me.



PoemHunter.com

What caused
This time, person
Event,
To rise from
Outer space
Within
And
Present itself
To me.

From the
Database of my life
A thought,
A song,
A person,
An image,
An event,
Presents,

Itself to me.

Sometimes I welcome
These visits from my past,
Sometimes I fight them
Like an enemy.

Mary Mc Creath

Consciousness - New World Order

To move beyond an isolated
Group, to meet others who
Are different and wise.

To hear of knowledge, truth
Beyond our own
And come to realize....

The vastness of the wisdom
In this life,
The truths beyond the ones
That we have known...

The beauty, goodness love
In others who,
Always, are part of who we are.

To share with them our
Hopes and joys and fears
And listen, hear, what hopes
Are in their hearts....

To feel at peace with life
And God and all and trust
The joy that all this beauty, brought.
To see who we really are and
What we can become, as one.

To know a place in life
Not know before.

A new world home as vast,
As all the earth.
With people who are me,
And I am them.

Mary Mc Creath

Darkness-In The Night

Compassion is the way
To love and be with all that is.

Compassion is the stance
That leads to dance with all that is.

Compassion is the light that
Comes in darkest night to show what is.

In the Night.

Compassion is the warmth that
Meets me in the cold, of all that is.

To warm that cold.

Compassion is what makes me free
To be and see beyond,
what is.



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Compassion is knowing that all
is Well,
and all manner of things
Will be well.

Compassion is trust in all that is,
Leaving it to be,
what it is and
To Reveal itself to me.

Compassion is a look that cares,
A smile that gives confidence,
A silence that lets life be,
A word that ensures,
A touch that gives hope,
A pain shared together,
A grief that is unspoken,
A joy that enjures.

In the Night

Mary Mc Creath

Belief-You

To be with you is all my heart
Desires,
To know you in all reality.

To listen to your call and follow
on.
Is what gives meaning
to me, all day long.

To share this life with others
That you know,
This brings me joy and happiness,
And so.

I thank you for the blessings
That you send,
To see you in the stranger
And the friend.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Nature-The Tree

The tree stands there
With all its beauty gone.
Uncovered,
faces,
winters cold.

New strength is drawn
From deep within its roots,
Till winter goes.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Being-Found

I have found my voice
I can speak my truth
No longer does inner control
Keep me silent.

I am me and not the,
Thousands of rules programmed
In my childhood self.

I am young and tender in
This new knowledge of myself

I fear to take the power this
New knowledge gives me,
As a young child fears
Separation from its mother.

I know that to be true
To myself I must face
My fears and be who
I am.

Deleting and replacing
The old programmes,
with new healthy programmes
of my own.

Mary Mc Creath

Music-Scottish Music

The tartan colour
of Scottish music
fragrant as heather

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Belief-He Touched Me

How can I look at that
faceless man,
with no body that I
can see.
To see him.
Ah! Mystery!

I long,
yearn,
search,
night and day,
for that faceless man,
with no body that I can see.□

You!
Have you seen him?
Oh!
If you do,
please,
please,
tell me.



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You see I want to meet him.
He touched me once,
and when I turned
He was gone

Mary Mc Creath

Being-Caged Bird

Why am I not free?
To be...
The person that I want
To be?

Why must I feel tied?
To what I was?
What is the cause?
That I am not free,
To be - me?

I long to break the
Bond
That ties me to,
Doing the things the way
I do.

If only I could see,
Just
What it is that keeps
Me blind.
That does not let me
Find
The knot that ties
Me,
To the things I do.

Bird in a cage freer
Tis than
I
It knows the reason
Why,
It cannot fly,
Back to the sky.

I seeing not what
Holds me.

Yearn!

To be free

Yearn!

To be free

Mary Mc Creath

Belief-Fire And Rose

My beloved to me is a fire at the centre of my being,
My beloved to me is a crimson rose,
Open, mature, full of fragrance moist with dew.

As the flame leaps in the air flickers,
Touches space for a second, and
Changes its shape its intensity,
Flairs and bends, dwindles to a gentle flow,
So I feel the presence of the beloved
As he stirs my being awakening his presence to me.

As the rose bud, unfolds wraps its petals in space,
Sends its crimson rays to meet the eye of a lover,
Its fragrance to captivate her senses,
So the beloved unfolds himself to me,
Sends rays of his love fragrance of his presence.

My life is nourished by the flame and the rose,
They are the treasure at the centre of my being,
From which all meaning flows.
All desires have their fulfilment there
Peace and love dwell here.

My beloved to me is a fire at the centre of my being,
My beloved to me is a crimson rose.

Fire is one with fire,
Unfolding meets unfolding.

The beloved and the lover are one
In that which unites the.

My beloved to me is a fire
My beloved to me is a crimson rose.

Mary Mc Creath

Belief-Jesus

You sat within the boat
I could not see
How you could sleep and
Be with me.

Tis I awake who slept
Not seeing you
Within the storm
In other form.

Make wide my eyes,
dear Lord
And be their sight,
To find you in the forms
That you delight,
To call to me.

In every storm
Touch them to see
The living forms
That makes you be.

Mary Mc Creath

Justice - Power Progress And Discovery

Written in 1976 after reflecting on the apartheid situation and what it was doing to people.

Power, progress, discovery
we need hands
get them,
anywhere,
anyhow.

You'r backward, behind, ignorant
come
we've got everything you need.
Work,
and you'll get your share.
Here,
take the spade.

Thanks for the money you have made for me.

Here's your pay.

You want to stay?

You can't stay!

Git.

You're not needed anymore

you've been paid.

Git.

Welcome home my son

tell us

of your stay

with the people of

power, progress and discovery.

Of the things they have

that we can't do without

tell us

what they

have taught

you.

Mary Mc Creath

Justice - Shell Bird

Written in 1976 after attending a workshop by Siphso Sepamla an African Poet. Who shared with us the background to his poems. On returning home from the meeting I was looking at a bird I had made out of shells at the time and it reflected for me the situation of the black people of South Africa he described in his works and how they were being treated.

Shell bird,
a man made thing.
Shaped by my hand
but cannot sing
given a form,
not of your choice,
how can you sing
without a voice.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Justice - Taken

Written at the same time in 1976 as Shell Bird. The workshop I attended gave us information of what people were suffering under apartheid.

Can one sit at ease,
when she sees,
another
taken.

Taken where he would not go.
Put in a box half his size.
Given a tune to dance to.
Played in a rhythm he knows not.
One faulty step
and
his box becomes smaller,
the tune played faster
and the rhythm more obscure.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Justice - The Apartheid Worker

How?


To bridge the gap, gorge, chasm,
forged
by the years of the
tread, trod trodden on backs,
of these.

How?

To stop the fright, fear, terror from the
hand
that holds the latch, bolt, keys
of the life of these.

How?

To unite the black, white, brown
into one
giving each a place in the sun, rain, land
that belongs to these.

Written 1976 

PoemHunter.com

Mary Mc Creath

Feelings - Anguish

A day or two of abysmal lows
And sleepless nights

And
Days that wrench my gut
Holding me in a vice like
Grip

I am absent to myself
Yet very present to this
Feeling.....will it never
Go away, never end.

Written in 2008

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Transitiona My Changing World

My world is moving
My suitcases are packed
And
I have bought my ticket

My destination is
to Anywhere,
Everywhere,
And
Nowhere.

I have read about this place
For a long time
Seen glimpses of it on TV
In films
And
In my own inner self

People have shown me
Different maps of what this place
Looks like
And
What I will find when I get there
□
I have seen it in my own inner self
I have studied these maps with great
Care
Trying to understand this new
World
And
I am so attracted to

I have been enchanted by it
As I have seen its terrain,
Its hills
And
valleys,

Its mountains, seas,

Its fertile lands
And
barren spots.
In my own inner self.

Now I have finally
Made my decision
I will go on a trip there
To see for myself if all that
I know
And
have read
About it is true

Mary Mc Creath

Society-At The Roundabout

You at the roundabout
Keep your place
Don't get in my face
This is not a race.

That it's my turn,
means nothing to you,
you jump the queue,
Tell me why you do?

It's my turn you know
How dare you let it pass,
You don't see me
I'm here you know.

Right in front of your face
Yet you still take my place
As if I don't exist
But I do.

I am here in this place
Right in front of your nose
I have the right of way
Yet you move in anyway.

I want my turn
I don't want to be ignored
I want you to see me.....and
Play fair

Is it too much to ask
To be given some respect
To be given some consideration
To be acknowledged as present here

Mary Mc Creath

Light-Morning Light

I caught this morning thought and
Wondered who I was and am
I caught this morning light and
Knew.

I caught this morning us and
Wondered who you are and were
I caught this morning light
And knew

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Belief-Who Is God For Me

The joy within my soul
The longing in my heart
The mystery in my mind

A flower,
A sunset sky
An ocean challenging a shore

A waterfall
A river
Trees rustling in the breeze
Wind murmuring in the sky

A solar system floating in a galaxy of stars
A universe of galaxies in a cosmos
A multiverse of cosmos's banging
Into being
In the bulk

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Dream-Weaving A Dream Web

We weave our webs of colour, of green
And blue and gold.

We weave our webs of feelings, of stories
Left untold.

We weave our webs of struggle, of hope
In face of pain.

We weave our webs of singing and dancing in the rain.

Our webs are multi-coloured, reflecting
Who we are.

Our webs they weave a dream for us
And guide us like a star

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Being-Victim Heart

My life aches.
My being slows down to look at the ache.
I am drawn into it.
The pain overwhelms me.
My spirit cries, cries to be free.

My being aches.
It holds pain too heavy for it to bear.
I am too small
to carry this pain.
Yet carry it I do.

My being aches.
It tells the pain ' go'.
A heavy burden is lifted.

My spirit roams free
in an area that had been too full for it.
Joy has room to move.
My being lives

Mary Mc Creath

Call-Duty

Duty,
you go,
you say
To where it leads.
It makes you sure.

Duty
decides
for you
The things to do.

Duty
is clear,
And when its done
You know,
You've done
your Duty.

I know Duty too
It has a voice
Says,
'come'

I go towards that voice,
Am not sure where 'It' leads

But sure,
that I must go to where
'It'
calls
And there let Duty be.

I hear
Duty
Calling me.

Mary Mc Creath

Light-I Live By Light

I live by light
Was born seeing night and day
Colours bright and grey
Shape and form
Height and depth
Of things I knew.

I live by light Grew
Seeing family and friends
Scots and other peoples
War and peace
Experiencing joy fear
Of from
People I knew.

I live in light be
Seeing things that I do not 'see',
Things shown to me
Not by, but in the light
That light Knows me.

I love this light that shows me
What It 'Is'
And captures me
To make me be.

I fear this light
That clearest shows the way.
It calls me out of light
That I do know
To enter darkness
Where only It
Can glow.

Mary Mc Creath

Call-Encounter - Walking With

The light
Came closer
Lived right
Next to me

I walked with it
Sometimes,
Sometimes it
Walked with me
When I walked not
With it
And made me be
When I was not.

Living In

The light it entered in
And lived inside of me
I lived in it,
Sometimes,
Sometimes it lived in me
When I lived not in it
And made me be
When I was not

Abiding In

I hold the light sometimes,
Sometimes the light holds me.
Until I reach the light
I live in mystery

Mary Mc Creath

Call-Encounter- Following

I followed
And slowly came
To see
This being
Was more of me
Than me.

First I saw
It as a distant
Light -
That -
Called to me

I followed,
Sometimes,
sometimes it
followed me,
into my life
where it was not,
and made me be
what I was not.

Mary Mc Creath

Light-Mystery

The light
Came closer
Walked right
Next to me

I walked with it
Sometimes,
Sometimes it
Walked with me
Into my life
Where I walked not
With it
And made me be
What I was not.

The light it entered in
And lived inside of me
I lived in it,
Sometimes,
Sometimes it
lived in me
When I lived not in it
And made me be
When I was not

I hold the light sometimes,
Sometimes the light holds me.
Until I am the light
I live in mystery.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Light-Response

I followed
And slowly came
To see
This being
Was more of me
Than me.

First I saw
It as a distant
Light -
That -
Called to me

I followed,
Sometimes,
Sometimes it
followed me,
into my life
where it was not,
and made me be
what I was not.

Mary Mc Creath

Call-Encounter - Call

'Come!' Said a voice.
'Where? ', I replied
'To me', Said a voice.
'Who, are you', Asked I.

I am,
And you are
Part of me.
Unless you
Come to me,
You'll never be.

Mary Mc Creath



PoemHunter.com

Being-Love In Hiding

I see you
Yet,
My eyes have not.
I know you
Yet,
We've ever met.

I hear you
Yet,
My ears have not.
I feel you
Yet,
We've never touched.

I speak to you
Yet,
Never see the face,
That I am I'm speaking to

I'm held by you
Yet,
never hold,
the One whose holding
me.

The whole of me
Is loved by you
Yet,
I can only love
A part of Thee
The part I 'see'.

I long to love
The whole
And be set
FREE.

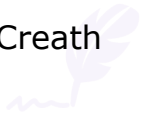
Mary Mc Creath

Death-Sudden Death Of A Friend

Today -
You smiled,
Were full of joy,
At prospects of
Tomorrow -

Now -
You lie, so still
Absent -
From all you
Wanted -
To do,
Or be
But
Present -
As you lived to
Me

Mary Mc Creath



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Being - Absence

You were there
So was I
We said 'Hello'
We said 'goodbye'
In between
Where were you
In between
Where was I

Written in 1978

Mary Mc Creath



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Being-Presence

I talked with you
You talked with me
Each causing
Each of us to be
You showed a way
I've never bin
I followed you
And entered in
I went my way
And so did you
I still am me
And you are you
But what you are
I clearly see
And have it always
Now with me

Mary Mc Creath



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Nature-Santa Maria Denver Usa

High hills, low vale
Green trees pointing
Blue sky, grey sky
People jaunting

Long trails, short trails
firs and aspen
tall grass, old stones
people baskin

Still lake, smooth lake
Boats for rowing
Frisbee, baseball
People glowing.

Water gushing, swirling, birling
Wet rock, dry rock, curving hill
Birds singing
In cool air
People still.



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Bark, stones
Path that wanders
On and on
Bridge that
Crosses water
Fountain that wets the dry stone,
Showing that it has an other colour.

Cloud shadow
Darkening Santa Maria -
For a moment.

Stone scattered,
Bush scattered,
Tree scattered,
Hillside.....
Receiving
the birds,

people who come to touch you,
climb you.

Tall, silent, dark green
Trees
Segregating the skyline

Gifts of today
Thank you

Mary Mc Creath

Transition-Part 6-New Questions Arising

If the three-dimensional world is a projection
From the quantum world as
some scientists say,
may be, it make our three-dimensional world
Unreal?

Why would such
An unreal world be here?
What purpose would it have?
Are we just actors in
Some other dimensions play?
A shadow of who we seem to be?
Are we living beings? or just the consciousness
Of some other being? If so who or
What?

Where is it hiding from us?
Why is it hiding form us?
What is it hiding from us?
How is it hiding from us?

Mary Mc Creath

Transition-Part 5-The Challenge

I Love my three-dimensional world
Of nature, earth, universe and cosmos.
Of peoples, community, cultures, society and technology.
Of spirituality, philosophy, psychology and science.
Of sport, art, dance and music.

I want to continue to explore it
And would be happy to
Do so for another 40 or 50 years

At the same time I would
Continue my exploration of
My quantum world reality
And learn more and more,
how they relate to
Each other and what they mean to each other,
Concerning what it is to be a person
Who is human, spiritual and religious.

Mary Mc Creath



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Transition-Part 4- My New World

I am trying to get more and more
In touch with this world
To let go more
And more of the hold this three-dimensional world
Has on my being and to enter
Into this newer world which I
Have always known existed, sometimes
Lived in fleetingly, as a stranger
To it.

Now it is opening up to me
As a reality and continuation
Beyond where my awareness
Has ever been and seen before.

In this place I meet no one
And everyone and thing in existence
It is a place of light and darkness
Of revelation and vanishing of revelation
Of knowing and unknowing.

Mary Mc Creath

Transition-Part 3-My Realities

Life for me has been
A succession of
Encounters with reality and
Realities that I have entered
Into, enjoyed, suffered, endured,
Managed, revelled in, puzzled at,
And been amazed in.

At present I am enjoying
The discovery of the reality
Of a quantum
world,
universe
cosmos and
multiverse

This reality for
Me is awe-inspiring. It extends
My being into time and space and
My life essence flows to and
From there, gathering peace, joy
An contentment from this freedom
Of movement that touches this
Reality as the playing of music
And a free flowing dance.

It carries me
Beyond the three dimensions
That I have lived in
Most of my life.

It takes me to a dimension
Of living and being, beyond time and space.
Yet I am still anchored
To time and space and my
Three dimensional world.

Mary Mc Creath

Transition-Part 2- My Life Experiences

I have lived in many
Different places
With very different people,
Worked on and done,
Many different things.

I have experienced lands
And peoples very different
From my own and myself.

Life has raised many
Different questions for me
I have sought and found
Answers to these questions.

After a period of wonder
And enjoyment at the
Answers from life
New questions reveal
Themselves to me.

My life and living
Has been about an
Encounter with the questions,
A revelation of the answers
And a living in the new
Reality and place that this
Brings me to.

Mary Mc Creath

Transition-Part 1- Middle Old Age

I am 75, a number
That is very large
When linked to the age
Of a human.

I feel full of joy
And wonder
That life has
Bestowed this
Amount of years
On me.

The beginning of these years
Is in a distant past
Starting in 1936
In a hospital
In Maryhill, Glasgow
Scotland

Between then and
Now which is
2012 and
in Hyde Park, Johannesburg
South Africa
My life has expressed
itself in countless ways.

Mary Mc Creath



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Being-The Return

Come back
It hears a cry

Come back
To what is yours

Confusion fills the essence
At this call.

Then Hope and Peace and Joy
And
Tired of all its wanderings

It gathers all its
Eragrant
Eragrant parts
And
Wisps towards its wholeness,
As it enters what is its
 And
Be as one

To roam about its place
Quite self-contained
Content to rest within
That sacred
 private
Space
Which holds it
 And
Know its being
One more time

Adhering to its
Bodily self as me.

Mary Mc Creath

Being-The Departure

An Essence

Separated from its vessel

It struggles

To hold its fragrance together

Apart from all

That surrounds it.

It longs

To return to its container

But others

Are trying

To put

Their own essence into it

To inhabit a space

That is not theirs

Oh! What anguish

Is felt by the essence

In this state

Of separation

It fears

and feels the fragmentation

Of it's being as

It struggles

To hold

The vapours of its essence

Outside

its container

This anguish

of impending fragmentation

Is terrifying and

destroying it

Mary Mc Creath

Death-A Look Of Love

A look of love was what he gave to me
A look of love came from me in return
How could he now be gone to never more
Exchange with me that look I held so dear
A rage now came instead upon my soul
That God could take this joy away from me
I ached and longed to see him one more time
How dare HE take this gift away from me
I stop my grief now high and full of pain
And flay my fists upward to the sky
You give him back how dare you take him now
You give him back he is not yours but mine
That empty sky was deaf unto my plea
The emptiness descended now on me.

Mary Mc Creath



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