

# ***THE NIGHT GARDEN***

and other poems



Alan Greenhead

**Dance on the wind to the Centre of All Things where discarded dreams sprout and wishes bloom...**

**Journey through inner space and outer space in this collection of imaginative poetry for children and children at heart.**

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Cover photograph by A. Greenhead.

# Omapere

On golden, summer-warm sand, walking.  
Feeling wind through hair and sand through toes.  
Watching sand glitter like a jewel-box.

Wondering if some giant or god,  
Who leaves nebulae footprints along galactic shores,  
Also marvels at how the stars sparkle  
At His feet.

# **On Why the Artist is Now Blind**

**Can you imagine the artist's exquisite pleasure  
When, while absentmindedly mixing hues  
On his grimy palette,  
He discovered a totally new, never-before-seen  
Colour? (quite by chance)  
Radiant, sublime gineer!  
A colour to paint saintly haloes with -  
Auras, crucifixions, people ascending  
To Holy realms.  
A colour not meant for earth-bound eyes,  
That dazzles into blindness,  
But worth the sacrifice of one's sight (for another) - that single, momentary glimpse  
Of Eternity.**

# Spring Day

The kind of day that makes you want to:

Take a bucking bronco ride on a shooting star.

Bounce on a trampoline-marshmallow-cloud,

Hug a mountain and drink a lake,

Letting it run down your chin,

Laugh

Warm honey-giggles

And chase them away.

The kind of day that smiles and says

This is all for YOU!

# Rubbish

Yesterday I found God  
In the bottom of a rubbish bag,  
Wedged in between an old cigarette packet  
And some mouldy cheese.  
He was beautiful.  
Such a shame He was put out  
With the morning trash.

# The Night Garden

Sacred place, of quiet solitude and serene secrets.  
The heavy air breathes, dripping with hushed silence;  
Bodies buzz with each resonant exhalation -  
Aum...  
Soul-charged and entranced I watch, drunk on its perfume -  
Garden of Delight.

Here all beauty has its source; nurtured in glistening pools of sweet amrita,  
churned in gurgling ambrosia falls,  
matured in nectar-filled cups of night-lily and moon-tulip.  
Life trickles down from the rocks, and behold, the rocks live!

In this corner silver-lipped azaleas jostle and huddle in chattering groups,  
gossiping like schoolgirls.  
Over here rainbows sprout among the undulating swathes  
of graceful amaryllis,  
and the irises sing so sweetly from the rock-garden,  
that to hear their syren-call, silky-bright, would leave you forever empty  
listening for the call again.

Glowing fuchsia-bells hang  
from clematis-necklaced branches,  
reaching down to stroke the cheek of the unsuspecting passerby,  
while tiny, elfen shapes frolic in the bird-baths,  
or dart twinkle-quick through the diamond stems of dancing daffodils, too quick for  
sighting.

The orchids stand alone,  
their proud heads held aloft in quiet contemplation,  
and the cumulus-soft moss-mounds purr  
in the dark corners, inviting the weary traveller.

All things thrive in the stillness  
of perpetual moonlight,  
and the gentle pulse of creation;  
the air is thick with their laughter.  
Discarded dreams fall in sparkling showers -  
magic grows here; wishes bloom and seed  
among the sleeping freesias.

# Space

(or "a solution to the world's overpopulation problem")

Physicists say that the world, though apparently solid,  
Is mostly made up of empty space.

I wish I could climb inside,  
Wedge myself in between the particles,  
Hide,  
Jump out in a blaze of electrons yelling  
YAAAA!

Perhaps a ghost is just a person who got lost in the empty spaces.

Maybe missing children lie trapped in the atomic maze  
Of a wall, a tree, a river.  
Having fallen in they can't get out,  
Imprisoned somewhere between bark and leaf.

Maybe there really is room for all those people.

# Spring Saturday Morning

A thousand bright

shining

colours

**SPLASH!**

over you. The gurgling air tastes of lemonade

**fizzing!**

in your mouth.

Cotton wool clouds catch you

in a warm

hug

and the breeze is scented with

freshly baked loaves of...

**SPRING SATURDAY MORNING!**

# **A Dream**

**Suddenly**

**I was shrunk to the size of a molecule.**

**Looking around I saw a delicious landscape**

**Of sun-soaked meadows and rolling hills,**

**Where rainbows sprang, dripping with colour -**

**The Land of Atoms!**

**They clustered around me,**

**Floating balls that jostled and chuckled**

**And changed colour in psychedelic glee.**

**They bid me join them,**

**At first friendly, then forceful, like obstinate children.**

**Frightened, I ran,**

**A cloud of multicoloured balloons bouncing and giggling in pursuit,**

**Swirling past and around like a swarm of swallows.**

**So I grew**

**To the size of a mountain,**

**And strode over rivers and hills,**

**Through interdimensional byways,**

**Back to my own world.**

**And so I know as well as anyone**

**The danger of meddling with the power**

**Of the atom.**

# Love Poem

I met a Goddess today.

Sure, She pretended to be a normal enough girl,

Spilt coffee down Her front

And said Her name was Sharon.

But I knew.

It was like the sun was sitting next to me.

# **Journey to the Centre of the Birth**

**She came  
In my moment of blackest despair,  
A creature of light and laughter  
No bigger than a mouse and shiny as a sun,  
Dancing on the wind,  
Singing,  
“Come with me on a journey to the beginning of silence  
And the deep peace  
At the heart of all things.  
We'll ride the cosmic light-trails;  
Slide down the silver threads  
That hang between the stars.  
Solar songs and soul-suns will light light our way  
And the smile of death speed us.”**

**Taking a hand like a silver droplet in mine,  
I was suddenly as tiny as her.  
We flew  
At the speed of thought,  
To the spaces between leaves  
And under the bark where only  
Flat people can go ,  
Met a sun that loved its children  
More than any mother,  
And a man who had the world but lost it,  
Saw a land of singing creatures that lived inside a single droplet,  
Passed the solar light-gardens  
Where gods and giants worked  
And new galaxies sprouted from the radiant soil.**

**We dived into seas of splendid song,  
Through the hearts of suns,  
To a mile-high room, lined with shelves that held lost time,  
And through halls of dreams  
Where past loves and memories of childhood  
Called and begged reunion  
From behind each doorway,  
Over seas of insanity  
To the kaleidoscopic shores of creation.**

**And there she stopped**

**And exploded  
Singing,  
“ I am you, and you are He,  
And we are She.”  
And as the world collapsed in light  
The white-coats found me and locked me here  
("Mad," they said).**

**But tell me,  
Who is the fool?  
For I have been to the Centre of All Things,  
And made it my home.**

# The L phabet Takes O ver

A don't B lieve what I C! D L phabet S taking O ver

D whole Y world. N no time at L we have been O verc M.

T people are L screaming and cray Z in D streets,

not knowing F even reading A book S safe N E more.

O pen D books N out flies D words, snapping and biting at NE thing they C.

X cept for D poets, E V one S in panic;

D poets, they just stare and look up at D sky,

in XTC.

I don't know what S going on.

Do U?

# **The Lord's Prayer - revised version**

**Dear Father / Mother/ Being of indeterminate gender  
Who art in Heaven / Paradise / Nirvana / other realm of transcendent perfection  
Hallowed be thy name  
Thy kingdom / dictatorship / democracy / commune come  
Thy will be done  
On Earth as it is in the aforementioned planes of being  
Give us this day our daily bread  
(preferably brown and fibre-rich)  
And forgive us our trespasses, lies, unwarranted outbursts  
and general carrying-ons,  
As we forgive those who financially compensate us sufficiently  
Lead us into the odd temptation  
But deliver us from evil, taxes  
and unscrupulous car-salesmen  
For thine is the kingdom  
The power and the glory  
Till death do us part  
Amen**

# Today

A day that that was  
holiday-happy wondrous,  
golden-sunshiny marvellous.

The sort that makes you shiver with  
chuckle-bubbly, chocolate-giggly excitement,  
and wish you could stuff it all -  
every buzz-tumble, sparkling moment -  
in a jar,  
and keep it on a shelf  
for a rainy day.

# Space Race

The American Space Program's greatest project -  
Mankind enters inner space  
(Not the ocean, but a return to the womb!).

The technological requirements were enormous -  
Shrinking a man to the size of an embryo,  
The craft's nearly disastrous lift-off  
(thruster malfunction in the fallopian tubes),  
And the 'splash down' by caesarean  
(Some said all those billions should have been spent on needy children).

But who can forget those first incredible pictures?  
An astronaut's initial tentative womb-walk,  
Afraid to venture too far from the CM,  
For a moment a frightened child with lifeline clutched close like a favourite toy  
(Boldly going where everyone has gone before),  
Seeing it all from behind a helmet's window-  
A foreign body adrift in a strangely familiar world.  
Yes, who can forget the wonder of that living, liquid cosmos, where new worlds have their  
birth  
(Silent but for the primal throb that speaks a language we have forgotten).

Now there are those that say our future lies  
Not in the stars,  
But in  
inner space.

# Supreme

Let me  
blaze along the galactic axons  
of your cosmic brain,  
dive into the golden ocean  
of your transcendent bliss,  
and soar  
on the wind of your divine breath;  
a metamorphosing larva-foetus  
in the cocoon of your vast dreaming.



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