

Keeper of the Flame

by Ian Hayward Robinson, 2023

Dusk descends,
Bathing the bushland
In suggestive shadows.
The fire crackles beside me,
Intruding into the avian symphony
That embraces the small clearing.

As I stand here,
Staring into the evening mists,
I let my eyelids drop
And I see ... so many things.
The vista of my life
Opens up before me
Like a movie trailer.
Stormy seas threaten my survival,
Placid lakes reflect back my thoughtfulness,
Mysterious forests offer intrigue and adventure,
Implacable mountains block my path,
Endless plains draw me onwards.
People appear,
Young and old, familiar and unfamiliar,
People I need to love and to be loved by,
People who need me and who need my care,
People who threaten me and mean to do me harm,
People whose hate needs to be loved away,
People who will abandon me in my time of trouble,
People who will stand by me through thick and through thin.
I see myself amongst them,
Sometimes stumbling,
Sometimes walking tall.
In my mind's eye I see it all unfold ...
Times of celebration ... and times of heartache,
Times of rapture ... and times of remorse,
Times of patient effort ... and times of impatient frustration,
Times of frenzied activity ... and times to just sit back and stare,
Times to lose myself in a crowd ... and times to find myself in solitude;
And I wonder
How I will fare.

I'm hoping
That I'll be prepared.