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POETRY

By Chris Roe

If Time Were Mine

Your love is the space
In which I exist.

Your truth and inspiration
Drive light
Into the darkest corners
Of my life.

If time were mine to give,
I would give it all to you.

Eternal Journey

As the crimson flame of life
Breaks slowly
Above the horizon,
The white, frosted meadows,
With trees and hedgerows
Of sculptured ice,
Speak loudly
Of your presence.

Once more
Upon this journey,
As another day begins,
Without effort
Or intrusion,
Through the peace
And tranquillity
Of your silent voice,
The moment becomes eternal,
And the journey
Begins again.

Silent Flight

In the silence
The clarity of your voice,
Climbs high
Upon the eagle's wings.
The chains of doubt
That imprison my soul,
Fall away beneath my feet.
In the freedom and majesty
Of the sentinel's gaze,
Faith is strengthened
And hope returned
To a weary heart,
Upon the silent flight
Of eagle's wings.

Sacred Truth

In your smile
I am born again,
In your eyes
All hopes and dreams return,
In your love
There is infinite peace.

Such magic
Comes but once,
Such truth
Is surely sacred.

Complete

In your presence,
The circle is complete,
The searching at an end.

No demands,
No duty,
No dark corners of isolation.

Only the soft light of creation,
Moving gently
Through the crystal silence,
Of the morning dew.

In Search Of Silence

Beyond the storm,
Where blue sky
Still cradles
The morning sun.

In the clearing,
Where shafts of light
Hold back the shadows
Of the ancient wood.

Beyond conflict and pain
And the inhumanity of man.
Beyond duty
And this journey
That has seemed so long.

Beyond the history
That has brought me
To this sacred place,
This spiritual sanctuary.

This peace,
This silence,
This love.

Spirit

Keeper of the morning light,
Guardian of the flame,
White knight of my soul.

Given at the beginning,
As a last defence,
At the centre of life.

Never beaten or destroyed,
Never taken or confined,
Never traded or lost.

And shared only
For love.

Sanctuary

Shafts of light
Through cathedral windows.
Dappled shade
Upon the leaves
Beneath my feet.
Bird song
In the branches above.

In the distance
Hind and fawn
Cross the forest track.
The sweet fragrance of autumn
Fills the misty air.

A gentle breeze
Moving colours
To the forest floor.

So precious
Such beauty,

So hard to find
Such peaceful sanctuary.

I was born in the rural county of Norfolk, England, in 1948, where I have lived and worked for much of my life. Most of my working career has been spent within the agricultural industry. My love of nature and the peace and tranquillity of rural England is very much reflected in many of my poems.

Chris Roe

These poems are from my self-published collection, titled *In Search of Silence*. Writing this collection of 45 poems has been, for me, a personal journey in search of spiritual peace. The above poems have been selected from a number of poems written over a span of 30 years. Hopefully, some of the poems contained in this collection will give you glimpses of my life and my journey in search of spiritual peace. more details of which can be seen on my website at www.silentflightpublications.co.uk



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P.O. Box 76, Bellmawr, NJ 08099

Phone (609) 714-1885 Fax (519) 265-0746

Email: center@ijhc.org Website: <http://www.ijhc.org>

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