

## THE BOUNDARIES OF JOY

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Music is wine is art is food is love,  
As love is poetry is music is nature is food.  
What are the divisions of life and feeling?  
Is nature not sensual, an overlapping element?  
Is food not part of loving, be it seduction?  
Is music not the soul of sensuality,  
Tearing remodeled lumps from my creativity?  
Is wine not a voluptuous creation of nature and man?

My meandering pencil tenuously explores the blank pad,  
Etching sensual imprints from the rich melange of life,  
Distilled in joy, sharing, and integrating pain.  
Can one segregate oneself and define creative source?  
Labyrinth pathways join love and art, music and food.  
Sensually sexual sound punctuated visions of fruit and love,  
Blend like Debussy with nature, colour, tone and touch...  
To experience such fusion is the quintessential ecstasy!

Lush smooth skinned curving branches,  
Evoke memories of your burnished thighs.  
As sunset blazes with the wonder of nature,  
Your exquisite form reflects its light,  
Both sky and skin's resplendence peach-like ripe,  
With the colours and bouquet of this maturing wine...  
Each cross-pollinating experience impacts on delight,  
In a smorgasbord of integrating differences.

Try as we may, we are not divisible,  
Neither within ourselves; nor from our environment.  
The body responds and flowers with the mind,  
Or retracts in anguish at our conflicts.  
The air we breath enhances our existence,  
Or poisons our lives with self sown sludge...  
A balance of function and joy must exist,  
But one is all part of the other.

And joy is love is creativity is music.... is sharing.