

## MUSINGS ON MATURITY

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I don't know..., but I do...  
Like elegant leather..,  
Old..., Soft..., comfortable...  
A littoral overview with  
crumpled sun aged edges.  
A sea of experience..,  
And compassion.

I do know..., but I don't...  
The gnostic gravy of life;  
Spices blended, colours splashed,  
like blazing experiential nerves.  
Life's evolving searching canvas  
paints deep and wondrous joy..,  
Of living....

Tumbling lust, colour, skin,  
feeding poets brush and flute,  
with guzzled pages of fear and love.  
Sun baked sinful sensuality  
trumpets symphonic passion  
through love's sweat baked voyage,  
To survival...

Ancient bones and mind of joy,  
Sounds of life-strings plucked with care,  
Melodic translucent amoral revels,  
distilling thought,.. carefree and caught,  
Life's torrent forged a delta lush.  
But direction,.. and choice...  
Is now mine.

Victor Cusack 1988