

**Poems
to
a
Distant
Man,**



Poems:

To
a Distant Man,
and
Other
Melancholies.

Roman S Novak

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In Honour of my Parents:



Edward and Lynette

Dedicated to the Memory of;

Lynette Josephine Barry: 1936 - 1988
After seven years of Leukemia

Edward Novak: 1933 - 1998
Of Cancer of the Lung, Emphysema, Alcoholism,
Peripheral Vascular Disease

Marija Novak: 1905 - 1994
After two World Wars, 6 Sons, and a Stroke

Ferdinand Novak: 1903 - 1963
In a Sanatorium, of Tuberculosis

Tania Novak: 1960 - 1980
In an Automobile Accident

Patricia Reid: 1907 - 1982
Of Alcoholism, and a ruptured Stomach Ulcer

Francis Daniel Barry: 1911 - 1942
In the North African Desert, by an Anti Tank Mine

Norman Alexander Weir: 1922 - 1991
Of Emphysema, and other matters

Harry Varcoe: At 52
Of a Heart Attack

Foreword

These poems were written sometime between 1985 and the start of the millennium, and document the experiences and residue of my memory, triggered by the deaths of Lynette and Edward.

Those words written to my father, are ones that weren't able to be said at the time, for we did not talk to each other for the last 10 years of his life, and, those to my mother describe the experiences of my life that occurred during her attempt at beating Leukemia, and the subsequent time, in which I learnt many things, mostly about the kind of person that I was.

Notes on Punctuation:

A Full Stop denotes the end of an idea, a Comma indicates a pause, a Semi Colon indicates something fairly important, and a Colon means it is quite important. A lack of punctuation does not imply acquiescence, however.

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TIME DONE

There is a school of thought
which says that
You choose your parents,

and
the journey that they will provide.

Hey man,
I can dig this now;

but
I have no idea
what I was thinking at the time.



STRUGGLING AT THE END

I guess I should start with
Offering Compassion,

It is at least noble.

Yours was the difficult life,
and mine;
a breeze,
a consequence only.
For you carried the old world,
and I,
the lightness of this new one.

Perhaps then,
I should offer you
Concessions.

Well,
I went looking for them;

But down these long corridors,
I didn't find anything.

SIMPLE DREAMS

Where are you now
my distant father,
for in your grey
death face
I see you, entombed.

For
I am I,
and that is you,
As stone walls force
the frightened dove
with mystic chains
of hurt and love.

So, who'll put flowers on your grave
when no one's left to be brave,
For life is simpler than it seems
maybe,
we'll only meet in dreams.

Goodnight my dearest father now,
for I must go,
and you will stay;

Perhaps it's only God
who knows another way.

ESCAPE MEANS SOMETHING,
DOESN'T IT ?

I thought you were joking,
because you said that love was
food to eat and a roof overhead.

It took a while,
and a few disappointments
to realize:
That is what you actually meant.

So;
Where did you hide
all those private,
tender thoughts,
and
for such a long time.

For you who was the last to stand,
who refused to submit
even
to your own people,
Did nothing to embrace
the freedom of your new life.

It is the nothingness
that intrigues me the greatest.

CARDS OR THE TRACK, ITS THE
SAME THING

Those passions deep inside
a closed soul,
are sometimes, difficult to discern.

And you,
who could weld steel with your eyes closed,
Made good at first.

But,
fulfilment is quite hard to acquire it seems,
because you gambled everything.

So in the end,
I figured that in the serious business
of addictions,
there are only three types:

The Mugs,
The Millionaires,
and
Those that knew what they were doing.

Of the latter, it appears,
There are very few.

NO MORE BLACKOUTS

Go and get drunk again
if you want,
I can't care anymore.

Drown slowly in your own sorrow
if you choose,
I will not join you again.
You can give away the beauty in your life
to those obscure shadows,
but do not expect me
to walk with you anymore.

My choice is different now.

For
All that has passed
and not passed,
now wanders in barren fields,

And in the darkness of the night, Edward;
I wonder if this bothers you.

DACHAU

We gather here to see this place
a scary land with solemn face

And so the whispering winds
would blow,
the sound of falling trees
would show

My thoughts
in deepest sadness
flow.

IT CAN TAKE A WHILE

Freedom
is beautiful
and wild,

But
it takes
courage
and discipline.

When you let yourself be;

It will be there,
waiting for you.



IT WAS POSSIBLE, THEORETICALLY

Many years have passed,
but still I wonder
what drove you
to walk in hand with a man
of such darkness
in a world war
that was
so cruel and unforgiving.

Edward spoke little of you.
Fittingly perhaps,
so,
all that is left is to ask;
who really stands behind
those thin rimmed spectacles.

But Ferdinand,
when you treated your prized first son
so harshly,

You were sure
he could break the cycle;

Weren't you ?

STONEMAN

Did the stones
you placed for yourself,
finally get too heavy ?

Or did you just tire of the game ?
Each time your guilt
grew too hard to carry,
you would move one more
and then forget the past again.

Who visits you every day?
Or has even the lonely veneer
of your misguided soul
worn so thin,
that the winds of pain
are no longer directed somewhere else.

Perhaps it will be in your journey
to the other world,
when you finally get the courage to look;

For in the eerie dawn,
There is no escape from the truth.

RETURN LETTER

If you look back at the whole deal
What will you be thinking ?

Is it the laughter,
or pain,
that you remember.

What I see between these childlike lines
tells a story that is still unknown.

Or was it just that I looked too deep ?

For in the final assessment
you will see the laughter and love,
shining through.

And the gates will open.

A FLEETING GLIMPSE

You move
Always from the distance,
and cover yourself with
The Nights Breath:

But you are still cold.

Even the woven failure,
tightly held,
doesn't keep you warm.

Do you question each day ?
Or,
did it just enter as a dream,
slowly intertwined against
a deeper and stronger notion,
pinning you down until just suffocating,
and there
you felt comfortable.

I know you as a fleeting glimpse
of two worlds, awkward and apart,
as the darkened clouds of discontent
keep the journey
on separate paths.

LETTER: retained

Among other things
Edward;
I found the letter,
hidden under the veil of your sad death,

But it was too easily found
to be a coincidence.

It is not possible to estimate
what anyone will keep,
is it ?

And yet,
We could not even find a place
to sit, and talk.

YOUR CHOICE

In some strange way
you chose the same;
Mother and Wife.

A defiant stand.

But this was not easily seen in life
when you demanded a connection;
of the one that you chose,
to the one who would not abandon you.

Yet
the bodies awkward life
was no return to the womb,
and in the end
what was the point ?

Too late it was though,
and,
Too difficult to face.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS CLEAR

Much later,
I heard that Lynette left you,
when I was not quite four.

She detailed a malice,
frightening in its closeness,
though,
I recall very little.

But
for your future reference,
Edward,
the effects of such things
can stay for a while.

I can however,
report happily
that the marks you left on me
were not indelible

As for my sisters
however,
it is not so clear;

For I suspect that what you did,
Cannot be washed away so easily.



HEY TANIA

It is not difficult to understand
that you were conceived in a manner
which did not include being wanted,
however,
such was the way of your life.

Your fragile wings and thoughts
wavering between other worlds
not deliberately attached
to this one.

And in the end,
Wild and Free,
with the conceived child of an older man
yet surging with another;
maybe you had found what you needed.

But now, no one will know
where you went
and how you played with all
your silent ghosts
to block and end
the pain from a man
who was not the father he should have been.

And, when you broke that car in two
by driving it into that bridge at 110 mph:

Did you think that would solve the problem ?

ANGER CREEPING IN

I see you,
sitting there at Tania's funeral
in that bright blue suit,
smiling and arrogant,

Unmoved apparently,
by the obvious truth
that this was no arbitrary
act of carelessness.

And you announced that;
in her memory,
you would give up drinking.

Well,
I heard it lasted only 3 weeks.

And so, Edward
I ask you:

Is that all she was worth ?

NO WHERE TO GO HOME

I remember standing
in the quiet streets of your
beloved Maribor,
thinking about everything,
Then, sensing a connection.
But within the same moment
knowing, that I am born
of sand and pohutukawa
of manuka and rivers;

And I knew where to go home.

How strange for you
to be born of one land
but chose to live in another,
and, to not accept,
to be perpetually unhappy,
to journey from the old country
to one that was never going
to be good enough.

So,
what does one say to a sad,
disillusioned immigrant.....
Probably;
"Giddy Mate"

But then:
That is not one of the things
that we ever were;
"eh", Edward.

IT WOULDN'T HAVE MATTERED,
ANYWAY

I know
there must have been a time
when you thought
I would turn out to be a poofter.

I guess taking up Ballet as a nine year old
would have been enough.

It wasn't the best news for your beloved
Marija.
Hell,
even I could tell you weren't pleased;
But it was hard work, and I liked it.

I quit when I realized a few things,
but it wasn't enough
to stop the bloody bruising I got later on.

Girls can be tough, man.

But then;
You knew that already.

IF YOU'VE NEVER BEEN,
THEN HOW WOULD YOU KNOW ?

Years ago
when I swam with Dunc, in Dunedin,
we used to travel to Christchurch in a bus,
and would watch the mountains,
In the distance,
slowly pass us by.

You, always,
only talked
about the old country,
and the beauty there.

In Springtime,
in the distance, Edward,
The Southern Alps sparkle and glimmer;

In the flesh
they are cold, and clear, and sharp.

And they,
Are,
Beautiful.



WAITING AT THE END

Whispering voices of your inner child
dance within an empty room
stripped bare
by the years of neglect for yourself.

For no doubt you once dreamt
those secret dreams.

Then, when Fate did call,
those strange messengers were
unwelcomed and unknown,
yet,
you let them stay.

So,
who will cry for you
now that the footprints
of those dark strangers
have faded away ?

For as you wait
at the beginning,
those mystical voices
are calling you,

But you are not ready to go.

NOW YOU ARE DEAD

Welcome Marija,
from out of this world
and into the next.

For those dark roads once travelled
are lighter now,
and in the beckoning
lies the easement of your pain.

So, In those last moments,
cradled in the bosom of your Goddess
and waiting for the final call,
did you remember the long years,
and how the play was enacted
and how, somehow,
you clawed your way through.

Though what price you paid
in the tearing legacy of six sons
and one, the prized one,
that left you crushed.
You bled, and no one listened,
you cried out, and still they did not speak.

Attached among the tangled threads
I too have a notion of this strange play,
mysterious and adrift as it is,
for all you said to me was:
I am dead

Though I doubt this will solve the mystery.

NOT LONG

In our grand entrance
to this world;
Our body appears,
then our soul.

But soon
we must all
vacate our bodies.



OH MY BELOVED

TAKE ME ON THE WINGS OF SOUND
TO WHERE THE WINDS OF TIME
NO LONGER BLOW
THROUGH THE SEVEN DOORS
BEFORE THY THRONE

Lynette Josephine Barry
26/10/1936 - 20/10/1988

IN LIGHTER TRAVEL

The music plays,
glistening energy
sprinkles away,

and life
travels
to another world.

WATER DANCE

Crystal images dance upon
a shimmering lake,
as uncomfortable armour
weighs against restless imaginings.

For the dance that aspires within
awaits at the starting gate,
and in each moment that passes,
the water seeps below
on heavy feet.

Should you choose
the essence of lightness,
the energy of being
will move with you,
and no longer
will you remain bound.

For the dance on water will be
one of your Absolute Being;

And the Journey,
One of Absolute Joy.

FLOATING ON AN ANGRY SEA

Do I have to stand up
and yell out to you,
just to be heard ?
Or are you still shivering in
your dark cavern,
and
don't know that
I am here.

For I am not the Madman
that you see.

I am
just lonely,
and, from my loneliness;
I see you searching the flotsam.

My friend,
do not leave your thoughts
to wander the currents too long;

For if you do make it back,
You may not find them on the shore.

BLIND THOUGHTS

How did you get
those blind thoughts ?

Were they stolen
from across the line,
in the darkness of the day,
when everyone looked on.

I wonder about
the rules of this unspoken game.

And, whose essence did you borrow,
when your deeper purpose
was unknown beyond the emerald cask,
crammed tightly, and held.

For if only you could open the lid,
then,
the tragic night
will change forever.

A RACE IS JUST A RACE

Hovering at the edge of an angels
playground,

Do you feel and see from within.

Can you know freedom, exploded,
sprinkled energy,
floating....

Bathe in the Joy of Life.

DIRTY WORK

It was like
you asked me
to do your dirty work,
but without asking,
I just did it.

Nobody understood
the power.

So,
now I look back at you
your face bloodied,
smashed,
after you had
slipped on the rocks.

GOING HOME

Edges of time
once dulled by cryptic moods,
slowly re emerge
and face the happy stage
on which a newer act begins,
more fluid than before.

For it is the younger child
that awaits the starting gate this time.

Choose your dream wisely now,

and then,
Go and live it.

THE FIRE ENDS

I see a dream gone past,
and the rippling waves that reach
beyond these tacit life strings.

For it is voices in the wind
that sing to me now,
and heavenly songs that play
deeply in my heart,
in a heaviness not known before.

Do you see beyond these mortal roots,
a tree,
once proud and true,
now no longer cleansed.

For the bitter taste of your own defeat:
Does not match the enemies victory.

FORGIVENESS IS EVERYTHING

How does a woman of such
distinguished breeding
Resolve her darkest secrets ?

Was it the Gin, or Lies that helped.
Or was it that being married to four different men,
slowly amplified the pain
so that you no longer knew yourself.

You, who lived behind that hoarse veil of decency,
yet in all the vastness of your presence
there was no steady ground,
those dark piercing eyes
faltering
amidst the harshness,
and the distance.

As a child I saw something,
and now I know how fearful you were
to have been discovered.

So, my malevolent grandmother,
each time you locked me in that cupboard,
made me eat off the floor,
and walk up and down the hall
hurling abuse over my tears,
Did that even the score for you ?

Well Patrica, Beware:
For when you are finally called by the Great Man:
There will be much explaining to do.



DANCE WITH THE MOON

Who was it that said;
Freedom is outside the realm of possibility ?

Look beyond the stars
and dance with the moon my child,
for so little is known of the cavern within,
who placed the walls
or made them so high,
and,
despondent sins weigh heavily
upon this weary traveller
as,
the dust of forgotten laughter
settles on those dreams
of infinite grandeur.

How could these breaches of trust fly so far ?

Did they go on their own,
Or was it I
Who opened the Gate ?

DEFIANCE

There is an undeniable spirit
that lurks beneath
the thin veil of sanity;
An impassioned gesture of freedom
that claws the intricate webs
when darkness pervades.

Be careful not to give in too easily:

For the Dance
of Crystal Colours Entwined
never knows
the Darkness of Night.

FREE AGAIN

In standing still,
the quiet sound of life
whispers loud truths to be known,
for it is freedom within,
and,
unbounded joy
that count in the long run.

Have you witnessed your caged years,
and, seen all the moments ?
You are still so young,
now that this journey
has finally begun.

Fly from this place
to a life beyond,
Carry your Heart to the light,
and a love
that knows no conditions.

WHO DARES TO FALL

Touch me once
with your lightest essence.

Let your visions flow
across my wildest thoughts,
and then let me be.
For your blighted dreams
remain entrenched,
and I,
dare not cross the sacred line.

The Mountain path
being,
too steep
for this wary traveller.

YOU ARE ABLE

Moments across the emerald line,
you sit immersed
in wondrous shifts
of once confused energy.

The universe opens
as a flower to the glorious sunlight,
the years are reborn
as you flow back to the child,
and the dichotomy of adulthood
ceases to disconnect ones inner youth.

For now,
the knowledge of today
has changed from yesterday,
and,
tomorrow is an adventure
the Daring Ones
have already planned to be.

NOT NOW PLEASE

I could let my feelings out
as you asked me to do
then I'd have to face them
and so would you
there would be lots to think on
and much to explain,

would you truly understand
or am I safer in refrain
for I'll make it through
but the madman must stay
in a safer place
for yet another day.

NO GOING BACK SUNSHINE

In a search for lost youth,
each minute moment explodes,
and
this story is drawn
down echoing halls,
biting deep into our nostalgic being,
in vain remembrance
of excitement not regained.

The rerun of poignant plays
find no walls to bounce off now,
for that life has passed;

and,
sweet memories
are just,
sweet memories.

LOOKING BACKWARD

There is this place
seen from the distance,
with spiral dancers upon a delicate sea
that is clear
but too deep for this younger man,
and
imagined monsters,
eloquent in their movements
are the facade to that painful notion,
where all little warriors dare not to be,
but in their hearts want more than ever.

This dance is played out
over the glittering stage
never intended to seat an audience,
it's texture born in pain,
yet shown in the open lights.

But;
Beware of the danger
my friend,
when,
too deep is the voice,
and,
too thin the angels cloak.

IS THANK YOU, TOO LATE ?

I can only guess
at the missed opportunities
laid before you
in such an uncertain way.

Or what possessed you to
take up with Lynette.
Was it that, opposites attract ?
Or can kindred spirits
hold a fragile union together.
And how she played
with the Viking,
but not, it seems in the end
with you ?

Did the strange, lean man
who appeared each morning,
stay till the lonely end ?
Such is the oddness
of one's life;
That we can never be sure.

But one thing I am sure of;
Is that floating amongst all this
was a kindness that,
I did not fully understand
then.

(Dedicated to Harry Varcoe, my Stepfather)



DARKER FORMS

As I walk among the corridors
of light and dark,
Invisible walls
are placed at those points
where I must choose
some other way,
urging the inner life
to journey beyond,
and;
this soothes me.

A DIFFICULT BEGINNING

It must seem unfair
to be given this task,
for those who brought you to this world
do not see themselves,
nor that which is passed on
in the sombre dark.

So;
Take care my friend
to be not too difficult to reach,
for when the time comes
and you must look,
You may be hard to find.

RUNNING TOWARDS

Crystal falls spread mist
across limitless planes,
playing and swirling among
the cinder tracks of left over one liners.

And the scientist within displays
valour and determination,
leading outward, yet looking back
towards a deeper future.

Along the way,
ghosts of the past and present
force a desperate run,
twirling cartwheels
along an undecided pathway
is cause to stumble.

For there is nowhere to hide,
Except,
Under the Cloak of Death.

FIRST DAY ON SHORTLAND STREET

So here I am on the set
doors open
winds cold
but still I sweat
and in they come
with their hip jackets
their flairs
their heels
and cigarette packets

It's time
I'm on and in I go
but,
it's such a strange way to talk you know

And limping down the halls of fame;
For what ?

They don't even know my name.

IT'S A TOUGH CHOICE

If you concentrate
too hard
on success;

Then you may end up
neglecting
to take care of
your failure rate.

The nearer to the end
you get,
It matters less for

What you are,
than Who you continue to be.

AN INTERESTING QUESTION

So;
Failure is not
when it doesn't work out,

Failure:
Is when you keep going,
When it is not working.

A LIKEABLE ROUGE

I remember your Smile,
Your Barrel Chest and Blond Hair,
Your stories of Vikings and Gurkhas;
and Old True Scotland.

And the Testosterone that you said
would straighten me out,
and turn me into a bloke !

Though not everything was as it seemed,
Was it, Norman ?
Even then,
I knew there were questions

Questions of;
Friendship and Mistrust,
Truth and Dishonesty,
Trust and betrayal,
Honesty and Infidelity.

What took longer to realize,
was the willing accomplice you had
in Lynette.

But
Even with those long scary nights,
and in the frightening shadows of each day,

You registered.

CALLING YOU

I called in the other day
to see how you were doing,
and they said
you had left town already.

I cried out when I heard,
though I Knew
you had drowned
long before this.

So Long my friend,

For now you walk among
the angels teardrops,

In lightness and with love,
where all Warriors eventually go:

And the paradox
no longer exists.

(Dedicated to Norman Weir)

A FLUID NIGHT

It was easy when we met,
you looked me in the eye and kept talking
so I didn't have to ask all those stupid
questions
just to show I was really interested;

Because I was.

There for a brief moment the night flowed
and I, in all my brazen glory,
drifted,
with the clearest stars.

So of course I thought it was possible
to be just friends.
But even I wonder about that now.
Either I'm too dumb
or too clever,
but I don't get it.
Even the sharpest light
eludes me.

And so I ask;
"Do we walk to the edge now,
and look at the deep beyond",

or:

Do we just go back to our corners,
and sit in the darkness a while longer.

FINISHING LINE

How was the race my friend ?
or,
was even the starting line too tough ?

So you waited,
crawled towards the edge,
and when at last your time had come,

Then you learnt the truth.

WALK AWAY

If this meeting was planned,
then,
who allowed the webs to collect dust.

Or was it just a stinging embrace;
Unable to sustain life.

I forget now who walked away.

A LONG WAY DOWN THE TRACK

Transparent green glitters
with sparkling energy
as love intensifies,

The flight of emotion surges,
to soar beyond
mortal bounds not known before.

Freedom within
spins and explodes out
from this earthbound body,

songs of peace cascade
upwards as a tree grows;

And life sparkles.

T/Capt. Frank Daniel Barry
Military Cross

Awarded for extreme devotion to duty, great determination and remarkable skill under difficult and hazardous circumstances. As Ordinance Mechanical Engineer of the 15th Light Aid Detachment in the Libyan Campaign of 1941 he displayed great coolness under fire and inspired both his unit and other nearby units with confidence during the critical days at Belhamed. During the fighting at Alamein he constantly displayed initiative of the highest degree in repairing vehicles under extremely difficult conditions, whilst his recovery work was particularly outstanding. Night after night he recovered vehicles and guns from our forward mine fields, and on many occasions from "No Mans Land" and the enemy mine fields. Due almost entirely to his efforts eight 6-pdrs. and three 50mm A/Tank guns were recovered and put into fighting order in a very short time at a critical stage of the Alamein Battle. All this was done in addition to the normal repair and maintenance work for his unit. His work has been really outstanding in this respect and has been an inspiration to the whole New Zealand Ordinance Corps.



Frank Daniel Barry MC, 1429

There is a fine marble hall in the Domain
which bears your name, and;
echoes deeply in the grandeur of lost dreams.

If you stand there at the top
and close your eyes,
you can feel the loneliness.

There are names everywhere.

There was once a book in a faraway land
atop a stone pyramid,
which also bears your name,
And was filled with dreams yet to be.

So few names this time.

But,
Cast across these shadows of fate
lie the mysteries of a war
not only fought in the desert,
but in the heart of a little girl
whose dreams never began,
who sat,
and waited.

And a young man, now older
who sits within these places and wonders.

So my dear Grandfather;

When you drove over the mine
that blew you to pieces
in the harshness of the desert,

“Did that end everything ?”

I doubt this.

For now I know that your dreams
were not
the only ones that shattered

On that fateful day.



The Weekly News 11th September 1940
Courtesy of Wilson and Horton

OUTPLACED ALREADY

Where do little boys go
when the dark clouds appear ?

Is it
behind hastened walls
and,
outplayed in the night.

Would we recognise this ?

Given that the glistening visions are,
then blindness cannot be,

For behind the Tragic Veil;
Lies the Truth.

THE MYTH STRIKES

Where do we learn these games of love,
whose secrets betrays us
and leave us grasping.

If all that you see is strange,
would you not look deeper ?
Could you even recognise the difference
between the fantasy
and what remains ?

I didn't mean to hurt anyone.

And now,
all that's left,

Is forgiveness.

A DIFFICULT MOMENT

The window to my self
opens with such force,
and I am left fighting
the aftermath of awkward moments
that linger amongst
the unstated anger.

Does this fragility run so deep
that the messages will remain unclear ?

For once again,
the task to reign in
The Little warrior
is quite hard
for this frightened man.

But somewhere,
the fear,
Will no longer matter.

THE REBEL RETURNS

In just that moment
when two worlds collided,
I looked towards the forgotten past
and saw myself as I wasn't,
too serious for the inevitable end,
and freedom's wings
tied in an awkward texture
that no longer made sense,
deep in a smothered existence,
and struggling to be known.

Was my part in the play too short ?
or did I just forget to take
the necessary risks,
as in wildest dreams is where I stood.
Silent messages withholding effervescent
boundaries.

Do not be afraid to reach out
and feel the sunlight now !!
For there is only love to give,
within it surges;
on the glittering stage it is given out,
onwards to the grand finale.

Go and search the freedom my friend
and be;
Triumphant in return.

RESISTANCE EXISTS

This enticing liaison
activates somewhere
outside emotional boundaries,
and romanticism struggles
with reality.

Yet it is unknown
if the truth exists as
the freedom of love,

Or,
do the chains of a darker world
entrap me.

Now I fear the next message,
for
the ecstasy of this self inflicted pain
is cruel;

Yet Sweet Temptation.

I TURNED AND HE WAS GONE

Whispering voices
no longer shout
at the madman;

As
he had shuffled through,
the wings of light appeared:

And carried him
away.

Epilogue



RETURN TO LOVE

You travelled the long road
insisted upon the awkward moment
when the inner dream became
the spiral chasm of such force
that you had to leave,
and all before your time.

Why do the little people leave so soon,
when the chains of sorrow have forced them
to submit.

Yet they go as
The Children of God,
and play in the Fields of Love
for evermore.

Follow the whispers of heavenly winds
to the dream coloured fields of love
where the ragged people no longer run
and threads of life warm under the sun.

Give your heart to be a child of life
and dwell in the house of tomorrow
fly from the grasp of darkness and fate
soar free without chains of sorrow
travel to the valleys of the scented forest,
then you will see
the world belongs to you my child
and all of us, Are Free.

THE TIME IS NOW

When you wake in the morning,
There is a choice:

To be happy

To accept life

To make positive changes

So that
each new day
just
gets better
and better
and better.





AND YOU ?

Did you whisper tender words to me,
 thrown,
at the hidden winds of your sadness
 revisited;

I did not hear them.

For your strange imagining's
were positioned an odd distance
from your hearts desire.

It seems that
we did not stand together for too long.

 So,
If I abdicated my responsibilities as a son,
 then,
What did you do ?

Roman lives in Waipu with his wife Andrea,
their Huntaways Kate and Kona,
and Heading Dogs Hanalei and Zach.
A Fitter and Turner by Trade, and,has worked as a
Valve Maker, Furniture Maker, Marine Engineer
and of late;
a part time Farmer, Shepherd and Artist.



I wish to thank Jim and Jane La Rooy,
Duncan Laing, Ray Wright, Otago Boys High School
and all those who showed me kindness in those
faraway days, most of which went unrecognized
and unacknowledged.

I am also very grateful to my parents for
the opportunity of life they have given me.



**and
Other
Melancholies**

Roman S Novak