

March Eyes

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Someplace isolated in my eternal psyche, imagination blooms eternal. I often nurture and nourish this incredible flower with drops of dreams, thoughts of adventure and sobering realities. The flight of bird, satin apparel, pleasurable moments all function as jumping off points. Just to imagine itself brings me closer to a universal understanding. A ripple in stream half a world away causes tidal waves on distant shores. Poor children dream of someday stepping through the gauntlets of despair and self-destruction and emerging victorious with well deserved lifestyles. The tears shed in silence when pain is the only companion and trusting the whispered voices that say everything is going to be alright. Yes indeed, that imagination, the cousin of faith, turns the unobtainable to the procured, aligns the bend and bruised parts into a unified purposeful whole and merges the lost and forgotten to the upright and proud.

Just drops of mental elixir are enough to spring forth the barges of hope in needful places. The eyes of March burn fiery and fresh as the winds of winter stupidly resist season's change. Bellowing loudly does the warrior of March lay claim to spring's first promise. So the conflict that develops each year takes a ritualistic dance. Each day is unpredictable and is governed by this feud. The eyes of March look back into what is to be and the wind is the only constant.

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