

Specks of dust

By Lucette C. Bailliet

Consider a grain of sand
And you have eternities
In the palm of your hand.
Consider wind
And you have the ever
Expanding interstellar void
Whirling to your ears.
Consider our lives
And we have an ephemeral spark
Which is truly our reality
For we are nothing more
In the cosmos scheme
Than specks of dust.
Consider the reasons
We are putting ourselves
In the centre of the universe
For we certainly make a lot of ruckus
For such aleatory beings.
Is it not simply
To disprove the unimportance
Of our feverish transience?

The path

Behind the sunny meadow
The green walled path
Leads you away.
You're keen to follow it
Though you can't see
Where it'll end.
Beware you might get lost
For there is no map
But you have a guide.
In front of you she walks temptingly
Fleeting appearing and disappearing
Along the twisted lane
Tantalisingly near and far
Continuously almost in and out of touch.
Yours to possess
Hers to be free
You may tag her
But you may not own her.
She goes by the name of freedom
Freedom to love
Freedom to be.
Essential yet immaterial
On this road that life is
The choice is yours.

Dream Catcher

Driven by fear of nightmares
A dream catcher was offered,
To protect my slumbers
Letting only the good dreams through
And catching the bad ones,
Obediently I hung it up.

Above my bed
It ever slowly sways extending
Its feathery trap of knots
In the hidden current of darkness
Keeping a solitary stern watch
On my nightly repose
Guiding it to an harmonious rest.

Despite the peace it brings
I regret the shadows of my dreams
For even a sunny sky
Becomes quickly a drudging torment
Without any hint of cloud
Bringing respite by contrast.

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