



Missing

Poem By Criquaer

Missing

Tumbling

Into passion

A new friendship offer

But too great a risk

Spiritual strain

Leads to emotional

Falling

Missing

Tumbling

Into passion

A new love-affair's call

But too great a risk

Emotional strain

Leads to physical

Falling

Missing

Tumbling

Into passion

A new adult play-date

But too great a risk

Physical strain

Leads to sexual

Falling

Missing

For much of the time I cannot listen to modern music forms as - due to hyperacuity - it causes me physical pain. However, sometimes, when I am fortunate enough to be in a deep bath, I am able to listen to familiar pop-tunes. If my ears start to hurt, I dip under the water until they calm.

This afternoon was one of those lucky occasions. I was listening to Talvin Singh's "Traveller", a favourite tune of mine from the nineties. It brought back memories of love-affairs, clubbing, dancing, sunshine of being actually alive and vibrant. Now I am - and have been for over two decades - severely disabled by chronic- illnesses. Suddenly I found myself weeping for my former life.....

Mostly I am an optimist, though tempered by pragmatism. Whilst I allowed myself the space to mourn my losses, I also prefer to turn experiences into something positive - or at least constructive. Very quickly I started forming a poem in my mind. I had to type it up as soon as I exited the bath-tub. And the result is what follows.