



*Jaunt with
An Older Man
A To Daniel from Frannie*

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A Jaunt with An Older Man To Daniel from Frannie

By Katharine McLennan
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A jaunt, an affair, some jolly good times
A release, some youth, a romp, and two fine minds
For a rebound, the task is to stay very light
To stay in the moment, to relax and avoid tight

To not ask the hard questions or push an agenda
To seek to enjoy arts, cultural bliss to surrender
To explore sensuality and bliss through all carnal
To remind each other of existing beauty, absolutely eternal.

And here is a man whose heart has split open again
Who longs to return to his love, to replay and to mend
Who wishes he could have opened his heart ever so much more
Shared his vulnerability, whether too angry, too frightening, or too sore.

“Anyway” is the stall that protects him from delving
Allows him to avoid, putting emotions on yet more shelving
Keeping it safe to him means to keep it polite
Neither conflict nor dispute is allowed to ignite.

Yet now is the time to confront his devils
Which attack him in the night and shake his levels...
Of serenity, self-belief, joy and resilience
Of self-confidence, ease, strength and resplendence.

A son, a brother, a father, a tasteful connoisseur
A partner, a councillor and now an entrepreneur
Who looks at the past and chooses to see failure
Which wakes him, tormenting with thoughts full of censure.

The world at 4 am is an invention he has made
If he could allow another version, his devils may fade.
There is no truth, only perceptions that he can so choose
And filters he can look through, and filters he can lose.

Which voices to honour, which voices to ignore
To discern, stillness is needed, and a journey to the core
To sit in such "loneliness," one finds all not as it seems
To find that one is not alone, despite all the dreams.

Distractions only serve to blur all the voices
Being busy all day just mixes the noises
Like particles of dust clouding the water in the cups
Dust won't settle without stillness, a quiet that disrupts.

A quiet that teaches of the perfection inside
A quiet that shows a soul so alive
A quiet that reminds him of his honour and fire
A quiet that is not noticed when busy and tired

If she could teach him of this quiet, it would be such a gift
To bestow on him at a time he is experiencing tectonic shift
As he gropes around in darkness, praying for fear to escape
Only quiet shall release him from the black and grey shape

If he could see all the past as perfect in its occurrence
All decisions as right, all choices as congruent
All so-called mistakes as growth and a nudge
A reminder of our humanness from the universe above

Which is a universe within, a “God” who lives in our insides
Who is the constant source of Love, who eternally resides
Who can guide us when we ask, when we falter and when we cry,
Who loves us without reason, sees no sin, and knows no why

So what role should she take, this youngster from stage right,
Another distraction, to ease loneliness and lessen his plight?
To remind him of his beauty, his kindness and his courage
To accompany him on his adventures, to attempt his soul to nurture.

She chides herself often to remember her current place
She keeps herself as “fun” and in the moment she must grace
A playmate, a sister, a friend, for confiding
Easy to be with, she is, for stress as it is subsiding

She wonders what her heart wants, which may simply wish to give
She assumes she is filler until his real love returns and is relived
On most days she is strong and she can meet him where he is
On some days, though, her ego wants much more and wishes to quiz

So she calls for her ego to relax and take a hike
And allows her heart to lead, which is a heart full of light
She must stay in the present, not stray into future
Using laughter and touch as threads for his heart she can suture

And she'll end with a call for a reminder of his own grace
Which has been with him through all of his 60-year race
The noise that torments him is ego and vapour
To choose another vision, she would like to help him in this caper.

So, lift your glass, and toast the moment.
That's all that there is, no need for torment.
About pasts that can't change, about futures that don't exist
About flaws, about jealousies, about pain that persists.

Thank God for our humanness, and thank God for this life.
Thank God for this music which seems so rife.
It teaches us of love, of tenderness, and care,
Of friendship, of honour, of giving beyond compare.

God grant us the serenity, God grant us the love
And steer us towards Heaven, which need not exist above.
Show us the way to Heaven here on Earth,
I trust Your guidance, and I honour Our worth

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