

*Happy 45th
Birthday Michael,
My Love
Love, Jessica*



By Katharine McLennan
(Note: my name and branding footer
would NOT appear on your poem)

Poem continues on the next pages →

Happy 45th Birthday Michael, My Love

Love, Jessica

- He hails from a land that they call Éire
- Ten years passed in the down under lair
- Born as the second, the middle of two other men
- Hungary, Hong Kong, Australia and Ireland
- They spread in the world, perhaps their hearts still remain
- In their homeland, county ork, their heritage, their domain
- Moving often, yet grounded, pulsing with wisdom
- Descending through generations of scéalach vision
- At times, he is called to return to this kingdom
- To sing of its bounty, to swim in its dominion
- With sadness, he returns to the new country down under
- Leaving another piece behind at home, and feeling encumbered
- With two children, going their way, created as Kirks
- Fatherhood has grown with patience amidst quirks
- In the great Southern Land, he flourishes in sales,
- A front for his penchant of telling life through his many tales
- With patience, he confronts, he cajoles, he surrenders
- His desire for oblivion creates a likely contender
- The universe has other plans and sends him direction
- A necessary reprieve and neighbours with connection
- And here he returns to settle his passion
- His longing for more and his pain of contraction
- Gravity is heavy, and his ego delights

By Katharine McLennan
(Note: my name and branding footer
would NOT appear on your poem)

Poem continues on the next pages →

His devotion and care for the family he has created
For two decades, he has stayed, and in doing so has venerated
The importance of loyalty, of commitment and of strength
Of patience, of providing, of loving to any length

But now at five and forty, he pauses to ask
About life and family, all taken to task
The passion to draw and to speak overwhelms
Amidst the devotion to family and more worldly realms

With fíos , his eyes reflect many lives experienced
Many loves won, and many losses countenanced
His purpose in the present is to draw as a quest
To speak to the people, to compose and to bless

Dúchas must be honoured for our soul to smile
Forgiving our slips made once in a while
The Force wells up and doing so it connects
The Ego to the Soul, the Glory it elects

Comhaltas must prevail in the end or we'll shrink
Expansion, though, can hurt as we recall and we think
As our past invades with memories, our hearts do pierce
Our futures do haunt us in anxiety so fierce

Saoi, the wisdom, in the sparkle of his eyes
Without speaking, he understands, seeing through disguise
Loving his fellows, honouring their path
Teaching them of hope, releasing their wrath

Yet his pain must be released as the current constraints bind
Perhaps fear from childhood whose source he may never find
Invoking the King of Lands, He arrives to protect,
To nurture, to carry, to teach and to direct

As we evolve, we integrate our many kindred roles
They complement yet confuse, trying to fill all our holes
We take in what we love and reject what we most need
We overthink, we forget, and others' insights take no heed

The King has come to assist with his release
Showing him the warrior who can live in peace
Ironic that "Michael" means "Who is like God"
He shrinks back as the audience does applaud

In one sense, he longs for the fight to define
For the pain of conflict is seen as a sign
That all is "well" in the state of Ireland so beleaguered
In the state of Michael it is so, and he remains eager

To feel oblivion, to feel black, to feel numb and to feel punished
His ego attacks, continuously noticing "mediocrity accomplished"
At times deaf to His Voice, and blind to His Beauty
Replacing His Songs with heroic calls to duty

The King can't be denied but Michael stalls due to fear
He tosses and he turns, never feeling he is near
The King meaning passion, creativity, and rebirth
Calling for him to lay down the whip and witness his worth

He sends him a woman who can show him his heart
Who will revel in his touch and not tear him apart
Who will be calling for his song, and calling for his words
Inspiring his art, loving him as he surges

Loving him for who he has been, who he is and who he will be
Loving him for what he hasn't been, who he is not and who he won't be
Witnessing within him an expression of God's Union and Presence
Loving both the battle ruler and his free man, his Essence

As she dragged her soul on yet another of her walks
He passes her by quietly, recognising a kin of hard knocks
Elegance he remembers amidst pain he knew well
Not to frighten, he allowed her a path, knowing that time would tell

Tuesday afternoons a favourite, for four years, she has watched
A Presence of strength, of beauty, of Grace in him lodged
He has spoken so quietly, so courageously, so wisely
And when he smiled, he had her in an instant, her knees weakening wildly

And then for him to choose her of all people in whom to confide
His journey of integration, his King's presence no longer denied
As she sat and listened to his journey and felt his sanguinity
She fell in love with his manhood, his so called sins and his divinity

And as he related more and more, her heart beat stronger
Her cheeks reddened as her body began to ponder
The possibility of loving him in a way that both of them desire
In a way that they can teach many lessons that both do and will require

When the student is ready, the teacher will appear
In many forms a child, an elder or a fellow peer
But perhaps the greatest form of all is a lover who can express
The insights jointly sought, found in forgiveness amidst each caress

To explore God through union, through laughing, and snuggling
Through tickling, through listening, through relating and cuddling
To challenge, to provoke, to incite, to inspire
To be there when pain persists and life appears dire

To allow the unfolding, to honour God's voyage
Manifested through a new form of love and of knowledge
Borne out of two souls not leaning in but living life in parallel
Galloping together, side by side and sometimes alone on life's carousel

And back to Michael and his beautiful day of 45,
A time to grow his voice and start a new day of life
To honour his path, not mistakes but all part of Grand Order,
Trusting God that He has known all along the Way Forward

I just know there are reasons for all that we do . . .
For all whom we meet, and all that we rue
So, the universe has brought me a gift in yourself
Tonight I'll toast to you and drink to our wealth.

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.

Love, Jessica

By Katharine McLennan
(Note: my name and branding footer
would NOT appear on your poem)