

Beggar on the Street of love



*To Margaret,
Love John*

Beggar on the Street of Love

To Lyle . . . Love Margaret

- Beggar on the street of love, seeking companion and travelling a lot
- “No, I’m not married” in case she wondered; simply new experiences are sought
- The spectacled eyes peering from the pillow make it impossible to swipe left
- After hundreds of pneumatic photos, an oasis from the desert of the bereft
- Homo Deus, man of God, (he reads!!!!) a history of tomorrow
- She thinks I’d like to write my own with this man, potential bedfellow
- That he reads wicked Oscar Wilde delights her to the centre of her soul
- Tindering Oscar in this life would be a fine thing for her not quite solid whole
- Whilst a speaker on national stage, she finds herself shy to speak on phone
- He being nonchalant, finds it easy to just call, nonplussed his sensuous tone
- It goes with the apparent ease of many years of flow and contentment
- Yet under there a bit of anxiety she detects; buried deeply in disguisement
- The Great Strike of 1917 Still Matters Today they debated and displayed their noble wares
- At the CarriageWorks they honoured the people who fought for fairness in all train affairs
- She likes his mind at once and his hands, a combination rare for her to discover
- She listens intensely to his stories of love and loss and desires him as her lover
- Not knowing how to approach it without following her once well-worn way,
- She resorts to the 21st century method, of texting and mating through word play
- She swoons as he regales her of his conquests of Orwell and Huxley
- Her love affair with Huxley never ended from a previous life – ‘twas always so very lovely

- He labels this feeling sapiosexual, a new word for the broodmare, kicking in her stable
- Having not felt the desire for some time, within her rises lust he does enable

“A new lover is a new beginning in a foreign country” chosen
Over Gautama until wealth and lust prove too much of a notion
And “yet to touch, taste and smell another” can indeed be “enlightening”
He understands this “uplifting” as he writes of seeking love “immensely satisfying.”

“To know someone deeply is a goal” he writes of his longing to achieve
“To hell with the rest” --like Siddhartha but without needing to Kamala leave
He can find it in the ferrying, he can find it in the surrender,
He can find it in the river, and he can find it in the loving tender

She longs to take in his body, to feel his playful pulsing through her in his might
He speaks of smells ethereal – eucalyptus and frangipani does delight
“There are things I still have to learn from women” he reflects
God, there are things she wants to learn from him . . . she detects

He is talented as he pulls out a long array of little surprises
Like his reading, his 59.5, his stage career and all its guises
His guitar playing, his fatherhood clearly honoured, his housebuilding and geology
His Tarot, his Tai Chi, his photography, Coles, surfing, pre-school, and archaeology

And dogs!! He likes dogs—thank God – for these are her precious mates
Standing by her through her own sadness, they have helped her bear many weights
His dreams of flying, his Inverell cabin, his insouciant nature can't be categorised
INFP, she knows instantaneously, amidst his bizarre humour she hypothesised

Playing verbally with good friends, playing sexually with his lovers
Appreciative of the very weird, tolerant not of fools but of all others
Thinking himself doomed to be surrounded by Maya for eternity
Having forgotten he is the Enlightened One chosen by her so fervently

He is fearful of the heights, be they physical or emotional,
Committing to someone is like a roller coaster, falling in love, devotional
His number one desire simply stated: “ready to click with someone.”
Yet seems resigned to fate, randomness in the long run . . .

She is a creator bursting with the desire to celebrate a man's being
To help him fall in love with himself, to find himself in his authentic Seeing
To dwell in a sense of wonder of who he is and who he is becoming
To honour his mind, his heart, his talents and to his body she is succumbing

She wants to ease his torments and distil them with her secretions
She longs to heal his black holes gaping and recover his deletions
She relishes the touch, the smell, the taste, and the experimentation
If in the context of love and growth . . .of the Self actualisation

She creates contexts always changing so he can always learn
From ever shifting mirrors so he can see his inner teacher and from him he can discern
Creating a space in which he can find at once union and independence
Safety and challenge, quiet and music, common touch, and transcendence

She can be a teacher and a student, a lover, and a friend
Source of honour for his past, and love for his kith and kin
The highest value she carries is a simple word known as Kindness
Backed by Forgiveness, then Curiosity and a Surrender to God's Guidance

She wants a man who will help her see the world in all its elegance
Help her create its art, write its poetry, play its music in resonance
She wears the world like a loose garment, but is passionate in the moment
Knowing we're in a comedy, yet loving the passion play's potency

She DOES forget to have patience and wants to rush all the time to the next part
So, she asks him to lead at his pace—he can be the horse, she the cart
Otherwise, she will trip up, crowd him, and invade his quiet solitude
Always wanting to play, she must learn to rest and grant him this solicitude

Regardless of her restlessness, she is indeed a Libra balanced at last in life
She senses that he has lived with a few imbalanced women causing him a lot of strife
Through her falls from grace and her pain, her ego, and her ignorant suffering
She emerges at 50 in serene acceptance, in awe of the world, ever wondering

She doesn't need a man to complete her, nor expects him to be anything he is not
She just wants a man to play and love with, to celebrate all that movement and thought
To express wanton lust and jubilation, between both words and silence to be shared
To express quiet awe and love, in a look that says, "I truly KNOW you," lovingly declared.

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, John

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