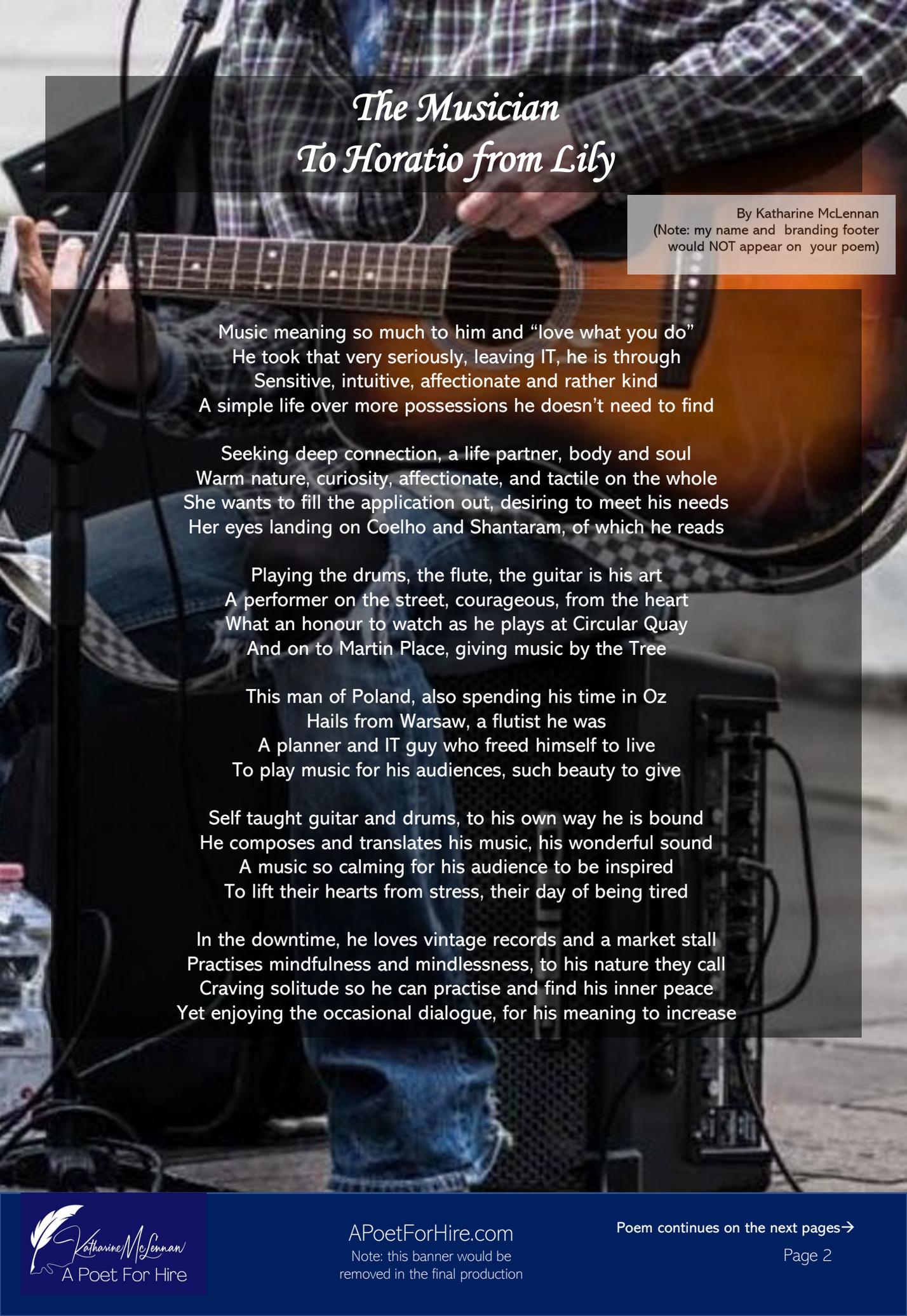
A close-up photograph of a musician playing an acoustic guitar. The musician is wearing a plaid shirt and blue jeans. The guitar is a sunburst acoustic guitar. A microphone on a stand is positioned in front of the musician. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be a stage or performance area.

The Musician

*To Horatio
from Lily*

Poem continues on the next pages →

A photograph of a musician playing an acoustic guitar on a street. The musician is wearing a plaid shirt and blue jeans. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be a market stall or outdoor setting. The text of the poem is overlaid on the image in a white, serif font.

The Musician To Horatio from Lily

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

Music meaning so much to him and “love what you do”
He took that very seriously, leaving IT, he is through
Sensitive, intuitive, affectionate and rather kind
A simple life over more possessions he doesn't need to find

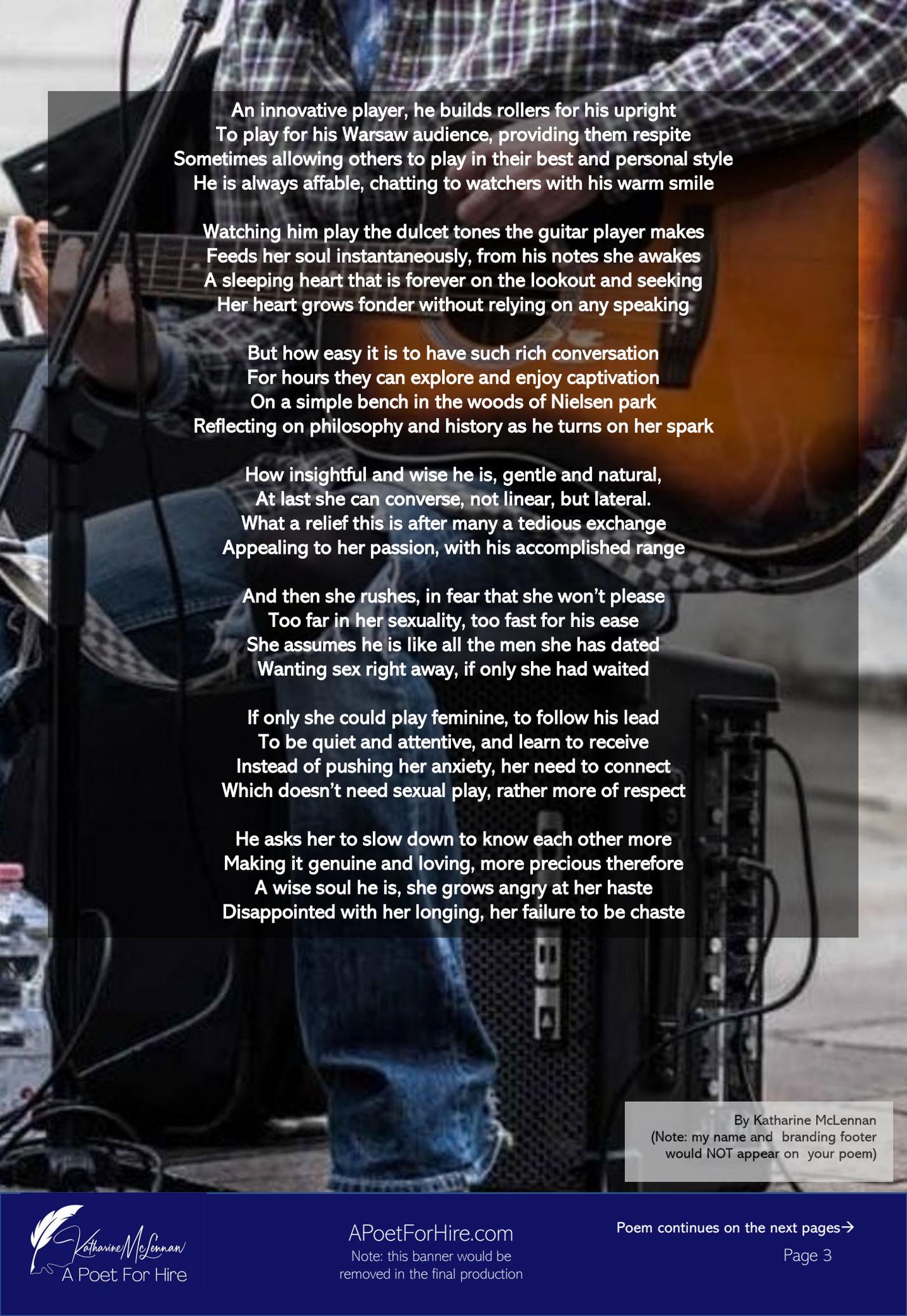
Seeking deep connection, a life partner, body and soul
Warm nature, curiosity, affectionate, and tactile on the whole
She wants to fill the application out, desiring to meet his needs
Her eyes landing on Coelho and Shantaram, of which he reads

Playing the drums, the flute, the guitar is his art
A performer on the street, courageous, from the heart
What an honour to watch as he plays at Circular Quay
And on to Martin Place, giving music by the Tree

This man of Poland, also spending his time in Oz
Hails from Warsaw, a flutist he was
A planner and IT guy who freed himself to live
To play music for his audiences, such beauty to give

Self taught guitar and drums, to his own way he is bound
He composes and translates his music, his wonderful sound
A music so calming for his audience to be inspired
To lift their hearts from stress, their day of being tired

In the downtime, he loves vintage records and a market stall
Practises mindfulness and mindlessness, to his nature they call
Craving solitude so he can practise and find his inner peace
Yet enjoying the occasional dialogue, for his meaning to increase



An innovative player, he builds rollers for his upright
To play for his Warsaw audience, providing them respite
Sometimes allowing others to play in their best and personal style
He is always affable, chatting to watchers with his warm smile

Watching him play the dulcet tones the guitar player makes
Feeds her soul instantaneously, from his notes she awakes
A sleeping heart that is forever on the lookout and seeking
Her heart grows fonder without relying on any speaking

But how easy it is to have such rich conversation
For hours they can explore and enjoy captivation
On a simple bench in the woods of Nielsen park
Reflecting on philosophy and history as he turns on her spark

How insightful and wise he is, gentle and natural,
At last she can converse, not linear, but lateral.
What a relief this is after many a tedious exchange
Appealing to her passion, with his accomplished range

And then she rushes, in fear that she won't please
Too far in her sexuality, too fast for his ease
She assumes he is like all the men she has dated
Wanting sex right away, if only she had waited

If only she could play feminine, to follow his lead
To be quiet and attentive, and learn to receive
Instead of pushing her anxiety, her need to connect
Which doesn't need sexual play, rather more of respect

He asks her to slow down to know each other more
Making it genuine and loving, more precious therefore
A wise soul he is, she grows angry at her haste
Disappointed with her longing, her failure to be chaste

By Katharine McLennan
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Still the flow of dialogue does continue in affection
They might talk for hours, and honour their connection
Loving his mind, hoping that he enjoys his keen fan
Hoping he looks forward to catching up when he can

She dare not stifle his freedom, his need for his solitude
She appreciates his solace, with a deep sense of gratitude
How to respect him and provide a soothing sanctuary
To have him be at ease, to not feel at all contrary

To stay in the day, she honours his desire and need
To not plan past today's weather, his mood to duly read
To accept an offer of deepening a relationship gradually
To see how it goes, to live spontaneity, so very magically

So a walk along Bondi Beach, a swim in Clovelly pool
A shared plate of fish and chips to make the night's meal
She enjoys taking in his insights and meeting his eyes
Appreciating his being, so kind and so wise

So here's to a friendship, to take day by day
To revel in conversation, to hug and to play
She thanks him for arriving, for being who he is
And leaves the future to the universe, not hers and not his

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 sensation
She longs to heal his black holes and recover his elations
She relishes the touch, the smell, the taste, and the experimentation
As long as in the context of love and growth . . .of the Self actualisation

By Katharine McLennan
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She creates contexts always changing so he can always learn
From ever shifting mirrors to see his inner teacher, from him he can discern
Creating a space in which he can find both union and independence
Safety and challenge, 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

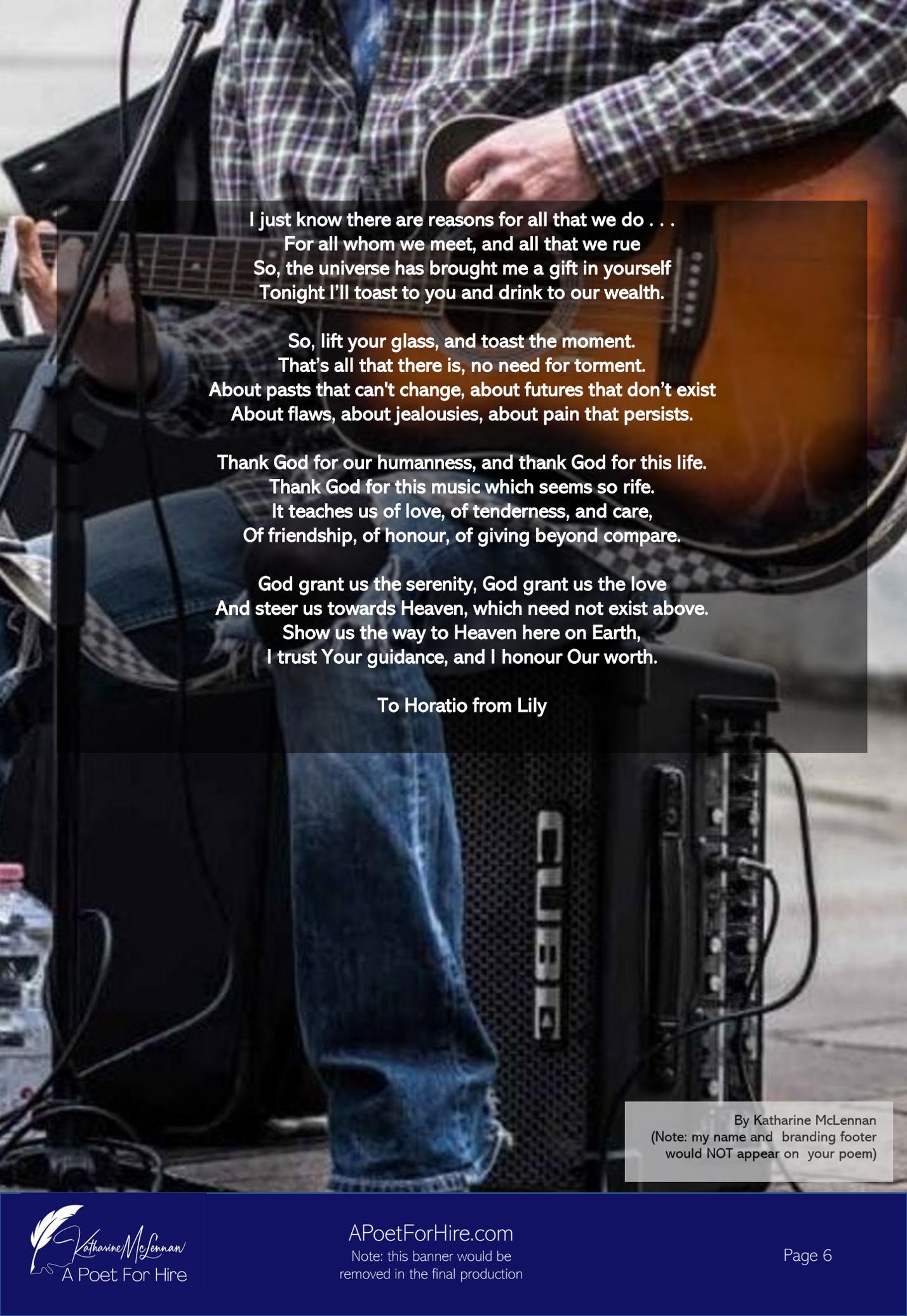
She wants a man who will help her see the world in all its elegance
Help her create its art, write its poetry, play its music in resonance
She wears the world like a loose garment, but is passionate in the moment
Knowing we're in a comedy, yet loving the passion play, so radiant

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, her Libra balanced at last in life
She honours this way of living, and she longs to love without strife
Through her falls from grace and her pain, her ego and her ignorant suffering
She emerges at 48 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.

By Katharine McLennan
(Note: my name and branding footer
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A close-up photograph of a musician playing an acoustic guitar on stage. The musician is wearing a plaid shirt and blue jeans. The guitar is a dark-colored acoustic guitar. The background is slightly blurred, showing other stage equipment and a microphone stand.

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.

To Horatio from Lily

By Katharine McLennan
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