

Tokens of Beauty

It's like I'm given tokens of beauty in my hands, moments
Someone passes them to me and says – “Here you go” –

A musician sings at the foot of my toes.

Or the scent of lilies streaming in through my windows,
a neighbour has lovingly planted them in their ‘Garden of
Eden’.

A bird in flight, a gliding eagle,
or ancient River Gum sculpture saying – “Look at me.”

Or at The Parade coconut rum balls,
nicely wrapped, just baked
a gift of explosion in the mouth.

A handmade gift, a heart shape, felt with beads sewn on
so even, hand stitched, lovingly passed on to me – “Here you
are”.

Or a long hug of welcome, a glance of appreciation,
a pause, to stop and truly listen to one another.

A token, many in fact
all along the strains of my life
like a string of Broome Pearls, worn gaily around my neck.

Tokens of Beauty

Tokens of sight, smell, touch,
taste and sounds.

All my senses, receiving these tokens of life / beauty.

All at my door
or at my feet
or all around the halo of our blue skies.
Or down around the damp rich earth
and out as far as my fingertips can touch and
as deep, as my penetrating soul, can reach.

All these tokens of beauty in my hands.
Given by whom?
Has been a wonderment of mine.