



POEM

Fire Dancer

By Peter Ryan

We were in the boles of your besieged citadel,
Aeons of putrid black moss curved overhead,
Loneliness gnawing,
Feet sunk in decrepitude earth.

Moist fear clunk to your breath,
Sneering deceit, coursed through my veins,
Betrayal, danced in your myopic eyes
Defensive supplies running low.

Masculine manners,
Feminine charms,
Gunslinger monk,
Delicate heart ripped a part.

Gypsy lips,
Pleading tongue,
Velvet fists,
Narcotic spells,
Confidence dissolving.

Crystal clear water bubbled up from below,
Source of inner light,
Hope flowing Fountains.

In the spirit of van Gogh,
We create from our qualities and... faults.

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