

Finding Inspiration

Today, I have flown
with the buzzards, the kestrels,
the pigeons and the crows.
Flown across counties,
Flown across centuries.

I have wound up stone stairs
to a timbered hall.
Held in my hands Bede's
guide to grammar and poetry,
Felt the brush of a mind
from a thousand and more years ago.

I have seen all the known world
mapped out,
And caught a glimpse of Judgement Day.

I have read of Private Henry -
Royal Scots Fusiliers,
Shrapnel wound in his forearm.
5th November 1914,
At the start of another
of Europe's dark crimson harvests.

I have watched knowledge and ideas
fly onto a screen.
Expressions and discoveries
from across the globe,
Barely hours old,



Michael Mable reading his poem,
"Finding Inspiration"

Set free and passed on -
Unchained with the press of a key.

Sparks of ideas, of knowledge,
Of passion -
To land, if you're lucky,
On dry kindling,
Lighting a new, bright flame.

So open the door.
Let in the air.
Breathe life into these sleeping words.
Wake them up.
Let them whisper.
Let them declaim.
Let them shout.
Let them inspire!

Michael Mable
November 15th 2006