

TALKING TO CALM

by Carl Thomas Gladstone

[chorus]

Your best medicine,
like Aunt Bea, was no pills
no machines,
no poisons on a masquerade.
Best was when the doctor
said, "Take two conversations
and call me when
sitting by the lake with coffee in a copper cup.

But family are fire
and company the kindling
for the blaze that bathes the walls
in light and warmth.
Pain has only partial power
passion keeps it's hounds at bay
joy sometimes obliterates
sadness makes begrudging space
and laughter? Only laughter...
laughter ushers us along the way
Talking to calm.

Our real enemy is emptiness
a cave of aches with unknown depths
and danger lurking underneath.
which echo every anxiousness
and chill us
on our wandering –

Escape routes bound by
our conversations
velvet ropes revelations
guide through confidence and doubt
and memories to sit and rest on.
Plans that keep creating
new ways out.

Then – we stand at the exit
and darkness isn't night but dawn
erie echoes are the morning doves
the damp is nothing but the dew
and the fire isn't torches
no the fire isn't torches, but the sun.
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