

# Reconstructing Humpty.

## Paddy - A Journey in Poetry 1988 to 2005



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.  
All the King's horses and all the King's men  
Could not put Humpty back together again

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## **Morning Star**

The night was bloody  
felt like an axe  
driven through my heart.  
prayed - cried,  
in the morning  
saw a star

## **Held**

I would like;  
you to hold me  
touch my heart  
and calm its fears.

## **Light**

living In the light  
is a healing gift to me  
and bathes others in its glow  
living in darkness  
dulls my glow  
and sucks light from the world.  
The choice for light  
is mine, no one else's.  
It is the warrior's path  
Each new step leading  
To a new place  
Where the next step  
is shown.  
Life as a journey.

## **Gold**

Just gold,  
digging and polishing  
a lifetime's work

## **On The Stringy Bark Schooner**

At the helm of the Stringy Bark  
schooner  
on the Wombat Hollow sea.  
Clouds become the focus of fantasies  
and dreams.

As the wind moves and shapes them,  
What will I see, where will I be?  
How far is the cloudless sky?

## **Old Friend**

Pain, you visit  
old friend  
Join me awhile  
What treasures  
do you bring?

this wish  
to belong, enmesh  
- denied  
is a gift then?

let it be  
just lovers then  
share the moment  
and be content

## Choices

live in the positive world or the negative one  
be in the land of light or darkness  
belong to the land of loving or the land of taking  
be in the land of anger or the land of peace  
live in the present or dwell in the past - future  
be victim or stand alone  
live in harmony or discord  
be connected, or isolated and unsupported  
be generous or miserly  
seek power and control or just, humbly be  
embrace life or live in fear  
embrace death or fear it  
live with our pain or run from it  
cling, or, let go  
be aware of ourselves and our world, or unaware  
smile or not

## Leaf

Leaf falls,  
wind travels,  
rots,  
comes again.

## Pendulum

The subtle,  
and not so subtle.  
The coarse, and fine.  
Rise and fall,  
Rise and fall.  
Pendulum swings,  
moving slowly,  
to stillness,  
waiting patiently,  
humbly human.

## Tumble

Images shift and tumble.  
Thoughts wander.  
Feelings shift,  
level on level.

Baby vulnerable,  
Yet powerful,  
born once more,  
learn anew,  
die again,  
come again,  
cycle on.

## Oh Painter

Draw for me  
the house of cards.  
The Rise and Fall of Who?

## **The Script**

I am given the script  
by whom?

Is there some great  
casting director?  
Who sees my summation,  
my cage.

Bars of hurts, pains,  
rejections, defences,  
joys, laughter and  
what passes as insight.

Is he malevolent?  
Does he cast me,  
like a fox trapped  
in a cage,  
to enjoy my head banging?

Is he benevolent?  
The great healer,  
whose every casting  
has the seed,  
the blade,  
containing the choice,  
to cut and,  
move the bars,  
ever outwards.

Will I rise to the challenge,  
in this script given,  
for my part, in

"The Rise and Fall of Who"?

## **Spectacles**

If I could choose  
my spectacles,  
would I choose,  
to see the world  
through the eyes  
of a child?

## **Warrior**

I once knew a warrior,  
who mastered the art  
of killing,  
in a splendid way.

Weapons of rejection  
Requiring protective armour  
During childhood wars  
Fought on loveless terrain

An old man now.  
Dreaming of meaning,  
in other dimensions,  
spaceships coming,  
to set him free,

while he contemplates  
suicide.

## **In Between**

Share joy at birth  
humility at death  
dare we in between

## **Rocks of Silence**

Tapping on my window?

The rocks of your silence,  
Bring memories  
shadows and ghosts,  
of buried pasts  
and unknown selves.

You pray and hope ,  
they will go away.

## **Silent War**

Shadows and ghosts,  
ever present.  
Misty whispering,  
chipping and nagging.

Gargoyle miners work,  
under the cover of darkness,  
in the nooks and crannies,  
of our soul.

## **Truce**

Shadows and ghosts.  
Dim forest terrorists,  
taunting us to battle.  
Sowing landmines,  
exploding messengers  
of pain,

They challenge again.  
Run or turn and fight?

## **War**

Pain and fear  
untouchable icons,  
shunned, covered,  
buried, medicated  
Not present,  
in the roll call,  
with laughter and joy.

Icon of control,  
allowing generals,  
to reign.

Yet, fire forged,  
to sword,  
cuts the chains,  
allowing flight.

## **Travel**

Somewhere else,  
is happiness.  
So I travel.

## **While Travelling**

Look for those,  
who smile.  
And feel,  
Why?

## **Gender**

Another con.  
Breasts and balls  
are there,  
for all.

## **Fuck**

Don't fuck me,  
I can fuck myself.  
Touch and nurture,  
you may.

## **Masked Ball**

We paint, preen, adorn.  
Find clever masks,  
hide ourselves,  
in life's masked ball.

Was this a decree of the Gods?  
'Go forth and hide your self'  
'Be to thine own self, untrue'.  
there are many true believers.

There are some heretics,  
who are happy with who they are,  
their dress is one of glass,  
showing the bile, shit, loves, lusts,  
tears, joys, fears.  
Not invited to –  
the masked ball.

## **Painting Apples**

Paint the apple red  
Ripens it?  
Wearing monastic robes  
Creates enlightenment?

## **Love's lens**

Loves eyes, paint your beauty  
Pearl glow, in the soft morning light  
Etched in memory  
A private collection.

## **Dark Light Night**

Thoughts of life sorted  
interrupted,  
over cliff.  
Chaos, free falling  
all challenged,  
pain pushing further  
in dark nooks and crannies  
demon eyes glowing.

Sleepless night  
empty, no meaning  
no purpose.  
life, a momentary flash.  
Self - meaning?  
no form to the formless

Meet with darkness and despair  
or understanding  
just the here and now  
met with love and kindness  
a way of peace.

## **Reflections on intimacy**

Within intimacy  
Is flowering

Watering and caressing  
feeding and nurturing  
seeing and hearing  
creates flowering

Shedding armor  
Opening to love  
Being vulnerable and still  
Moving with fear  
Acting in kindness  
Remembering to smile  
Seeing beauty  
Is courageous

There is only now  
met with love  
kindness  
and courage

## **Kuan Yin**

I am inside, looking out.  
Wondrous visions warm my heart.  
Like clouds they shift and move,  
out of reach.  
Can I be with them?

Invisible bars hold me.  
I yearn to be free,  
and pray for someone to hear my call.  
A cloud whispers softly,  
'My name is Kuan Yin, talk to me'.  
'What should I do?'

'Turn and be calm'.  
I am frightened,  
The demons live in the darkness  
behind me.  
I cry, I am frightened to turn.  
'Please help me?'

A softness gently enfolds and turns  
The eyes of the demons glow in the  
dark  
'I am frightened.'  
The softness whispers:  
'have courage they are not real,  
just creations of your fear,  
look through them beyond them'  
I see a light calling me.  
I walk towards the demons.  
'I am frightened.'  
The softness holds me.

I move, demon eyes fade.  
The light becomes an opening.  
The softness urges me on.  
I am outside on a cliff,  
overlooking the valley of life.  
The softness is all around me  
It lifts my arms.

Kuan Yin above.  
Rays of grace flow from her heart.  
They caress and fill me.  
I feel strong and whole.  
My vision clouds settle around me,

family, friends, soul mate  
I walk among them and hear,  
whispers of love and kindness.  
Each calls and holds me.  
Saying you are loved, pure, strong and  
free,  
let grace guide your new journey.  
I feel at peace.  
At home.  
Free.

## **Sacred Dance**

Soft radiance.  
pulsing rhythm  
heart opens  
love energy gently sways  
holding us in its glow

humming soul  
sings to universe  
floats in mystery and wonder  
sailing to otherness, beyond  
caresses with mist

Sweet flesh calls  
soft touch - kisses  
weaving and moving  
juices and perfume

Flowing, joining  
sacred dance  
Melting in ecstasy  
sailing all realms

Open - raw  
fragile and vulnerable  
dancing in fire  
warriors of the heart

Paddy July 2000