

Recovery

Michael McManus

THIS QUIET NIGHT SUBSUMES ME

AS I LIE IN MY BED

SEVENTY YEARS DEEP

IN A STREAM OF CONTENTMENT

AS MOONLIT WATER.

A FLOTSAM OF MEMORIES DRIFTS BY,

THE WRECKAGE OF DAYS RUINED

BY WILLFUL CLAIMS OF STATURE

AND BLINDNESS TO THE MIRACLES

THAT WERE HAPPENING ALL AROUND.

I CAN SEE THOSE WONDERS NOW

WITH MY WASHED EYES,

HOW LOVE MET MY INGRATITUDE WITH
FORGIVENESS,

HOW IT PATIENTLY REVEALED

THE TRANSIENCE OF MY VICTORIES

AND THE LESSONS THAT FAILURE TEACHES,

HOW IT DISTILLED MY ASSENT TO LIFE

FROM FLOODS OF CYNICAL RESISTANCE,

HOW IT BROUGHT FRIENDS TO ME,

EVEN IN MY UNWORTHINESS,

AND HOW PRIMORDIAL

WAS THE DEVOTION OF MY MOTHER.

HAND IN HAND WITH TIME AND ME,

LOVE LED ME WITH RESOLVE

TO THIS HARBOURED BED

– TO THIS ILLUMINATED EDDY OF PEACE –

WHILE I SOUGHT OTHER SHORES.

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