

PLACES

by: Al Cunningham, California

Sometimes
in the midst of the night's darkness
I close my eyes
and travel back in time
to the emotional places I have been
wondering why I had gone there.
Was it for pleasure,
wisdom or knowledge,
curiosity or need?
Then there's the question,
Why did I leave?
Was it fear,
was it doubt,
or dissatisfaction?
Did I walk away as a man
or run away as a child,
frightened by the sounds
in the night.
What did I walk away from?
What did I run from?
Was it me?

I've been to the place called loneliness
and I've seen and felt the pain,
suffered the sadness and rejection,
denial and the self-consciousness.
I've walked through fear
and seen the hate and untrust.
I've been to the tower of ecstasy
and enjoyed passion, lust,
love and affection,
and the pleasures of sensuality.
I've touched the wall of confusion
and felt doubt, insecurity and uncertainty.
I've felt emptiness and chaos
and seen the ruins of pride.

As I look at all these memories
of the places I've been
I still feel a vacancy
for all the places
I haven't seen and experienced.

I've known then that there
is a place called peace
where tranquility, love, patience
and understanding lives.
And I would like to venture there
where the music's soft and sweet.
I would like to probe into the pyramid
of deep imagination and thought
and feel the knowledge and wisdom
soar through my bones
on the edge of a new creative process.

I have traveled around the world
but only half have I seen
only half of life's experiences
only half knowing
and now half of me cries out
for that other half not known
for I'm only half a man
while I sit here
and I long for the other half
out there.

So I shall open my eyes
from this darkness
and dress myself
with anticipation and patience
and prepare for this long journey
to new places unexperienced.