

Adrift in Retirement



Sunday Nail © 2019

Adrift in Retirement.

Who am I
if not in the controlling arm
of my short life now?



I cross the shore,
circle around
vision myself
no longer aground.

Who is
to care, come or stare?

Who is
to be evident to know
I have even been here?





Sorting out the garbage

of an historically embedded existence
is not an easy row
for fishing is likened to living
finding that struggle, challenge,
potential in the end – the winning prize,
that fish that of oneself –
the biggest potential purpose of them all.



Sorting out that sampling

of experience in life
grappling to find the evidence,
purpose more than of strife.
Living now and learning why before
to take on that stand – elder-hood and why?

She came

into a world, ugly as before.
Called out as if a knowledge
upon my own mind was born ...

Live out your days
burdensome no more.
Live out your learning
no more turn back a constant
to that over-ploughed
and lost fishery as before.

Now find that potential hunt
for the divine worth of a humanity
living as one who now knows -

God did and will forever know those
who came, lived, and sorted out
to find the gold, – goodness inside,
the biggest catch of all – life ...

life to be lived honourably
with a deep affection, -
love at that inner core.

She came and went
as if in my mind adrift.

She left. I floundered.
But was it truly this
or was it my own strength
she knew now, a life of strength
would in me forever exist?



So sorry I am by myself again.
But is it not that in retirement
I have the strength to open
to that divine her within?

She came
or was it that nurturing aspect within
where love of self began
and wants for me, that now retiree,
to be more, so more lovingly content.



She shouted, sang and did too
ring aloud the bells in time —

God is ever present, voice of all time,
and in you, that retiree,
love can now extend to all and everyone,
freedom as compassion toward too thee.



Hello, person in retirement
no constraints of a working world
but idly able to call upon
that of a worldly learning
to earlier decide a fate to contend.

For in this never-ending trial of alone-ness,
out of a working world,
your own choices are yours alone
and in that provide a wisdom,
well beyond your own.





Anchored to my bedside table a sign that read ...

Keep ever vigil those morals of goodness
and virtuous-ness in check
as outside walking, riding and sailing
a person is easily able, as the years ever long,
to slip adrift out of focus
for who they, in love, now belong.



She walked and talked incessantly
my other self in check
about one's own behaviour
having such a long-standing impact.

I felt though at times
not all was mine to bear
as it appeared in my mind
an horrendous burden.

But however much her story contained
it did apparently bear the hallmark of a history
that now in my own, similar, does too remain.



Shot out of nowhere
a life begins to change.

Not in a worldly acclaimed
but for a time-ordered retirement
to see a life's view more unrestrained.

So our life changes
and worldly worth subsides.

Tidal in its evidence
that no more work
will keep one entertained.

But slowly recognising the grief easily portrays
as one moment the chorus, life is to change
and death but to view
as that is the final life end game.

Catch of the day –
YOU are and remain.

So value who you are
and no more complain.





It felt as though an anchor
had been taken away.
No more stability
the sheltering of my harbour
lost amidst the waves.

I lost all sense of my purpose,
ship no longer adrift, but aged,
and wanting attention,
time alone only way.
No hope of now to resist.



I could not resist those warning signs
waves higher than normal
they appeared perilous to me.
So grounded, shore-side
life is to be permanently.

God,
so thankful not terminal,
but of a life-saver
to have this time now
to reverence that of You
now safely ensconced within me.

Love and perish - or love eternally.

Catastrophe calling

when one does not heed those signs
to stop, wait and listen to those thoughts
as if out of a nowhere space inside the mind.

Catastrophic events to awaken
and allow the ignorant, arrogant,
pride-like stance -
to that of a force, gale intensified,
to open upon the life style
and cripple the ability
to physically walk, and ride or sail.



Comes,
as if out of a nowhere space,
to provide time out
to learn, appreciate and value
that of your own life.





Oh I am aware that the life precious
needs attention, 'time out' for review.
But who is available to know for me,
my own life, what is so beneficial to do?

Well then this is ideal
as within the head our own questions
are able to be answered readily
once that of a congestion
about who we are in the negative
is seen from a more balanced perspective
and own and learn,
not continually repeat painfully.



Loss is not all bad
when a failure is being repeatedly told.

Caution of course
but learning is part of the whole universe.

Sorry, lost in translation,

What is it that I am capable of to do?

Is it some form of revising about my past
and any evidence of my behaviour, foul play?

Is it the other, where I was conditioned
to believe less of my value as a child
and still at times feel left out or ignored
and lonely, step aside and moan incessantly?

No, this is about you retiring
from that incessant nature of being undeclared
as one of a significance and not in that be a-feared.

You are who you be,
but not necessarily all that is on record
but of another entirely open and available,
as thought now to connect constantly.

Here learning develops
as the perfect life strategy ...

Love, honour and obey
who you are each and every day.



B*ibliography:*

Pamphlet Series:

Awaken to Truth

- Burdensome People - Burdensome Past
- Courage to go on
- Death in the Detail
- The Bastardisation of Truth
- Satellite tonight
- Homeless-ness of Heart - Compassion at the core
- Abandoned
- Costly exercise Death
- You are it. I am it. What of it
- Cost of living on the rise
- Silence is Golden if Peace is involved
- Brutalism on our Shores
- Betrayal
- Hidden
- Value-less Plight
- Time Out
- The Bread of Life
- Forgiveness
- The Factory Doors are Shut