

It's ...The Purpose of Life

It's the swaying branches in the unseen breeze,
The drop of water that feeds the trees.
The fragrant perfume of the coloured flowers,
The shadows at night... the seas great powers.
The child's smile, an eye with a tear,
A waterfall, and a glass window that's clear.
The gift of sight to those who are blind,
A gift of discovery to those who can find.
It's a gentle touch, a hard word or two,
Losing one's temper, the thought of you.
It's the noise of a car, sight of the moon;
The end of a moment coming too soon.
It's sitting alone by a cosy fire,
Climbing a mountain, going higher and higher.
Open you heart, let a stranger inside,
Touching a leaf in the countryside.
A dinner a breakfast ... It's any meal,
Reflections in mirrors, thoughts that appeal.
It can cross water, land, air or time,
Can lean forward or recline.
It can be a seed or a towering oak,
A spider, an insect, a laugh or a joke.
It can be tender with feeling, long lasting or short,
But unlike a ball, it cannot be caught.
It's a game of chance like throwing a dice,
Hot or cold, awful or nice.
It's educational, an experience, a growing tool,
It can be good or bad or look like a fool.
It's hard and it's soft, it can not be seen,
You can touch it and feel it, so it's not just a dream.
If planted carefully, and tendered with care,
Honesty and truthfulness they will grow there.
You can take it away, you can stop it from living;
You cannot stop it from being or stop it being given.
It's a hundred-and-one things, below and above,
Four little words describe it: **Peace, Forgiveness and Love.**

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