



These poetic writings center on the mind, spirit, and soul in a philosophical and spiritual way and how they tie to each other. Other topics that are expressed in poetic verse range from man's interaction with nature along with the struggles some of us face during times of isolation and loneliness as we find ways to love ourselves and others.

# **The Poet's Perfume**

## **Food for thought and thought for food**

by KEVIN MULLANEY

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A stylized, stained-glass-like illustration of a person with reddish-brown hair, wearing a white tunic, sitting on a grey rock and playing a teal flute. The background consists of orange and brown vertical shapes representing trees, with green patches at the top. The overall style is graphic and artistic.

KEVIN MULLANEY

The Poet's  
PERFUME

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## Nature's Way

I hear the call of nature:  
Welcome... oh welcome.  
Patiently I've waited,  
Now wipe your muddy thoughts  
On the carpet at my door.  
And I reply:  
Take me out of myself  
And in that clearing  
Make a place where  
Love might rest.  
Take me out of myself  
And in that space  
Make a place where  
I might welcome all.

Open me,  
Like you open to the endless sky.  
Watch,  
as I dissolve in spirit  
Like a shadow into darkness  
Like an echo off a wall.

Complete in all her beauty  
I listen for reply... then  
She speaks in wild silence:  
Please, don't give yourself to me,  
Instead...  
Invite me into you.

## Take to the Open Road

Step over the threshold of constraints  
You've placed upon yourself.  
Limits defined by religion, politics, self-blame,  
And the fear of what's unknown,  
Within and without.

By removing those barriers  
You may learn more about yourself  
As the process of 'knowing' forever unfolds.  
The freedom you experience  
Might help in feeling the rhythm of life,  
And assist in living out your dreams.

Accept this freedom as a gift  
Wrapped in sprays of wonder and light.  
This is the best gift you can give yourself,  
The gift that aligns body with spirit  
And spirit with soul.

Cross over that threshold  
Into untamed regions of the mind  
And bring to harvest those open fields  
Where seeded marvels quietly lie  
In the untilled pastures of your dreams.

## Loves Refrain

Love is the epicenter  
of the heart,  
On its axis,  
we spin about  
the sequence of our lives.  
It is the gravity,  
that pulls us in  
central to our core,  
It comes without constraints,  
or ceilings,  
or fringes,  
Its province has no end.

Without love—  
The brook would sing to no one,  
The clouds would hold no sky,  
The earth would yield no fruit,  
The trees would cast no bloom,  
The ocean would find no shore.

Without Love—  
Light would find no dawn.  
No moonlit sky  
Or stars to show  
Loves province has no end.



But, because of love  
The earth is ours,  
Its water, its fire, its air.  
The mirrored reflection  
in the pools of time  
where Love reveals its face.  
With unbroken beat  
it spawns new dreams,  
imaginings,  
And a province, without end.

Then, be reminded  
Of the seashells sound  
as it recalls  
the song  
it learned from the sea.  
And long after the heart  
recounts its very last beat  
We too will speak out  
from our abandoned shells,  
And echo;

'Loves province has no end'.





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