



Poems by Kristina Bray

### **Seeking the Unicorn**

They say the unicorn was hunted unto death by man  
That not one roams the foothills of our green and pleasant land.  
Many believe that unicorns were not true as they seem  
Not the reports of honest men but a wistful daydream.  
But are they sure? Perhaps the unicorns, so full of grace,  
Knew that it was fatal to be glimpsed in that time and place  
And, with their magic, hid their presence from unworthy eyes  
Drawing the woods about them as a secondary disguise.  
Perhaps, concealed by mortal sight, their young people still roam  
Along the beaches and the paths of our beloved home  
Perhaps they gamble by the sea and dance beside the shore  
Calling their joy unto the skies then turning home once more.  
If that is true then perhaps when innocent children roam  
Free from their parents, through the woods and crop-fields all alone  
Might not the unicorns remember their playmates of old  
And show themselves as they once did before the fear took hold?  
Could it not be that a lone maid walking a forest path  
Might see more than rabbits and the chipmunks that make her laugh?  
Instead, catching the flank of the unicorn through the glade  
Perhaps his eyes when he draws closer to her, unafraid.  
So might you meet a unicorn? Truly, I cannot say,  
But if your heart and mind are pure then you may rise one day  
To see the curve of gentle lips and flare of muzzle white  
And there above it something greater, a marvellous sight,  
There, upon the noble head, beneath the shining horn,  
The gentle eyes and shining soul of the fair unicorn.

### **The Promise**

Tomorrow is not promised. When people pass away

And their broken-hearted loved ones come to the Church to pray  
They bring no thought of petty ills cherished throughout the years,  
The little words and angry jabs that once loosed floods of tears.  
    Instead, in gentle memory, resentment is let fall  
    Like sodden clouds, unveiling light that shines upon them all.  
    So there's a blessing to be found when grief hems either side  
    But how much greater would good be were we to all decide  
    Not to depend on tomorrow to wipe the hurts away  
    But to forgive each dart while there is savour in today?  
How much more grace than when we bid farewell in floods of tears  
    Would be were we to embrace love inside the living years?  
What greater riches when, instead of squandered days and nights,  
    We were to fill up every hour with kindred delights?  
    Thus, driving out upon the Downs or walking by the sea  
    We'd set up a store of the jewels that we call memory,  
More precious still when time our beloved elders moves along  
    For while we can call them to mind they are not really gone.  
    And, for ourselves, we need not fear if our time is cut short  
    For, even if we're called to attest in immortal Court  
    What we have done to earn admittance to the realm above  
    We can tell them we spent our days in mercy and in love.  
    So, should today prove the last tomorrow that we will see  
    We will not mourn we hid all care no other eyes to see  
And, though the coming parting yet may cause soft sighs to fall  
    Yet love will live eternally within us. Love is all.

### **My Love is My Whole World**

My love is my whole world. No other being  
    Could make me laugh when I was wont to cry  
Or dance with me between resplendent raindrops  
    Singing merry songs as if we were dry.  
    No other embrace but my dear beloved's  
    Can chide away each tear, each pain and ill.  
The spark in his eyes warms me through each tumult.  
    No other possess the skill or knowledge  
    To understand each teeming, leaping notion  
    That rises in my oft' bewildered brain  
And – when I fear – turns trembling into gladness.  
    My love's heart in my own will still remain  
    Long after our bodies, at nature's behest,  
Deep in the good ground have been laid to rest  
    For he is the dearest soul e'er created  
    The brightest, bravest and the very best.

### **When My Dear Love is Sleeping**

When my dear love is sleeping, I look upon his face  
And cannot keep from smiling to think that heaven's grace  
Chose me such a companion – so brave and strong and kind  
Who, despite all my failings, chose my soul to him to bind.  
When my dear love is sleeping, I wrap the covers tight  
To keep him from shivering and chide away the night.  
I make sure a light's burning while I beg the angels keeping  
On all his dreams, making them good, when my dear love is sleeping.  
When my dear love is sleeping, I pause to see him smile  
At some fair vision in his mind. I linger there awhile  
To map his dear beloved face that has known joy and weeping  
And lay a kiss upon his brown, when my dear love is sleeping.  
When my dear love is sleeping, I say a little prayer  
That God bless and protect a man so courageous and fair  
For without him my world would be a place made up for weeping  
I beg God watch over his soul, while my dear love is sleeping.

### **When I Tell You That I Love You**

When I tell you that I love you  
It is not a thing of habit  
No careless plume of syllables  
Tossed out upon the wind.  
Not just the punctuation  
That ends a conversation  
But something more significant  
And deep.  
When I tell you that I love you  
What I mean  
Is that you are the author of my sighs  
That I've numbered each fibre of your being  
And read the stories written in your eyes.  
That you are my first thought each waking morning  
And I dream of your happiness at night.  
I know that all the care of this weary world  
Fades away when your warm arms hold me tight.  
I mean that when my eyes light on your sweet smile  
I know that I will never be alone  
And that the barest touch of your beloved palms  
Ignites my heart and makes it whisper "Home".  
I mean that, from the first, I have adored you  
That your hand held in mine makes my soul sing  
And that I all-every-always will love you  
My first, my last, my heart, my everything.