



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.