

The Goldfish Bowl

Thought wanders
unconfined
peaceful
over the white page
but once
it was not so.
When I was little
I saw the world
from behind glass
and thought lived
detached
in the goldfish bowl
of my mind.
When I grew bigger
I discovered Plato
and learnt about
Shadows and Forms
and things not being real
and so I settled
for the idea
that the goldfish bowl
was the way things were.
Then one day
I stood in a church
and watched rays of sunlight
melting through
the soft rich colours
of stained glass
and falling
in pools of glowing red and orange
on tombs
in the stoneflagged floor.
And I knew there was something
behind the glass
trying to get through
and that it was love
The love was pouring
through the window
onto the tombs
but the glass was
in between.
Later I found
what Plato never knew
that the love is God
that love is life
and that the life
is mine
and I swam out
of the goldfish bowl.

