

My Place

Ian Gould © 4-6 September 2025

A tiny cloud hangs in endless sky
Tantalisingly close, real - yet a passing vapour
Against true vastness, unfathomable expanse
Its existence a faint silhouette

Small, significant, salient, simple
Transient, time-bound, tossed, tangled
This cloud seems

Perspective, particular, personal, pedestrian
Restrospective, realistic, wrongly wrangled
This life seems

Our view, one view
One life, my life
Unreality? Unavoidable!

Haze encroaches, night falls
Vision obscured, then clears
Starry hosts pierce matt velvet
Cloud disappears unexpectedly

Then sighted, obscuring lights
The extent deduced from absence of clarity
My life a stark silhouette

Obscurity: the fear of our day
Significance: an elusive goal

My life seen against the backdrop of time immemorial?
My existence in stark relief

“... they will pass away like a wild flower. For the sun rises with scorching heat and withers the plant; its blossom falls and its beauty is destroyed...”
James 1:10-11 NIV

“When I consider your heavens ...the moon and the stars ... what (are) human beings ...”
Psalms 8:3-4 NIV

Written while Tanya played the initial versions of 2 pieces on the piano: “When you know” and “When you just don’t understand”. Her playing inspired me to “hear” my heart in the months after my Dad’s passing.