



# The Writing Seed

By Ryan Anthony Gibson

**Ryan Anthony Gibson** was born April 1<sup>st</sup> 1978 in Halifax Nova Scotia, Canada. His father Bill Gibson is a prominent author and speaker on Business Best Practices, and his mother Beverley Anne Gibson is a Spiritualist.

Ryan Anthony Gibson began his passion for writing through the influence of his tutor through-out Elementary and High School. Classes often involved only being able to take a shot in billiards if he could recite a poem. Since Ryan was 14 years old he wrote to his mother, his girlfriends, and to his friends. The collection is made from his High School sweet hearts, to his adventures around the world.

Ryan Anthony Gibson graduated from Prince of Wales High School in 1996. Some thought it was strange that one of BC's top high school wrestlers was a poet, however, passion, dedication, commitment, and the nature of a gentleman make good sports people. Gibson was a warrior poet, and enjoyed the fact he could show his love, and express it in such a way that he took his love from a page in his own book.

After high school, Ryan Anthony Gibson traveled to South Africa, finding many great experiences with the people, the country, and the travelers. He went on to Barcelona Spain after two years within South Africa to pursue, travel with, and marry his penpal and love, friend and mother of his daughter, Laia Vilella Juncosa.

On September 9<sup>th</sup> 2000 Ryan's daughter Cala Anne Gibson was born, whom this book is dedicated to. The name Cala comes from the Grand Cala of Majorca, which Ryan thought to be a beautiful name, Anne has been a name passed through our family for generations with the girls.

There is no need to explain the professional achievements or the notoriety, for Ryan Anthony Gibson's reputation as a poet has been with his friends only until now.

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# The Writing Seed

## **The Writing Seed**

When I am alone I think of you  
And write in my little book  
So later you can view  
All the thoughts it took  
For me to express myself  
For you to put on your shelf  
So some day when you can read  
I will have planted the writing seed  
So inside you these thoughts will grow  
And you can write them in nice straight rows,  
All your thoughts you have for me,  
So some day I will read them and see.

To Cala love Daddy...



## I Will Remember

One day you will say,  
I remember all of the ways,  
We traveled back and forth all day,  
From Canada, Africa, Spain our stays...  
Sometimes a month, sometimes a week,  
Petting lions, fishing in a creek,  
Climbing all the tallest mountains,  
Watching light shows in water fountains,  
Drawing Barbie with paper and pen,  
Having fun with all we did just then,  
But most important we never did complain,  
For we sleep until we see each other again.



## On Lago Gatun

I spent several moments in Lake Gatun,  
Looking up to the starry sky alone,  
As others began to gather around the water and come in,  
I find myself again expressing thoughts to stranger and friend,  
“I look up at the sky and like the stars,  
I realize we are in a unique moment,  
If not just for that varying point in time,  
And with a camera for an eye I captured the image of the stars,  
As I have captured an image of you,  
Held together for a brief moment,  
By the powers of the Universe,  
Stars and people,  
With the only difference,  
Our life is faster and shorter in essence,  
But sometimes the same in a moment.”



## Note On A Napkin To You

Generally speaking someone would have to ask why you would want to be with me...

Often the question is asked after you are with the person, no, every time after the fact,

For all of this time, you have only a handful of good reasons, I love you, but why, why, why do we not know yet why.

And so you run until you get tired of me chasing you,

And maybe I just like to run to, so somehow we are together,

Running, but that is no explanation of what is love between us.





## Love Poem to Laia Vilella Juncosa

Show, show, me where you are,  
Show me to the stars,  
To your hearts contentment,  
I can't hide here anymore,  
I've been here long before,  
I need to find my innocence,  
Place, Place me in your hands,  
And here I'll understand,  
The aura of loves essence.

The poem was written on the back of a movie ticket in South Africa, the film was Titanic with Leonardo Dicaprio at the Sterkinecor Cinema in Sandton, 2:30pm show. Amazingly, Laia kept the ticket all of these years and only showed me September 2009 that she had it. We were both very moved by it, a time capsule of our love always exists in the poems I have written to her. I am pretty sure we were both fighting off some tears.



## Your Breath I Took

Your breath comes from the inside,  
Warmed, moist, blown into my face,  
Unaware of my observing you beside,  
You sleep, your stillness, and grace,  
I wish to kiss you, you know,  
But it is too likely you will awake,  
Every moment now moves so slow,  
Lifetime of loves looks I take  
Built up inside, a hunger does develop,  
From softness to beast I wish to envelope,  
Your essence, your smell, your look,  
So I inhale, your breath I took.

Written September 8th 2009 at 10:45 pm in Barcelona Spain at La Glacier restaurant and bar, originally written on a magazine which I will post a picture of at sometime.





## **Stones of Castles Ruined**

Looking back I feel I know her still,  
Her, the little girl who plays on my strawberry hill,  
Love is so deep from love of ages past,  
Stones of castles ruined make homes that last,  
I think of my little heart at eight, nine, and ten,  
And how much I wished to love her then,  
Cast through the warped chasm of time,  
I say I love you in this rhyme.



## **Fortified By Roses**

There is more emotion in the ocean than in the earth,  
That is why I prefer to flood you with my words and love  
So much as to surpass your ability to feel grounded  
In the hopes that you would float in my thoughts  
Like a pool of water full of roses.  
For my words are written on the many pedals  
And surround you caressing and holding you up  
Firmer than just any liquid thought for within my thoughts  
Exists a beautiful natural substance meant for you.



## What If I Tried Not To Write About You

If I really decided to write something other than loving you,  
It would likely be about our obligation to be holy people,  
To heal those and help those that we can,  
Fend of those who need wrestling with our hands,  
Wrestle with ourselves with divine intention, not contention,  
Where we eventually find unity with all,  
Such a grand topic that could make one feel small,  
Until we realize we are all apart of each other now and at the point of  
intervention,  
But then I would find a way to discuss how this makes our oneness last  
an eternity,  
Just cycles of life, rebirth, heaven, the universe, pieces of infinity,  
So that I can say I will love and be a part of you forever and you of me,  
So I suppose it would be hard to keep my love for you from my poetry.



## **You've Been Touched By Many People In A Day**

You've been touched by many people in a day,  
Elbows fabric shoulders skin,  
To you they don't mean anything,  
But you would remember my sweet embrace,  
And how I ran my fingers down your face,  
Although upon the surface my love would start,  
It would reach the greatest depths of your heart!



## Reminisce Of Me

Look at the bed unmade  
And Reminisce of me  
Think of where we loved and laid  
What we came to be  
Look careful at the tattered quilt  
Twisted over the rippled sheets  
Where our love was built  
And our hearts would often meet  
Smell the flowers of love in the air  
The sweet scent of my body and hair  
Although the room did seem to be bare  
Now you know that I am here



## **In Love**

When I'm around you I feel,  
I feel I've been dipped into a vat  
Of love

Surrounded, saturated, drowning  
In Love

Not just the emotions, but like a blanket has wrapped itself  
around me and I was inside it,  
In love

You surrounded me when you're near  
Your eyes consume me

And when I get closer to you  
I get a soft sensation that  
Tickles my skin like a million  
Feathers were slowly floating down  
My naked body





## **All this should be enough**

Poetry, music, sweet sayings, a listening ear  
Nice stories of when you were young  
But not about past loves to keep you clear  
Give gifts that can be hung  
In the window to color their life  
Go on small trips and walks  
Converse about dreams, not strife  
Keep Negativity out of your talks  
If it veers towards the subject  
Confuse with creative quote  
Then give them something  
They can't object  
Just keep to this antidote  
A positive way to care  
Is by showing the fruits I bare  
Don't ever, ever ask why  
Because why do we love  
Just stare deep into their eyes  
All that should be enough.



## Fallen In Love

Why do we say to “fall in love”  
It sounds as if I have landed on my head  
Trailing headlong off a cliff  
Not raising love or flying high above,  
But a treble of words that imply  
Like a dream or nightmare  
You are hurling towards the matter  
Of which there may be a chance you  
Hit it and wake up... to reality.  
But what if I am not fallen  
As without love there is no lower place  
It has raised me up rather,  
I wonder if you are falling towards  
Whether it scares you?  
As I fly up from my mortal being,  
I shall catch you as your attracting force  
Propels me closer,  
As if to have given me wings,  
Of which your body finds me in a free fall,  
To catch from a divine place, and  
We shall suspended in equilibrium of forces  
Caused by similar means  
Float in and around the impact  
Of it all, still in the air like art,  
In one thought and interpretation,  
Like a painting by Bougureau,  
For us to be in and those to appreciate,  
Who see what love is.



## heart broken

past a word as no words passing  
but endless one way thoughts.

No matter my hardships,  
no more as difficult as the emptiness  
left by the void of love  
when one could focus on a greater love.

A pilgrim who did not interpret the dream correctly,  
so I walk with the desire to try to interpret it again...  
the dream.

The greater love is from there,  
the direction clear,  
the little Sheppard's gate  
I must open.



## **And All Is A Metaphor**

And all is a metaphor  
For loneliness and the longing of being touched  
Or to touch, a bit or a lot,  
Back and forth, rubbing against,  
Brushed or patted, scratched, bitten,  
Licked even, to quench a hunger,  
Salt of the earth, loves worth and weight,  
Pressure and release,  
Embrace, softly or mighty,  
Trace contours and lines,  
Crossing over to passion,  
Feeling color, scent, and sound,  
Breasts, liquid, luscious, slippery,  
Think of the metaphors found,  
In a hand, to give a hand,  
To wondering states of mind,  
A wondering hand you find.



## **I Think I Can't Think About It...**

I think I can't think about it...  
I just need to close my eyes and feel it,  
I will be rolling around all night  
holding my sheets tight  
twisting and hugging my pillow with all my might,  
to close my eyes and think of the sight  
of your lips on mine  
riveting undulating motions of two lovers in time.



A glance of monumental perfection,  
A shape of undulating affection,  
Her deep moving eyes,  
So tender and wise,  
Emulate, aura of passion,  
If beauty spoke words,  
Then from her I heard,  
The angels, harps ringing,  
Venus valiantly singing,  
As a million men's hearts were spurred.  
Oh, from where was she created,  
From Aphrodite's she was elevated,  
Fit to be a God's bride,  
By a man she stands beside,  
The mirror image of Bougureau,  
For once I fear death that's true,  
Icon of imagination, a concept, a view,  
An angel on earth before death, in lieu.  
Or now, a Demon of Dante's Inferno,  
Divine beauty to falter human ego,  
Exploit the man's flaw  
For what a vision I saw,  
Her love is evidently pure  
She lifts me, like near dead to cure.





## **My love for her**

My love for her,  
Cannot be discussed,  
In words but only,  
In my deepest thoughts,  
Where someday we'll journey,  
Together in reality,  
As did the true love,  
Of the Renaissance.



## Three Untitled Short Poems

Way down low that's where you are,  
Past your limit, right past the bar,  
On the floor you fallen star,  
How'd you let us get down so far,  
Make no mistake; you're off the charts,  
Why'd you do it, break both our hearts.

The paradox of being mentally infinite in emotion,  
But physically time destroys bonds which perish,  
It's like a valiant ship of gold that sinks in the Ocean,  
Little hope of recovery, but in thoughts we cherish.

The streets of Venice flooded today  
Not by a butterfly's wings but tears  
In the Southern tip of Africa for lost love  
Chaos is in a tear not a wing.



## Loved by the Sun

Nature is beautiful and passionate,  
Giving and sincere,  
Nurturing to her children,  
Loving to our neighbour,  
Gives even to the greedy who need,  
You are the most natural part of my life,  
I want to be your Sun,  
That shines down onto you,  
Nourishes you,  
Feel my passion and heat,  
My love beaming,  
Fated to only love one side at a time,  
A factual and natural crime



## Child Flying A Kite

A child's eyes watch the gliding kite,  
Intrigued they stare as it begins to rise,  
Higher, higher, higher, into flight,  
The strings pull harder and fight,  
As the wind grows stronger in the open skies.  
The wings tremble in the turbulent might,  
The infant's body tilts backwards to equalize,  
The invisible force taking, taking the kite,  
As the chord comes to an end so tight,  
Grip loosens as the wind pries,  
The young pilot screeches in frustrated fright,  
Losing no matter what the navigator tries,  
A monster wins the tug-a-war plight,  
Stealing away the youth's very own right,  
To have control of strings where he flies.



## **I cannot describe how much I love you**

I cannot describe how much I love you,  
More than the world has trees,  
More than all the water in the seas,  
More than you could love me.  
No words could describe how I do...  
It's the look in your eyes  
The light, soft, beautiful sighs,  
Your love leaves me mesmerized.  
No actions could show it to,  
For I could give the world to you twice  
I would give you everything nice  
But would anything ever suffice  
Maybe it's enough to say I love you.



## The Orchard of Unity

The old man walked deep into his orchard,  
With his son and grandson,  
It was a family ritual that occurred,  
Through every generation from fathers to sons,  
They carried with them a developing peach tree,  
That signified the birth and growth of the child,  
For each boy in their family was given this immortality,  
So that after death they could provide for their family,  
Quietly they sauntered down a path surrounded by  
Memories of past time and the completion of offerings from fathers to sons

Where Grandfather stopped to rest at his withered old tree where you could see  
There was a passage finely carved from the old man to a certain lady which read:

*In this orchard we meet to find a love so sweet  
Well away from the city so our hearts can be free  
In these surrounding trees we will be in Unity,  
Continuously living happily – Forever just you and me*

The old man gazed at the distant passion where he closed his eyes with affection,

And proclaimed:

It was noon like this day, but the sun began to fade away, where in the autumn's  
dimming rays a beautiful girl meandered happy and gay,  
Her innocence stole my voice away so that I didn't know what to say





As her stare bore through my soul with compassion and care,  
And she murmured to me, "Has life been fair?"  
I replied with conviction, "Only if I can have your devotion to love  
For you dance like a butterfly lifting my heart higher above  
She looked at me and her emotions climaxed as I kissed her cheek and whispered  
facts  
Of life, love, and ecstasy, of commitment  
And from my words flowed an arrangement  
Of oaths of time's sensuous phrases as they where overpowered by long unifying  
gazes,  
And this moment together soon stretched into years,  
Where together we faced all of life's different fears  
And soon she bore a child which was truly a mirror  
Of the care the two lovers had developed and shared,  
We were married the night of God's contribution  
Of a baby boy who could see his parents holy union  
And the boy modeled their love, emotions, and strife, and soon found a loving  
wife  
Where together they too brought forth a life.  
Now this brings us to you my boy, a splitting image of the real McCoy  
And now we must do what we came here for, what we've done with all sons  
before,  
One's offering of life's gift in the shape of a tree,  
Where the same will happen for you when you have a baby.

The curious boy looked up and asked "Where will we be beginning this task,  
The planting of the tree that reflects the past  
And defines how long life truly lasts  
The father looked deep into his eyes and said with an abundance of pride,



“My boy it is where we now stand for someday this will be your land,  
So together as the three found the sapling’s plot and host,  
They blessed it to be shined on by the father, son, and Holy Ghost,  
To gaze at it peacefully and admire,  
The fulfillment of another son’s accomplished desires.



## To Eva Tekeres 1996

My feelings are unavoidable,  
Like darkness is when there is no light,  
It's there as an ethereal connection to my life,  
These feelings are so obvious to me,  
When I close my eyes and look into the darkness,  
And the feelings, the images, the emotion,  
Pours out, and then I see your face,  
And nothing else exists except you  
I scour my mind through the blackness without you but  
I keep coming back to you,  
Because all I want is you,  
If I didn't my life would be doomed to wallow  
In shades of the past and dreams that disappear into  
The darkness, like the world does when you've stared,  
At a beautiful beaming light for so long,  
And to look away is to see nothing, to turn off.  
If I have done something wrong it is because I was keeping the light on within you  
for me,  
I need your light to fill me with love,  
But if I can't see the light,  
At least let me know it hasn't disappeared into the darkness  
For my life is grimly potent and potent grimly  
For existing in a blind abyss is non existence,  
Without your brown hair and silky hands to hold me from falling.





## **Surrender To Me**

Surrendering to me like  
Surrendering to no other  
Where some use your surrender  
To control, take advantage of  
Or hurt you,  
I accept surrender as the opening  
Of your heart to mine,  
which is already open



## **More Beautiful**

I'm not here, more there  
With you, more beautiful  
more than I could say  
More than I can do  
More than I could be  
Nor see  
Feeling more for you  
More for you  
More for love  
For love is more





## **Remembering**

When I feel your softness in my pillow  
Remembering your smell in my sheets  
I toss and turn and squeezing  
Every memory I receive

## **To Touch Your Face**

If I could with my fingers touch an angel's face,  
To look deep into her eyes framed by long lashes,  
One moment of divine and perfect grace,  
As earthly mortals hand with godly beauty clashes.



## Once Dreamt Lying In A Rose-Bed

Once dreamt lying in a rose-bed of an amazing collection of  
kinds,  
Under a fully eclipsing moon, where for a moment I saw some  
futures,  
Saw her brown curls and brown eyes, love sees and love finds,  
Nor does it forget the acts of its charmed passionate creatures,  
For a moment when darkness was at its coveted peak,  
Between the worlds of the Opaque, hide and seek,  
See the moments we will spend and spent,  
Oracle spoken, message sent.



## Love's Joke ;)

Floating around a cloud in the sky,  
With the wing that lifts my eye,  
From the angels sent,  
strings I pull a puppet bent,  
help this solitary puppetry,  
with cosmic and comic chemistry,  
that love is a joke when it fits,  
so let's have some fun with it...



## Chat About Love

I mean it feels good to be around each other  
like a little kid who has a puppy, he's happy  
i was very happy when i had chances to be around u  
and the thought holds close inside of my heart  
I have a lot of locks on the little boxes in my soul over the years,  
but for every lock is a key, u have that kind of spirit that can  
unlock me and i hope I you so at least we can have many  
conversations and enjoy expression and friendship. love. it's all  
one thing anyway...

i am also always there with u

i found out with my daughter who I love so much  
its possible to miss her when she is only in the next room  
imagine... missing someone that much only in the next room  
so to imagine missing someone so far away... is not so hard,  
especially if u like that person  
as i do u



## Loves Cook

He does not soak her in his love, but marinades,  
He does not broil her by flame, but warms her for tenderness,  
A long process of braising through the many shades,  
Of attention, to doctor the perfect moments completeness,  
Such moments you cannot waste or overspend, but coddle and imbue,  
With time does the mixture of all ingredients percolate,  
Into one combination of all that makes many into one, into you,  
So simmer he does his hot oven of thoughts, to umbellate,  
In even chutes of a flowering affection from a single source,  
From his heart does he make and bake perfections course.



## Meaning of Love

I love words,  
I have always loved them,  
I love their meaning,  
Especially in knowing the true meaning,  
Or knowing the words that describe the  
abstract,  
Not the object of who you are, no,  
Regard the object as just that,  
Something that has many parallels,  
But the true meaning is only one  
abstract of the abstract,  
As the truth is.  
The truth of who you are in words,  
What great meaning, what great love,  
Outside of the person or inside of the  
person,  
I love this meaning, of which there is a  
word,  
Disguised for most as an object,  
Like a Word,  
but is a word truly an object,  
Are you aware of the most beautiful  
word in the world,

Because of its meaning,  
I only wish to be with,  
I only wish to hold,  
and or pronounce,  
I love,  
“you”  
For “you” is the meaning of my life,  
The very thing I love in all words,  
The very meaning of everything,  
The value of any object in relation to,  
For what I love in every word,  
It is not an object  
it is you.  
I love the meaning of words,  
I love words, especially you.  
You is my favourite word,  
For the meaning of it is much more  
profound,  
And amazing than anyone could ever  
imagine,  
Unless they know you as I do.



## On the Kitchen Floor

crack the oysters, the chocolate wrappers, port and gentleman jack,  
sweet smells of carmel and your enchanting perfume,  
no reason to look behind or ever look back,  
for only us we need to attend and consume.  
lavender oils that chase the pains up and down the body,  
with the melting hands and touch like a sweet melody  
so that we could be too foggy for days to listen to what they are saying  
so we can slow down and make no sense of the crooked praying,  
and just make love all over the kitchen floor,  
oh don't you know I am coming back knocking on your door,  
with a cloth to wipe away all your tears,  
and take you away from all your fears,  
like the twang of the right tune on a guitar,  
the next strings played makes us who we are,  
and I can't lie that I have been keeping score,  
and know that I am ready for more!





## **I Dream Of You, You Know**

I dream of you, you know,  
Us on a river, on a kayak, slow  
Passing by somewhere we flow  
Talking of little things as we go,  
Like work, likes, dislikes, change,  
As we paddle by the mountain range,  
I awake to find us with paddles in hand,  
And the mountains still part of the land  
But apart we are with no common boat to command,  
Where the thought of being together is too grand.  
But when I enter sleep, I dream of you, you know,  
And we make it happily in moments I borrow,  
For I have to give them back when I awake,  
There is no place for the past in the future we take.



## Where would I Be

Where would I be without your voice, as it settles my soul,  
I wish to massage you until you are warm from all my touch,  
To stare in your eyes for hours until you well up with contentment,  
Holding your petite body close to mine in the cold,  
Watching the candle light flicker on the contours and curves,  
Of the embodiment of peaceful love in the now,  
Where actions become memories,  
That last a lifetime.  
You fix and mend the broken in the seam of what seems,  
Not by trying but by being a human being,  
The very source of what brings light to the candle,  
Where in the spirit of the flame,  
You give the oxygen that keeps me lit.



## Where my Star Twinkles

Twinkle, twinkle little star,  
From my heart you are not far,  
From the dust does make me whole,  
Carbon core like smoldering coal,  
I ask of you where is she now,  
And gloweth thee in my shadowed vow,  
A breath of air and ions disperse,  
Lifting mine lonely curse,  
I cuddle thee not unproud,  
No suffocation, a lover's shroud,  
But just to feel your presence on cue,  
Quantum particles, probably, true,  
And act I do, secure the nest,  
As I place your hand on my chest,  
And ask for you to feel the beat,  
Rest your head and fall asleep,  
This is the rhythm what feels right,  
Movement makes a cheek go bright,  
Feeling, hearing, pumping, us around,  
Here is where your twinkle's found.



## ***Beware My Love***

A disease that has effected  
The whole of the body  
The ears that ache till they hear  
The voice of  
The eyes that pain and water  
For the loss of  
The sore skin that waits  
For the touch from  
The joints that ache to go  
Towards some  
And what of the Monday Lost in bliss or nostalgia  
No one is immune to this infliction  
Contagious from human affection  
To be aware of it is to have seen  
To know what all this means



## **A Portion Of My Soul Remains**

A portion of my soul remains in pain for many reasons I cannot explain,  
Every day goes by wondering where you are and I cannot complain,  
Your ears are far and my eyes not good, so I look around in vain,  
So I close my eyes and see your angel face in the sun so plain,  
Recall my words, true so far, although seemingly insane,  
I love you every moment of your life and beyond without refrain,  
For the time's been short if a moment in time we can contain,  
For life to me, as I love so strong, on my heart I do strain,  
As I walk away from the lonely place to lovers lane,  
If love has a peak, than I suppose I am standing on its moraine.  
The words in prayer that I say over and over in my romantic brain,  
For the time to ask for ones hand for as long as I can in my soul again.



## Lover, Show Me That It Matters

Lover,  
who are you,  
Can you show me your heart,  
Can you love me all the day  
tomorrow,  
Show me love,  
show me that it matters.  
Waiting, for your word,  
Waiting in the silence,  
as i stare into your reflection,  
On the glass, of a store you pass,  
without notice,  
Show me love, show me that it  
matters.  
Fears, I have none now,  
I have lost them all long ago,  
I removed myself but not my soul,  
I love you, show me love,  
Show me that it matters.  
Breaking glass,

the sound, the shatter,  
A crowd gathers around,  
All staring at the ground,  
And I see you reflected,  
In 1000 pieces,  
Torn apart,  
Wishing I could put it all back  
together,  
Show me love,  
Show me that it matters.  
Saddened behind the chatter,  
I wish to hear your voice,  
Just the words,  
I love you,  
I love you too,  
But there's nothing but the noise  
Of a busy street,  
And nothing seems to matter.  
Show me love,  
Show me that it matters.



## Through Robyn's Eyes

There are many ways to look at life, of which one is to see through your eyes,  
I wish to hear your thoughts and see the world through you,  
To understand brilliance and the making of someone wise,  
Seeing into the past, present, and future from your view.  
Somehow we can look far away into the unknown,  
Peering somewhere and still be looking at your face,  
No matter how big you have grown,  
No sequential number could quantify amazing grace.  
Your angelic physical presence does look like my sister and my niece,  
And when I am with you I feel so much of loves overwhelming peace,  
Walk with me as me and me as yourself my little one,  
For one immortal moment for your children to pass on.  
As if in a photograph captured in your genetic perfection,  
A gift weaved into our family quilt of eternal life, it's my affection.





## **Black hole Chance**

No longer a mystery to me,  
The black hole is real I know  
At first I could not see  
The bright stars flash to this dim low  
A part of my constellation  
Chained to her in space and time  
This an unfortunate implosion  
Sipping vodka soda 'n lime  
Worlds, stars, and hopes colliding  
Chaos in love universal  
Leaving debts and taking tidings  
What we gain is controversial  
Left no dust, no love, no light  
Black hole gives no chance to fight



### Poem 1

Settling this compassionate soul for less  
In the tempest of silence idle  
Placid Emotions in emptiness  
No reason for a smile in this riddle  
Patience on earth I hail  
Hammer on my head the anvil be  
Knowing what was once could fail  
Note the tyrants for what they see  
In the highest state of appeal  
Causing distance between you and me,  
Hidden truths and lies reveal,  
A victim who insists to not be free  
Powerless choices made to date  
Set this stage for a broken fate.

### Poem 2

I wish to have the power  
To cleave the air with my hand  
And open our two worlds for an hour  
Is this too high a power to command?  
To watch you through a looking glass  
Child that walks in infant happiness  
All the greatness of creation in one fleshy  
mass  
Who hums in humble blissfulness  
Its not too great a command I think  
No greater power than to keep her far  
Chain that holds us by an innocent link  
Shackling our world to an imploding star,  
The power pulls her great lengths from here  
Such lengths that have been taken to force  
my tear...



## **The Nine Years Leading Up To 9/9/09**

### **Before You Were Born**

Before your entry onto earth I heard your voice,  
My Cala, my little girl, by my own choice,  
I often spoke to you telling how much I can love,  
To try to convince your soul to come down from above,  
And when I discovered within your mom you did go,  
Through my entire body such happiness did flow,  
I massaged and sang to your mommy every night,  
And read poems so that someday you may write.

### **Year One**

So with four seasons does a year pass,  
Where memories pile up in the looking glass,  
The sparkling of life in your big brown eyes,  
Your humor and love of your parental ties,  
In one year I feel all the more loved and wise,  
As I hold you, and feed you, and stop your cries,  
With such attention and affection you hold my hand,  
Where time stands still, suspending sand.



## Year Two

You asked for me this morning at 5 am again,  
“Daddy, Daddy” echoed on the walls, heart sent,  
No matter how tired, there is never a strain,  
To leave my bed and lay with you I went,  
“Bottle, bottle” you most likely will ask,  
Happily I pour, warm, complete the task,  
Watching as you rub one ear and stare,  
Or close your eyes as I twirl your hair,  
We become tired and back to sleep with drift,  
Remember these moments, the heart does lift.

## Year Three

The dawn arrives for your first days in school,  
We all feel a part of where we are from these days,  
A part of my childhood, neighbourhood, process of renewal,  
Excitement of belonging to Canada is in your gaze,  
An emersion of not only two languages,  
but, Of nationality, culture, timeless ages,  
From downtown, Shaunessy, and and lastly East Van,  
Grows my little girl that makes your Daddy a man.



## Year Four

It's hard to rise up when I do not see your eyes,  
I try to work my hardest remembering our good-byes,  
Someday I wish you to know that I never let you go,  
But let you support your mommy on behalf of you and me, and  
so,  
I hoped we could somehow pull it all back together,  
Give her a break so she could love me forever,  
Where once our life and love required no translation,  
Feeling illiterate now, lack luster of love's disintegration,  
I call you on the phone and in my dreams,  
I yell your name, to hear you answer in screams,  
I pray to God to surround you with white light,  
Hold you in my love, you shine in his sight,  
His hands to cat for me almighty father,  
Ensure I always have a connection with my daughter.



## **Year Five**

Just sitting with you, talking, playing,  
Your eyes eager, ears list to what I am saying,  
Being a part of each other, soaked in our attendance,  
Feeling each other's love, choked by lack of presence,  
That now I just enjoy your ever essence,  
I call your name and you answer with pleasance,  
The answer for all of my time of praying,  
A summer with you for life my heart it's staying.

## **Year Six**

Layers peel away from pain to love inside,  
Where deep beneath the rage, confusion, I hide,  
One hug, one kiss, or night of listening to you breathe,  
Out pouring and gone of unreal thoughts to seethe,  
Nothing unreal can hurt you, as I now can see,  
Only thing real is the love between you and me.



## Year Seven

I find comfort in being 30,000 feet in the air,  
So far from all of the confusion and despair,  
So many jet set memories, you and I alone,  
Traveling back and forth, foreign lands to home,  
Our place far away from a throwing stone,  
Far from a prisoner trapped in old Rome,  
So we sleep, we hug, prepare thoughts to do,  
Whenever I fly, I can only think of you.

## Year Eight

We pan the waters for Rocky Mountain Gold,  
In the shallow corner of a river, where the water slows,  
Sifting through the minerals, pebbles, rocks, we hold,  
Time passing between us as an endless current flows,  
Trying to register this moment for fear it washes away,  
As we smile and play, I know it's sure to stay,  
We are not a sponge, but one part river, and one part stone,  
Rounded by experiences and thoughts, particles together not  
alone,  
Oh we are all one when we become like this beautiful sand,  
With the speckles of gold dust that shimmers in our hand.





## Year Nine

We have the same little devilish laugh I laughed,  
The art to say what's on your mind, in a craft,  
Hear all, see all and understand so much the same regardless of  
distance and land,  
Your must sometimes laugh with your mother,  
For you have all the characteristics of humor and love your  
father,  
So soaking you in time steeped with my love, it's enough,  
Where we sometimes wrestle and our Irish playtime is rough,  
Our kinesthetic souls feel completely in tune,  
I love you, I miss you, I will see you soon.



## **I See You**

I see you, then I see you again  
In my dreams that will never ever end  
I see you in the stars, the moon, the sky  
I see you in every human's eye.

All Poems Are Written By

Ryan Anthony Gibson





# The Writing Seed