

To Be A Pilgrim

by

Roslyn McLeod

There could be many things worse,
Than to celebrate in verse,
The dawn of one's understanding
Of neck head back commanding.

It seems such a simple feat
To lengthen one's torso compleat,
But snares abound like a web
To trap the unwary deb.

The head tends to sit rather squatly
Creating perspectives somewhat motley,
Instead, it should feel filled with helium,
Balloon like, floating up to the celium.

There's hollowing the spinal column,
So one looks like a totem pole
All squiggles and curves and twists,
That create such dangerous lists.

There's tilting the hips out in front
To appear like the bow of a punt,
Or sticking them too far aft
Resembling the broad beam of a raft.

There's letting the knees turn in,
Such a protruding obvious sin;
Thus creating behaviour loutish,
Instead, knees should be outish.

The heels have urge surreptitious
To sneak from the floor, despite wishes,
They shouldn't go A.W.L.*
Thus leaving one stranded in hell.

The shoulders hunch up in a huddle
Afraid to be free of such muddle,
Thus causing the arms to be clinging vines
Instead of expanding, extension lines.

The neck inadvertently tenses
Thus ruining all one's defences,
For head and back rely on this link
To prevent one's downward sink.

The height of one's ambition,
To attain the chair in good condition,
Is oft defeated by a twitch
Of one's interfering mental switch.

Instead of achieving a perfect landing
And receiving the accolade "Outstanding",
The expected top billing, star rating,
Is met by the word "Arsating".

Desperately seeking enlightenment pure,
One is lured by promise of cure
To the valley of hope's inviting dales
Where resting, one hears other souls' wails.

The descent has been easy to this condition,
To ascend is a different proposition;
But to remain in this place infernal
Would mean damnation eternal.

Therefore it would be propitiate
For the well-being of the novitiate,
To resist the spell of this tempting spot
Before developing a bout of dry rot.

* Arise Without Leave)

Thus if you would avoid the rack,
Beware of the welcoming side track
That points to false notions, that lead one astray,
Just stick to the Pilgrims' Highway.

For the apocryphal visions of the dark
May enshroud the creative spark
Of a human's potential gift,
To offer healing of mind-body rift.

And so dear mortals, despite
The shadowy phantoms of the night,
There's hope for all of us ultimately
If we NOTHING DO and Patient Be