

The book cover features a red background at the top and bottom, with a grey band in the middle. Stylized leaves are scattered across the cover, with some in the red sections and others in the grey section, appearing to fall from the top. The title is in white serif font, and the subtitle is in a smaller, italicized white serif font.

WHISPERS THROUGH THE VEIL

*The Poetic Reality of
Love and Loss*

JOHN HARRISON

WHISPERS THROUGH THE VEIL:
The Poetic Reality of Love and Loss

By John Harrison

Poetry
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This entry is dedicated to all the boyfriends, girlfriends, lovers and/or spouses, that may have at some point and time in your life...touched your heart and soul in some way...

I want to say a special thank you to my wife, Tami. Thank you for being there when I needed you to be and when I didn't know I did.

FOREWORD

I have always been tempted to publish a compilation of poetry. So when I was recently asked what was stopping me from doing, I was surprised at the answer.

Nothing.

Nothing was stopping me and the realization of that was very freeing. So I decided to do what I have been wanting to do for sometime, release my poetry in a format that allows me to share them with the world.

This first volume focuses on two diametric opposites...Love and Loss. Some people would question my judgment on this, since the two are so different. However, in my mind, they are just two sides of the same coin. Both operate under the same rules and both manage to shape the way the world moves.

If I accomplish anything with this book, I hope it is to help soothe the hurt of others and share my outlook with everyone. So without further ado...let us begin this journey together.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'John A. Harrison', with a stylized flourish at the end.

John A Harrison

LOVE

Everyone has felt the sting of love's bittersweet barb. You know the one. The one that hits when you are looking somewhere else and then BAM, you are struck dumb and blind to everything and everyone except the one you love. It is that not too subtle feeling that pulls the breathe from your lungs or the overt pain in the pit of your stomach as you are about to speak...that none too subtle sense of awkwardness when you finally admit it is the real thing. Yet no one can quite describe it completely accurately to someone that has never experienced it for themselves.

Love is hard to describe. Love... is wonderful...is horrible...is ambiguous...is a miracle...is a blessing...is a curse...just is.

This has been the great undertaking that all of the great poets have been trying to capture in prose and verse for centuries. Now it is my turn to try and expose this virtue in a way that strikes a subtle chord. I can only hope that my offerings on the next few pages assists in this. That somehow these words, captured in print, can allow you, the reader, to glimpse the very essence of this wonderful, fleeting, and spectacular thing we call love.

Princess

She's too beautiful for me
her skin's too deep in mine
and I'm losing my mind
losing my mind

Her fingers are like fire
the heat is too hard
her love's a beautiful sunrise
flower on my palm

Tami is her name
and if you see her
beware
she'll tear you apart

Her kisses burn my chest
like war had just begun
I'm trying to escape
I really am...

Some things feel so wrong
She's the princess of my life
she's passion for a night
wind in the morning

We are just passing by
we meet in the dark
we apart in the morning
why can't it last?

Loss

Sometimes loss creeps in after too much thought. No matter what you try, you can never get it to ease. Loss is like a mugger. It hits when you least expect it and hits hardest when you are alone. Loss is blamed for more problems than anything else.

Whenever we go through a traumatic event, our mind opens itself up to the negativity that floats all around us. Not only is that unhealthy, it also can be self destructive. The sense of loss is our survival mechanism for dealing

with that negative energy.

Without it we would be incapable of compassion for the plight of others. We would also be incapable of loving others completely. In a sense we would never evolved, as a species, to create even a rudimentary society, let alone the intricate one we have today.

So, you see, without the feeling of loss, we truly would be just that...lost.

Sadness

My heart is crying
My eyes remain dry

Within me I cry out in anger
My mouth remains silent

My hands want to fight
Remains still

Life is not fair
Death is sudden

The sorrow continues
I wish it was me

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A Reiki Master and accomplished author, John Harrison lives in central California and enjoys spending time with his family when he is not trying his hand at literary endeavors.

His current projects include: Shadow Flight (the second novel in the Shadow Saga), Unholy Trinity (a short story that is being considered for publication in Michael Morcock's New Worlds Magazine) just to name a few.

For more information about John, or to find other works released by him, check him out on the web: www.facebook.com/JohnAalbertHarrison