

## Ramblings of One Who Ponders



Are you experiencing one of those “bleak” winter days? The sky is cloudy and dark, the surroundings eerily quiet and no beautiful white snow to reflect illuminating light. Try as I might to write about something cheerful and bright to combat this SAD (Seasonal Affective Disorder) transient state of mind mental focus seems to escape me. I feel much more agreeable to let my subconscious thoughts take center stage.

The difficulty with relating thoughts from the subconscious is they come in fragments and symbols needing to be deciphered, requiring focus. A great many poets, in my opinion, write some of the best poetry during these times of subconscious takeover. Impressions and feelings pouring out in a steady stream; they are written more to placate themselves than for the impact upon their readers.

Visuals, fragments, and symbols are constantly floating in and out. Opening dust covered boxes of memories to float to the forefront. Why? And Why Now? Of what use are these seemingly innocuous memories in this moment of time? Must there be a purpose? Cannot it be just rambling thoughts without rhyme nor reason? Dig deep down that hole. What treasures or demons are there to be found? Or are they only pieces of the map?

Tugging the filament thread I search for its origin. Show me dear Spider, where are these beginnings? Far, far back in time tied to denied emotions of the old to understand emotions of the present. Following the threads and their patterns made, seeking understanding to shed light on the bleakness of the day.

Even the prowess of Sherlock Holmes and Hercules Poirot with their logical deductions and superior gray cells cannot decipher the tempest within the subconscious ocean. Navigating through this perfect storm where is my golden compass to lead me to the calm waters under the brilliant sky? Once again I crave to feel the benevolence of the

Universe. Alas, illumination stays hidden. Although I indeed know this will have its ending and the return of my compass will come. This endurance needed seems like an unbearable torture.

Save me from the stoicism! I wish to feel, yell, scream, cry, and finally dance and laugh at this cruel joke. I know, that indeed this storm shall pass, the truth revealed and that in some time forward my somewhat weathered self will turn and look back to see the scope and meaning of this all. There is always a purpose to these deep, dark upheavals of the heart and soul. One cannot travel the road of life standing still; nor can that road be free from bumps, twists, and turns. Strengthened by accepting this truth gives me the impetus to move forward.

Do my eyes deceive me? Is that a slight glimmer of sunlight off in the distance? Is this the first flickering of a Spring?

*With Gratitude,*

*Kai*