

This Unstoppable Joy

(for Frances, who tried to bound it, and Helen D., who helped me name it)\

Some would tell you life fits only into a formulated joy,
But they are mostly those,
Who have not skirted the bounds of joy themselves,
That would have you believe
That a rectilinear joy,
Behind suburban walls,
Turns darkness into colour,
And sadness to sweet joy.

But when you truly know their lives,
There seems a jollity that would
Deny the sadness eating away at their hearts.
The sadness that the true force of joy,
Has never truly visited them.
That the juggling balls tumbled too fast for them,
The notes on the page could not be untangled,
The pace of the horse threatened to throw them to the ground.

For that unstoppable joy we all seek,
Has a pace of its own,
Jumbles and untangles colours, balls, notes, hooves,
And races past those who would set their limits to it.
For it races on ahead,
And only those who have wrestled out the falseness of their too cosy truths,
Know its joy, its pace,
And the fact that it guards the gates,
To true, unstoppable, never-ending love.