

Wilderness House Literary Review 21/3

Gary Ramsey **The Song of Life**

A tender cry rises into the air,
a fragile thread of sound
that eases the weight of uncertainty.

The first soft breath unfolds, trembling and new,
marking the opening lines of a quiet, endless tale.
Moments fall upon us like sudden bursts of light,
filling the heart with warmth, wonder,
and the promise of everything yet to be.

We learn to smile, to sing,
to feel the sun spill across our faces in springtime,
to chase shadows and laughter through bright fields.
Each joy drifts softly as a petal through the air,
settling upon the ground, leaving a trace in memory
that glows even after the day has passed.

Seasons turn, and the rhythm of life hums on.
Our steps grow steady, then slower,
and the circle begins to draw near its closing arc.
Loved ones gather in the stillness of quiet rooms,
where whispers and tears slip into silence,
and time feels tender, holding its breath.

Yet even in the hush of farewells,
a newborn's cry echoes somewhere in the distance—
reminding us that for every laugh, every sigh,
for every ending that folds gently into dusk,
the pulse of life begins again at dawn.
Crying, the first music of our hearts,
sings the simple, everlasting truth of being alive.

Through joy and sorrow, light and shadow,
the song moves from voice to voice, hand to hand,

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woven into the air we leave behind.
And in that unbroken melody,
we hear ourselves—
and know that life is never truly still.

Tears

Tears traverse the landscape of skin—
not a river's rush, not a storm's fury,
but a single bead, warm, sentient,
testament to something unnamed.

Today, it found me,
unexpected, unbidden,
as though the body holds archives
the mind dares not unearth.
Tears defy logic:

they emerge amidst laughter's crescendo,
break free when joy overflows—
too vast, too brilliant for containment.

They converge, too, where sorrow lingers,
cooling the heat of absence,
salt mingling with warmth,
evidence of what was, release for what remains.

This tear, today, belongs to you:
a fragile filament of ache,
threading absence with presence,
unfurling the echoes—
laughter, fragments of memory,
resonant, indelible.

On my cheek, it pulses—
not just grief's residue,
but gratitude's silent companion,
a prism refracting everything
too vast, too sacred for words.

Dreams

The cold winds of life
Awakens the sleeping mind
As dreams are pulled away from you
And suspended in space and time.

Then love is just a whisp of clouds
Happiness a star unseen
Until she returns to me
Deep within my dreams.

The midnight rain begins to fall
Echoing her silent name
Each drop a tear from distant skies
A witness to my pain.

Beneath the shivering moon I wait
Lost in the shadows of regret
Hoping that her tender light
Will find my heart again.

Her Name is Hope

You are the gentle light
That pours into my soul,
Filling the hollow corners
With happiness and joy.

Your radiance drifts through my thoughts,
Turning every shadow into gold,
Reminding me that even in silence,
Love softly hums its song.

You are the evening breeze,
Soft fingers brushing away
The shadows of my troubles,
Guiding my heart to peace.

You carry the scent of flowers
Through the twilight air,
Whispering secrets of calm rivers
And the promise of restful dreams.

You are the whisper of hope,
A melody that lingers,
Promising brighter tomorrows
In the quiet of my dreams.

Like the first note of spring
Breaking the winter's hold,
Your song wraps my heart in wonder
And reminds me I am never alone.

You are the morning sun,
Warming the earth beneath me,
Chasing the frost of sorrow

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With glimmers of endless love.

Your rays reach deep and tender,
Touching places I had forgotten,
Awakening sleepy joys
And painting the sky with hope.

You are the gentle rain,
Falling softly in my heart,
Nurturing seeds of courage
That bloom into radiant life.
Each drop a note of laughter,
Each ripple a quiet embrace,
Until my soul is a garden
Where love and wonder grow.

You are the quiet miracle,
The soft rhythm of my days,
A tender gift that surrounds me
In the music of your ways.

And in your light, your breeze, your song,
I find the truest part of me,
A heart overflowing with warmth,
A life that feels wonderfully free.

The Moment That We Say Goodbye

If only eternity could cradle us
in that single, shattering moment of farewell—
while I drink the bitter tears
of a love that dissolves into sorrow,
slipping like moonlight from my trembling eyes.

Then perhaps God Himself would pause,
and life and joy and the very pulse of love
would remain suspended in our hearts.
No loneliness, no sacrifice,
no sin but the refusal to let go.

But fate is merciless, and it shall not be.
Separation is a dagger that severs souls,
and your love soars beyond the heavens,
a streaking star I can never touch.

Cast away fear. Let no guilt linger.
The cosmos moves in secrets I cannot grasp.
The sun will rise again for the world,
while I wander, lost, through the maze of life.

So, sleep now, radiant soul,
amid God's endless fields of sweet clover.
While here, I remain—a shadow in mourning—
chained to the earth, exiled to suffer
in the frozen grasp of Eternity.