



Thoughts Poems and Reflections in a Time of Pandemic.

4. The Dark Hole

Thoughts, Poems and Reflections in a Time of Pandemic. Number 4: The Dark Hole

At the present time the news is dominated by two things, the rapidly increasing number of deaths from the Corona Virus Pandemic and the disruption it creates. The social isolation forces us in on ourselves and makes us face up to our personal thoughts, fears, and challenges that we might otherwise have hidden away. In these "*Thoughts, Poems and Reflections in a time of Pandemic*". I describe some of these, and how through facing them we may find fulfilment in the lives we seek.

For the woman in the previous poem "Elastoplast Eyes" the future must have seemed bleak but what can be most devastating of all is the loss of hope. Probably most of us will have encountered periods at some time where life can seem totally bleak. That has happened to me and this poem "*The Dark Hole*" describes my experiences at a time when that occurred.

THE DARK HOLE

A dark hole opens before me
Unprepared, unexpected, I flounder near the rim
And try to swim against the current's flow
But it drags me in
Fearful, frantic, I thrash about and watch the life I've made
Dragged into the vortex down below
With one last gasp I grab a rope
And with all my willpower hold on and just manage not to let go.

But this is no storm of death
For I hear the song of the self in the Siren's call
With a demand for life of a different kind
In the wreck of all I know
Unremitting, unstoppable, the Siren call orders me to take
One single cataclysmic act to destroy the life
Which willpower still controls
And devastate all things and the lives of friends and those I love.

What now does the future hold?
The Siren's call is now out of range but still lies behind
Some future tempest arising from the strength.
Of the conflict's power
Driving, forcing, a future crisis triggered from some event
Magnified by the vulnerability of my mind
To destroy willpower's role
When the next time comes; I will not find any escape from the hole.

I must look for another route
Before willpower again fails; I must chart a different course
And give release to the identity I fight
In some more ordered way
Trying, hoping, to find any new method of retaining control
When I have tried this approach before
And not found any limit
To the distance it would travel along its charted journey.

What hope does the future give?
Do I continue to resist and face a future catastrophe?
Or am I compelled to follow identity's course?
To end willpower's role.
Desperately, longingly, I search for a way out and can find none
For both drive me to the same unsought for shore
Destroying all that I value most
In despair I cry out for help and do not know which way to turn.

As at November 1987

REFLECTION

What the cause of this crisis was need not concern us here. It is sufficient to say I was attempting to live a life which identified me with the expectations of others, not those of my own. It is also about identity, not behaviour. In my poem on "Anger" (No.7), I describe more of its effects. When these things happen; we can feel totally isolated and alone - but we should never be isolated from love.

In Romans 8 verses 35 to 39 Paul says: *"Can anything ever separate us from Christ's love? Does it mean he no longer loves us if we have trouble or calamity, or are persecuted, or hungry, or destitute, or in danger, or threatened with death? (As the Scriptures say, "For your sake we are killed every day; we are being slaughtered like sheep)." No, despite all these things, overwhelming victory is ours through Christ, who loved us. And I am convinced that nothing can ever separate us from God's love. Neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither our fears for today nor our worries about tomorrow - not even the powers of hell can separate us from God's love. No power in the sky above or in the earth below - indeed, nothing in all creation will ever be able to separate us from the love of God that is revealed in Christ Jesus our Lord"* At times of crisis our own feelings of anger, fear and guilt, with the very real fear of being rejected, together with the frequent feeling that we are the only person suffering, and that no one else could possibly understand, can blind us to that love. Yet regardless of religious belief that love is always present: if only we can become able to open our eyes to see and comprehend.

In a time of bleakness, depression, and loss of hope, when life seems unbearable, according to our own beliefs, open our eyes to the love that exists around us. Let us know that we can never be separated from that love and help us to find in the company of others the support that we need.

The complete collection of reflections is available is available at: www.com.tqdr.co.uk/articles/001C-PandemicThoughts.pdf