



Never Far

poetry about peace

Lauren Lott

For the sleepless

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NEVER

FAR



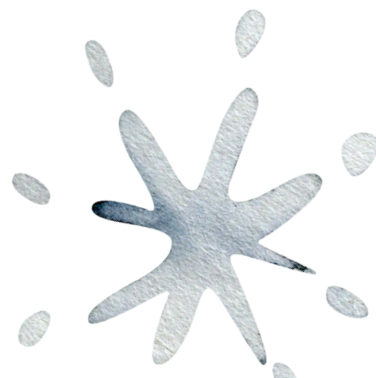
Never Far

1. A warm bath for your heart.
2. The crackle of a calming flame.
3. A gentle breeze among the leaves.
4. The absence of guilt and shame.
5. The lapping of waters cool.
6. A stone castle in a storm.
7. Trustworthy, true, never far from you.
8. A moonlite path to home.

-peace is.

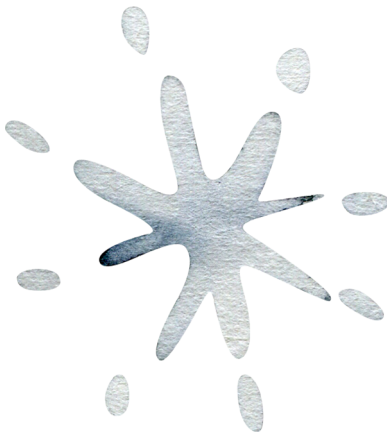


Take off,
all that restricts.
Throw down,
all that weighs heavy.
Turn out,
all that taunts and worries.
For peace is a loose,
light,
ethereal
thing;
as sure as here,
as near as breath.



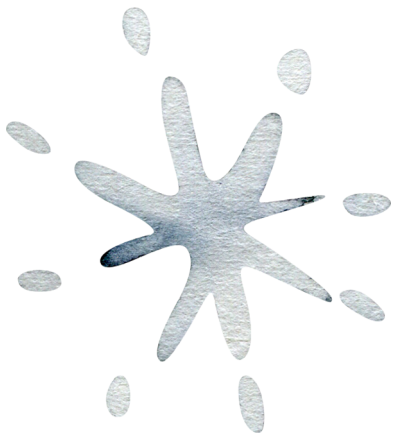


Never Far



I don't know why
or exactly when,
but I moved from
expecting to accepting
and found you again.

-when peace popped its head up.



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I watch her sleep;
pulling in slow,
pushing out full.
This is the time of day
when we are both at our best.
She entwined with childhood dreams
and I with prayers for peace.

-dream baby.



In 17,
I travelled to the top of the world.
I sailed on glass,
and watched mountains weep as winter let go.
I walked on glaciers,
and among pines taller than I knew existed.
Still, after taking in all this wild wonder,
I found no peace;
no pain relief.
Yet I did not leave empty,
but took away with me,
the invaluable truth that
oceans,
mountains,
glaciers,
and the tallest of trees
can not deliver what brave surrender
brought my way.

-it is what it is and you will be ok.





There is still space for peace
when bad news bullies for room.
There is still time for stillness
though deadlines linger and loom.
There is still scope for strong feelings,
still rope for the longings of your heart.
There is still breath for healing,
for a glorious, restart.



Never Far



Toxic relationships.
The self blame game.
People pleasing.
The comfort zone.
Holding grudges.
Perfectionism.
Greed, unquenchable greed.

-give up and gain peace.



I know it seem impossible
but we can hold in our hearts
peace and pain together.

We can feel the rain of sorrow
while wrapped in sheets of calm.

We can grace the depths of grief
linked with relief, arm in arm.

We can ache while arching backward
bathed in soothing sun.

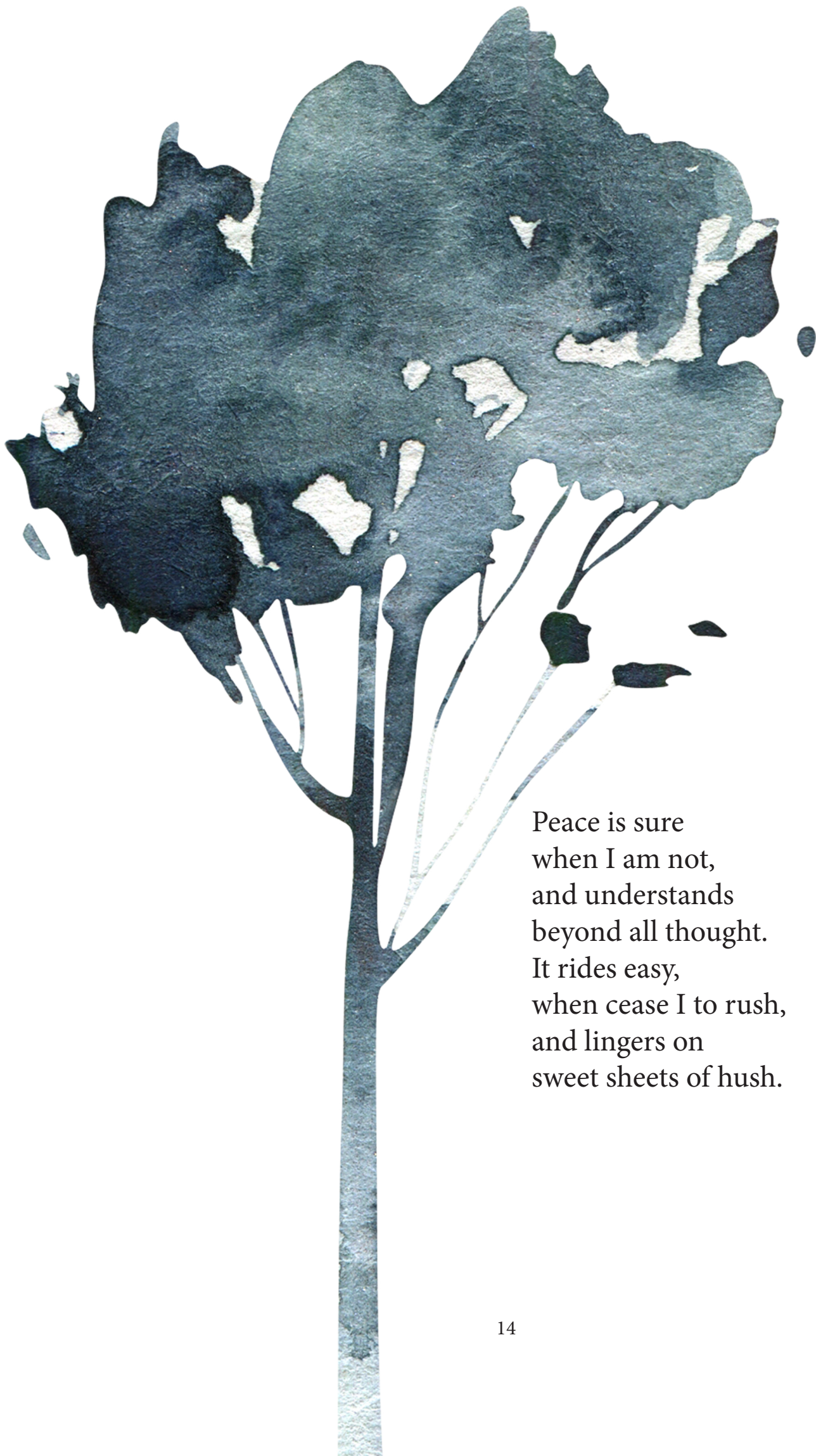
We can sense the light in darkest night,
and hope when death has come.

-the healing facts.



A candle flame.
A slow meadow song.
The choice to forgive
all fault, all wrong.
The fragrance of a lily spath.
Empathy in the aftermath.
Peace, oh peace,
everpresent amity.
Peace, oh peace,
sweet and simple harmony.
I live and live in your loyal clutch;
closer than sun in Summer's touch.





Peace is sure
when I am not,
and understands
beyond all thought.
It rides easy,
when cease I to rush,
and lingers on
sweet sheets of hush.



And how shall I,
now and once more,
open my heart
after this?
After suffering all this?
Through shadows thick,
I faintly see a way.

-to make peace with risk.



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Peace is your compass.
Follow where it leads.

-how to make good choices.



Never Far

When I grow up.
When I finish school.
When I get my driver's licence.
When I get into college.
When I get a good job.
When I get married.
When I have children.
When I make more money.

Hush now dear,
peace is already here;
when you see you need not
be anyone other than
who you are right now.
When you see you
need nothing more.

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Peace is putting down
perceived ideas of who
you should be,
and picking up the privilege
of being who you are.
It does not ask if you are
pleasing and acceptable;
peace bows to no opinion,
for it knows love
and in knowing love
puts all things right.



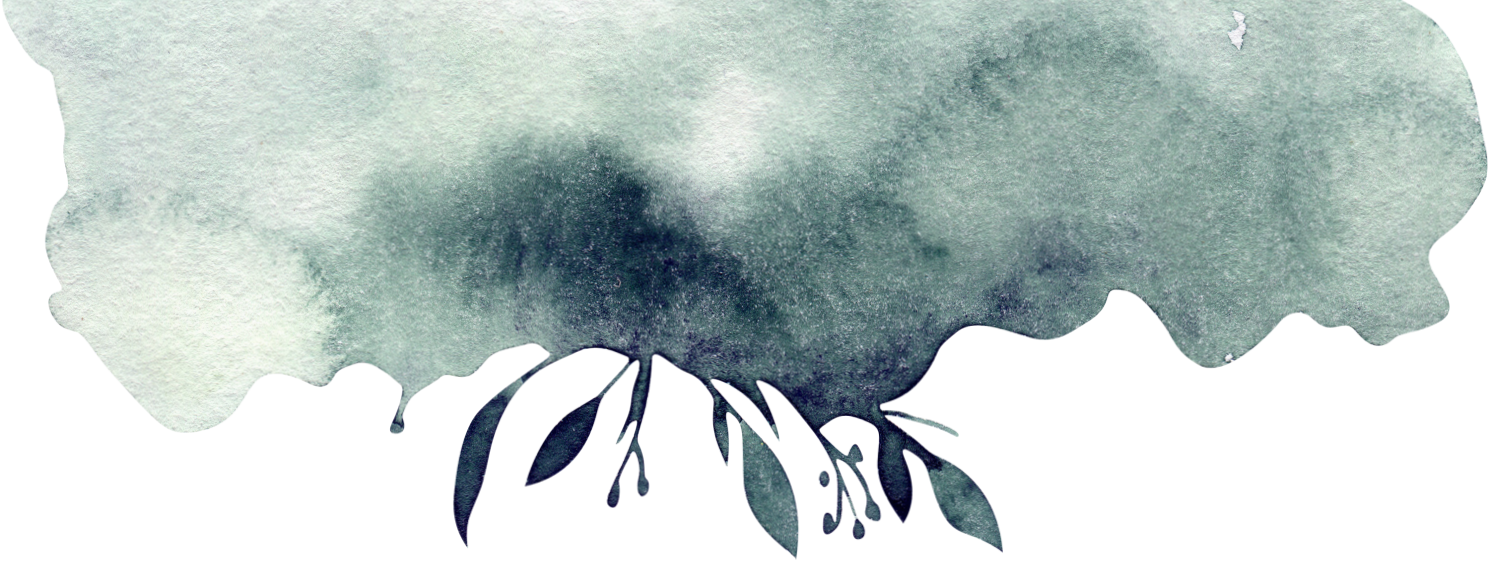
Faith is both letting go,
and holding on.

Truth is more than what we think;
surer than our songs.

Hope is a light,
in heart we see
when dark is all around.

Peace is not only absence of war,
but when complete wholeness is found.

Love, oh Love is mightier;
the greatest you could say.
It spans the earth, the universe;
a sublime and sacred way.



Though there seems to
always be the sound
of a barking dog,
or a crying baby,
or a truck backing up,
I can still enter a quiet place;
a forgiven space,
where all gaps are filled,
all ends are tied,
all wrongs are somehow made right.
It is here, that I feast on
all that is beautifully
beyond myself.

Never Far

Do you know you can send out
a little peace?

Do you know you can give words
as a gift?

Do you understand your power?

-do you care to ponder these questions.



Peace is trusting.
Peace is brave.
It does not worry.
It does not stress.
It is not in a rush.
It does not seek to control.
It is not fearful of missing out.
It is not tied to the past.
It is fervently inclusive.
Peace does not delight in violence,
but rejoices in kindness.
It is always present,
always liberating,
always helpful,
always true.





Dear Unrest,

I am writing to tell you I received the muscle tension and weight gain you sent.

Although you delivered on all you promised, I have decided to cancel my subscription.

Since making this decision I have noticed a reduction in anxiety and an increase in creativity.

My relationships have improved, and I have found it difficult to stop smiling.

Please note, I do not wish to receive any future promotional emails from you as I have already joined a new program called 'peace'.

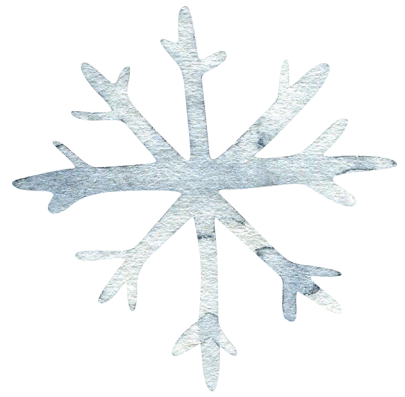
The promises of 'peace' are, quite frankly, unmatched.

I perceive once word gets out, you may struggle to stay in business.

Regards,

The old me.

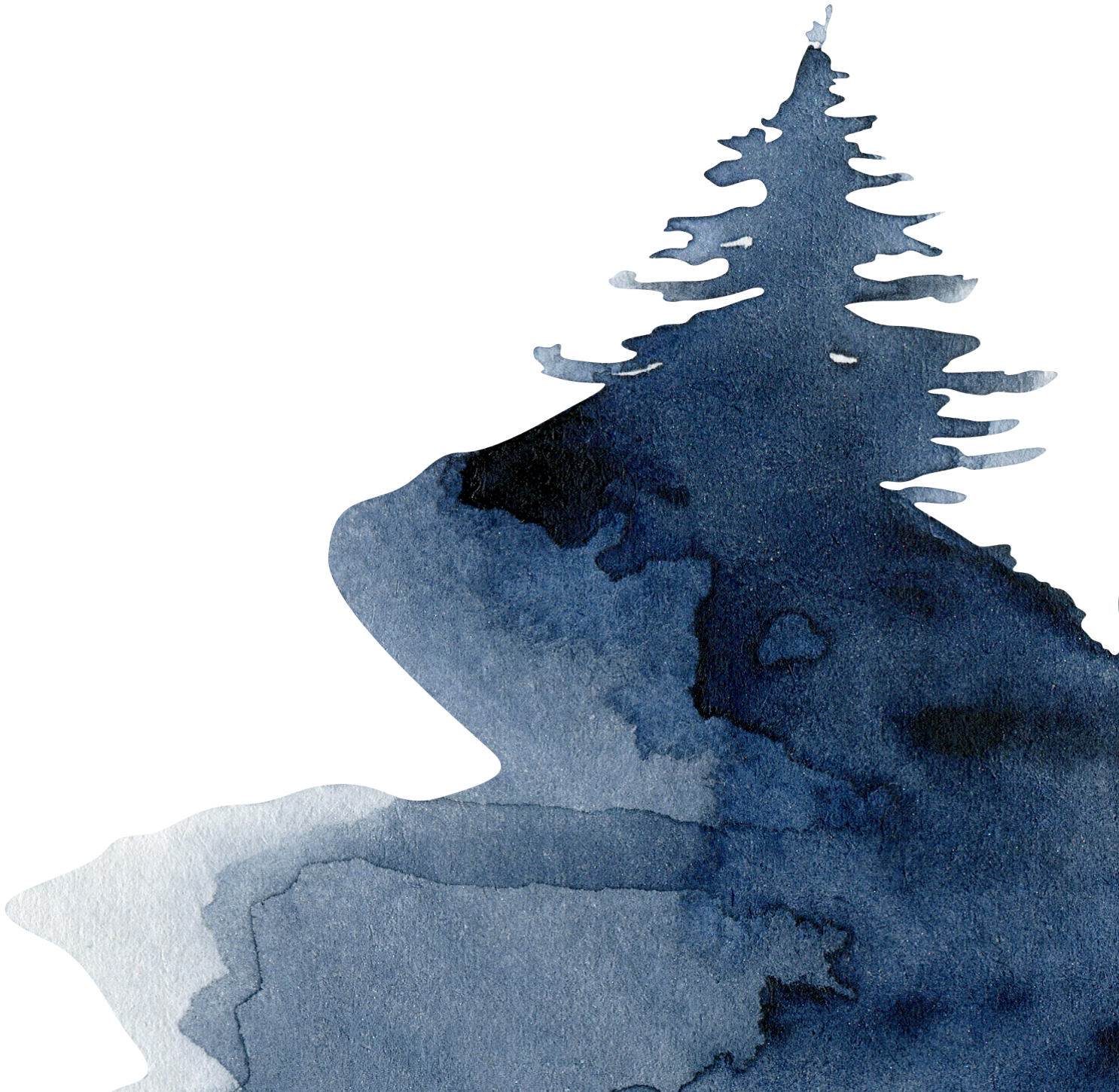
Lauren Lott



Books by Lauren.

The Remains of Burning.

A Strong and Fragile Thing.



Lauren Lott is the author of two inspirational poetry books.

In October 2020, Lauren's first collection 'The Remains of Burning' debuted on Amazon as the #1 New Release in Australian Poetry. Her second collection, 'A Strong and Fragile Thing' was published in June 2021.

As a writer, poet and certified therapeutic writing coach, Lauren seeks to heal, enliven and ignite wonder and curiosity through language.

Lauren lives in Lake Macquarie, Australia with her family.

