

## **Bio Poem**

My life is chaotic; I prefer it that way.

I have watched others mold their lives into neat, practical shapes.  
Perfectly formed and easy to store.  
I once thought that I should try this but –  
in my own way—I am older and wiser now.

I have seen too many people wait too long  
for something that they are not able to define.  
I have worried that they will fail to recognize it when it  
finally presents itself,  
or that it whatever it is will arrive too late—  
or not at all.

A life, after all, must be lived.  
It is not possible to delay the passing of time.  
I do not understand why we try,  
nor why we pretend that we believe we will succeed.

I hate fake emotions and false promises.  
I detest dishonesty.

I love acting on impulse; there is truth in instinct.  
I have lost my sense of what other people call perspective.

And I hope that I will never find it.

## **Hazel Redpath**

## **Biopoem**

My life seems to have stalled  
I am watching my children grow away from me  
I felt real with them  
I had always felt so alive with them  
I am 45  
I have seen sunsets and felt the gentle heat of the sun on my skin, and  
the sharp clearness of clear river water.

I believe we can still feel hopeful  
and find childlike awe in mundane things,  
But for many this becomes almost impossible to regenerate.

I don't understand how people then surrender  
to the difficulties in maintaining that.

How do people live  
When they find no joy?  
How can they stop looking for it?

I shun small-mindedness and intolerance, and  
cannot understand those who lack compassion or empathy.  
I intensely dislike the pleasure some people find in others misfortune.

I love my children—they are genuine and engaging people.  
I used to love life  
But I have lost the energy to consume it.  
The energy to actively seek joy,  
but hope to regain my ability to appreciate and feel content.

**Philippa Grace**