

Silent Hues

(Creative Project by Philipp Schuhmacher)

Neath golden glow of spring's sunlight,
Through woods and fields and nature's bright,
My eyes fixed on the path I take,
Reflecting on last nights' mistake.

A gentle breeze sweeps through the air,
Its touch could soothe away despair.
The branches sway, their quiet tune
Could calm my soul, if only soon.

I wish that I could see as they,
Who bask in nature's grand array.
Her painted skies, her healing streams,
A world alive with boundless dreams.

So nature would be great, I feel,
A haven pure, where wounds might heal.
It'd ease my heart, improve my mind,
A place where peace is redefined.

But God himself has intervened,
To black and white my life was deemed.
The bliss of natures' balm declined,
For I myself am colourblind.

//short pause

Beneath the boughs where shadows play,
I wander on, my thoughts astray.
Through forests deep, on paths untold,
Where Nature's splendour whispers bold.

A sacred glade, a hidden shrine,
Where trees like spires in stillness shine.
What truths would wiser men reveal,
What words would teach my heart to feel?
To grasp what I have yet to see,
Through eyes that knew eternity.

"A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,"
That is what Wordsworth said, I hear,
To him, their glow brought golden cheer.
Yet gold to me is dulled to grey,
Their splendour lost along the way.
But still, they stir, a silent wave,
A dance of light they gently crave.
Their motion hums, a quiet rhyme,
A fleeting joy that spans through time.
The lake, a mirror, soft and deep,
Reflects the secrets that they keep.
Beneath the boughs, the shadows play,
And whispers carry me away.

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky," he told.
And yet, for me, no hues appear,
Its arch a ghost, a pale veneer.
The vivid blaze that he could see,
A shadowed arc must be for me.
Still, something stirs—a gentle grace,
A whispered charm, a fleeting trace.
Not colors' blaze, but shapes unfold,
A silent hymn my heart does hold.
I watch its curve in soft ascent,
Its tranquil arc, its firmament.
It bends through clouds with stately ease,
A bridge that spans eternity's seas.
Its pattern speaks of nature's art,

Of cycles endless, worlds apart.
Though robbed of chroma's fleeting glow,
Its timeless form still speaks, I know.
And in its quiet, pale display,
I sense a light that guides my way.

"The green trees whispered low and mild,
In the quiet shade where Nature smiled."
Their green escapes my sight, it's true,
But Coleridge knew what Nature drew
In whispers low and shadows deep,
A world where ancient secrets sleep.
The branches weave a living dome,
A sacred hall, a timeless home.
Each breath of wind, a soft caress,
A hymn of boundless tenderness.
The canopy, a choir sublime,
That murmurs songs of ageless time.
Each root, a thread in Nature's loom,
Each step, a journey through her womb.
The air holds scents of earth and pine,
A fleeting sip of Nature's wine.
The rustling leaves, a poet's line,
Each word unspoken, yet divine.
I feel the pulse beneath my feet,
A rhythm pure, intense, discreet.
In every sound, a secret hum,
A world alive, where dreams are spun.

//short pause

I take a breath, the first in a while,
A fleeting peace upon my smile.

//long pause

But soon, it fades, and I recall,
The hues that nature can't install.

A world with hues there is no way
That I see more than nature's grey.
The vibrant world they speak of, bright,
Is lost to me, a distant light.

I know it's there, beyond my view,
The colours, rich and vast, in hue.
But still, they mock, forever barred,
A canvas left too faint, too scarred.

As God himself has intervened,
To black and white my life is deemed.
The bliss of nature's balm declined,
For I myself am colourblind.

-> If this poem leaves you with a sense of paradox, then perhaps it has fulfilled its purpose.