



VirginSlate

*Illusion*

December 2011

## Illusion

“To be or not to be, that is the question”

To modern society, this idea of “being” rather than “doing” seems just a far fetched ideological concept, having no relevance to society or the individual today.

Present society is more obsessed with doing, achieving and accumulating, rather than being. Today, we are told that the more we possess materially and the higher we achieve in social status, the happier and more fulfilled man will be. Is this the greatest 21<sup>st</sup> century illusion of all?

In this vast universe, surely the value and worth of a human being is far more than this.

We live in a fast moving world of action and more action.

But “what is this life of care, if we have no time to stop and stare”.

A life that is crammed with activity, too busy and distracted, gives us no time or space to dream and to be.

Maybe, young “gap year” students who backpack around the world in order to “find themselves” haven’t got it too wrong.

Sometimes, it is only in the silent sanctuary of our own hearts can we really find our inner strength, to grow, develop and live. Herein, in quiet solitude, we can identify our uniqueness and value and thus learn to live out our life to its full potential and march to our own individual beat, fulfilled in body, mind and spirit.

**Illusion**

Rushing and racing,  
Always in a hurry,  
moving and pacing.  
Life's just a flurry, like a snow shower,  
there and then gone.  
Leaving it's mush and slush,  
for us to clean up.

That's life;  
No chance to stop, to look around.  
Thus missing the marvels which wait to amaze and excite us.

Take a moment;  
Use the car windscreen as the finest picture window to observe,  
the wonderful canvas that is the sky.  
Shifting and moving,  
the picture presents itself to each of us.  
But each will see it differently.

The clouded sky is full,  
faces, animals, trees, mountains, countries, even continents.  
Really, there is nothing there but what we choose to see.  
On this coloured, moving ever changing canvas.  
That is the sky.

**When I am gone**

When I am gone,  
 In forty or fifty years, with luck,  
 Do not stand by my grave and weep.  
 That would be a little pointless,  
 and you might catch a cold.

When I am gone,  
 I may not have a grave anyway.  
 I may be frozen or burned or buried at sea,  
 or lost up a mountain or expelled into  
 space,  
 or evaporated by an atomic bomb.  
 So do not stand anywhere and weep,  
 especially if it is radioactive,  
 or raining.

When I am gone,  
 there will be no corner of some foreign  
 field,  
 that is forever vegetarian,  
 or bald,  
 or an accountant.  
 But feel free to find such a corner and leave  
 me there,  
 whatever you have left of me,  
 (but mind your step, if it's a cow field).

When I am gone,  
 if you are family,  
 and you can't find your keys in the  
 morning,  
 or somebody has eaten all the cheese,  
 or the bedroom smells of socks,  
 You can imagine me there;  
 I won't mind.

When I am gone,  
 if you are a friend,  
 and you try to be funny,  
 but nobody gets it and you feel a little silly,  
 and you've insulted someone's mother,  
 and their car,  
 and their religion,  
 and called their kids fat,  
 but it was still really funny.  
 You can blame that joke on me;  
 I'd be happy with that.

When I am gone,  
 If you are a wife or lover or girlfriend,  
 or a mistress (in fifty years, who knows),  
 or any woman I have loved,  
 or if you are Scarlett Johansson,  
 or if you are a girl (or a guy, I won't mind)  
 who has loved me,  
 And you are woken up at four in the  
 morning by a warm breeze on the back of  
 your ear,  
 or by a light tickle like a finger running down  
 your spine from the middle to the bottom,  
 or by someone knocking over a glass of  
 water on the bedside table and breaking the  
 alarm clock.  
 You can imagine me there;  
 I'll be gentle.

When I am gone,  
 if you still choose to believe,  
 in Sunday candles, wine and bread, and gilt  
 mumbles,  
 and you see me looking down from a cloud,  
 playing 'Stairway' on a harp,  
 I won't mind.

When I am gone,  
 I will haunt you in any way you let me.  
 When I am gone,  
 I will be gone.

**Illusion:** "a false or unreal perception"; when you think there is light at the end of the tunnel, but there is not. When you think you are happy, but you are not. When you think everything is going to be ok, but it is not.

## **About VirginSlate**

VirginSlate is a group of would-be creative writers based in Cork, Ireland.

Our inaugural session happened in the Slate Bar in Cork on Tuesday, 11th October 2011. We can blame the teacher of our creative writing class for cancelling that night, so we had nothing better to do than go to the pub and get creative.

Each of our fortnightly issues will begin with a theme (a word or a phrase). We then have two weeks to submit a piece of writing on that theme. The writing can use any form and take the theme in any direction the author wishes.

Every two weeks the group meets (in a pub) to discuss the various submissions and decides upon a theme for the following fortnight. The authors then have a chance to make any edits they like before the submissions are published online.

We provide a forum for would-be creative writers to practice their writing and get some friendly feedback and constructive criticism.

Selecting a theme each fortnight makes it easier to stop wondering what to write about and to concentrate on just writing something.

New members are welcome to either join us in the pub or to submit entries by email or post.

Email us at: [virginslate@gmail.com](mailto:virginslate@gmail.com)

Or follow us on Facebook: <http://www.facebook.com/VirginSlate>