

Jim Mears

Written by Administrator

Saturday, 14 April 2007 21:00 - Last Updated Thursday, 14 June 2007 13:57

Jim Mears

May 18 1944 - March 27 2007



Jim at Bearidise, August 1999



Jim, Don, and Roy at dinner in England Dec 2006



Jim's favorite things: The relationship ... The Bear ... The house ... The friends ... The orchids
For Jim.

In quiet thoughts

In quiet thoughts I live again, the days that used to be.
How rich in kindness, love, and care.
How dear you are to me.

My memories of your sweet face, your arms that me embraced.
Your words of love, encouraging.
Our world, our time, our place.

Sleep peacefully; my love for now..... until we meet again.
We'll blow around on Ainsdale Dunes,
No more suffering or pain.

Roy Grant **The Bear**

as i die again and again
my blood killed by chemicals they call therapy
i miss our cuddle his warm furry kiss
naughty tongue
smell of sweet sweat
glint of strength in his bright eyes
things he cannot do wrong

remember the picture of the rising sun
through the snaky circle of the anhingas neck

and drift into the hypnogogic dream of the meadow and the bear

big ole grizzly lumbers from the aspen birch and plum
a cub bouncing sometimes behind in the scent of strength security
sometimes ahead turning and watch for glaring eyes and grunts of disapproval

the big one tasting meadowberries old eyes seeing mostly memories
feeling the sun more slowly each day
unable to chase now the trout
but always sniffing under opaque gaze

the cub without the time for food
chasing butterflies and nipping flowers
hepatica and rue poppies and celandine
pausing in mid-flight to see trouble was calling him back

each day the pattern was the same
until one day beyond the lake
beyond the alders rushweeds beautybushes
he could not see or sense approval

he forgot the carefree dance and raced across the apron of the pond
to find the giant that tethered him to the ground
which had once stood and roared and fought the wolves
saw strength and confidence stumbling staggering grumbling
falling to the ground
until
all
sound
stopped

wind blew like winter shrivelling the flowers and butterflies

he sniffed and nudged and did not know this thing that did not see the sky
had nothing more of light in eyes
nothing left to call him back

he swallowed a whimper unheard by ghosts of insects and bright violets
until light ran liquid from the sky

from the cave that was once so familiar alive and powerful
lumbering himself and never bouncing like a cub
he returned to the field
where a scar grew upon the ground
smelling strange of memories

until one day there was nothing left to remind
where confidence strength and curiosity was anchored

after the long sleep he rose on his legs to smell the day
to remember where he had to go
but did not remember what he sought
he saw the myriad of flowers bursting from the hidden scar
and tasted once again berries he had known before

but never chased again the butterflies
which had carried something to the clouds

the cub was not seen again in the meadow
but was safe from the wolves
for then he carried the scent of a very big bear

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I thought I would have more time with him
but he is strong and beautiful
secure in love and being loved
and will live it all without fear

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