

## Mario Faulmann – Poet

My life as a poet began on 11th July 1989 - eight-days before my twenty-fourth birthday, the day on which I buried my maternal grandmother. And five months after my eight-and-a-half-month stint on Kibbutz Gonen, Israel. I had to come full circle, and now twenty-three-years later I'm back in Mitchell's Plain, having left there a few months after July 1989 and now live seven kilometres from where I started-off writing. Now here I am a published poet, my journey splashed with a lifetime of stories, escapades and noble quests.

It was in Israel that my storytelling was really born. My writing really flourished there, as I wrote descriptive and humorous stories of my adventures in the Holy Land. The prose poem, titled Dear God, was just a young man feeling lost and restless in a crazy, messed-up world. Now over two decades later, I realise it was worse than I could ever have imagined and have given my life to wage a war of peace. My brief exploration into the world quenched my thirst, gave me a new, broader perspective and birthed dreams of the impossible.

So far my journey of almost half-a-century has been filled with the entire spectrum of human emotion and experience. Somehow, God has always been a central figure in my puzzling existence on this planet. All I do, write or say comes from this context. My inspiration for life and prose is His creation, which is people first then all which walks, flies and grows on the fair face of our beautiful Earth.

I'm a passionate humanitarian and environmentalist and cannot separate these aspects of my being from my encounter with life. For me every bird I see reflects the awesomeness of a creative being; and I am captivated by the love, creativity and childlike wonder at the unpretentious beauty offered to me. Each blade of grass is sacred, bearing the signature of life scribbled in its veins. I feel the pulse of life flowing through my every breath, coursing through my fibre.

My life has been touched by joy and visited by sorrow. Without friends and people who care, without love, what a lonely world this would have been. The privilege of friendship has blessed my soul beyond anything I could hope for and has brought me safely thus far.

My sights are set, my vision is before me, many goals achieved and challenges that still lie ahead. I look back and see a radical teenager and young man who saw the road and made certain choices. I have counted the cost and sacrifice everything to bring love and compassion to a dying world. Forward with the revolution!

The poems in this journal come from my anthology, *Voice in the Wilderness*, published by NewAdventurePublishing in 2012, and published here, with permission.

Carpe Diem!

**MaRiO.x**