

## A River Moving In Me

A river that moves  
slowly, gently, without stopping --  
without fear.

A river that is happy  
for the stones  
along the bottom --

for the roots along the banks.

A river that breathes freely --  
that moves without pushing,  
without desperation,

knowing how it moves  
is right and powerful  
and full of grace --

wanting nothing more.

## Silence Wants

This silence wants to be heard.

Wants to share itself  
with you, with me.  
Wants to not be alone  
in the night.

Come to me, the silence says,

Sit with me. Lay with me.  
Let us be together  
in the quiet.  
You need not be alone

for I am here --

anxious for your company,  
your listening ear,  
your open heart --  
as your body relaxes

into the quilt of quiet

My many layers  
of stillness and empathy,  
of rest and peacefulness,  
of learning and letting go.

Come to me and listen.

Held

Now we see that we are being held  
Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer Dream the Apocalypse

I thought I had to hold on tight  
to survive. Hold my loved ones close.  
Hold my words close to my chest.  
Don't ask those questions. Don't speak of that.

Hold onto every book, every piece of paper  
I ever wrote on, every gift I was ever given,  
every letter I ever got.

None of that worked. None of that  
helped me move forward. Accept myself  
as I was. None of that helped me

hold onto the feeling that I was loved,  
valued, worthy. All that just kept  
moving further and further away  
the more I tried.

Trying harder just didn't work.  
Trying to be what they wanted.  
Trying to be more. Better.

Trying to love harder. Keep trying  
even though everything seemed impossible.  
Trying to show them how good I could be.

What a valued friend I could be.  
How much love I offered.  
How much I helped. How much I gave.

None of that worked. I didn't know  
what else to do but try harder.  
I just got smaller and smaller.

Then one day I began to focus instead  
on the beauty that lay all around me.  
I let the beauty fill me  
and slowly I began to realize

that the earth held my feet so gently.  
that the moon looked over my shoulder.  
that the sun was happy to warm me.  
that the sky was the sweetest of blankets.

And I began to see that I was the one  
being held – by the earth, the moon, the sun,

the sky, the trees, the creek.  
All holding me safely. All content to do so.

And there was no need for me  
to do the holding, for me to grip so tight  
my muscles ached with exhaustion.  
Plus it never really worked.

Holding on desperately, determinedly,  
till my grip failed and whatever I thought  
I had built fell to pieces.  
Stop holding on so tightly.

Let yourself be held.

## Rest

The night surrounds my house,  
so dark, so soft --  
the sky quiet and deep  
and full of stars.

The trees the best company  
a woman could have --  
encouraging me  
to stand tall.

The wind gathers, pushing me  
to speak my truth --  
breathe into my dreams.

I know the wind  
will touch my face,  
the trees will give me oxygen,  
the sky watch over me.

The night says  
cover yourself with soft blankets.

Lay your head down and rest.

You can start again tomorrow.

Yes, your story needs told.

Yes, your words matter.

You matter.

These trees are your friends.

This creek your voice.

This sky another blanket.

We hold you as you rest.

Sleep now.

## Morning Fog

The world covered  
with a light fog

like the sky has  
come down

to greet the trees  
to kiss the earth  
it loves

to lay together  
for just a moment

before they  
have to wake