

Moving Stillness



Made of Tao Existence

A paradox of a paradox
I am confronted by none that may ease my wonderings of where i am
in the mind of god
In the mind of god in the mind of god
'Words are masks' the silent man transmutes to the wandering shepard
And in this unmoving truth,
A novel is a symbol, a woman is a woman
A coward is a coward

Dark nights grow darker
Deep lovers grow closer
Alchemy spreads like lucid fire
In the hearts of youth

We see past ageless suffering
We read the messages carved
In stone for us

It is in woman's nature to create
It is in man's nature to allow the feminine to do so
In man as whole

Woman and flower meet in the space between the brows

They fill our lungs with poison
and tell us we breathe fine
They say I have gone mad
yet they are not a lover of time
They dream up nightmares and wish us
to bear the brunt of the dull night
I deny their false Sun painted with stolen gold
For this is not a dream of mine

A Dragonfly's Meeting

The painted warm lady observes the woman laying there with a notebook from the eyes of the little wind above. I am the warm lady and the woman painted laying there, craving the perspective of something smaller and wiser and freer than myself. As I ponder this moment of reverence, I look again towards the cloud in remembrance of my passing friend to find the creature above my head still.

With space filling the moments of writing and the moments of observing flighted dance, it was almost as if my friend appeared at thought. As though, the little wind knew when I was pure and came to greet my purity with its presence. As well, to reassure me that this was in fact a dream. I began to fly with the little wind and asked the creature for guidance without the use of words, but with the intent in mind.

My eyes floated to the top of a tree kissed by sun. Her body; first to mimic the warmth of Autumn. I was drawn to noticing a single beaming leaf near the bottom of her trunk. From where I rested on the earth, I looked for the symbol that the leaf may be presenting to me. At first glance, I saw a skull hanging there as if floating in thin air. Rising, I moved with steady breath to meet this leaf. She was held weightlessly by the string of a spider.

Floating, just as the dragonfly had taught us both.
The hanged leaf. The hanged woman. Weightless surrender.

May I greet eternal transparency? I spin and spin as though a great wind has come over me. Without a thought telling me to spin, I spin and do not stop. In the womb of Mother. I am transfixed and have become planetary. A body caught in perpetual motion around the orbit of my soul. I tilt my head as the Sufi and feel my body pulled by something greater and find my feet know what to do.

May I spin myself free of imperfection.
May I spin myself free of all that obstructs me from knowing.

One Rhythm of Love

A bird, a tree, a man, a woman, a flower, a moon, a sun
Of what whispers may return them all to one
It is separateness that brings them all to suffer

We once all knew
In womb we are heart
Heart is Our Mother
Heart is God
No sound Nor sight
Rhythm teaches us in those early days
Before we knew of days
Heart grows first and joins in union
With our Mother God
In heart we return to womb
In our natural state we are love
Without, we could not be
To this we must return

Joan of the Valley

Young Joan of the valley
Delicate mother / flower of purity
Burned by the fire of faithful heart
Draped in God's blessing and clear whispers spoken by heaven
Sewn eyes set your sanctity in flames
A pungent smell of dew, sweet and green left the countryside thick
The weak hearts felt their own skin hot with guilt
The sleepy men and silent women played God
So tired and mute,
The fools set fire to the sun
On land warm and alive
Only for your rays of passion
Hotness turned fast to deep coolness
The hearts were left cold and alone with sweet Joan's last breath
Belle of my rhythmic heart
Beating with fragrant fervor
Saint Joan of Arc, sweet maiden, dear mother
I will take of the armor
I will become the passion of the sun