

Hallowed and Whole

I hollow out
The hole in my heart
With the chisel of despair.
Scrape the plaque from its walls.
Pressure wash it with the inner breath
squeezing through a tight space.

Like a cavity
In a tooth
When the rot reaches a nerve
The pain is sharp
Demands attention.

It has to be drilled
The rot removed
To save the surroundings.

I chisel away,
With forgiveness,
Cleaning,
Looking for the hiding places
The small inner spaces
Where leftovers linger and become the dinner for demons
Feasting
Multiplying
Excreting acid that dissolves the strongest part of you

Neglected
Too often uninspected.

I clear all that shit
Make lots of space
And feel so fresh
Hallowed
And whole.

The Way the Earth Speaks

The earth speaks in reaching
in leaping out
and coming back down

in heartbeats
and antelope leaps.

'We grow, nurture young, set them free, and return to the earth'
I thought as I watched the waves ride the rocks in the river
saw two come together
reach their peak
and release droplets, thrown high,
Shining, golden in the setting sun,
seemingly suspended
like the figure skater held high
at Stars On Ice in my childhood.
Mesmerized, I saw her
floating, spinning, radiant.
Her partner's arms outstretched
like a yogi in Warrior 1 saying "this is me, I am here, and I am perfect exactly as I am."

The way the trees reach for the heavens
the way the plants release their pollen,
the fungi their spores,
my self an hallelujah.

And coming back down
I see the droplets merge with the river
fall into its arms
continue to dance
sliding on
and on.

Embodied

I want to pull all my pieces in so deep
that I burst and set my whole self free.

The listening is the gravity
the highway to the center of me.

Come come my grandmothers, my daughters,
my grandfathers, my sons.

Come come my guides and all my other lives,
my soft belly, strong spine,
come come, for fun, and be one.

And the courage of eternity is inside.

And the love, it is infinitely wide.

And for my people, there's pride,
the dream is alive

and the sacred fire, I will keep
burning
breathing deep.

And the wind blows strong,
as Mother Earth sings along.

And the solar winds flare.
Even the Milky Way, even there.

What is Life?

Life is realizing together is better than alone.

Life is work.

Life is a selectively permeable barrier.

It is knowing what to accept and what to reject.

It is patience
and persistence.

It is a bow legged kitten on a cold autumn night
leaving her mother, a stray, to find a better life.

It is two men on a roof
resisting the entropy of decay.

It is a gray cat cleaning herself in the window.

It is a boy and his dog learning about discipline and joy.

It is a message passed on
a game of telephone
through the ages.

It is forgiveness and starting over.

And forgiveness and starting over.

And forgiveness and starting over.

It is using your best line to start the poem.

It is realizing together is better than alone.

What is Spirit?

It is

Pure

Potentiality

(maybe the realest reality)

Infinite expansion

Creative vibration

The fastest frequency

Stillness

The perfect paradox.

The ocean

That can become

Vapor

Cloud, raindrop, river

Bloodstream, tear

And back to ocean.

The hand that fits the body glove.

The breath that breathes me.

The rest that says so much

In the symphony.

It is no thing.

That is really something.