

The Chair

As you lie upon the Chair,
in our small hospital room,
I want to hold you,
tell you it'll be okay.

As I look over at you,
your head transposed
in a half asleep state,
you seem like a butterfly to me.

that Chair.
you sit on,
during my suffering,
you are witness to
the most hidden
recesses of my soul.

You are there,
in that dark and terrible place,
and you take that
suffering upon yourself,
enacting it in the midst of destruction.

I try to drink
the nectar of a poison flower,
and fall into a deep
and unconscious state.

You try to wake
me out of that slumber
but the accusers
are all around.

All you can do is watch.

I weep in this room,
not for the pain,
but for the agony
I caused in you,
that you had to endure.

Please forgive me.

I weep with the tears
the tears that you shed.
in this sun-return,
I weep with all the care,
the care you give to me in the
midst of my un-remembrance.

The pain you experience,
I experience again,
my Beloved.

If you only knew
what is known in the heart,
I would release you from
your suffering.

I would take it upon myself,
and bear this cross.
You go down to the river;
released from the all
bonds of the accusers
that want your life.

When you try to do this for me,
I cannot hear it.
I am too selfish,
too heartbroken,
to receive your love.

I release you now.
One cannot mend
broken hearts;
they are for a greater understanding.

Knots

this day,
One Day,

intuitive stillness,
awareness dawns.

The knots of our
unwillingness to surrender
Burn
beneath my skin.

fiery infection,
impervious to any medicine.

on the mountain,
I see
all that lies below,

putrid modeled mess.

No longer do I lay awake at night,
waiting for you to return.

The earth below,
unfolding like a damsel fly,
First wing,
coming out of its now suffocating cocoon.

This day,
One Day,
spilling out into the aether's,

Perfected modeled mess.

Empty

What is left after all this emptiness?
After you gave me life,

I felt full again.
Watched it grow inside me,
my shirts fit tighter and tighter.

I could feel your presence little one,
and I loved you like I've never loved myself.

Then you were gone.

The emptiness consumes me.
How do I fill this void?

Give me life again?
No.

The Womb is the Tomb.
Life in this world is death in another.

seeking life,
I ended up dead.

Strange Dance

This strange dance we're in,
Always turning
never meeting

Face
to
Face.

We were taken from each-other's sides,
Born from the same Mother.

Never meeting
always turning.

I never
saw your face.

Hating you,
I hated myself.

In this strange dance we're in,
Always turning
never meeting.

The Other Woman

Saw your face,
I saw your suffering,
witness the immense pain
that has taken residence
within your soul.

I was always scared of you,
haunted my dreams,
for two years I knew
that you would come,
to take away that which
was so precious to me.

I saw your face,
and I saw your heart also,
there is goodness in you,
and I pray that you know.

There is no truth,
except for that which
is already.
I don't know what
has brought you to this place,
and I pray
you will be guided back.

you are not a victim
of the past,
you are a warrior
in the present.