

PoeTrEE: rooted and foundational & branching out to connect

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"The Golden Star Child"

In the journey of becoming me

I've been told, bound, and accommodating of the "we"

The "we" that says I've lost myself or even worse.. there was no self— only expectations, accommodations and masks

A life of performing, proving and tasks

And yet... Jesus whispers to me, "I see you. Are you tired?"

Puzzled, I look into his eyes, his tone is different— I feel...admired.

His eyes are kind and set on mine, he picks me up and calls me "divine".

As an invitation He asks me, "Will you let me love you as you are?"

"You mean I don't have to earn a golden star?"

"I made the stars.. you cannot earn them.

What I am asking is that you are never afar.

I want you close. No need to prove. I love you because I love you."

I wonder how can this be true?

How can love be separate from "do"?

Still in disbelief. I take a step. I hold his hand. I take a breath.

"I love you because I love you, my golden star child."

"valuABLE & vulnerABLE"

In a world so fast and quick

Of oughts and shoulds

Most appropriates

Proper etiquettes

Considerates

Socially acceptables

Pause.

Where is your voice?

Where is your heartbeat?

Where are you now?

You are not an expectation

You are not an accommodation

You are a treasure

Radiant

Breath.

Able to exhale, Able to live, Able to beam

Pause.

What do you want?

What do you long to exude?

You can.

You are able...

If you let the most vulnerable piece of you expose the most valuable part of you...

"PAIRadox"

Soft and strong

Gentle and brave

Meek and mighty

Separate and connected

Proud and humble

Pain-filled and joy-full

To negate a half is to fragment the whole

Without one where is the other?

Without one where is the all?

"Words"

Getting lost is a habit I do in the car

Let's just say, directions and me.. we never met at a bar

Words. Now, that's a different story. Words and me— we have a lifelong companionship.. a journey

In words I get lost, but it's more of a dream, not a horn or screech, definitely not a scream

I don't know where they take me. There is no direction. No instruction. No formula. No chaotic intersection.

Rather, words serve as a playful delight— to speak, to hear and even to sight.

Words on a page, in a mouth or in frame

They are powerful, moving, exquisite.. not tame.

Through words we describe and connect

And thanks to words, we get the full affect

Without them, what fun would life be?

How we would connect to the world?... How would I connect to me?

"Oh when I write!"

I don't get lost in a lot of things

Efficiency, productivity and purpose override most of the time

But when I write.. oh! when I write!

Now, that is right

Most times I constrict and construct my days around tasks

Working and seeking purpose in all that gets done

But when I write.. oh! when I write!

I'm free

unglued

clear

reborn

With age comes timelines, budgets and rules, expectations and so many to do's

But when I write.. oh! When I write!

I give myself permission to taste, see and feel truth

The words on the page come with such haste— jumping and celebrating this time I did not waste

To stop

Be still

And let the words take over

Oh when I write! That's when all is right.