

the last time you were mine

your large eyes were tired
from the greatest test of your life.
your shoulders, sunken
as they always were.
i had begged to god to let me keep you.
but the day had come for me
to speak what I'd held onto for weeks and weeks.
a rushing of words began in me
and ended on you.
tears pouring out like the rain
coming to save the drought.
we were deserts of people afterward.

when the path that we'd forged
had to be split in two
as our home had been done for us already,
i hung to myself, and sighed every breath,
grieving, for our slow grown death.
every piece of my heart shattered and fell,
down the dark, dry bottom of a silent well.
the heaviness of my feet,
made it a laborious task.
but i lowered myself to the grave of my heart,
and painfully looked at each broken part.
and at times, smiled inside when I couldn't without,
and again the rain would come, to ease the drought.
and for weeks i worked to retrieve every piece,
and some i recycled, to achieve some peace.
and I suffered beyond what I'd ever known,
dry and untouched,
holding fast to my heart, alone.

Pass

I want to dip into the silence, the calm.
I want to submerge in the dark beyond,
Where my eyes see everything and my spirit interprets.
Where there is nothing to fear,
No worry or voice.
Where the soul floats in divine nothingness.
The dark warmth of the centered sun,
Where we illuminate all
With The One and All.

Silent smile wakes all that sleeps,
That grows a forever that no one can keep.
The deep quiet, the bottomless beauty,
The majestic abounding, the sparkling resilience.
Everything contained within one droplet of refreshment,
I'm thirsty for it and pained to know it reabsorbs.

I want to feel the whole of everything,
Wrapping me, weighing me down,
An ocean of humility, ripples of light overhead.
Warm deliverance from fixed form.

I want to pass through the Divide into the All.
Painting the air with longing fingertips.
A Spirit unclothed, feet that tiptoe on treetops.
Until I slip into wind,
And become a whisper to the growing oak,
Scathed by wildfire.

My Darlings

Your Music resounds within me,
Swirling Lavender, pulsing Soul.
It transforms old faces into new.
It buries roots,
building Harmony,
Making Whole.

Your powerful voice thunders through me,
Sighs of longing, escape under the sun.
You have melted the numbness,
Surrounding my heart.
And my heart you have expertly won.

You are stunningly beautiful, under the lights.
Your magnificence is wild.
I catch your smile in the air,
And it makes me giddy like a child.

You helped me give a gift, on the wind.
We blew it out together like a wish.
We whispered love into their ears,
We offered a choice,
In the face of their fears.
We shook them with laughter,
And moved them to tears.

We offered them change,
In the face of their years.

We have opened our arms to their hiding.
A "Welcome Home!"
Forever on our lips.
A Reawakening,
might be a souvenir,
Where the adventures are epic,
And the wine drips.

There is always newness to discover,
Someone or something to bring back to life.
With a pioneer's heart you'll uncover,
A focused fluidity,
Imbibed in the pioneer's strife.

With shameless and fierce curiosity,
We seek the rocks to build our foundation.
And with Spirits full of excitement,
We nurtured a freeing love, and collaboration.

To call you my friend is an Honor.
To be a Child with you,
A Gift.
You're forever written in my story,
However long, however swift.

There is magic infused within our bones.
Pure euphoria, beats with our blood.
We've transcended the likely story.
We've danced among trees,
And played in the mud.

We've created happiness together,
Cause you have seen me,
with Knowing eyes.
And with palms Overflowing with color,
You'll paint over dreary goodbyes.

I'll let go of you, masterful and shining,
Cause we know with whom we belong.
And tomorrow, I'll hum the sweet melody,
Of the hope we aroused with our song.

My Shortest Skirt

My shortest skirt I give away,
With hope that it will not bring trouble,
To younger hips who are searching still,
Let a rose emerge among the rubble.

My shortest skirt I give away,
As wrinkles settle round my lashes,
That I have earned from lessons learned,
As youthful embers fade to ashes.

Heart Spins

Fall leaves resting
on shallow lake,
floating still,
in silent wake.

Redwoods sway
in upright sleep.
Heartbeat quickens,
over Earthly deep.

Tiny ripples
from unseen life,
peeking up,
swimming strife.

Healthy needles,
bare easy death.
Calming center.
Shallow breath.

Water falling,
Reflected sun,
Reminding me
who's *The One*.

In peaceable waters,
a space appears.
A wheel of compassion
with whetted gears.

Moving abundance,
Within and without,

Revivifying connection,
Removing doubt.

Hands cover heart,
The spinning wheel.
Each color reveals,
The road to heal.

Green to champagne,
to violet to white.
Clearing out madness,
Heeding the Light.

Another day learning,
Fighting unrest.
Another day yearning
to master the test.

Vulnerable soul
in flux and shape,
calls on the eve,
for leafy escape.

Honored, I turn,
to find my way home.
And a wave whispers sweetly,

"You're Never Alone."