

Untitled

To love everything  
    said my soul  
    when asked  
    what is it  
    you truly want?

Feel everything  
    said the ground  
    as my roots  
    inched deeper.

But it's cold and dark  
and I don't know  
where I'm going  
    I cried  
    still unaware of  
    the movements  
    of the earth.

There's no place you can go  
where you're not surrounded.  
    Everywhere is sacred.

**Blackwater River**

Together we watch the sun set  
behind the black-green mountain,  
all of us strangers knowing the importance  
of silence during this ceremony of light.

Fog-spirits follow the river single-file  
moving at the pace of seriousness,  
each giving to the sky its floating white life  
to be painted by the coming night.

The sound of the Blackwater rises  
to the rocks we stand on  
and fills the valley with  
wet and wordless praise.

**Death**

I'm not afraid of death, only dying.  
It makes perfect sense to me that we go.  
That we become something else and return  
Back to the darkness that gives birth to light.

It makes perfect sense to me that we go.  
Do you really understand forever?  
We have all been somewhere and something else  
So, to somewhere and something we must go.

I'm not afraid of death, only dying.  
I just want to feel that it's the right time.  
Does snow fear melting into the river?  
The ocean disappearing to a cloud?

I'm not afraid of death, only dying.  
It makes perfect sense to me that we go.

**Hope**

hope is  
making time

to sit down  
and pray

knowing there  
is no guarantee

God will  
answer but

back you come  
everyday

to sit  
in this chair

to empty  
your heart.

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here we are  
down here  
in the dark

hoping that heaven  
will turn a light  
on for us

or give us  
different eyes-  
or acceptance.

do hearts ever  
find each other?  
is anyone

ever loved  
the way  
their soul wants?