

Home at Last

Years on a harsh road
Such complicated stuff
Stuff that clouded so much
Of what was—within me.

Years on a path
That could not be called mine
For within it I could rarely find
A trace of the divine—within me.

Years on the path
Seeking my own light
Ran into burdens and
Pain that weren't mine

Yet I stayed.

For many more years,
Walked the road to the end

And at the end

I was demolished again.

When crossing the finish line

I was supposed to hear cheers

Instead

I walked out licking

My wounds and recovering

from fear

While dancing too slight

She emerges now

Fully charged and refreshed

For her slumber is over

a lifetime of

neglected terrain

She now emerges

With effortless grin

As she paints with her words

And lays peaceful in sleep

She can finally rest

and begin again

fully aligned

with the artist within

Home at last.

Splits

How do we heal
 The splits we live with?
The many splits
 That exists within

The split between self and Self
 Is one I know well
The journey of mending
 Is one that I welcome

I walk upon the earth

 Rarely

 with feet on ground

 Mostly

 I see through spirit
 And sing through heartsong

 I know I must
 Root here
 Let the soil wrap around toes
 And in my grounding
 continue to grow

The first split / core wound

 is severance from Home
 One that I have often mourned.

Why am I here?

 Take me back Home
 I wish to fly freely
 And feel pain no more

But it's so beautiful here

 And I'm learning so much
 Soul evolution can be so much fun!

Well not at the moment
That's when it hurts
But afterwards, in time
Our wisdom does grow

First split
for me
is between
Heaven and Earth

Second split is between
Heart and Soul
Mind

Oh and body...
Right!

Let's not forget that
After all, this magnificent vessel is what
gives flight to this Light

Third split is between
person human race class gender
sexuality

Then we have nationality
language
name
Pronounced in so many ways

Who am I in all of this?
Pulled from above and below
Inside and out
Living within
Yet experienced externally

Who is the me that I seek to find?
Am I found in my voice
Or the twirl of my dance?
Is my radiance earth beauty

Or a spark of divine?

Perhaps its neither
Or both in time

One thing I know
is that I mend
when I laugh.

Plant Me

Plant me where I can grow
Said the little soul
On the way to Earth.

As so it was.

She was perfectly laid
In abundant love
And confusing pain

He rose from the ashes
Abandoned at dawn
Fought for his dignity
And has since become

Amazing.

She was silenced at birth
Overlooked and ignored
Her voice turned volcano
And ruptured the world

They tore him down
With their poisonous words
But eventually became ants
To his giant soul.

She and he now
Continue to grow.

Earth Walk

Walk upon the earth child

Some may hurt you

Some may see you

Most will never know you

Know thyself

Heal thyself

Be thyself

Free thyself.