

The late day

sunlight adjusts something
in my soul and the tender breeze
breathes into me.

I want to scream and rip
and tear and hurl
everything out of myself
until I am the light dancing
in the trees.

We could rise up
like flowers

and they would be quick
to destroy us.

Instead, we will come up
like weeds

and have
you ever tried

getting rid of all
the weeds.

—*Women of Power*

Of Origins

When the old and wise
gather around the fire
of our ancestors

we sit on stones,
fallen trunks,
the earth

and listen.

The past rises
to meet the
flame of the present.

Settling into our
memory,
hot as embers.

The One That Knows

The river speaks
softly,
offering wisdom
to the wildfire
burning within.

“Fill yourself with water
until everything
pours out from you.”

Another Song

Make of your thoughts
a steady prayer.

A river unbroken
flowing
back to the sea.

A fire dancing
beneath
the night sky,
burning
with gratitude.