

## **REBIRTH**

### **The Birth of Venus**

Robin's egg blue and  
peony pink flames swirl in my hands  
while I sit,  
lotus-legged,  
and wait to be reborn.

Two swans  
carry me on a white blanket  
across a turquoise sea.

Banana leaves and clay are  
wrapped around me,  
softening my nude skin beneath.

*Shakti*

*Divine Mother*

*Feminine Gift*

## **REBIRTH**

My lower back arches  
into an age of spring,  
my heart pulls toward the moon  
swims into an age of light.

I dance.

I am alive.

Swirls of peony pink and robin's egg blue  
shoot over the stars.

## **REBIRTH**

### **Song of the Stars**

The sweet soulful sound of Jose and his guitar,  
Ripples through the hall like a pebble  
Placed into a pond by a child.

She spends her evenings laying in the grass,  
Staring up at the sky and lighting the stars with names.  
Goldy. Herbert. Nemo. Her flushed away fish.

Her brother catches snowflakes on his fingertips,  
Paints each unique design as a layer on a canvas  
Until a frozen pond of white acrylic is formed.

The moon shines on Jose's guitar and her lips and his brush,  
Illuminating the repetition of sounds that try to name the divine.  
None of them will ever find the words.

## REBIRTH

### NEW MOON

Like when the streets are cleaned after a rain  
and tears are swept into a pool of dew,  
thin blades of grass made wet by world's new name.  
Bugs crawl out from dirt to kneel on pews,  
hold faith in hands that bad's been swept away.  
Like when the moon from out its shadow creeps,  
And blood gushes from woman's bay,  
Universe weeps no more.  
Intentions fill the mind with love and hope.  
While only sky as end seems not enough  
and hands stretch out towards stars as gold and rope.  
Their shine, an end, a goal, a fat man's cream puff.  
Reach high but close. Keep heart on hand and thumb.  
Like God when dark. Have faith the light will come.

## **REBIRTH**

### **Stepping Into Creativity**

Oh, set me free in creativity.

Sand me down until I bleed stagnant blood.

But please, I beg you, guard the heart of me.

I'm stuck in reeds and twigs and battered trees.

I beg you, guide me as I trek through mud.

Oh, set me free in creativity.

The sweet scent of joy, I feel the breeze.

Salt-soaked tears, I feel a coming flood.

So please, I beg you, guard the heart of me.

Stripped naked, I freeze.

I drag my feet along. Thud. Thud.

Oh, set me free in creativity.

## **REBIRTH**

I'm born again, God, won't you guide me, please?

Baby sproutings on a potato spud.

So please, I beg you, guard the heart of me.

Light on my toes, I glide away with ease.

Sunlight, new flowers, my soul is a bud.

Oh, set me free in creativity.

But please, I beg you, guard the heart of me.