

Poem 1:
Willow Under Water

Tethered tightly by a woven rope to a hunched over willow.
The security of the rope draws me to the warm ground.
It ties around my not so girly figure, shielded by my folding skin, like a loved ones arm wrapped around my waist.
My fingers stretch out, fingertips curling to graze the water that is barely within reach.
I want the sensation of the water rounding each toe, inching up my body creating a ring as it rises.
I work the knot that has been tied so long around my waist.
Twisting, bending, yanking and guiding its rough ends to be free.
There I stand alone, white fingertips holding the rope, staring at the unprotected water.
The thought to tie myself back up enters my mind and is even enticing.
But it's loaded twine hits the ground and my feet inch forward.
Only the impression of the woven rope is left upon my waist.
Swimming bare.
You can find me under water, where the light dances.

Poem 2:
HEART

My legs pedal hard.
My calves and thighs begin to burn and it pulses through out each leg.
The pain intensifies with every turn my feet take on my bike's ferris wheel.
The harder I push the more I feel like I am headed somewhere important, somewhere with meaning.
My hands grip tightly to my bright yellow handlebars, pulling and supporting me along my journey.
I don't know what turns I am taking or which way to go.
The wind rushes through my hair creating a long blonde tangled train.
As the wind hits my face, tears roll down.
I can't tell if it is the rain, wind or emotion that is creating this cascade of water rolling down my face.
My front tire begins to leave the ground, reminding me of ET.
Next, my back wheel is lifted from the hot, wet pavement and I am headed towards the clouds.
There is no bird traffic to manipulate through.
Just the dark, cloudy skies to fight against.
Soon the sun is blaring in my face and the heat is almost overwhelming.
In the distance I can see the outline of the little India Vempali School.
I see small dark figures scurrying around and as I get closer I see that it is all the school kids.
Suddenly I notice my eyes are no longer welling and rolling with tears, just the trails of dried tears are left.
I lower my bike down to the ground and am greeted with warm accepting hugs.
My worries and stressors have almost disappeared; I am overwhelmed by the peace that flows over me.
I have returned to the heart.
A heart filled with purpose, overwhelming love, understanding, forgiveness, and acceptance.
My bike starts to shake, and quickly I find myself in Loma Linda off the trail barreling through wet grass.
The rain is pounding down on my puffy jacket and my legs continue to burn.
Water is running down my face but tears no longer accompany it.
I keep pedaling, keep pushing, the pain is still there, but it has become dull, because I have found the heart.