

Cathedrals of Peace

The most intimate words
Said in the most unassuming places
Hearts unfurled and proclaimed aloud
In the places far from sacred
The disclosure of one's own soul is such an intimate thing
To be truly known is a feeling yearned for
Yet feared
This intimacy needs no cathedral halls
No stained glass windows
To bloom
Bathroom walls and faded dashboards
Have seen far more souls beared
Than the pristine altars of a holy place
The gloomy coat closet has seen the
Beautiful beginnings of
A love story
Fingers brushing on rain jacket buttons
The crumb covered tables of an old cafe
Have watched deep secrets brought to
Light
Instantly wrapped in a blanket of comforting sympathy
The weathered porch floor boards have listened
To the first and last
'I love you' s of couples in the dark
True intimacy and connection needs no
Pomp and circumstance
All that is required is
two hearts
One to create the cathedral of understanding peace
And the other to fill it
With songs of
Trusting melody

The Cell

I awaken to the dark
The morning had come
Yet brought with it a midnight that
Never ended
Not a wide eyed
Star filled sky
Daydreaming to the moon kind of midnight
No
A sightless
Dank midnight
A black so deep you could drown in it
And I did
In the black behind the bars I stayed
Glimpsing nothingness
Spare the faceless jailer who's name I knew well
And whose presence had tattooed goosebumps upon
My skin
His name is fear
And he shattered my bright youth with
Rivulets of inky poison that seeped into my chest and
Wove bars of steel around my heart
Now I sat
In the weary morning of an endless night
Fingers tracing the lines
Of my own story
Etched upon the bars of my cage
My whole life was there
Lining the walls that confined me
I would gladly leave that story upon the walls
If only to run
Run from the bars of steel and the
Jailer whose face I didn't know
Yet still shuddered at
To run beyond the cell to a life of
Dawn

I am certain is visible
Just beyond my line of sight
Oh but this cell
This cell is my
Mind
And I fear
I shall never
Escape it

Continue Searching

What is it about you
Sweet presence of life
That sets me yearning to know this world
Fully
To know the rush of a
Waterfall's cascading majesty
Or the colors of a
Butterfly's royal garments
How is it
that I can gaze at the ocean each morning
All mysterious and luring
And feel the same wonder I experienced
The first time I laid eyes upon it
What is it about the
Nighttime air
Like a cool glass of midnight water
That makes me want to breath deeper
All the way to my toes
And fill my body with the
Inky magic created in the
Diamond studded sky
I wish I knew
Yet I am glad I do not
This unexplained wonder
This untouchable understanding
Is life giving
It breaths into the mundane moments and
Keeps my soul asking
"Why?"
Keeps the eyes of my heart open to
Every tiny detail in the
Tapestry of beautiful color
That is our world
Oh sweet presence of life
May I never learn your secret

Til the day I die
May my heart and soul keep aching to discover the
Glory
That is present in the
Northern Lights
Yet exists in the steam rising from
My cup of coffee
May I always continue searching
For the answer
I never hope to
Find