

Untethered

Tree of Alchemy

The Orchid

Bamboo

The Awakened One

The Weeping Willow

Tree of Alchemy

I closed my eyes beneath the tree of alchemy
Whose ancient bones shed tears upon me

Legs entwined like the roots beneath my being
Mind free of thoughts as I observed everything
The concealed hazel glass embellishing my face
Wandered through the depths of the emptiness I embraced

The tranquilizing whisper of the brisk autumn breeze
Brought menthol to my lungs and serene melodies
A nostalgic aroma caressed my coiled silhouette
The scent of smoldering fiber with every deepening breath

Honey drops leafed through the lucid atmosphere
Landing gently on the surface almost soundless to the ear
The Earth was blazing in a fire of golden light
Illuminating the shadows that hindered my sight

The moonstone sky veiled the brilliance below
A precious orb of light turning metal into gold
Angelic figurines made of pearls danced above
I melted in the moment and evaporated in love

I closed my eyes beneath the tree of alchemy
Where I opened my heart and learned how to see

The Orchid

My frosted bones beneath the moon
Were still and bundled tight
The air was crisp, yet golden
Flakes of honey kissed the night
Every tranquil breath I breathed
Brought warmth and peace within
As my mind was free of thought
An angel touched my skin

My body sparkled in the rise
Of her gentle energy
She sewed her name and photographs
Into my conscious stream
I could not grasp them long enough—
Those I had not yet seen
They twinkled like the waxy stars
And dwindled like a dream

I could not hold the hands of time,
They floated with her soul
She brought a tender greeting
And then wandered into gold
The moment melted in the flame
That numbed me with its heat
I rested with her in my heart—
A blessing I could keep

The brilliance of the mystic night
Enkindled me to speak
Amidst the morning sun, I knelt
And called upon her being
In gratitude I thanked her for
All that she shared with me

And asked if it was she,
To place an orchid I could see

I knew of how she loved them
Intensified with pink
Oh, how beautiful they were—
She showed me all that week
The same arrangement twice
And then a third to reassure
Perhaps it was a fluke,
But I have faith that it was her

These are the little wonders, that
Enhance our truest self
And teach us to believe, we
Are entwined to higher realms—
I feel her in the atmosphere,
She is never too far-gone
I hope she knows how deeply
I have grown to love her son

Bamboo

Still they stand
as the seasons
bring change
the sun
the snow
the wind
the rain
humility seeps
through their
veins as
they breathe
and they bend
and they sway
but not break
in the breeze
for within
they are free
in emptiness
I see
they grow
and renew
as do I
as do you

The Awakened One

I closed my eyes and allowed my eye to open
My breath became obtuse
I listened to the voice within that surely was soft spoken

I felt the light within my being glisten like a token
Colors danced in my mind
I closed my eyes and allowed my eye to open

I thought of nothing but my thoughts were rising naturally
Intuition held my hand
I listened to the voice within that surely was soft spoken

I saw no one beside although I was not there alone
All had become one
I closed my eyes and allowed my eye to open

I know that wisdom dwells in the depths of who I am
Of this I am certain
I closed my eyes and allowed my eye to open
I listened to the voice within that surely was soft spoken

The Weeping Willow

Beneath the wispy leaves of jade that swayed in sweet serene
I gazed into my emerald ring and dwindled in a dream
the branches of my body became weightless and unreal
the gentle kiss of velvet tears was all that I could feel
I listened deeply to the mantra whispered by the Earth
a soothing breath of melodies and words are what I heard
my idle body rested as my mindful mind explored
and stumbled upon a man the weeping willow once adored
her ancient roots of gold were woven deep within the land
she aligned his wilted spine and gifted light to this young man
he had a seed of conflict growing in his shadowed mind
though she held his soul in mercy for to her he was divine
the willow listened graciously beneath the golden sun
as the rhythm of his words and music vibrated as one
her strengthened arms embraced his being leaning on her veins
she felt the warmth within his heart and understood his pain
when the rain would fall he found a home beneath her leaves
in the presence of her soul the man could breathe in peace
he etched a script into her arm and claimed his words in truth
he loved the willow's emerald being and sought a life anew
and then the man would leave and wander aimlessly for days
the seed within his mind continued growing in the haze
and when he would return the man cut deep into her skin
he lost the light and let the darkness of his troubles win
I watched the willow weep upon the man who touched her soul
she shed her tears into the wind and gently let them go
although he drifted far the script he wrote became a scar
and their memory was impressed on the willow's strengthened arm
she glistened and she grew as my dream then disappeared
and the tranquil hum of nature sang a sweet song in my ears
the willow metamorphosed and her sorrow turned to bliss
I awoke in emerald light and touched the Sanskrit on my wrist