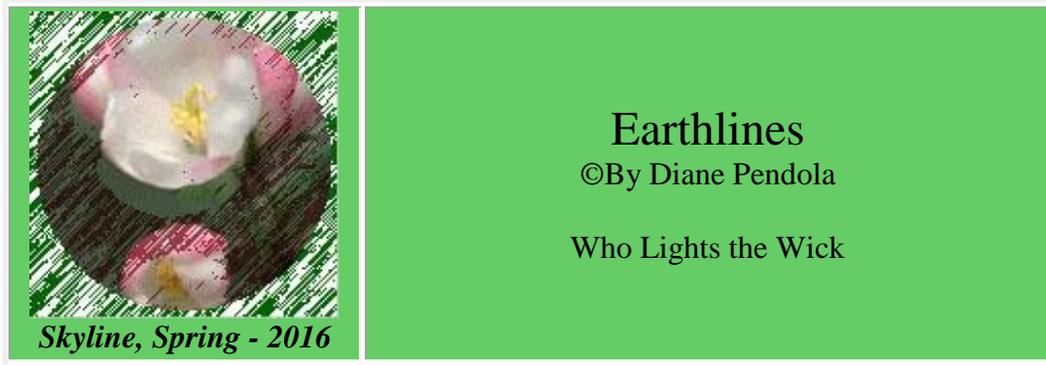


HAPPY SPRING! JOYOUS EASTER!



Who lights the tender wick
waving tongues of green fire
across the hills?

Come beloved
light the wick at the root of my being
with your invisible fire.

Make yourself seen.

Rise Little One

An eye opens
and like a sun's ray
seeks union with a seed
locked beneath granite.

Warmth lays a soft hand
against the hard surface
saying "I am here."

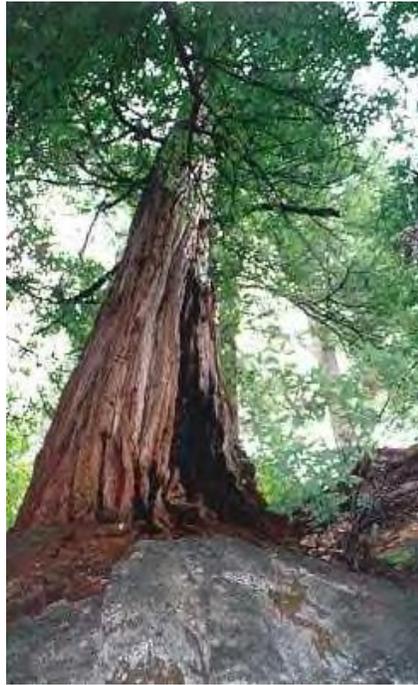
And the seed leaps
within its womb
testing the boundaries
of its being.

Do you think the tender shoot
cracks the rock?
Or is it the entire universe
quickenning at the root

whose Source is beyond
any thought of time,
where before and after
make no sense at all?

That energy
who created the sun
greet's Herself
saying:

“Rise little one.
Come into my arms.
Light is our communion
and our home.”



Skyline Cedar: Photo by Diane

From the Deep

Throat is blue sky.
Breath, billowing clouds.
Eye, full of indigo light—
 a full moon
 on a horizon lit violet
and trembling with stars.

See one fall
 down into my heart
 waking seeds that green
through earth-quaked caverns
 warmed by her way
to the bottom of the well.

Now I tend her fire
 like a humble gardener.
I bring the breath down to her.
I whisper sweet and secret names.
 I shovel away the darkness
so she has more room to shine.

Together we are burning
 back to Source
so that the waters from the Deep
 may reach you
and all our thirst be quenched.

My heart says

My heart says:
*I'm doing everything I can
just to stay here;
to keep beating;
to keep from flying away
and lifting into your heart, beloved,
so you can hold all my weary trying and striving.*

*I could give up to you, you know,
waving my white flag like a wing
spreading out over a grand canyon.
I could join my small wing to your great One
and leap into the wide wind tides
trusting you and your envoys
to carry me wherever you go—
no longer caring
or even caring to know.*

*Let my mind rest then
in the beat of your heart in mine,
and let me be borne by
your breast, so downy and soft.
Let me lay down my head
like a child in your winged embrace:*

*all my weapons left
on the cliff's edge.*

+++++

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