

From

Brigid's Sacred Cow

“The Poet's Milk”

Dedicated To
Arianrod, A Goddess in All
Women and Soul Mate in Men



Bridgid's Flower

Poems – 2011 to 2012
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From the Governing Body of

Bartlett, New Hampshire

Proclamation



The Board of Selectmen of the Town of Bartlett, County of Carroll, State of New Hampshire hereby proclaim

D. C. BIANCHINO

POET LAUREATE FOR THE TOWN OF BARTLETT

Given under our hands and seals this twenty-seventh day of March in the year one thousand nine hundred and ninety eight.

Board of Selectmen:







Put a poet in a room
And the room becomes;
A Poem.

It is the Spirit
That makes the song
To sing, and we that
Give it voice to bring
Together those its offering
For it is a wedding, in
The making



Death doesn't care how important one is
"Life" doesn't either ~

“Abundance is not in the things we have, but in the times we share”

PROLOGUE

Back in 1994 (July) I had an appearance of a woman. It was through my third eye. I knew she was my soul mate, there was no doubt. She was blond, fair skinned with green eyes. I asked her, as if frustrated...”What is it” Meaning, where are you. She answered Patience, and then slipped away. The very next day same time around two in the afternoon, another face appeared, only this time there were no facial features and no hair, only this one green eye centered between where brows would be, and nothing was said.

Late that fall I was in Harvard square where I walked in to a book store. I went to a center table and was picking up a book when this tall man approached me and said “Tell me is it enlightenment you’re looking for, because it’s up here” (pointing to his temple) I said “I think it’s here” (pointing to my heart) He then said “Ah, you must be a poet” I said “As a matter of fact I am” He then said “Well I’m a Druid (He had a thick Irish accent) then went on to say he and his wife had found shamanistic circles north of where we were. I said “ Well my house sits on shamanistic ground as well, and just this past July I had an appearance of a woman” He stopped me and said “Tell me, did she have blond hair, green eyes fair skin and was she very beautiful?” Stunned, I couldn’t believe it and said “Yes” He told me she was Arianrod. I told him about the appearance of the next day and he said that was Dagda. (I think)...

Well that began a long journey concerning her and the other, that finally took me to Ireland this past winter 2012. What I found since that pre ordained meeting was Arianrod is also known as Brigid and Cerridwen (The

Hag). Brigid herself was and is known as the nine fold muse whose sacred animal is the white sacred cow which while visiting a stone attributed to the Hag, saw this white cow standing all by itself in a field below where we were sitting, it was then that I knew the reason for this trip to Ireland. For this experience brought everything together for me since that first appearance – with Arianrod – (Brigid) back in 1994.

So it is I take her sacred milk to share with you what I too have been fed, that is in the poetry that I write. That's my purpose. She told me so when she said patience, and now I know what she meant and our connection.

D. C. Bianchino thefourthpath.com

{Brigid herself is the poets milk. St Bridgid took the traits of the Goddess Brigid whose main trait was and is Patience and known as a soul friend, her flower is the Colts Foot and her Sacred animal the white cow.}

THE LAST ACT

The Bell rang at four in the morning. You're probably asking "What Bell?"

It's a Bell you can't describe. It just happens. What I can say, is its image held in my mind, and the desire for it was throughout my body, fixing itself for a long stay.

At this point all I could do is feel, it was an internal bleeding that wouldn't stop. And that's right, I didn't want it to. It had been a long time coming, a lifetime some might say.

This longing...this spell is the ultimate distraction, and to ride its wave heightens senses yet to be tried. But isn't that what I really want something not tried; the unknown....Of course it is. Who knows where it might lead. But that's the point isn't it?

Now, who knows what ignites that fire. Is it chemistry, destiny, fate; or just a happening without intent. As that which does in the chaos. It's like the wind that comes and goes touching this and that to react.

Now, the Bell wasn't just any Bell. It is a Sun Burst with a rainbow of appearances, no two the same. It is the ultimate tease. Through it's small entrance bigger things await. For which ecstasy can only bow. Most when drawn to it can't handle the light that emanates. It's a fear of being swallowed up. Like entering an unfamiliar dark room within oneself, where truth decides fact from fiction.

What is left for the light is apprehension, leaving one entrenched in sorrows companions despair, and disbelief. But I, riding the

wave

of sin, looking in...ah, I am there in this sun burst of colors a kaleidoscope saturating the driest of leaves to life! It's the Mona Lisa's smile, Peter Pans bride, waiting to be unlocked from, from inside. Waiting to be seen, to be explored. To feel the ripple of love that waits to be freed. It's like dew that rises, and is carried away. As the morning mist will mating with and joining other clouds of light, becoming ONE.

As I write this the Bell goes off again under my skin with this feeling

I don't want to end....Anyway, it is Paulo's Brida, the soul's mate.

See it is the weaver behind the thread. The designer of dreams we are fed. Wearing me, as I am wearing it. A living fabric dyed in love, soaked in desire, dried in air and the heat of the alone.

It is the last act in a Shakespeare play. There isn't another, it is the space between the weave when all is said and done.

It is the swirl in a cup cake, one that decorates making the rivers to run. Like the blood that flows through this heart of mine, and the body that I know I am to love, because, The Bell still rings, in this; the last act....

WHEN SHE LIES STILL

When all the songs are sung
And there's nothing more to say.
When all the days are done
And all has blown away.
She will move into the STILL
Forever there to stay
And bring with her the starry night
And there forever lay.
The Galazies will bow to her
When illusion has no form
To take from her the light she gives
Those jewels that she adorns.
For desire completes itself in her,
No need to be reborn
And yet fulfill in conscious BLISS
The flame of night; she mourns....

BUTTERFLIES NEVER TELL NO LIES

(Butterflies never tell no lies
They kiss the air paint the skies.
Reminding us when in doubt,
Change is what comes about
Bringing what is inside out.

Now because Butterflies never tell no lies
They're here for us to see those ties
Just as love when in our eyes
Brings together you and I
So we can fly to kiss the air
And paint the skies. Because
Butterflies never tell no lies.)

And even when just for love I feel,
To feel its loss, feel the shame.
I feel its death miss-understood
Trying hard if love it could...survive,
Be real.
We strive for it, so it can be
Instead there's only what one sees, jealousy.
For in the end, love doesn't win but generations
Will just pretend, again-again.
For life (THIS) separates as this does illustrate..

No matter how love it may, here the earth
Is love's own grave that someone else will
Try to save, while goodbye get's the last wave.

Because Butterflies never tell no lies...NEVER...

MARIAH I WANT TO SING

Adding love to the world
Is not a bad thing.
So your name mariah
I want to sing.
It's like freedom its bell
Whenever we ring
Its sound is carried
In everything.

Mariah Mariah
Your dance it waits
Because of you
When chance you take
To let that love
In you to wake
When night you dance
The light will make.

For in your smile
As in your eyes
The power of love
Does hypnotize
And will the world
For those with ties
Bring to life
Inside what lies.

And so it is we add our love
To this world we are part of
And that because
It's not a bad thing
So, Mariah Mariah
I want to sing.....

TWICE

A first comes but only once
But twice means something more.
Distance may separate
But not THAT THOUGHT
That's straight away to the heart
That waits.

And the day comes facing yesterday
As THAT love turns footsteps around
Like a beam of light homeward bound
For the two heart's, when love was found.

Because, a first comes but only once
But twice remains where once it was;
Forever.....

For love is like connecting flights
Until we arrive. Because, there's nothing
To expect. It's like a dream that knows
To hold on. "For twice will come she said,
It just will. You will see"....

TO WAKE THE WIND

I climb to where the wolves will meet
That mate for life that both do seek
To find themselves and be complete
And from new heights build their retreat.

And there to look without a face
All the senses to erase
Just with eye to replace
Connecting all and where all waits.

Like Brigid seen in eye through mind
As fresh today as written rhyme
That power in us to define
As patience key she said to find.

And when one does they enter in
That place where only few have been
To share as wolves will in their den
To be as one forever when

And howl together to Wake The Wind..

ANNA'S REFRAIN

Her breasts full as her nipples that feed
This life.

Her lips ripe, ready for what has been
Missing.

Her legs leading to heaven's gate,
Where hope is still there waiting.

Her eyes hold her flaming soul
Reaching into forever.

Her face like wax before it dries

Has nothing to hide, it's there

Whether day or night fixed,

As a moon's pigment teasing tides.

Her fingers stretch like silken threads

Touching a piano's keys, as her heart

Tells mind to sing her song "Not To Tame"

Because that's her refrain, Anna's refrain,

"Not To Tame".

THE CROSSING

A solitude on sidewalks
Betwween buildings that
Cluster the housed.

Ambition is left to the west
With its noise that leads to
Empty lives echoing their
Selfish motives and pride.

I sit with this ache of love
With its lack of patience
Displaced, waiting to cross
The street, with Anna.

It Is YOU

It is the voice it is the eyes
It is the quiet between the sighs
It is the smell it is the taste
It is the time not to waste.

It is the juice it is the tease
It is the feeling that is pleased
It is the heart it is the soul
It is the kiss that won't let go.

It is the dream the one between
It is the crease that makes the seam
It is love it is true and all because,
It is; YOU.....

JUST BECAUSE OF LOVE

And the angels sang their sweetest song...for love.
And the wind caught their white flames from wings set
above.
And a field below lit the sky from silver sparks the angels
cried
Because this love the angels knew was one that wouldn't
die
And all because of you and I.

See, your name was written in the heart by God who gave
This world its spark for love to be and one to see.
Like a rose that has no place to go....will.

LASHES

Lashes, like a black widowed spider's threads
Fanning eyes where a night of fire lights day.

Lashes, like thin vines spilling over a flowers pot
Such as the earth it grows in.

Lashes, weighting lids as hearts that hold them
Like a sleepless night will.

Lashes, their fingers cast invisable shadows
Leaving their mark forever, daunting, and wanting.

THE UNICORN WITH THE GOLDEN HORN

Once upon a time, which could, or not, be a long time ago.

A little unicorn with a golden horn was born in a magical forest.

It was born with soooo much love to give, and all it wanted back was to be loved in the same way.

This little unicorn with the golden horn lived in a pink cloth bag made by the fairy mother of that forest, for she knew how special this unicorn was, and this special bag made from magical cloth would protect this unicorn when necessary.

Now, the first memory for the little unicorn with the golden horn after leaving the magical forest where it was born, was being in a store front window where people passed it by every day. But even though most people looked no one seemed interested.

So the little unicorn with the golden horn let a tear drop from its eyes. Then one day a little girl asked her mother for the little unicorn with the golden horn. This made the little unicorn with the golden horn so happy...

When the girl brought it home she zipped up the bag with the little unicorn with

the golden horn inside, and there it stayed in total darkness where it was thrown along with all the other things this girl had.

Then one day the mother, because of all the stuff the little girl had in her room, and because there was no more room to move around, and because of her own stuffed house, decided to have a yard sale, and because nothing was really special for that little girl because of all her things, the unicorn wouldn't be missed, because it didn't mean anything to her.

So the unicorn with the golden horn ended up in this huge pile for the yard sale. But by the end of the day no one bought the little unicorn with the golden horn and so the mother threw it in the trash heap along with some other things that didn't sell. When the rubbish truck came the next day somehow it fell out and landed in the gutter where it stayed for several days.

Then a dog came along and picked it up and closed its sharp teeth around the cloth bag with the little unicorn with the golden horn inside waiting in darkness. The dog just started to shake the bag trying to get it open, and this made the little unicorn with the golden horn really sick with dizziness. After awhile the dog gave up and left it under a bush near a field.

Well, a crow circling above saw this pink cloth bag and swooped down picked up the bag and carried it away. The little unicorn with the

golden horn inside
felt itself being raised higher and higher, and then again
being brought back down
and that is when it experienced the butterflies in its
unicorn belly, much like the ones
it feels because of so much love it has to give, until finally
back on the ground.

The little unicorn with the golden horn felt its magical bag
being pecked at, but
like the dog the crow gave up trying to get inside and flew
away.

Soon it started to rain and the little unicorn with the
golden horn felt damp and cold.
A few days went by when it started to feel warm again.
The sun had come out and
the rain had washed the pink bag shiny and clean. A
woman passing by noticed the
pink cloth bag and picked it up and unzipped the bag and
for the first time in a long
time the little unicorn with the golden horn could breath
and smell the clean fresh air.

This lady was so surprised that she found such a special
gift that she took it with her
because she had to go shopping. But after she shopped
she looked for the pink bag
with the little unicorn inside but it was gone, and because
she had stopped at so many
stores she just forgot about it.

Well the store where she did lose it was a specialty shop,
and it was no accident
that the little unicorn with the golden horn would end up
there, because the woman
who owned the shop found it later in the day when
cleaning up. And just then a man

walked into the store who she knew was making a trip
very far away across the ocean
and had been looking for a special gift for this little four
year old girl he was going to visit,
and so she gave it to him. And when he saw the little
unicorn with the golden horn he knew
this was just the right gift for her.

He packed it away and when he was able to give this pink
bag with the little unicorn with
the golden horn to that little girl he watched her unzip the
bag and seeing her eyes light
up with so much love he knew that this little unicorn with
the golden horn was finally home
where it belonged, because now they never leave each
others side, and because the little
unicorn found and received the love it wanted, and the
one to give all its special love too,
never had to cry again....

And yes both are still happy together and will be;
forever...The end....

THE PRIZE...LOVE SINCERE

With warm love a moment....

Its quiet felt like a flame on a candle

Entering the deep and the room we share

And felt by an eternal night where waves

Of warm wonder escape into the unknown

Softly, humbly, lovingly. Wrapping itself around

What is real....the prize of Love; Sincere....

THE SIGN

It was despair that brought her there
To that dark night when without care
To ask for what would be a sign to THAT place.
And when her prayer was over, she found
A four leaf clover, and now to find them when,
And Everywhere!

And like that four leaf clover that was found
Suddenly YOU were there. Lifetimes finally came
around.
The disconnect connected. Moments transcended.
Like reflections in a puddle of tears.
You were there...I knew. A veil of peace blew
Like fresh warm air, healing wounds of whys and where's
Doubts and fears....You were there. And like the four
leaves
The four directions converged. Desire and hope walked
out
Of the mist, no longer a mirage but a sign of beauty and
love,
The Sacred Pairs, because, phistigously.....You were
there!

I KNOW....I KNOW....

I know....I know....

It was the softness of your kiss
It was the one that I had missed

I know....I know....

It was the way you held me tight
It was that hug that felt just right

I Know....I know....

It was my heart when it did sing
With abandon it did bring

I know....I know....

It was that smile in your eyes
And those feelings with its ties

I know....I know....

And if there was any doubt
Well today I want to shout

I know....I know....

Because this love it is true
And all because of you

I know....I know....

YOU AND THE MOON AND ME

You and the moon and me
Together they make three
And with the star above
There's a sign of love
In the heavens that I can see.

It's a night in the middle
And a shadow's take
Like musical notes
From a spirit that wakes
You and the moon and me.

I see us there
In this ink black sky
I see us there
From the heart its eye
I see us there
Forever and free

You and the moon and me!

THE DANCE

You take me there....with your dance

You take me there....in your glance

You take me there....to my home

You take me there....with love; you own.

Now riding the wave cresting and falling
Testing and teasing with snake like charm
Sparks exploding holding each moment
Taunting the boundaries patience and pride
Feeling the pulse, your dance provides.

And so it is, as wings unfolding
Expressing itself as Falcons with ties
Holding their heads up, looking towards forward
Breaking each boundary, the higher they fly
As you; and I...

THE FALCONS FLY

The Falcons fly to higher ground
On the cliffs towards homeward bound.
Opening wings, opening still
Catching air, with dance and thrill.

The dream awoke passion's form
Exploring now a love reborn.
Flying where new stars adorn
And silence waits, when past
Is gone....

THE WHOLE DAMN SKY

You helped me forget what I'd been through
You helped me to see things brand new.

You took my past and set it aside
You took that place where I was tried
And gave me new wings so I can vie.

And I dance and I sing and my body I bring
Feeling alive it's my offering with a new sense of pride
I held inside, from a heart that was torn and pushed aside.

But now I am back with my love that survived,
Because I can feel it again for you and I
Without the lie, just a wiser Eye, and;
The whole Damn Sky, Where Falcons.... Fly.

YOUR EYES

Your eyes fill this soul with light
And face that sees and haunts with sight
With mystery that takes the night
Making helpless for want it might.

And there within its fiery core
Its embers still with love endures
Till that which knows with wait implores
Till one that will unlock its doors
To enter in as none before with love these
Eyes, were looking for....

HER GOLDEN LIGHT

Her body divine, a tree, a tabernacle of golden light
Her middle as smooth as the legs she stands on
Her breasts speak their song of night
As does the eyes, and lips full, soft in her hour
That's ripe.

Her hands send shadows scrambling; anointed,
Like the shoulders and arms that hold them
From chin to neck to cheek, that I, this purveyor
Of truth does seek, and that her body perfect;
Completes.

NO TIME AT ALL

I want to be your lover
'Cause I want it to feel the same
I want it to be like no other
With a love that can never be tamed.

You and I, you and I, you and I.

Our thoughts will rest with the angels
Someplace that is adrift
Floating in someplace that's no where
Like love when experiencing it.

"Cause there's no time for falling and crawling
No time no time to fall, 'cause our time will be time
When calling, not wasting our time building walls
Just this love that has no time; at all....

You and I, you and I, you and I.

SPRING

Young buds peaking out
Saying hello to spring!

Streams flowing excited to be
Hello they also sing!

Birds chirping, eyes lurking
They are, in everything!

So this heart that once more starts
Ready for what; they bring!

FACE OF THE FLOWER

Your face emerges
From the center of the flower
Like a Modigliani painting.

He saw you there
Stretching your neck
Looking around with surprise.

He held its shape
For one brief moment
Seeing it through your eyes.

And so it is
These words I paint
Seeing; it never
Dies.....

THERE ARE TIMES

Lost in time
There are times
Nothing pressing
On the mind
There are times.

Feeling full
Feeling empty
Feeling life
Feeling plenty
There are times.

Life takes
Life gives
Life does
Life is
There are times.

Dreams come
Dreams go
Keeping time
With the flow
Wishing for
Something so
There are times.

And there are times
You just go
Without time
Where truth
Does know,
There are times.

There are times....

STANDING ALONE

There it stands alone mixed in thoughts and images
Absorbing, filtering, refining.

It is a night without ending, reaching out into
What is carried over.

It is the ultimate dessert not to be finished
For buds to expand for their next catch.

As one that slowly breathes inhaling the scent of a love
Never to be forgotten, though somewhere put away.

It is the dye that never stops secreting beneath its fleshy
skin

Breaching its defenses ecolytic, spreading itself as a
moon's

Beam across an enchanted lagoon will, waiting to explore
tomorrow

What the night had clearly shown, while cheating death
One more time inhaling its perfume. And as a poet did
express,

"To ride the wave that never breaks...till home"

Where it has always stood; alone.

LOST IN THIS ECSTASY OF LOVE

Lost in this ecstasy of love
I can feel it just because
I am sitting here in its hue
Feeling the meaning of reality dreaming
'Cause I know what I'm feeling is true.

Rain is now falling but this love
Keeps on calling and there's nothing
I need to do, 'cause I know I'm awake
And there's nothing to shake
This feeling I have running through.

The mist it is rising from clouds
That were hiding that I can finally see
Feeling the meaning of reality dreaming
Sitting here letting it be.
It's simple it's quiet there's nothing to hide it
No words that need be said, just a smile that knows it
And eyes that show it and that feeling of love
Where I sit.

Love is the ecstasy because of what's next to me
And nothing can hide the true, feeling the meaning
Of reality dreaming, and all because I'm here;
With YOU.....

THE SOLSTICE OF SUMMER

You and I are one now Butterfly
As you stand on my toe eating off my flesh
As is Stanislova as we read her poetry
Here in a sea of wild flowers and black flies
Eating off us while my clothes dry
Laying on the grass and birds sing to our soul
Where we sit; vulnerable.

And the music plays as wit of wind
Surrounding everything that is within
Sheltering that which now begins
As will this poem from where it's been.

And the waiting is well the worth
For travel it does to far off places
When remaining still, listening, and watching;
Just being.

Twelve year old Maggie Murphy knows
She told me so in her poem
About clouds and mountains she saw behind,
And those many distant places
That are never very far away
As this, now, the solstice of summer....

HER BLANKET

She used my poetry
As one would a blanket
To cover her naked body.
Her dreams were full of my words
Keeping her warm alive and in love
While getting her through
Many winters.

But then a colder night came,
Also in words turning the poetry
Into a fictional footnote, and this
Because those words ate her blanket
Like a moth to sensitive wool.
Like a cancer selfish to survive.

But then a kiss was sent with good thoughts
Turning another page returning her to
A warmer place and time and the poetry
That mends because it is the ultimate reality
That covers the naked, and will, when truth
Was; its thread.....

FEW MEET THAT NEVER FORGET

Looking back, I'm still a fool, still a fool for love.
When I walk alone on a moonlit night, I walk with you!
The love that has been with me, since I was just a child.
I've shared with you the sunsets, and those that came to rise.
I've held you in my arms, and was there when you cried.
We also laughed together, when a song came passing through,
Feeling what was yesterday and tomorrow it might too.
The days when long as seasons, time when it was lost.
Nights that held its breath, when you its path had crossed.
You were right beside me, right where we belonged,
Feeling it together, lovers in the dawn.
You that knows me better, you my other self,
You that knows when time it is, to offer me your help.

We never lost hope, and sadness we both knew,
And when those days we were apart, were days
That we both grew.
This morning?
We will feel the wind and snow flakes, though they're few.
'Cause today I feel what I have felt 'cause today I'm here
With you! You who has been with me, since a little child,
You who's never let me down, with love, one truly wild!
You that sat upon a log, one that's where I sit.
Looking for today the memory that is it.

I saw your footprints in the snow, even though it's spring.
I saw your shoes with pointy toes, worn and wet to cling.
Cling with all those memories, the kind that makes me blue,
And still a fool, a fool for love, the love I know is true,
When looking back; with you....

THE WAY - BRIGID

THE MUSE

I asked God to show me the true
And just as fast, there stood you!

You are the Pearl in a thousand shells
The Lilly In The Valley, the Flower's smells.

You are the reason, the reason why
God gave us tears so they could cry
When such beauty blinds the eye
And gives love wings so it can fly.

You are the MUSE you are its Ray
That brings to light that shows the WAY
As proof it was, as on this day
As is your name, now here; to, stay.

BETWEEN YOU AND I

Let me enjoy your beauty
And look into your soul
Let it be a quiet time
One I can hold
Let our thoughts pass
Without need to ask
Let them just be
Weightless in mass
Let my breath take
All of you in
Where your being will
Inside of me swim
Let this time be
Between you and I
Where THIS will
Forever just lie,
Always free.....

THE SPARK

You tease me like the firefly does night
You do it with your eyes that flash their light
And light they did that dark spot in my heart
To glow with love that started with
One Spark

TWO IN ONE

Our words are mixed together now
Like two rivers that converged
Your's in mine, mine in your's
Together they are merged.

Thoughts that share their sameness
Experience entwined
Both now one as clothes when weaved
Both from the same vine.

A song to sing our hearts song
Composed from that within
Sharing life's many sides
Sharing where it's been.

The music is the juice, sad but
Sweet the note
It touches deep that essence holds
Squeezed till drops they float.

Your soul sings the melody
The truth in every part
It touches me as others will
Because it's from your heart.

Our words are mixed together now
The music is the rind
Your's in mine, mine in your's
Now two in one; to find.

(Sweet the song that sings the soul from body bent inside
that holds like ice that melts though it be cold for warm it
stays when all is told)

THE WISH

I've kissed your lips before;
Though a dream.
I felt their softness touch that place,
Once more...Now I've seen.
As when lover's kiss, eyes must close
Bringing it deep to soul.
The soul that longs what senses do,
Feeling what lips to lips, that love that's true,
In me, and you.
As the dream wake's the wish, to be;
Free!

THAT DRESS

Even though we are as different
As a snake is to a camel...

I held my breath so intoxicating
Was your dress.
I could only stare as thoughts held
When forced; yes, made to address.

And as you walked away a movie
Played, so I would find. It was a special
Scene that locked itself in my mind.

Your move, it brought me back
As I recall, like these words I share
That somehow had to fall.

I was lost for words and so it was
I couldn't speak. But if thoughts have
Power, mine? Well; not so discreet.

Boots hugging towards waiting knees
Leotard with mini skirt, eyes pleased.
A flower child surely, with a 2000 flare
The jacket over shirt with hat over hair.

And of course that move with confident walk
Perhaps feeling what secretly my thoughts

That stalked. Like a voyeur that just
Couldn't resist, like that movie before
That was to impress....As you did, so,
Incredibly.... dressed....

OPEN

A sparrow
Sang her song
For me
With voice and
Beauty I
Could see
An opera
And her destiny
Her life and what
Was meant to be
So Free!

Like the Lilly of the
Valley that comes
Each May
Her fragrance waits
Each year to stay
A gift for those
Who make their
Way
Like a treasure
Cast in stone or
Clay
Found one day;
Open.

IN QUIET FOOTSTEPS

In quiet footsteps
The road walked.
Where trees and birds
They do talk.
And boulders wait
As old as time
Patiently, for touch
Like mine.
The crunch beneath
My feet keep
To thoughts I have
To their own beat.
That find themselves
On this here sheet
Where all I feel
And hear, do
Meet.....

So we could be with, you.

ON THE DUNDEE'S RUN
A PLACE OF MIRACLES

Where flowers laid
The lady waits
Where water falls
She lays in state
To answer prayers
For those who make
And bring her flowers
For her to take.

A place of miracles
For those who come
To bare her witness
For what she's done
For this be sure
She is the ONE
To be found
On The Dundee's Run....

THOSE LITTLE STREAMS

Ah those little streams
That weave themselves
From birth.
Finding their way
Through field and stone
Woods and earth.
Gurgling and rapping
Babbling and haggling
Singing to passer by.
Until disappearing
Wiggling and wagging
Hidden to ear and eye
Leaving to wonder;
And why....

LOOK AROUND

Look around, you're not alone
With what you've done
Or what's been done to you.
Look around, your neighbors
Are the same dealing with
Things the way we do.

This is life, rubbing each
Reaching out, reaching in
Whether poor, whether rich
Having less, having more.
It doesn't matter, having fame
Or nor. Look around, listen
To a song, or poem. Those
Moving on, faces of pain
Makes us proud to be one
Of them. Sensitive fragile
Yet strong.

This is life the way it is
Not the way you'd like it
As does everyone else
Thinking we know the way.

Look around, we are one
With what we did, or what's been done.
I have more holes in me than Swiss cheese
I look around and know I'm not alone.
Some make it, some don't
Moments change, times won't.
Mothers fathers sons daughters
Sisters brothers, all's fodder..

It's a perfect world that seems insane
Like it or not, it's God's game
(And what can you do about that..ha ha.)

Ego's flare, a distant star. Not knowing
Where we are. Or, who it is that holds
The strings, until that time that love
Brings to That eye that sees all things
To look around and see we're no alone,
With things done or things owned.
Life is about sharing all its experiences
Together, till the egg cracks, being the heroes
That we are, trying to break through.
All we need do is Look around
It's all there these things
We share, as we hurdle through space
Thinking that we're not moving
And alone....Look around....

I HEAR THE SCREAMS

I hear the screams
In the remains
Coming out of buried
Bones.

I hear the screams
From petro glyphs
Out of caves like
My own.

I hear the screams
From a child born
Feeling they knew
Something was wrong.

I hear the screams
From the ocean floor
Where life its blood
Its oil pours.
I hear the scream
From my tired soul
Where values were
Divinely stored.

I hear the screams
From the standing owl
Through the night.
And then I hear them
Once again with new
Light.

I hear the scream
From the inner child
The lion grips.
I hear it from the
Sidewalk crowds

With looks that
Tip.

I hear the screams
Though not in sound
Screaming helpless
All around,

I hear; the SCREAMS.....

SAVORING DROPS

Young leaves stick out
Their tongues
Lapping up drops
Of rain.

Gray skies sundown
Hides
The day I lap
As it wanes.

That hug- Oh that hug
She gave, with love
She didn't conceal
Connecting something
Held inside
That love
You know is real.

And then she left
With a wave goodbye
I didn't even know
Her name
But she knows mine
And I'm easy to find
Leaving me with
That flame.

Sipping and lapping
Waiting and wanting
With a thirst for that
Which came.

Now savoring drops
Filling that spot
With love that seeps
Through my veins
Where again it still;
Remains....

MUSHROOMS

Where mushrooms sit
I long to be
For this I know is
Destiny.

There where ancient
Gods have sat
Where they suckled
Born of THAT.
THAT which carries
With her still
And mouths are fed
With life its will.

For there they sit
Upon her chest
Where milk does flow
And we ingest
That place where
Natures vows were set
When God and Goddess
They first met....

OPEN SPACES

Far away into the night I go
Where dreams don't know.
Far away into that eternal flight
That place where a smile fills
My soul. Away from yesterdays
And rivers backwards flow.

Here bodies float with flowing silk sails
Faces pressed against the unknown
A weightless sailor free to roam
Through open spaces, while heading;
Home....

FREEDOM

You gave me the first kiss (Innocent)
and the trees surrounding us were
pleased, they laughed and danced.

And the earth we spread on each others
face marking us forever to that other
place. And the breath we gave as those
did take feeling the oneness when ego's
erased.

An aura of indigo held its glow with
love from another that made it just so,
And with sacred water our faces touched
while looking at hands their wonder,
with nothing planned so ecstasies rush.

Cards we read guiding us to seeing what
mountains we needed to view. Teasing
THIS Wolf waiting it's true. And later
the Wolf seen from inside of you. For
the Wolf is loyal to what it must do.

God and Goddess and a cats tale
reminding us both we need not fail,
to have the courage to dance in the
dark, bringing our light that will create
the spark.

For love is in the still in the city of the
mind, there as it was, and will be to find.
It's beyond forever, it just IS. In the silence
of being this dreamer was filled.

For I looked in the mirror and saw my
true self. It was one with wisdom, compassion,
no doubt. And again my reflection it came
back from you, seeing myself in the other
I knew.

The dreamer woke never to sleep. Conscious of being at one now to keep, in silence that frees the moment to be, real, alive, and able to see.

And the Spirit spoke:

" I call you love, because you are!
No matter what, you have been told.

I call you love no matter young, nor
be...old.

I call you love divine and true.
I call you love because I'm told.
Love is there inside to hold,
it is YOUR Gold".

Wherever we go we bring colors
we show, no matter if winter or
spring. Gracing the air and everything
there so special are we that bring
a movement in mass with waves of
love, rippling, carried by wind in its
task. WE are the topsoil feeding the seeds
with love that will begin the end, that
love will defend. And this will grow to
what always was ending the dream
that did descend.

So why fear? Not wanting to feel the
hurt by letting someone in totally?
Your heart has been broken in the past,
so the walls. But being human is like
that. And that is being alive. To feel!

We have an unknown potential waiting.
We just need to be together, love together,
to have it unfold, to open. I AM, as you ARE.

We both know this.....

The Wake:

There is a coffin waiting for us all. Like this woman I saw with painted lips, so beautiful. She looked as if she lie asleep at peace, there now in another place. As if having a wonderful dream. Others were crying for her and themselves, caught in this reality where chaos and grief dance the pain, wishing IT would sleep.

She disposed to move along, her lips glistening like paint might before it dries will, and in time will peel, as hearts do now that feel.

You sank your hand through my chest, into my heart. Now my heart is in your hands, the two that beat the same. Like you born in 93, you felt my pain and came. Tania never sleeps, and patience has her name, and freedom is yours and mine when without the shame
WE ARE!

And the bear lies there upon her chest protecting her in its quest. To keep the love its flow, no matter the test, till that bridge is crossed, as the mountain's peak, And the Wolves together, will rest.....

SAND TO SAND

Passing sand from hand to hand
Palms open as two hearts can.
Pleasing senses one of love
Sand to sand still is that was.

Feeling the burn fall colors leave
Floating the river towards the sea
Feeling the other inside of me
Feeling the real not what could be.

A Blue Herring flying by
Waving wings one with sky
Feeling love feeling high
Seeing love that is; the I.

Geese passing over head hearing wings
Like leather that slips, slips between
Two holding hands where moments before
Passed sand to sand.

A moon near full rises slow
Seeing things in the flow
Not believing if love is so
Being here one just knows.

This, carried by a stronger fate
Sealed with being both awake
To see all things in a higher state
Like passing through a long locked gate.

And there scripted by an artist drew
Words that share what we felt too
There in sand what was the true
Simply put....I LOVE YOU.....

BEFORE

I saw love coming out of her eyes
With their curious mystery.

Two thoughts at the same time
From love back and forth
For one and now this other.

It's complicated yet pure
For its inner want.

Eyes that look through a green lens
Fragile yet strong in the heart.

And so they stare with a serious glance
Letting one know their search for the truth
Before the cat allows the leopard to leap,
With her surrender....

PEACE NOT TRIUMPH

Peace not triumph
Words thrown in the air
Like weapons when
Disengaged.

Peace not triumph
Words more powerful
Than nuclear rain seeding
Earth.

Peace not triumph
Words that lift a swollen river
To find the sea.

Peace not triumph
Words that catch heated rays
On a summer's day
Where peace it stays
As triumph slips, slips
Away....

CASTLETOWNBERE

Seagulls and Swans and fishing boats
Mudflats and moors together that cope.
Waiting the tide to turn and to float
Leaving the harbor with dreams filled with hope.

Here where mist and clouds fill the sky
Roads filled with curves and blind to the eye
Travelers make their way with each tide
Over again with sea birds that fly.

For here, the land ends, were it not for the wind
Carrying with it those memories of when.
And where the sheep now gather again
Between rock and hill, and the green of the glen.

A LOVE STORY IS A MOMENT THAT CAPTURES TIME
NOW, YOURS AND MINE...
THE SOUL MATE.

Her profile in poetry...

She scrubs herself with coffee grounds
Her skin smooth as the flute is with sounds
Her hair one stops when it is let down
Her dress, she's a gypsy freedom's her gown.

The smell of morning with its first light
When earth's perfume is there at its height
Like the scent of a lily when May has the right
These are her favourites their essence, Her quite.

Her passion are pictures she has the eye
For what she sees are scenes that hide
Her thoughts are clear refined as with glass
Playful sincere she's a lady with class.

Her body is perfect as perfection will have
She is desire love's most potent salve
Her colours are rainbow all have their place
One to the other she honours with grace.

Her looks are familiar as the soul is to fire
She needs nobody she walks someplace higher
The earth is her home and free to roam
She is its heart like that in this poem.

Her white horse waits on sand next to sea
It is her spirit pure and is free
Her lips hold a curious smile
She is a goddess Natures child.

She's a mixture of all that's ever been
Yet pure as light from where it begins
The love she wants has no doubt
It is everywhere when all about.

She's sensitive fragile as a flower with frost
Yet strong as a seed in an apricot
She believes in destiny as with its fate
I know this is true, she is; my soul mate!

A BROKEN CIRCLE

Bitter is the soil beneath the feet
That holds the dam in order to complete
A journey that begun with loves deceit
Holding on like time that holds the peat.

A quiet passing in the still....A dream
Bent upon the couplet in its seams.
Worthy of a note that's caught between
Only for a night Auden leans.

For there upon the hill stones they stand
A place no one really understands
The why of what they stand for....understood.
But there they circle broken, holding;
Gone for good...

IN THE POEM

She saw my face in a dragonfly
And then a snake that came inside
Then she thinks she is the bride
And runs away so she can hide.

Brigid, she was there to see
So there could be the poetry
Showing love how it was free
Assailing love its mystery.

Dagda knew when there again
The fiery arrow in pointed pen
That raised the flesh the skin within
For in the poem is where she's been.

And the wind and the fire is the heart of hearth
And a smile and wave to where it starts
And a chill is warmed in the still.... moving parts
Leaving forever Brigid's mark,
In; the poem.....

BEFORE MOVING ON...THE STILL

AH! the glitter in the sea
And, waves-no, ripples mating with shore.
Quiet and lazy with the tide now in.
Sea diamonds sparkling from a brilliant sun
Between clouds as lazy as this noon by one.

Like a woman who needs to get away
Not being part of a bigger conversation
Connecting within again as now she reflects
As with sparkling eyes hiding secrets yet to be tried.

A pastoral landscape across this bay
Where fields mark a long ago day
In a canvas of green here and there
A patchwork dobbing the hill
And so this picture in the quiet the still
Peaceful and calm, before; moving on...

WHEN ALONE AGAIN

When you were gone and I was left alone
I was faced with feelings I was shown
At first they made me lonely thinking all the time
Until I saw thinking was only in my mind.

I've made this trip before and didn't know the score
No more no more
My heart is just a token a station free and open
Secure secure

No one can make me happy no one can make me sad
A crowd or not it's only thoughts passing as they had
And so this moment as I write feeling it in song
It doesn't matter what I had I let it all move on.

Chorus

('Cause the bells they are ringing there's a breeze blowing in
There's a curtain that is moving near the chair I'm sitting in
Feeling like I'm going feeling taken in heading towards
freedom
Carried by the wind.)

This love I feel I know is mine it's here inside it's there to find
And as I give as did then it still remains in me if when alone
again
I'll keep that love alive I'll never let it die inside inside
It's in my blood that's flowing it's love that I am knowing
inside inside

Chorus

'Cause the bells they are ringing there's a breeze blowing in
There's a curtain that is moving near the chair I'm sitting in
Feeling like I'm going feeling taken in heading towards
freedom
Carried by the wind, while here alone again it's here alone
again.

AN ADULT BEDTIME STORY ABOUT THE LAND OF EVER

" Michael, would you tuck me in and tell me a bedtime story"

" Don't you think you are a little old for that?"

" Not really, I don't think you're ever too old for that, do you? "

" I suppose not. OK, I'll do that but you will have to tuck yourself in OK? "

" Oh all right... OK "

" Well the story I am going to tell you is about YOU and who you really are, and where you really came from....See before you came to this earth you lived another time on another place called EVER. It is known as the perfect place, at least it was. It is on another dimension one we cannot see...

Now when you were born there, your mother was its queen, and when she brought you into that perfect place, she became very jealous of you, because she saw you were born with a sacred star on your left hand, and this meant that you would be the most beautiful and adored princess of all and so she separated herself from you because of that.

Now as you grew into a teenager you were all of that, you were grand so perfect and so humble. You also met your perfect opposite there, who also had a sacred star on the palm of his hand, on its right. You both were so happy so complete while being

together, and all the inhabitants
felt that too...It was all so wonderful...

The queen your mother, just couldn't stand all the
adoration you both
were receiving. So she went in front of the council of light
and made up
false charges against you both, and had you both banished
from EVER
and sent to what they called THE LOWLY PLACE,
EARTH!

Being born here your memory of it was also taken away,
and in its place
this feeling of something missing, as it is with all Earth's
inhabitants to this very day....But that feeling came down
from EVER
because it was such a perfect place and you were with
your perfect opposite.

Well, I think you might remember this, when you were
younger, you were
sitting looking out into the distance feeling that feeling of
missing, which
keeps us with a feeling of loneliness, when off to your
right was another
like you, who seemed to be looking out with that same
feeling. When you
both turned to each other and for one brief moment you
both felt a completeness
that up til that time had not been felt before. And even
though you both
didn't talk and went your separate ways, that connection
was made.

Now when you were banished THE ONE WHO STANDS
ABOVE US ALL

allowed the queen to have her way because it wasn't to be
interfered
with, however, guides were sent with you to make sure
certain timely
events would take place in your life during your search
for reasons
of being here, and that emptiness you were feeling,
and So that meeting with that boy.

Back on EVER there was a discontent since your
banishment and even
your mother felt this too, and she knew she had made a
mistake
because of what til then was never known PRIDE....And
yes she wished for
you both to return but the time was not in her control, and
so a lesson of
PATIENCE came into being on EVER.

But your guides do have a plan and one day a Crow will
come to your door,
And will have pine needles in its beak, and you will just
know it is time to
go back to that place where you first met that boy and felt
complete.
A Crow will also come to his door and he also intuitively
will know as well.
And when there you will come together and upon shaking
hands will notice
each others STAR, and with that all your memories of
your past will be
revealed because a beautiful snake who is the keeper of
all past lives will be there
to reveal this to you and then you will know, BUT, you
both will have to live out this life
here on the lowly place, and to share all you both will
learn and to bring this back

to your rightful home of EVER, and when you both do,
EVER'S people will
and your mother the queen will celebrate, and everyone
will feel a wholeness
Again....And be wiser for it.....The End.".....

" No please, tell me more"...." All right, but this is it"

“Well now you know who you really are, a true princess
with a very special mission
who will be reunited with her prince and will live
happily EVER after....
Now Please go to sleep....And dream your
dream....Goodnight." “Goodnight Michael,
and thank you soooo much....I love you for that." “And I
love you too,"

SEEING

It is to be, let it fly,
Stand down, be the sky
It's for us, you and I,
We have time, before we die.

No more waiting, that's been done
We're pulsating, like the sun
Feel the flow let it run
Moving us, to be one.

Crossing rivers, mountains heights
Looking out with inner lights
Love is energy, this we know
Look around, it tells us so.

Desire and form, they are mates
Ready to open, loves gate
Putting flesh on spirits soul
Something that, we both can hold.

And so we ask, what is why
So it is with this reply
Removing dust from inner eye
Reaching what, underlies for you
And I, for you; and I.

TWO TO ONE

You brought me bread, and fed me with YOU,
Open and ready to explore.
Your hands soft woke in mine, a light that flickered
Pulsating time.

Your needs and wants poured from your heart
Quenching a thirst I already knew.
And the wheel our last, meant no turning back
While compassion for others, stays true.

It's a mystical dance of self forgetting, losing oneself
As one's own.
Taking a chance for something much greater
And up till now together unknown.

Hoping to enter that sea of silence, and there
Together be shown, through rapture and bliss
And THAT which is this, to know we've finally
Reached HOME, where no I, but just, free to roam.

Like an Irish stream running on, bringing with it
An Irish song.

Like birds chirping glad of spring, a Sunday mass
Nature sings.

Like Bridget's flower poking through a green garden
Where she grew.

Like, this quiet road, she is there, free to roam
Everywhere! Because; she's HOME!

VICTORIA

You're a lake, you're a mountain
You're a river you're a queen
You're the face of an angel
And the star that moves between.

You're the purple in a sunset
You're the light that comes to day
You're an artist and a poet
The sparkle in a bay.

You're the dream of your father
And the one your mother had
You're the spring you're the flower
Each year that makes us glad.

Your name means victorious
You have what patience has
You're the music and the lyrics
You're filled with all that jazz.

Victoria it's no secret
We all know it's true
Because what's been written
Victoria, it is YOU.....

MOON FLOWER BUTTERFLY

"You took my keys those to my heart
I need them back".

Then you talk:

"Don't worry they are safe
Inside a special spot
They too unlock."

Moonflower you have my day
With you now in my thoughts.
Hell is this, that I must pay
With you that I cannot.

One day one night, if only might
My world was one with you
Never would I ask again
With prayer I know I do.

You are the flower I've seen in dreams
The moon that I held tight.
I've walked with you through misty fields
Caressing you with night.

Oh Muse again so near I see
You tease me I do fear to be
With beauty I have never seen
So close with you now on my screen.

Will it be again for you to leave
Without a reason why?
Or will it be for you and me
To leap into this mystery
And let those keys that treasure holds
And let our love with pleasures pour
For all to see... Fulfilling now this destiny....
With you and I
Moon Flower Butterfly...

A DIFFERENT CONVERSATION

It was a different conversation
Like a cloud passing through
With its own information.

Clouds come, clouds go
Like passing generations
Each have their own separation
Sensations, vibrations, identifications.

Old ones new ones
Some tie, some undone
Some hide, some plumb
Some side, some run.

Last night held tight
Streaming forth same light
Same views, same plight
Same cloud, one bright.

Thoughts passing paper sails
Catching wind, sky pales
Reaching places time nails
For the moment, cloud inhales.

Hair hair thoughts stare
Seeing thoughts, thoughts flare
Lighting up; aware. Knowing well
Whose there. Thoughts now
Two pair, same cloud, so rare.

Some look to victimize
Some look to hypnotize
Some look to criticize
Some look to, help realize.

Brains brains waxing and waning
Gaining and hanging training and reigning.
Clouds swimming in the brain
Memories and fantasies, all's the same!
So; the pain....

DON'T KNOW YOUR NAME

I don't know your name....it's all the same.

AH! your voice, this I know.

A Clarinet, a flute, a saxophone, a drum, obo

Keys called bones....This I know.

An orchestra of sounds,

A Cacophony pulled together, repulsing, attracting.

Like birds with their sounds, together they sing

Through one microphone.

Like a note that slips, opening and closing

I don't know your name, it's all the same.

Ah! your voice, this I know,

This I own!....

WILL YOU REMEMBER

Will you remember like this song
And forgive what all went wrong.
We had a history when together
You and me.

But then it came to end
When life called us back then
And we had to both transcend
No longer to pretend.

Now looking back I see
Why things they had to be
It was just our destiny
Adding to our history.

It's a song about our souls
Inside where love it holds
saying things we need to know
about true love and letting go.

'Cause when all is said and done
There's no blaming anyone
There were things we had to learn
And so we had to have our turn.

But it's love that ends this song
And forgiveness for the wrongs
For love it has to be
In the end that sets us free.

It's a song about our souls
Inside where love it holds
saying things we need to know
about true love and letting go.

Like this song that speaks with words
So love can now be heard
Filled with simple poetry
With a perfect harmony.

It's a song about our souls
Inside where love it holds
saying things we need to know
about true love and letting go.

But it's love that ends this song
And forgiveness for the wrongs
For love it has to be
In the end that sets us free.

THE BUTTERFLY

I had my eye on you
What else could my eye do
Than look at you.
You said: You looked at me.
What was it, we did see
Was it our destiny, or was it
Seeing something free.
Our past brought us here
Getting through the fear
And now; we look, we touch,
We feel. We kiss, we love, we heal.
We take, we give with life we live,
Knowing what is real; this seal.
And the music now begins
Forever with the wind.
Taking love within, sharing
Where it's been.
Whether dusty plains
Or fields rich with grains
Without love restrained
Love falls like rain.

And the eye will show the heart
Together not apart, and play
Its sweeter sound, once more for
What it's found.
And as day will turn to night
As night will to day
As words that have their right
When something they to say.
It's more than just a mystery
When two they come to meet
For when the fruit is ripe
One must stop and eat.
You brought the fruit out in me

With words now set free
And that my friend was no mistake
It was destiny.
And there inside where dreams are kept
Just waiting to come out
Will again when love is felt
To overcome the doubt.
For love is love no matter what
Love cannot be told
It just is but also more
When two THAT love
Both hold...

PREDILECTIONS

I'm just another leaf
The breeze blows through
I'm just another blade
Of grass that's true.
I'm just another one
They whispered too
"It's just the beginning"
Whispered by you.

Out of your body
Out of your mind.
Out of all fetters
Out of all time.
Ready to explore
What's there to find
Ready to feel and this
To Dine.

AND THAT'S JUST FINE

I don't have money, but I do have time
And time is something that I know all mine.
I don't have things to weigh me down
But what I do have is some peace of mind.
And that's just fine, and that's just fine.

Now some days it rains some days it pours
Some days I don't have a place indoors.
Some days I'm freezing some days I'm hot
Some days the wind blows some days it's not.
And that's just fine and that's just fine.

It's me and my candle sitting in my van
A very dark night but my candle stands.
A solemn quiet, a peace prevails
Sitting in my van, still my sails.
Just me and my candle flickering light
And it's all right, it's all right.

Now I don't have money to buy me love
But the love I get is real because
It's a love for me for what I got
And love that's real is one not bought.
And what I have I know is mine
And that's just fine, and that's just fine.

Now some people help me along the way
And I try to give back in words I say
And most people are really so kind
And the heart still rules is what I find.
'Cause time's still mine, and that's just fine.

Like now I'm feeling this love for you
You're on my mind, you're on my mind.
And that's just fine, and that's just fine
'Cause I know we all have still got time....
And that's just fine, and that's just fine.

RACEAIRRIA

She's an Amani a Georgio a Lauren by far
Her beauty is fire that lights every star.

Her eyes a magnet to her serious side
Full of passion that just cannot hide.

She's that face on a page that just doesn't dry
Alive and amored in the back of the eye.

She comes in a sleep where the mind cannot rest
In a moment eternal its thoughts can't resist.

She's the classical artist's inner retreat
She's the forge that makes all metals weep.

She haunts the senses beyond the known
Her essence the marrow in every mans bones.

She's that moment forever seldom when seen
But if one does she'll be there; in dreams....

WITH LOVE

You are Eve
Calf Woman's
Seed.
You are the Goddess
Green Eyed
Conceived.
You are the heart
You are the pure
You are the Love
All look for.
You are the Wolf
Your eyes are keen
You share two worlds
You go between.
You look from high
The mountain top
You see all things
It is your spot.
And just as I
Who knows these things,
It is with love
This earth we bring.
And though a veil
Tries separate
To cast a doubt
To penetrate,
The will of ONE
Make no mistake
Will get us through
That once locked gate
Where PATIENCE waits,
WITH; LOVE...

HERE

It is here, it is now
It is this, we're endowed.
Always now, for real forever
Can we be, there both together.

Can we spend, it doing real
Time in every, moment feel
To be there, in it's presence
Sharing in, what is its essence.

Can we face, what's there to see
With all, humility
Reserved, for you and me
With our souls, that long to be.

No past to bring along
Just what is, will be our song
Pressing lips, each time to kiss
That unknown, that's surely bliss.

Can we have this conversation
About what is, not what is not
For what is, is revelation
It's not something, we have sought.

Reactions, they just hide
What we hold, so deep inside
For reactions, they disguise
What is only, our false pride.

There's no moment, to be held
Just a consciousness, to dwell
Can we be, there you and I
We won't know, unless we try
To be; here.





Photo's taken by Kaie, shown here





Arranged and Printed by The UPS Store, North Conway, NH