Paradox

I. Obsessed with the light.
Consuming the light,
Consumed by the darkness.

Walking with the darkness,
Walking through the light,
Consumed by the light.

II. The secret of life
is its poetry, with
a gentle and patient
breathing of rhythms,
a movement with metaphors
that are not really symbols,
but universal realities of life.

III. I listen to lavish maple leaves
And starkly rasping frogs
Below the grandeur of the firs,
To the pattering drops
On roof and raincoat
Clearing the air that
Embraces my lungs.

I listen to sound sages of kindred spirits,
To the collective drumming of our hearts,
To attentive gifts of care and confidence.

I listen to silence.
Space and fullness.
A soft motherly voice
That lovingly nurtures
My too restless soul.

III. "Consumed by guilt"
brings to mind
a huge hungry ogre in black and white
a stubble-whiskered giant from an old Disney cartoon
with a boisterous laugh and a large gaping grin
he holds a big sandwich with his two thumby hands
Jack's head peeking from between the white slices
with his long mousy limbs flailing about

IV. Keep your feet on the ground
They said with the best of intentions.

And I did.

Until my shoes were imbedded in concrete
holding me down so close to the earth
I was one of the flat people
Who couldn't see the contours.

I cannot breathe
in this deep cave
that I have fallen into.
The air is so oppressive,
hot and heavy like
a thick blanket over me.

V. Tears are prayers,
a gentle spring of holy water
streaming down your cheeks
from the depths of your soul.
The purest of waters from the
deepest wells of your sacred being.

VII. A guardian angel comforts me
with the grace of her laughter and solace.
Unselfish and abundant in her love,
her tender words light my many tunnels.
Her quiet touch and gentle kisses
soothe my wounded wanderings.

Her beauty derives
from her humble celebration
of the sacred in each of us.
She assiduously listens to our hearts,
and we glow in her presence.
Lightly, the breath of the angel
draws us up from the depths of
our unnecessary intensities.

VIII. You thought you were listening to yourself.
You thought you knew who you were.
But sometimes on a quiet walk, there was an almost forgotten voice inside telling you that the dialog wasn’t you, that so many of your voices were not really your own.

Between the diminishing storms, you saw that the only way you could help others was to free yourself, so you took a deep breath and headed down that path.

You now knew you must walk for a while alone listening to the silence between the beats.

IX. My ancestors comfort me in the soft breeze stroking my cheek, the dancing clouds delighting my eyes, and the hooting owl reassuring my soul.

X. The most sensational colors of the day are the waning moments before twilight. Spirited flames melt into subtle hues.

We quietly watch the sonata as the conductor blends the tones. Ethereal trumpets and woodwinds mirror off of the tranquil water. Loons lovingly call to each other in their haunting tones. The campfire crackles behind us as the full orange moon rises above the firs across the lake.

No need to talk. Enough is being said.