

Out beyond our ideas...

I will meet you at my edge
the distant shadow
i call my conscious horizon
the place i can almost see from here
the curve beyond which lies the invisible

When we meet there
it will not be itself any longer
a new horizon born
within me, you
and outside of us

Everything will Move

The world is a circle
this place, this field
is not a new place
the rhythm of our meeting
space

time

intention

the you, the me
we are when meeting with open hearts
will weave together learning and meaning
will weave us into each other's questions
and into life

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A poem of forgiveness

I want to wash myself
in the ebb and flow
of the ocean as it sings
its gentle lullaby today,
salt stinging skin
that's only recently remembered
how to heal itself.

I stare into the blue lure
hunting for my own reflection,
until it finds me
on the soft curve of a wave
falling towards the rocks,
hungry for its lover's touch.

In the small silences
between each oceanic breath
I open myself to the sound I need
to forgive myself,

only to feel it slip
between my fingers
as the wave retracts
and rolls itself back
to its roots
within the depths,

where even forgiveness doesn't matter.

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