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Candle Burning

by

lor pearson

poetry for women

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Candle Burning *Collection of poetry by Lor Pearson*

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about author

Lor Pearson's poetry is literary, written to the feminine heart with candor and realism.

Lor Pearson uses idealistic language, setting the landscape of her abusive childhood in a healing light and often expresses it dovetailing into her adult life in a funny sense of ranting. Having been a teenage mother with no parental support, following her artistic pinnings into the volatile Hollywood entertainment industry, then transitioning into a 24/7 spiritual ministry, she brings to her poetry a rainbow of feelings which illustrate the passing of life's storms and the power of good thinking.

She believes that, "The word is life in more than a creative sense. Thereby, words fashioned with a spiritual view in mind encourage peace and wellbeing."

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Candle burning

This woman stealing into the night. . . to write.
Her soul needs to flush itself
that the morn bear less burden
than this night.
She peers at beads of bracelets on her wrist
as she writes,
envisioning the chains on ancients,
woman scribes before her
committed to death for voicing a smidgen of their soul
through quill's scratching their heart's desire to be
equal with men, not hating them but demanding like
freedom.
To enjoy that which men take for granite.
Let her be
bold expression; self-government; originality.
Woman's right to choose her own husband,
no less her lovers.
The right to minister at the altar,
no less to worship in the temple.
The right to scream disapproval
if upon her bed a rogue spots her sheets.

What kind of god created the lion's share of women
weaker
and men without grace?
It was not the mother of Love

-

continued

rather the invention of man's greed.

I pray as my candle flickers its light
from the last night of the 20th Century:
May some day the reflective light of Truth -
as well birthing women intelligently
with expectancy of heroic womanhood
as in manhood -
be welcomed.

Woman balanced in a listening world
praising her solar strength,
not celled as in some gender weakness.
In this Light the millennium man will be born
unshackled, to grow distinguished

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-

mushroom of insights

-

learned to listen

it was that day
knowing how to respond
with not a word
passing between

-

i am

i am

light energy

waves incept heart

prism into id

dazzling, bursting, blazing

fire kindles first night sky i see

mother star winks celestial bliss-

father mind transparent good

thoughts reflecting search to i

meta l a s e r - truth heals within

there is now

i am free

-

Solar planning

double exposed...
spiritualphysical

then
space, time, reason
invention, discovery
communication celled,
connection made

transparent wings,
bubbles through
mended, return,
reaching beyond

I can fly.

-

I see differently now

i see me in a crystal mirror
all rolled-up in one
one big light
through kaleidoscope prisms
reflecting clearly

-

thinking of you

my prayer
for you
to be
embellished in light
abundantly shining

-

nature's love

sits in the power of wind
assured of some eternal force.

safe there is
forever day.

faces bathed
radiancy, risen sun.

time cycles flatten
nature's magnificent lessons swell.

babe succors in mother's arms,
nature feeds, clothes splendidly.

lie frightened in beds
rest, dreams backdrop nature's handiwork

walking in new dew, rising summer's day,
assured of some genteel, eternal plan.

-

whistling

happy thoughts lead to good deeds
right deeds are holy works
only holy work
cradles real time.

-

opportunity appearing

angel thought
to face it
and angel thoughts
to fulfill them

opportunity satisfied

-

promise

someone inside
is listening to us
when we silently make amends
when we promise a promise

-

timeless work

happy thoughts lead to good deeds
right deeds are holy works
only holy work
cradles real time.

-

fire to singe not destroy

-

fulfilled

i am where i am
without you
because God uses me
better
that way

-

the her of him

the him of her
didn't work

maybe it was him
maybe it was her

maybe it was them.
they needed more.

the equation simple
no mystery.
love in softer language
less baggage
less rhetoric
more laughter
more love
less current
more emotional intelligence.

so the her of him grew
with space
the him of her
stayed in place

.

-
Ocean of feeling

As the ocean roars,
I sit here,
Like a clam on the shore.
I hide here.

The passion of yesterday
faded like a dream.
Today we live apart
in some hopeful divine scheme.

Are you afraid as I am?
Do you wonder in your mind,
looking for some sunshine,
finding only a strange roar?

Do you think your hands
can give your soul some relief?
So you try to caress it
But no relief comes.

Is your world so different from mine?
Do you have a grip without me?
Do I without you?
Some cosmic answer... please.

continued

-

Yet I know I am free.
But to let go... purge my heart. How?
As I say I love you
I am thinking of another.

As the ocean roared, I wrote this
too many years ago.
I didn't finish it,
but I did love again.

-

ex

he
has
an
alphabetically
ordered
list
of
what
he
doesn't
like
about
me

i
have
little
left
after
years
of
yielding
save
my
sense
of
humor

-

holy smoke

yeah! beauty
has its price
it
attracts shit

-

divorce101

i couldn't bare to sleep in our bed.
so, i never got into our sheets again.
i slept on the bed all right,
in a mock version of a sleeping bag.

i eventually opened the sleeping bag and added a sheet.

i couldn't bare to watch love stories.
so, i turned to comedies
which were more often love stories
making light of lover's pain and suffering.

that they made me laugh was healing.

i couldn't find my bank accounts.
for you did me the favor of closing them,
telling your mother that you
had been so kind to pay my bills.

more like yours.

i only could remember
two words of the Lord's prayer - our Father,
when our final fight left me pacing the streets,
looking up at the window of your new lover's lair.

-

i threw up on the curb of the street.

stillness comes.

and among angel inquiries,
i'm asked why i took so long to turn?
well, i never said i was the brightest color
in Your rainbow of creation.

but that was then.

and now by Your brilliant stroke,
i shine in the resplendence of mercy
true to the tone for which i was cast
humbled by life, enlivened by Truth.

so, i found love to be more than him. it's You!

-

Only time will tell

A thousand faces.
The man I was destined to love.
I looked from many angles.

I met him.
It was love.
Right Mom?
He tried to hold onto
With passion,
he desperately wanted.
special care
kept my pearl cloistered.

Only time will tell

Fast FWD...
so angry with his X
I did an X

-

message in a mirror

-

Angel's face full

I said, "bats in the belfry."
She said, "angel thoughts."

I wasn't kidding.
Neither was she.

I had had a heavy baggage journey.
She dumped hers already, obviously.

I needed understanding.
She was encouraging.

I bursting out loud.
She was listening.

"Okay. I see opportunity appearing."
She said, "And..."

SMILE
CONTINUING

She had the floor... and the sky and the
woman in the moon.
"When opportunity appears you have
angel thoughts to face it
and fulfill it."

-

Or was it?

"Opportunity appears when you have
angel thoughts to face it
and fulfill it."

Just me now.

She angelically faded.

Freely her ocean of prayer for me
etched my new world with the finger of
an angel.

No longer silly bats but gracious angels.
No longer invaded belfry but thinking.

AH, me
angelic... Wow!

-

faith

i have a simple faith
when i see the word God
it describes the sound of goodness"

*more than faith
is it but the reflection
of the meek Mind?

-

-

i am what i see
for what i see is a part of me

i am a tree
planting
my skin is bark
needing sap not soap

i am a horse
running
my legs end in hoofs
needing nails in my shoes

i am the ocean
pounding
my depths
needing trillions of dew drops

i am a fish
swimming
my mouth
needing water not air

i am the sky
bluing
my body
needing space not sea

-

i am a bird
flying
my arms
wearing feathers on wings

i am a flower
opening
my center
needing stems soaked in water

i am a lizard
listening
my tail
needing earth to trail

i am a giraffe
stretching
my neck
needing trees upper leaves

i am what i see for what i see is a part of
me

-
getting it right
negating the wrong

times like this a microrecorder
in my head
would better record the truth

until then
i'll write my thought
in the humility of human being

*

we are coded, so says science
if so then
getting it right mathematically means
everything

in moral decisions
this holds true as well
so we're told to be honest

for instance if being honest is always
right
then it is to keep life's complex equation
balanced
that means processing in the scale of
universal laws

-

i understand better
that if i falter or fudge the truth the
principle is eclipsed
that doesn't mean a glitch in the
profound systems of Mind

that means a glitch in my system of
being my best

so we're told to be honest to ourselves
among duties
that right is right
to richly demonstrate the facts of
universal goodness

all this means what we think counts a lot
so are we coded?
it is by sum special Order and Truth

then the answer to the equation:
is
what is right for you is right for me.

-
time

black and white
to Technicolor,
Is that all time became?

sun still
gives freely
same definition

moon sliver
lit hearts
then and now

kisses unchanging.
yet for their newness
we know them just the same

Christmas
always in all ways
unchanged child heart

birds sing, soar and fly in the blue abyss,	oceans roar, ebb and tide in the brown abyss	children play. days rise. nights fade.
---	--	--

meaningful
things of life
there, are here.

from Technicolor

-
to black and white
familiar time unchanged.

-

-

Indian Desert Beauty

My Choctaw grandmother taught me this song, entitled "Nuktalachi,"* which means "to heal the heart." She taught it before the summer solstice. I put music to it. My desert beauty voice sang clear:

I had this dream.
I was a desert beauty.
I heard a voice.
It spake within my heart.
I sang these words over and over.

He pursued. He tasted me.
Then I was left to flourish
without encouragement, like some desert cactus
with clouds overhead but no rain.
The rain only coming when the traveling clouds
were broken by some northern mountain peak.

Just because I flourish without rain
doesn't mean that I am not thirsty for it.
Just because my beauty survives the draught
doesn't mean that I don't have the opposite need.
If I call the rain, love... as my spirit calls it
If I call no rain, pain... as my soul cries out
Then no love is pain, each jealous moment strain
As another takes from the traveling cloud.

-

We know that the rain must come.
Remember it was broken by the mountain peak?
Why is it that these gentle billows don't stand by me,
But go to be pierced by the tongue of a mountain peak?
Why do you cry sweet little clouds?
Just come to my desert beauty with all you have.
Why not give yourself to me who is waiting?
Our world is your next move.

You could change one more fable.
You could make that difference.
You could make the desert change.
You could heal my heart with your rain.
My roots are here, I am meant to stay.
Come to me, pursue my earth.
You would make this desert beauty
finally receive her gain in her land.

-

Midst the change

I walked through the mist.
It blanketed the shoreline.
Egret sounds came from where they were not.

I thought
about life changing
without my consent,
...demanding my response, beckoning a
decision,
creating chaos. Ordering me
in a way I am not familiar, nor see as innate.

Through the early morn,
trying to chase down the fear,
I walked with the mist.
My destination the pier.
I knew I needed to walk that far
alone. More like at least that was in my reach.

I had walked with the mist.
From the pier I saw it blanketing the shoreline.
Egret sounds came from where they were not.

Anxiety.
I felt it as old landmarks were invisible.
No distance. No vision.

-

More fear in every vein.
In every direction I turned
there was nothing I knew.

When the mist hugged my face
I thought again. Familiarity
is there when the mist dissipates.
While my head was on my pillow
I found no rest.
Consoling nature wraps our psyche sanely.

On my walk home
the mist dissipated.
Egret sounds came from where they were.

-

I can't think of a sound more complete.

You'll soon know why I entitle this tale of goodness, "I can't think of a sound more complete."

I had met astoundingly charming, petite and beautiful Suzanne in June 1999, at a Border's Bookstore script writing lecture/book signing. We talked on the telephone a couple times thereafter and within two weeks we met at her gorgeous home in Beverly Hills. These words, these ideas in the poem I wrote in honor of her, I wrote immediately after our first friendship get together, but I did not have the courage to mail them to her late summer, thinking she may think I was weird, obtrusive. Or something!

For awhile thereafter she did not say much, in fact, we didn't even correspond for months at one point. (I was back and forth from LA and Florida, too.) Then I got an E-mail from her, which said in part: "I lost my diary and with it your number. Please, God let this reach you." (Since then we stay close.)

I did not know it at the time, but Suzanne was dealing with a life threatening problem. (That problem heightening over this period.) She would hint about troubles usually in the form of past tragedies and her hurried life style, but being the brave soul she is she did not want to bother me with details until about three years after we met. Also, I suspected her

-

Jewish faith may have at first blocked her hearing my purely spiritual message. For try as I may, in the long run I preached the Christ in Jesus, which is the element of spiritual healing he taught. Even though my heart knows there are no walls to love and, thereby, our Godliness as sisters is intact, human belief systems separate us from one another. Oh, for a better say. However, when it comes to life and death situations, gratefully, even deeply fixed religious prejudices crumble.

The worst time I fizzed metaphysically with spiritual exuberance to her (because I was concerned,) she was so accepting. Cutely, she E-mailed me back how she appreciated my deep thoughts, yet could we just talk about our shopping lists for awhile. Thereafter, even if she wrote me about her woes, I kept my healing ideas basically to one liners. (A sure way to weed out creed in practice.) She following with gratitude such as: "I'm so happy you're in my life." And the clincher validation that I continue healing dialogue was this heart buster: "Please, know how deeply I care, and you are on my mind all the time. Your writings are so profound and so special. your command of the language and thoughts never cease to astound me. You are one of the most special people in the world. I can't think of a sound more complete. "

So to the poem

-

July 6, 1999

Dear Suzanne!

Returning home from our visit,
uncharacteristically I started crying. In
gratitude. In awe. In something.

And then you were there. In
consciousness, gently stirring.

My heart was overwhelmed at your
description of your life. That you were
born with only one ear to parents of
modest means. One would have never
known this through your appearance or
your ability to give and take in
friendship, nor through your life style.
You who came to live as an adult on top
of the world in an altered life style from
the middle class, living in a palatial palace,
married to your high school sweetheart,
having two dear children by him. And
then to be dumped by your husband for
a younger woman, hiding assets. Lying,
lying, liar. But even worse he divorced
his children as well. All this while you
were trying to help his/your drug

-

addicted daughter to enter society sober
and his/your autistic son find a job and a
home and pay for continued
hospitalization. My God! The rich and
famous, who would have guessed.

Then I understood the flood of tears
were like some tribute to you. I am in
awe dear one of all that you have
accomplished. I love you for every fear
and hate that you have overcome. I
honor you, Oh Suzanne.

So this is my poem to you. Today. With
my deep respect and love,
Laura

-

Oh Suzanne!

May that soft, gentle breeze
That has lifted more weight
than the whole of Rome,
be beneath your wings.

Gliding you.
Taking you.
Comforting you
To habitat.
Everywhere.

Oh Suzanne!
You hear better with less
than those of us
with more.
I'm in awe.

What a perfect gift.
Tell me more of where you've been.
Not the stores,
Nor the jerks,
But when you hear more with that less.

Joy to Suzanne!
Who loves the child heart in us all.
Who opens her home to a stingy world.

-

Who has given more to me in two hours
Than most friends in a lifetime.

Welcome!
God speed you to my home
Where I can with utter faith,
Give you of returned grace
With outreached hands of my heart.

Good day precious friend, Suzanne.
May my prayers and thoughts and love
Aide in filling your moving moments
With an unspeakable comforting spirit.
That you deserve, have and can count on.

P.S.

Here's to Austin. Here's to Florida.
Here's to LA. Here's to Hollywood.
Here's to Suzique and Lore
Doing their thing.
Here's to our halcyon days in the
making.

-

Dally

Perched for a skyward flight,
Instead I slip down to deepest
darkness. I flew there
a while
because I justified the fall.

When I looked up
a tad of light shone,
like a hole in the ceiling
with sunlight
beaming through to me.

Rightly I knew
I was to fly through
that tiny opening,
leave behind
the darkness nest.

But it was a Tuesday.
And on Tuesday
in Tuesday
Dear Tuesday,
was my day of quest.

On Wednesday
I went through

-

with all my might.
It was rainy and gloomy.
How could one day change my fate?

Dally
do,
Dally
me.
Ouch! Gee!

I'm on a perch preening my wingz.
The sun's out.
See?
I'm okay. I made it through.
The darkness is a backdrop I'm not in.

Chief Seattle

Unprecedented by world citizens, to native American Indians ancient is their roots in this rich in resources continent. The children of these ancients became the Choctaw and Cherokee, Navaho, Iroquois, and Sioux, among many other North American Indian tribes.

Then in 1850, their world was coming to an end. Chief Seattle, so brave, so sincere, among great chiefs such as Black Elk and Red Cloud of the Northwest Indian Nation, sat across the table from the chief white men to sign yet another treaty prepared by the new man on the block, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the Territory. The White House wished to buy red man lands - the land we know as States of America.

Chief Seattle's intelligent, innately peace abiding people, yet unorganized, unsavvy, and ignorant in high-minded Euro despotism, now vanquished by the white man's warlord mania, were ready to walk away from substantial partials of

-

their homeland for a promise to keep certain ancestral burial grounds sacred and a pittance from the massively more sophisticated in war strategy, brutal, greedy explorers from Europe. For they promised peace. American Indians kept their word, though. They laid down their weapons. Today we can fairly call those explorers, mostly British and French, perpetrators of ethnic cleansing.

Chief Seattle's words echo down in this century with the eloquence of a Chaucer, Poe, Longfellow. Dr. Henry A. Smith, one very familiar with him, translated his ideas which he spoke in his native tongue. Yet another secondhand translation though profoundly meaningful was made by Joseph Campbell and adapted in a book entitled "The Power of Myth," by Bill Moyers.

Some refer to his letter. Some to his speech. I call it poetry, my muse, even music of the spheres for when once heard or repeated, the whole of me moves in a different direction.

-
The message of Chief Seattle

"How can you buy the sky? How can you own the rain
and the wind?
My mother told me,
Every part of this earth is sacred to our people.
Every pine needle. Every sandy shore. Every mist in the
dark woods.
Every meadow and humming insect.
All are holy in the memory of our people.

My father said to me,
I know the sap that courses through the trees
as I know the blood that flows in my veins.
We are part of the earth and it is part of us.
The perfumed flowers are our sisters.
The bear, the deer, the great eagle, these are our brothers.
The rocky crest, the meadows, the ponies - all belong to
the same family.

The voice of my ancestors said to me,
The shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is
not simply water,
but the blood of your grandfather's grandfather.
Each ghostly reflection in the clear waters of the lakes tells
of memories in life of our people.
The water's murmur is the voice of your great-great
grandmother.
The rivers are our brothers. They quench our thirst.
They carry our canoes and feed our children.

-

You must give to the rivers the kindness you would give to any brother.

The voice of my grandfather said to me,
The air is precious. It shares its spirit with all the life it supports.
The wind that gave me my first breath also received my last sigh.
You must keep the land and air apart and sacred,
as a place where one can go
to taste the wind that is sweetened by the meadow flowers.

When the last Red Man and Woman have vanished with their wilderness,
and their memory is only the shadow of a cloud moving across the prairie,
will the shores and forest still be here?
Will there be any of the spirit of my people left?
My ancestors said to me, This we know:
The earth does not belong to us. We belong to the earth.

The voice of my grandmother said to me,
Teach your children what you have been taught. The earth is our mother.
What befalls the earth befalls all the sons and daughters of the earth.

Hear my voice and the voice of my ancestors.
The destiny of your people is a mystery to us.
What will happen when the buffalo are all slaughtered?
The wild horses tamed?

-

What will happen when the secret corners of the forest are
heavy
with the scent of many men?
When the view of the ripe hills is blotted by talking wires?
Where will the thicket be? Gone.
Where will the eagle be? Gone!
And what will happen when we say good-bye to the swift
pony and the hunt?
It will be the end of living, and the beginning of survival.

This we know: All things are connected like the blood
that unites us.
We did not weave the web of life,
We are merely a strand in it.
Whatever we do to the web, we do to ourselves.
We love this earth as a newborn loves its mother's
heartbeat.
If we sell you our land, care for it as we have cared for it.
Hold in your mind the memory of the land as it is when
you receive it.
Preserve the land and the air and the rivers for your
children's children and love it as we have loved it.

Chief Seattle circa

1850

-

satin delights xoxousxoxo

-

I just want

When I give my love
I just want to know that I will breathe again
Feel again, the things my spirit knew on its own.

When I pray that prayer of love
I just want to see that it's not out there
somewhere in a freeze frame of another's mind.

Fast forward...

When I receive an invitation to dine with your heart
I just want to hear your confirmation beyond my acceptance
so that I feel sure that we moved beyond abc to US.

-

the her of him

the him of her
didn't work

maybe it was him
maybe it was her

maybe it was them.
they needed more.

the equation simple
no mystery.
love in softer language
less baggage
less rhetoric
more laughter
more love
less current
more emotional intelligence.

so the her of him grew
with space
the him of her
stayed in place.

-

your towel

i wrapped your towel
around my body,
who is half awake from sleep
a sleep alone
the first one
since we knew we loved the other.
burying my nose in it
it smells like you
it smells like your splash
it smells like pear soap.
it's enough this monday morn
to get me through the week
until
i smell you,
breathe deep once more.

-

Looking back

When you truly love...
That isn't enough.
The truth is to remain love.

That's the what if.
That's the "loss is gain."
That's the miracle seen.

It starts
with you
because it is you.

Nothing is really
out there.
Always within.

Queendom - mirror
Discovery - spiritual link
Forever Love looking back at itself.

-
florescent love

Hours of ecstasy
though thought to have climaxed
existed yet as an aura,
an unfamiliar candescence,
plugged in the genius of eros.
More sweet discovery beamed through
touching fingers -
as velvet cloaks skin
as silk undies huggie, as pink sunset melts
as air licenses our life. . .

RWD

The energy lasting in us
swept through my fingers.
In turn
deftly as feathers
my fingers in slow motion
traveled piano playing your face
down around your adam's apple
enjoying your well defined arms
to the hills and valleys of your finger
curves
to that spot just below your fingernails
lingering.
Your heart sizzles & mine melts
speaking satin
our fingertips delight
your prints and my prints wed.
Mind here with thoughts of one.
We reflect blue light

-
our florescent love aglow.

-

Ocean of feeling

As the ocean roars,
I sit here,
Like a clam on the shore.
I hide here.

The passion of yesterday
faded like a dream.
Today we live apart
in some hopeful divine scheme.

Are you afraid as I am?
Do you wonder in your mind,
looking for some sunshine,
finding only a strange roar?

Do you think your hands
can give your soul some relief?
So you try to caress it
But no relief comes.

Is your world so different from mine?
Do you have a grip without me?
Do I without you?
Some cosmic answer... please.

-

Yet I know I am free.
But to let go... purge my heart. How?
As I say I love you
I am thinking of another.

As the ocean roared, I wrote this
too many years ago.
I didn't finish it,
but I did love again.

-
Beside you

I desire to remember this moment,
Not who you are in it - though you are the beloved.
Or what I'll become from being by your side
Deftly absorbing everything about you.
Conversely, I desire to honor who I am
This moment.

Experience displays a vision
Gently assuring through harsh flashbacks
Loving another
Comes to crossroads.
Sometime,
Somewhere.

In these crackerjack days though
When our love is crisp and sweet,
We will forget primal isolation
Though intrinsically (Why I'm writing to you!)
Oh too soon
We will return to self!

Knowing this I ask myself,
"Why loose yourself in him at all?"
Why? Mi corazon desea pensar en ti.
Yet the universal truth is it takes trust to love and to love is
To live. Thereby, to live well, we humbled self yesterday
So to begin This journey together today

Where your thoughts of me constitute my safety;

-
Your temple is my home;
Your arms my security.
Beckoned by your leisure,
We become lovers.
Us.

We have no desire to turn in
Fear
From what the uncharted years
May bring to fruition. (Do we? No!)
For we await God
Who stands in the shadow of our great unknown.

I desire to remember this moment.
For dear, like it or not, there's a crossroads ahead
Even though you'll still be by my side,
I'll ultimately proceed, in life's inner journey,
Without us,
Etching my niche in eternity. As will you.
The privilege of trusting this process
Has come to being
From the seamless Love of all love.
A lass (you a lad) surviving strife, finding peace
No longer at war with words, finding one another in silence
After other's requiem.

Hmm! I come to you a little damaged.
Slightly sore,
Not as agile as I once remember
When the chi moved from head to toe
Without restriction of compounded dreaming of him.
(You of her.)

-

I've won the war while loosing many battles,
The grandest battles with headiness. (You understand.)
Reasonably and in due time, I succumbed
To the dearest me. And so successful was I
You recognized in me the potential
Of a life partner. As I in you.

Trusting you, therefore, embarked when trusting was
Accomplished by trusting me.
I praise the great Spirit whose love
Encouraged me to walk my moccasins deep in the sand
Who whispered to me
The timeless message,

Without vision there's no opportunity to trust,
No real love; Love cannot be fixated in the past
On that which life is no more. Never was.
Alas! Our crossroads no lose,
Consumed by selfishness, depression... cancer.
Rather, us in an epiphany, a passage, a learning.

In this space you arrived in time.
More like, just when I surrendered
To who I really am
You breathed me in.
So in this moment,
I don't plan to forget me, nor to leave you.

Awakening this time
After those cracker jack moments
When love seemed freshest,

-

It will be from self, not from who I am,
We'll find nothing less than you
Beside me.

-

“Being your slave”

What are we talking about here?

Should woman never be a slave to a man.
Emphatically, no. Not in any literal sense.

A woman is a woman basically through her dreams of wholeness coming to fruition. For most of us that embraces finding our soulmate. One who love us for who we are, one to whom we can confide as our best-ever-friend, one in whom we can find home for everyone of our pinning, our romantic fantasies.

We are all at some limited stage of experience. To grow from this standpoint is to advance toward something better – wise women, purer souls, kinder mothers. We are all at some state of unlimited experience where we are regal in our mental realm. Thus our lives are admirable. Infants have their genius innocence. Toddlers their forgiveness...

-

At my unlimited stage (or zone) of development, I have found being alone, without a man, better than past encounters with a partner. At this writing, I am celibate. And to me that means calm about my bio-stuff. I said I was celibate to a Christian girlfriend of mine; she said, "Me, too! I just use the vibrator for release." Hmm, I said to her. Celibate I thought was no sex, including with yourself. What a world of reasoning. But if you goof around you may become goofy about sex being an answer to your emptiness. Or whatever! Basically I think of myself as satisfied for now.

The word celibacy is too unsatisfying a word to describe being childlike. I mean do we call children celibates? No. We call them innocent. So is it a natural to presume that adults are not innocent. So, therefore, if they don't have sex they are celibate as if not having sex is an unnatural thing for an adult. As if being without those spasms and eroticity is unnatural for an adult. It is simply a very, very still, innocent time. I just don't like the monkish connotation in the word celibacy.

Soulmate

-

More and more

More and more you sound like the same voice I heard once before.
That man who came on so strong then says we may be wrong.
Within my heart, I hear a calling to things unknown
Not to the same voice I heard once before which grayed my mind.

More and more I see within my mind's eye that confused face.
You want to let go, but you don't know how to stop resisting.
That voice once before taught me not to keep score
Then turned on me after getting deep under my skin.

More and more I feel like you want me to be there on some terms
which would strangle the life within me - deep within who I am.
Whatever birth my heart and mind could have given to loving you
I take today somewhere else, not in flight or escape, just elsewhere.

More and more you have given me a sampler of your weak
Empty days which I have no desire to be pained by being ignored.
This is a goodbye to the dreams that you ignited, to hallow
promises
And as long as my goodbye lasts each day, I'll be more than okay.

-

ran tings

-

G-man

Oh, yes you do do that thing...
you freekazoid, you tailspinner,
you oouch it hurts so good, you bangeldorf,
sidewinding, sunny tannizing fool...
in love
for ever yours and mine and in between
before the time when up was down
and inside was outside
and life was simple
and oh,
so you did that thing without any recognition of an E-card.
so when you do do that thing
now you can only do it to me...
because she is he and he is she
in some funny fate of girl vs boy
or was it boy vs girl, seeing as how
Adam contemplated his bellybutton first.

my friends call me Lore

Forward to Children of War

Desperate for male approval. I persisted in my journey to understand my love and anger towards my lovers. Children of War describes the funeral pier of divorce, in this case, mine.

After I read it to my still somewhat estranged Dad, (He had bailed on us when I was a child,) I asked him what he thought. (I intended to send it to my estranged husband. He said: "Better not send the bomb off!" I said, "Dad the bomb has already been launched." "...well .. OH!...", " Dad continued, "The odyssey...too dire. It dwelled on it." "It" was his non descript word for pain.) He scolded, "You're being critical over and over again. Dwelling on the negative, looking at it from cat bird set. You're better off to say your peace briefly and back off." (Word for word from my notes. Hmm . Notes? But I was in such a state.)

Of course, Dad new some background such as my second remarriage with what he had a nerve calling a womanizer. UGH! (Dad had a secret mistress most of his second marriage. Admittedly if not for his stroke he would still be boogying with his ski bunny. I mean buddy.)

Be gone with all of you womanizers. I feel like a cancer was killed, and I survived with not one hair lost, my brow unfurrowed, health generally sweet.

-

NOTES:

1/ When it gets to the part about the car, this was a crucial moment for one of his grown son's from England, was involved. (His dad left for America leaving his four year old son in England with his mom and a new step-dad.) My step-son was 21 in the poem. My husband fancied his fatherhood was given a second chance when he traveled from England to live with us. Poor kid! How could he know that his dear Dad was not grown up enough yet to be responsible for a happy home.

His Dad, my husband, was soon attracted to yet another young female with which he thought he had fallen in love and she was a co-worker of my step-sons. With Dads like this you can certainly see children are the brunt of this immoral war of fatherlessness. Anyway, my ex said later accentuating his 'a's that I was the "caaaauwse" of our second divorce. That is the embarrassment I caused him in front of his son. (Bollacks! as they say in Brit) So, we had a little friggin trite disagreement. Hello people! Did I have to be that perfect to keep a sanctified home? If I only knew then it wasn't me. But I didn't love myself enough in those days of abusive womanizing. Let's face it Daddy deserted me. So, what kind of a message is that?

2/ So how did the fini argument start? (Remember I was a poorly educated girl now married to an upper class Englishman. He saw me as clueless.) Well, I was aggravated with him because he let one of his ex-wives stay at our house, when we went out of town without my knowledge. And it was okay to sleep in our bed. And all this without asking me. And then he told me when I didn't like it that I failed again with his family. I mulled over this to the point of

-
misery. The bully was at work. Confused and needy, I asked my dear friend of twenty years, Carole, to help understand this thing about the class structure in England. I thought she could answer objectively. I was beginning to think all Brit guys had sexual contradictions. She had a wonderful loving and secure childhood in England brought up by top rate British parents. Her father was a joy. And though she is living in a modest American style, her brother had just been knighted by the Queen. Anyway, she loved jumping in to save me from this ultimate putdown, assuring me that low class was more accurate for that kind of behavior both from his ex and him. I was so grateful to her for wading through my confusion and clearing it up quite rapidly. Common sense would have given me the clue that this guy and his ex-wife were in a class of their own. But in those days I was blinded with the fear of losing him. Ugh!

3/ All the criticism in the marriage seemed to have substance. Yet, in the end fate revealed his mental state. Walking out of court he said, "I can't compete with you." Compete? Hello you worm... we are talking about common decency. You know? One human to another. I know now that no marriage can work when one spouse takes the role of competitor in the name of victim.

4/ There is mention of my body aching for him. (He bragged there was nothing lacking in my Victoria Secret style love sequences with him. It was out of bed we had the problems. As if that comment made me feel good. So let me see, how many hours a week does that make me feel good about myself?) Believe me sister, I have learned no good sex will ever be a bargaining point with me again. He better like "me," like my fun, or I don't even want to have a soda with him.

-

Children of War
an Odyssey

I see how you see me.
The disgust you have for me those moments
when i move through your 'now'
still burning from yesterday's abuse.

Your righteousness
reeks of the good life
Yes. Only one way to react
Social refinement, i-come from- money.

So forbearing
with gentle breezes you are
as if that's hard.
Under the storm
you fold
like a weak limb
of an old sturdy oak.

You bring me into your world
You say come, "This is the way. It's the loving way."
But you scold me, threaten me, blame me that
you are doing this deed harshly, learned it from me.

i feel ashamed of myself.
Not just my ego won't let go.
I see that i am nothing.
(Don't know yet it's your evil eye.)
You've challenged me beyond my self worth

-

at the core there seems nothing left for me
You're pointing the moral finger personalized the fault.
(Don't know yet it's your weakness.)

Then i feel mad,
hurt so bad, mad,
sort of dead.
not loved, healed by love.

Confused between shame and hate, unworthy,
half dead with one who is half right.
That makes no whole but a hole in love, a falling out.
There's nothing left from the very little in the first place.

Children of war
have very little in the first place
Children of the good life
can take more
or they have more.
That makes you scum
for you had it all
and wasted it on self

You act as I should be perfect like you,
to see people like you do
or profess i should
only in a good light,
(As if!)

Not me do you see.
Aren't i people?
Where is your perfect?

-

You tried. You said.
Yet left me un healed
of this instability which you entertain
i am (And you have compounded.)

Because, just because,
self-righteousness doesn't heal.
Love heals.
Love alone will let me see the error,

because love doesn't attach it to me...
In
this Love i don't repeat the offense.
Healed.

i question you found the opportunity
to cut me down
as you say i was to him (your son,) his lack of adjectives,
stroking my tired brow from efforts to behome him.

Was it your demonstration
to have the opportunity to get after me?
Your role? Some fear, hostility built up from.....
"WHATEVER!" the whatever of yester-moment. Blame
gender.

Do you want to train him like you?
Like, like only knowing itself.
And he can be as confused about some her,
some tomorrow.

-

And you said he felt so bad,
Couldn't i tell by the way he looked"
All i heard was some mumbled words
by him to you and then you saying,
"We'll take care of your car when i get back."
Literal you are. Figure it then.
The look had to do with him having use of his car.
Not one word to console me, did he say to me. Not one.

You say you don't understand the mirror... as i do.
Again you show disdain for me.
Maybe your understanding is better.
but better for who?

Yet one thing i know for sure.
We are all made perfect in Love,
in Love's loving ones.
Show me i'm wrong through love and expect the deed done,
the seed sown, the heart reformed,
the mind sane.
Clouds without rain
are like words without deeds.

Our relationship only works when i eat
a regular diet of humble pie.
Or no call will come (nor did it come) in the morning.
Don't you now wait for me to say i'm sorry.

Your self-righteousness at work,
your ego satisfied and ready to prowl.

-

Don't you wait for me to ask once again your forbearance
because
calling me over and over again with sameness, blame it is.

All that i have
i have shared with you.
I am insolvent to your sense of place and business.
How much more control do you want?

My gasping for breath
would beckon the good man.
Power struggle not my intent.
Just room to grow and be.

A heart to grow fonder
of the work in the garden of love,
appreciating all the fragrances of the garden,
not resenting the work
to maintain its beauty,
not blaming the flower for the weeds.
Just weed 'em!
For God sake!

I hope that as the world turns,
my ignorance and your superiority
doesn't fragment our spirit to mortal's dust.
That my thighs feel your strokes,
my back in sweet position,
no word of love.
Was it only a dream of love,
really self serving at 5:55 AM?

-

I'm seeing from your thoughts so heavily felt,
Some good-bye
is again seen.
You have disappeared from my arms.

As the songbird says good-bye
to the morning mist and preens its wings,
hoping not to be downed by a hot desert sun,
instead using its light to travel more clearly,
My wings,
a DC 9, today are above the clouds.
I say goodbye to LA,
and to your invisible deeds. goodbye.

Not to be half-hearted
I don't just hope,
I know I must be appreciated.
I'm glad I have only what is now.

And yester-moment I faintly remember,
Some grumbles but only faintly.
For I seek audience with reality.
Children of war survive this way.

-

footnote: We did divorce less than two years later. ... He left me in serious debt. Though in his eye I was still the one deniably at fault. Well, until I ran in to him just before Christmas 2000, three years after the divorce. I was back in LA, at Kinko's putting some copy together. There he was standing ten feet from me. His hands were shaking like a leaves in a wind gust. So thin. So sorry. So regretful that he was out of work, with a lover who was doing physically violent things to him, a child he sired for her had died at birth, he was afraid she had a private dick watching us talk... on and on. Oh, it was so pitiful, I didn't even feel good that he was getting what he gave to me. Anyway, I tried to pick his spirit up and say positive things.

Aren't the lessons of love beautiful? The ultimate blessing being that love remaining love begets love.

-

spiritual desires

-

thinking of you

my prayer
for you
to be
embellished in light
abundantly shining

-

21st Century prayer

Dearest God:

Moments ago
We were beggars – more, more.
Now that seems
Centuries old.

Then we felt
We knew it all – take, take.
Now that seems
Foolish beyond belief.

Knowing angel thoughts,
Our humble part – love, love,
Now we relish
Your world ever new.

Ever awakening,
Your children

-
Some immortal moment

Her morning bridegroom came.
His bride says, "Yes!"
awakening to no more night and prayers.

Please, let morning bring release.
Let me utter the things which I know are true
rather than giving utterance to the useless.

Let me hear the morning songbird
in a way I have never known,
speaking the language of dawn's surety.

Give to me
the grace to know immortal moments
where movement steps into Soul's repertoire.

Quiet my selfish yearnings, please,
giving to my heart as to the holy ones of old
the calming influence of Mind, as on the Galilean shore,

Opening iris and lens to the wonder of Life.
May each frightful dream disappear.
May love peel away the hardness of unyielded will.

That I may feel transformed by love,
unfolded treasures on earth as above.
In this Light may I have sight and play.

In this humblest of days,

-

I do desire goodness - Your strength -
Light in always, some immortal moment.

-

hearing health

i cldn't hear any positives
only negatives

i cldn't feel any love
only rejection

i cldn't speak my mind
only what was not true

i cldn't see others goodness
only my needs

Health is just the opposite
it gets to give it loves to live

often this is apparent
only in hindsight time

so it is that we falter
when we are sick

or is it that health falters
when lacking in truth?

-

To you - my body

I never thought I view you
As a friend.
No less my best earthly friend.

I pamper you, fear you, pound you,
Cherish you as if you're cutsie.
I have a mind to keep you healthy & beautiful
And to get you in style to as far
North, south, east, west as my eyes can see.

My breasts seeking understanding, fulfillment
Have craved, desired to
Realize wholeness.

Children came.

My precious eyes have beheld
My grandkids,
Coming from their mother's womb.

Stepping out of my own backyard,
My dear heart lives to feel bursts of love,
Healing for all mankind.

I have felt the greatest love
Through you,
Holding hands with my destiny,
Coupling with the Creator's design
Of my other half.

-

Men left.

continued

I am not good at good-byes.
I fail to give up easily.
Which is good for it etches my forgiving soul.
But it is not so cool I don't know how to
Take my last breath. I'm in living fear of it!

I love to breathe:
The fresh air, the new snow,
The orange blossom, the salty mist,
The lovers' sheets, the horses' sweat,
The church's flowers, the cradle's sleeper

How do I say goodbye to walking?
I like to wiggle my toes deep
Within the sand.
I like to hop-scotch,
Especially in the evergreen of my life.

I love to dance,
Like my bones jive to the drums of man's
Most basic instinct.

I love to read
Fifty books at a time.
Penciled, stained, dog-eared,
My beloved books
Have to stay open!

There are some things I will not mind

-
Eliminating from my life -
gross stuff like snot and excrement.

continued

But not to feel life through
You,
I can't imagine coming to terms with it.

So, I'll justly argue forever TYVM!
That I'll take you with me.
Like some Biblical transfiguration.
(Relax! I didn't say my body would ascend.
I know that's too big a leap from here - for
me.)

I'll transfigure you spiritually
With a little help from my Friend, of course.
Though I'll do my part. Daily
I'll purify my mind, my body and soul.
That I transcend that yucky death drama.

My body will become some transparent
Thing,
Until it shivers its light into some
Here-ever,
Thereafter.

I will get there, too,
Becoming lighter and lighter of spirit.
So transfixed on the something of forever
That I forget the nothing
Of nowhere.

-

I'll travel through some celestial corridor to. . .

[To my ailing mother, Ann.]

-

songs

-

verity

take my heart
treat it kind
help me see again
thru your love

i am there, you're here
baby, i know
it's not to old
to give my love

give me pulse
& give me smiles
give your love
for a long, long time

-

Goodbye Song

I thought I said good-bye
not one time, for all time
even though true love is said for a life time.

To begin, your love – a promise
Truth – real beauty, feeling empowered.
So, true love was mine for the first time.

How could I know what passed decades would tell me?
That true love would grow within me forever;
that good-byes are never really completed.
What good happened changed my heart for the better
when true love stepped out of our mind into forever.

Once fear loses – good-byes aren't final.
I heard the message – love never loses.
That to let go doesn't cost me my laughter,

To have loved is a blessing, the message.
So, good bye's really not such a bad thing
in bright sunlight or shimmering night dreams.

How could I know what passed decades would tell me?
That true love would grow within me forever;
that good-byes are never really completed.
What good happened changed my heart for the better
when true love stepped out of our mind into forever.

Spaces between – help us grow together.
See! Things of the heart make us for the better.

-

Because true loving teaches us forever,
because true loving teaches us forever.
Real love unites us all forever and ever.