

“planting” narrative....7/24/20

Emptiness divided by light
Two glimmers...two wound spaces open
All I see...as they leave...ripped away, no way to hold them
Reaching ...can they stay in her body?
Grasping at a lifeline
They are gone fully – gone back to other worlds

A turning – gone fully
Separation
The emptiness filled with tears
She appears – the watcher
Her visions remember
And the tears flood the air we breathe
What might have been, could have been, will never be
And the reach of the Great Mother embraces it all
The circle of life forms
Guiding me into
Another turning...

Growing out of the tree trunk
Giving way to the night skies
Suspended in the ethers
As she enters the dark night
Feeling alone
Undone; under
I cannot reach her save for these visions
They watch – planted in the cosmos

The entity of grief forms a monster’s face
Even as new growth begins to be seen
I turn into it, listening
And new tears’ seeds fall into the ground
Her partner emerges, though they are turned away from each other
A full moon low on the horizon
Low to the ground
She returns to witness
How will anything grow?

The sky’s lights remind us of twilight
And the crescent moon remembers cycles
The sky cannot hold this tenderness

She needs solid form to cradle her stillness
Planting herself in the bark
The emptiness filled with satin care
And we await...how long will this planting take?

The final turning tuning to her body
Vast and potent
Heart chakra reminder
Grief turns them towards one another
The expanse tended to by fierce compassion
Wounds now filling with healing salve
Of what may yet come to be
Only known in the embrace and risk
Of love

Potential tucked into the wombspace
No longer exposed, yet still seen
A lotus light illuminating home
Known through the budding blossoms
Arriving from this heartbreaking planting time,
And a new planting opens....