

Being Called

The pain of dragging myself
through where I have already been,
Knowing the place,
but still there.
Wondering aloud,
and in silent screams,
How will I ever leave?

Feeling the tearing,
as if of my own limb,
as I pull
Away.

Will I have to chew through it to be released?

The calm that precedes the storm.
The true test always being in adversity.
So strong, so high, the bar is raised each time
I clear it. I am older, and tired
Of the game. I want to play
a new one,
one I enjoy,
instead of returning to the
Old tried one. Besides,
it has no benefits,
beyond being with the little one.

I am ready for the next level,
for a new way.
It will be one of singing, and
Prayer, and bliss.
It will be covered in spontaneity, and
have a floor of support.
It will be bonded in trust and,
as sharp as the eagle, it will see ahead,
Showing us the Way to laughingly tread the path
of our joy.

You await me, I know it,
Calling me to my happiness,
to my Self. I can feel you. You are
Already here, and have cleared the way
for me, for us, for all of us.
You know as I do, of the
Need that I fulfill, and the Jewel that I am.
You wrote a story to tell me,
for to say it straight
Would break the spell.

The love I have is deep and true,
and will succor many that will come
To be surrounded
By the love of all,
to play and hold and feel,
to enter and laugh the
the laugh of discovery and surprises,

Is all I want.
To do it in the paradise where you are,
is an addition.

To be able to return to my childhood,
and play under the stars;
to live with the trees and the open spaces;
to explore the wide vistas of our hearts and souls;
to run with the earth spirits
and commune with the ancient ones;
to be with all of you in a happier place –
that is my wish and that is my calling.

And I am indeed being called.