

Conversations of the Heart

Perhaps it is the weight of grief
that shows us our deep wants and dreams.
That makes our heart(s) rail.

Love.

So much was taken from us. (So) many hearts.
Our hero(es),
Our joy(s),
Our love.
The very inevitability to breathe...

(We) hold the(ir) pictures
and look at their faces,
Their bright eyes are now empty spaces.

-- I miss him. He was so beautiful.

They fleet and flicker when they are present;
Like starlings in flight.
Always there, never moving... .
The [people, the moments, the love] that change(s) (our) life.

*-- When you were very old, I told you: "You're my daddy."
You smiled and laid your palm on my face.*

But when they leave – these wants and dreams...
they leave a shape in our minds and hearts.

-- I am lonely

Deep shapes that no earthly thing can fill.

-- I need to find a source of abundance

They leave impressions

-- You worked with wood...I wish I had everything you ever made with that hand.

and memories
and foreign feelings.

But most painfully they leave a *hope*.

(A hope) that one day they will return to their home.

The place where they once rested.

The place where we felt entitled to them.

The place where they will

never

be

again.

*-- I feel as if you got away... tumbling past forests of spires,
eager for the open sky.*

Sadness. Loyalty.

[We NEED] to feel restored.

Letting go, letting God.

-- I want an apology, damn it!

The earth,
(our) heart(s),
the creative force of the universe...

(To) feel the pain,
of the loved ones (we) miss.

(To) hold (our) breath.

[And help us] submerge into the abyss.

*-- Enough to drown every sigh with my name on its crying
lip. Over and over my name... my black, black name!*

Light work [not so light].

“I may die from this pain,”

[we scream]...

“Though not today.”

The earth needs spirit guides... as (we) do.

(And we) need to find a place where...

relief subsumes (us).

Where water washes that
perpetual darkness from out of (our) pores,
between (our) teeth

cascades of
clean,
bright
water.

Letting go, letting life...

-- We bonded in light.

contai(n) resilience
[for the unknown]
(for) flaws
and our individualism.

*-- Send me your love; I'll let it shine about...it will light my
way back to you.*

Letting go, not forgotten.

-- You still live within me...

Sound,
patterns
and
decisions...
Moments of joy
symphonic music and memories
that cause sensation in our lungs
and contentment
and peace.

-- Never shall we part.

Letting go, love reigns.

Love.

Pain.

Aware that fullness and emptiness
are actually
the same.