

Individual Poems

- Loyalty. Sadness. Love. My hero, my joy, my love. The person who changed my life. I am lonely.
- I miss him. He was so beautiful.
- So much was taken from me. I need to find a source of abundance – the earth, my heart, the creative force of the universe, to feel restored...And I want an apology, damn it!
- Many hearts, light work.
- You worked with wood. When you were very old, I told you: “You’re my daddy.” You smiled and laid your palm on my face. I wish I had everything you ever made with that hand.
- Perhaps it is the weight of grief, the very inevitability to breathe, that causes sensation in the lungs and makes us aware that fullness and emptiness are actually the same.
- Hold your breath, submerge into the abyss. Feel the pain, of the loved ones you miss. Hold the pictures and look at their faces. Their bright eyes are now empty spaces.
- You still live within me, never shall we part. Send me your love. I’ll let it shine about. It will light my way back to you.

- I may die from this pain... though not today.
- Like starlings in flight, we bonded with light, sound, patterns and decisions... symphonic music and memories. I feel as if you got away. However, the earth needs spirit guides to contain resilience for unknown flaws and out individualism – as humans do.
- Letting go, letting God. Letting go, letting life. Letting go, not forgotten. Letting go, love reigns.
- My heart rails. Tumbling past forests of spires, eager for the open sky. Where relief subsumes me. Water washing that perpetual darkness from out of my pores, between my teeth cascades of clean, bright water. Enough to drown every sigh with my name on its crying lip. Over and over my name... my black, black name!
- Nothing shows us our deep wants and dreams more than losing them. They fleet and flicker when they are present; always there, never moving. Moments of joy and contentment and peace of mind. But when they leave, these wants and dreams, they leave a shape in one's mind and heart. Deep shapes that no earthly thing can fill. They leave impressions and memories and foreign feelings. But most painfully they leave 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.