

ON (S) AGING

Curvy, round and “cronish” with lines, some spots,
more gray, veins bluish.

This me is often unfamiliar;
yet known by soul print, when not recognized in mirror.

A wonder, she of soul relation,
with her story full of life’s elations.

It’s different now, this life of mine; less edges,
more solitude, contentment... the new sublime.

This aging is a process, for which there is no school;
becoming one’s own guru; crone wisdom, a mandatory tool.

The work of choosing optimism, in the face of ongoing loss;
a challenge goddess worthy; highest self your only boss.

Towards love and deep connection,
the only path soul making;
disappointments and illusions on this road,
no fun taking.

So onward, if not upward,
this conscious life march mandates;
our divinity and oneness, the only faith that dictates.