

FACES OF LOVE

Born of my loins
goddess who came through me.
Eldest one of two
feline beings
choosing me as mother.
Teaching me love
with so many new faces.

Adult women, we two,
Aging Crone I... softening
into pleasure (as well as the pain)
of wisdom.
Nubile woman you,
mother now of two sons
who serve as your gurus.

Both of us breathing life
into the archetype of mother.
You'd think we'd be closer,
easier in sharing one with the other.
But life takes strange turns,
and love has many faces,
and grief is my latest lover
whose face I am just beginning
to wear as my own.

My heart breaks for wounds
I've inflicted.
Tears weep for hurts, disappointments
caused on life's journey.
Intentionally, I gifted you
with the best I had...
divine love.
Inadvertently, you witnessed love...
then loss and the devastation
following the wake of those tidal waves.

Consciously, I role-modeled
strength, independence,
fortitude, perseverance.
Intermittently, I fell apart...
weak, weary, disillusioned and scared.
Where were you those times
when I was not
at one with myself?!

Witnessing (too young) the hardships of life,
helplessly watching your mother in pain,
imprinting your own interpretation
of love's harsh realities,
determined not to live them yourself.

How wise! How foolish!
The thought that being
"a good girl... a good wife...
or even a good mother"
could vaccinate your heart
against life's pains.

Self sacrifice is no antidote.
There is no immunity for life's hardships.
Pushing me away will not keep me far.
Become allergic to anything other than
your soul's code.
You are of me. I will love you forever.

Opening newly the well of grief,
my doorway remains ajar.
I am sensitive...
Vulnerable to your arrows aimed
at my heart in the form

of “No” or “absolutely not!”,
in response to my requests.

Grieving over the illusion of separation,
crying over the wisdom shared
with others, not of my blood.
Praying to move beyond roles,
beneath judgments
into deep authenticity.

Two women, moving swiftly,
loving deeply, committed fully
to their separate, yet connected
unpredictable life adventures.
Learning from... growing with
and laughing at...
the absurdity of it all...
the mystery of it all.

Dispelling the belief that
we are humans on a
spiritual journey.
When really...
we are spirits experiencing
this human journey... alone... together.

Come... hold my hand
once again.
Trust more than yourself,
yet, hold yourself strong.
We both need to keep
our countenances clear
and our footings sure.

This road, illusionary
though it may be,
does get bumpy in the night,
especially in the depths

of the darkness...
in the face of the unknown.