

## 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.