

ACTIVE SURRENDER

Passport active. Bags packed.
I'm ready and willing and
 wanting to go.
Just finishing up
last minute details,
 late moment contact.
All is green.

An then it isn't!
The opened gate slams
 tightly shut.
It's well-worn hinges
 echo in the cold, dark night
 long after it's closure.
All is now red.

Life happens like that,
 mostly without warning!
One minute, every cell united,
 moving in one direction.
Then, the veil lifts.
A scrap of data, a tidbit
 of information,
 a missing piece is found
 and boom...
 you find yourself spun around.

Active surrender
 called for now.
The gods have spoken.
Their dice always win;
 decisions... non-negotiable.
"Accept or Suffer" the neon-lit
 sign flashes before me.

So, I do both!!
Recognizing the grace of

higher consciousness, wisdom
and spiritual presence,
I accept the decision,
even allowing myself humility
and pride in the choosing.
I like my values.
The suffering comes later.
Once the bags are unpacked,
the passport resealed in the vault,
the message sent out,
even the time away restructured.

When active surrender
faces the deep abyss
of disappointment
then loss and grief
flood the heart chambers
with pity and self-doubt.

Blues time.
The piano player
alone at the keyboard,
head bowed, heart heavy,
sorrow resounding
in the dark of the night.
The black and white notes
play a universal soul cry.

Then... morning comes.
And hopefully... we awaken.

To surrender is to accept life
as it is:
winter today, spring tomorrow;
cruelty in nature;
aloneness after love;
disappointment, self-doubt
and grief...
even after wise, conscious decision.

In defeat, we are forced
to lay down our sword.
In active surrender,
we consciously choose to lay it down,
accepting that certain things
are beyond our control.
We honor forces greater than us
and recognize the clay
of our humanness.
We embrace the unknown
get up and change the music.