

SHOW YOUR SOUL

I try so hard
to stay with the sacred,
to choose consciousness,
to live full heartedly,
to be my Highest Self.
And most times I do.
Then sometimes I fall.

Down into the well of weariness,
or sadness, or yearning, or doubt,
I topple.
Snared in the webs of
ancient, dark emotion and empty deep desire,
I become entangled within,
Spirit caught on sharp rocks below.
Continuing onward, a distant dream.

In this mystical moment
of complete and utter self-pity
an inner voice screams in my ear.
“Stop! Be still! Do nothing!
Change not a thing! Witness... and breathe!
You will not die... now!”

Of course, death sometimes appeals
at times like these.
Or perhaps it's merely escape that
is desired from the murky well bottom.
Yet, observant stillness is
necessary now.

“Practice... practice... practice” resonates.
Is all we ever do in life – a practice?!
I hate practicing! I like perfecting!
Yet as normal as that thought makes me,
I've always sought higher wisdom.

So I sit... and I still.

In the dark noon of winter,
where northern air is clearest
at midnight... Crone Wisdom Time,
even in this murky well bottom.
I breath... I trust... and
I call on faith to envelop me.
Surrounded by her loving,
compassionate, soulful arms,
I am nestled, met, calmed
and connected.
Moving slowly, consciously,
one step at a time.
I climb out of Dark Night of the Soul
only to find myself
alone again at earth's surface.

Fear's shadowy presence
plays horror movies on my back body.
It is then I remember: "One of the
most calming actions you can do
to intervene on a stormy night
is to stand up and show your soul.
Soul on deck shines like gold
in dark times."
I choose not to entertain
the fearful visitor.
It does not share my provisions.

I remind myself: Why I came to Earth...
Who I serve... and who sent me here.
The good words we say and
the good deeds we do are not ours.
They are the words and deeds
of the One
who brought us here...
our true Soulmate Beloved.