

Janet P. Caldwell

Dancing foward the

Light

the journey continues

by

Janet P. Caldwell

inner child press, ltd.

General Information

Dancing toward the Light

the journey continues

Janet P. Caldwell

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In the darkness of my life
I heard the music
I danced...
and the Light appeared
and I dance

Janet P. Caldwell



I dedicate this book to all of the Dreamers and to those who hear the Music of Silence and have the Courage to

Dance toward the Light

Foreword

When Janet Caldwell first approached me to write the forward to her new book Dancing toward the Light: The Journey Continues—which is a unique poetic rendering—I was a bit apprehensive as I am a Metaphysical Practitioner specializing as a writer and lecturer in the metaphysical genre. However, after reading her work and reaching deep within myself, I was able to be reminded of how words are simply vehicles or a "means-to-anend," and it is how those words are used in order to properly convey the proper feeling tone which determines their eminence and quality. However, the tonality of a word has nothing whatsoever to do with genres or categories—they simply convey tones and vibrations. So, regardless of the various fields and genres in which we specialize; words, feeling tones and passion, are all universal in nature and it is the meaning and proper usage of a word that helps convey the appropriate resonance in which to bind heart and mind together.

With each step of our synchronized existences, we most assuredly dance in the direction of that divine and celestial light of immersion. Some of us are able to pause along the way just long enough to catch a glimpse and take notice of the pain, the lessons, the fragrances, the laughter the hypocrisy and the missed beats. In her beautiful voice of simplicity and poise, Janet Caldwell is able to bring many of those instances to the forefront in her delicious 3rd offering of Dancing toward the Light: The Journey Continues. With her unique phrasing and playful rhyme scheme, Janet Caldwell has captured the essence of expression in the most direct way. With pieces like; "The Call," which beckons each of us to heed the eternal song within, or "My World," which reminds us of our greatness "untapped," she is able to provoke a deep and abiding introspection within the hearts of men.

Each musing is tinged with a hint from the gods of our own true greatness. Not only does Janet Caldwell speak of "The Poetry of Gods," but she too serves as the goddess herself by exposing the "Nasty Egos" and reminding us of "The Play" called life we so fancifully buy into. From beginning to end, Janet Caldwell freely invites us to inter the far reaches of mind and self-reflection. This book will challenge you with questions like; "What is it anyway?" and then help you discover that the answer to such questions are generally right "Under your Nose." This is a playful, yet poignant piece of artistry that everyone can enjoy. Open your mind to the musings of Janet Caldwell and know that in spite of your perceived woes, misconceptions, misunderstandings, mishaps, or missteps...continue to dance toward the light. For the journey still continues.

Namaste',

Peter C. Rogers, D.D. Ph.D.

Author

The Ultimate Truth The Universal Truth 100 Disciplines

 $\underline{www.drpeterrogers.com}$

reface

While speaking with my Publisher, William S. Peters Sr. aka Bill, concerning the titling of this book, my third; we came to a mutual conclusion that was evident in my poetry / musings and real life actions, that I have been continually . . . Dancing Toward the Light. To compile the poems and musings in this book, I wanted to include some of my angry poems but the truth is, I hardly have any left in me. Dancing Toward the Light is not an arduous journey in book or life. I have welcomed most changes by making sure I always wear my dancing shoes. You never know if you'll be invited to Boogie – Woogie, Tango, Ballet or a Waltz. Be ready!!! This beautiful world has many dances and dance floors to explore and enjoy . . . if we simply allow it.

The stretching of our bodies reminds me of my own growth. The stretching of our minds to embrace change and to be more understanding. Our life is like that. I knew somewhere inside that I am whole, healthy, wealthy, wise and wonderful. Yes me! I just had to learn that I am responsible for my own happiness and not dependent on another. When we get our esteem from others it is temporary and will let us down, we actually let ourselves down. People are people, and may not feel like propping us up on any given day, not to mention it is not their duty. My job is to prop myself up, believe in myself and to fully trust myself. You will find many poems reflecting this throughout this offering of my journey including the push – pull, letting go of ego and realizing self – worth.

I vaguely remember where I was when I wrote 5 degrees to separation, my first book back in 2002. It was more of an eclectic commentary of where I was. I purged myself poem after poem onto the pages with anguish and fear, looking for relief with none to be found, I thought. Being abused as a child and as an adult it left me wondering what was wrong with me; even though this was a cathartic exercise to write it out day after day. It would take a few more years to unraveling and literally re-birthing myself to understand.

hanks to my Creator and Inner Child, I started to address these issues over a couple of years. Not as in a Psychologist's office but a one to one with people of like minds, who came to serve a greater purpose and to give of themselves until that *lost one* is found. My second book *Passages* addressed more and more of my inner light as the seeds that were sown and reaped in *5 degrees to separation* became weaker and desiccated, finally to be uprooted and cast out of my psyche. Let the dance begin!

Dancing Toward the Light, The Journey Continues . . . and it does. I know that you will find yourself in many of the poems / prose. I trust to further enlighten, empower and embrace you all with love and understanding. The poems in this book are the many faces of self that have merged into one BE-ing, still dancing . . . Put on your dancing shoes and dance with me.

Blessings,

Janet P. Caldwell

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Summer Cates Photography

Janet P. Caldwell

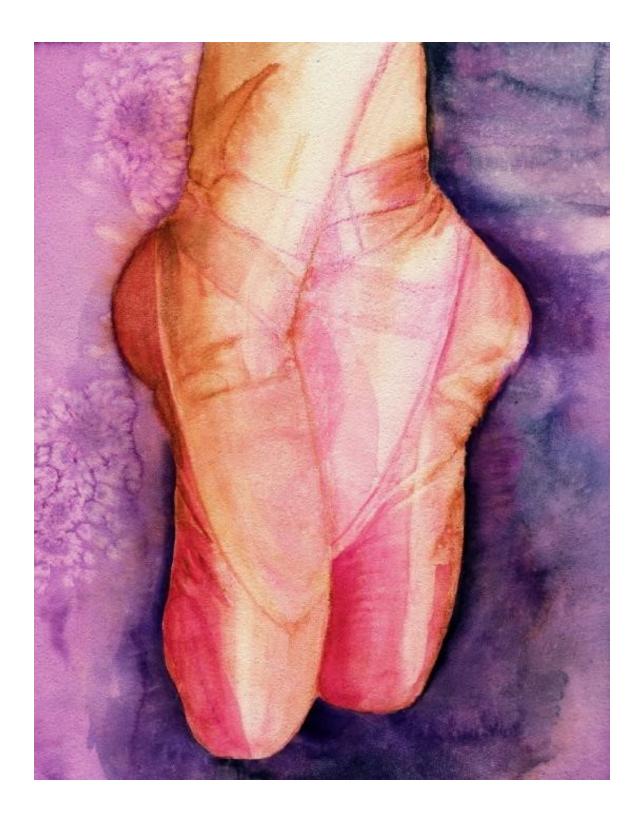
Light

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Dancing Toward the Light

Dance with me atop the hill as the sun sets . . . casting dancing shadows but not of doubt and fear.

If I really look, I see a celebrated Ballerina smiling and dancing for me. I hear the orchestra play in my heart, now so clear.

Dance with me in the valley as the moon kisses the sky and the stars . . . are twinkling bright way on high.

The moon is magical with it's embracing and bathing light.
Radiating love . . . look at us, look at me I am shining and free.

Finally . . .

I am dancing
as my birthright is uncovered
jumping and hovering
dancing toward the light
as was meant to be.

Rivers of Life

She lowered her pail down an old well hoping to pull up water or something . . . to quench her thirst.

Parched and weak she tugged on the rope in hopes . . . that she'd at last get her fill.

During the quiet of her tugging and struggling then the raspy gasp of her breath.

She heard a noise and looked about.

She eyed a rolling river nearby and dropping her pail from her weakened grasp to the ground . . . her exhausted body . . . fell.

She began to crawl toward the rippling sound of a Source that had been in view all along had she had only looked.

Making her way
to the rivers edge
she rolled off the bank
and into the gushing
rushing water . . .
no time for wondering
how long it had been there.

She bathed and she drank and popped water bubbles with her toes.

If she'd payed attention employed her consciousness she would have known the fun of it all.

The babbling brook emptied into this river all for her . . . if she'd only looked.

How long has it been here?

Gifts

The gift of love that you gave So willingly eternally is a . . . Precious, precious gift to me you see.

I am honored to accept . . . and to fully embrace this gifted grace that you gave to me.

You see . . .
I have longed for this yes this . . .
this kind of love's expression love without reservation.

This freedom . . . to be your partner is more than I would have dreamed.

And with no hesitation or trepidation to you . . . I give it back.

I dine on your love that is a cherished fruit far above . . . rubies or gold as was foretold aeons ago.

Now . . .

I am satiated invigorated and yes you've ingratiated yourself to me.

You have endeared yourself to my heart. *Again and again.*

Untitled

Some days I feel like
I am up against a wall.
I want a sledge-hammer
to knock this bitch down.

I have only my hands and they are delicate bled the skin from them trying to crash this barrier in.

Band-aids, band-aids
will you aid me
cover my wounds
and save me?

I don't know.

Cathartic and Dirty

Most days, I am happy
I reach for the tall cupboard and stretch
fill my bowl with god knows what.
I attempt to eat . . . and grow.

Then there are the days when I look for those cream puffs and cups something to satisfy . . . hanging . . .

1 o w

in my sky like marshmallow clouds.

And temporarily . . . within arms length, unaware of the reasons why.

I pull them off the tree of this life . . . take a bite of my own fruit . . . you see.

There is not an apple orange or peach in this orchard that satiates this hunger in me.

I just wanna be full.

I wanna be free.

Free to choose exactly what it is that I eat.

I'm tired of your bullshit lies and crumbling cakes piling on my plate.

They only make me gag.
I will consume them . . . no more.

I should have known better and somewhere in my psyche . . . I did.

I simply wanted to try something, anything to satisfy . . .

I found it cathartic and dirty . . .
But I found it within.

I found me.

Creator of My Life

I am the creator of my life.

I want to . . .

see me be me just be and free.

Can't you see?

I am not inclined or designed for

some fairy godmother or father . . . that you've invented for me to believe in

with eyes that deceive and cause grief due to your judgments and imagined sin.

No!

I want to become one with self again . . . this is my ultimate goal.

I am not up for or down with your bullshit lies that I ate at one time like a rayenous child.

I've dropped the spoon maybe it's on the moon I don't really know or care.

I do care about truth . . .

and I need some that resonates within and does not hesitate to enlighten my spirit

and to show me how to shine from the inside out.

And now I love . . .

seeing me being me simply BE-ing freedom, I am.

I am the Creator of my life!

Letters

Lifting my window to palm a gentle breeze, a soft sound escapes through the trees.

The leaves seem to be applauding maybe for the bird that sings free.

My ears a tuned to hear this cacophony. Singing for a loved one lost, a lover's plea.

My eyes spy a fairy twinkling through green, swaying leaves . . . dancing, no sorrow does she bring to me.

She would be gone, a trick of the twilight had I not adjusted to see . . .

To visualize and accept this sweet one who brought love letters for me.

Thank you little one, I am happy to read songs of love from my only one, who is waiting for me.

Letting the ribbon fall from the stack I come inside, sensing he's on his way back. On his way home now, a treasure to me. Thank you, Fairy Girl . . . so lovely to me.

The Call

There is always a bigger picture.

The prize that awaits us all.

If we care enough to manifest this.

I certainly do . . .

I will not abandon my call.

The days of stumbling the crumbling into pieces crumpling like a child and falling . . . into a pool of tears are over.

My focus is clear.

The rivulets on my face have long since dried and today . . .

I sing a new song.

I always say . . .

"practice makes perfect" it does and it did.

I am confidently conducting
a new symphony
one of my own
without falsity
hypocrisy
and those hidden violins
when we orchestrated secrets, soundlessly.

You see truth is my reality and I am not ashamed.

Can you see it now?
Will you?
No Matter . . .
I must march on.

Keeping my hand on the rails and an eye on this journey.

Down the aisle . . .

though at times blindly; with faith and trust abounding surrounding me from apex to ground.

Yes, grounding me
there is so much
to hear, to listen to
and . . .
the sounds in me are for you.
I love you
and . . .
I love me too.

I am my own, as you are yours and somehow . . . in this swirling cosmos we have become one.

I will not let go of any love for they are gifts from above and Source has a plan for me. It does include them and us. Not as I thought it would be, it is.

Ahhh, I love this beginning without thinking the new "old" me.

I am ready once again for giving and gladness.
Let's stop the madness no more dodging the truth and down unfulfilled roads with blank maps emptying a load as in our youth.

Speak up while you are able. While *we* are still here. The guests have arrived and we did survive.

There is a feast set before you at our table.

Won't you come and dine with me?

Shine with me.

So after the words on this page know that I love you, always have and always will.

My beloved, my heart beat and life force . . .

For me, you and humanity
I will continue to play conduct and sing.

Shadows and Light

When u read the words on my pages I want you to know that I too have been falsely afraid.

I was afraid of the stranger you know that face in the mirror

was it dangerous?

While wondering . . . will she hurt me or will she help me

is it even me?

And how could I know when I have not spoken to her, not really . . .

shadows shoved down and stored in a tight throat and a dreary closeted mind

nothing clear . . . but merely smeared and assumed . . . while making an ass of me and you.

So, It's up to me to practice what I preach with self - love as the answer.

> I approached her gently while showing myself as friendly...

Stretching passed that laminated limited box that held unrealistic and jaded judgments

and then passed me . . .

to greet her . . . in kindness with love and communication

yes, the process became easy

and I did discover that when I ventured inside myself I uncovered the hidden potential of self and others.

I see you . . .
I see me and
I have witnessed
beautiful reflections
dancing and laughing
waiting to be heard
and twirled.

Mirror images . . .
of mothers, fathers,
sisters and brothers
all of Creation's
DNA is Divine
yours and mine.
I am expressing love
so that I may understand
that we were created by love
and for love . . .
by ONE Universal hand.

And Beyond this space and time are the colors of every horizon and yes,

I am my brothers keeper he is divine as am I . . .

The Poetry of Gods

Oh . . . how they depend on you.

You did not ask for it . . . or even realize that your destiny was so wrapped in mine the I in you and the you in me some, would not see.

I simply came to give and receive.

And all of your frailties are prominently displayed yes, they affronted me and with no shame I built temples glorifying your name.

Oh . . . how I defended you depended on you.

You . . . are a strong character tho' it did not deter that *kneeded* fall and I recall how I . . . did *bleed*.

And
to the Father
for the right words
we prayed . . .
nearly begging
please . . .
but none were saved.

From dusk to dawn we stayed and prayed in the muddy, slushy dirt nothing but *word-stones* were on display.

Destiny would not deliver from this chosen path
It just is . . .
And because of this and in spite of my pleadings . . .
there was no need for you to listen in any season.

Endless Rhyme . . . was the theme of the day!

Because of your words
we believed
they believed
that we . . .
may receive
a piece of you
by a touch of
your garment
a kiss from your mouth
or some – thing.

Something magical nothing practical maybe a fanciful dream.

Dreams salaciously presented
by enticing imagery
getting lost in reverie
you saw
no flaw
in them or me.
You loved no one
above the other
it seemed.

Poetry is playing the fame game now. And we did not know.

You just are.

```
You are this record spinning.
  A classic ballad playing
       over and over
       in my inner ear
        and this . . .
            this
           melody
        you sing . . .
          to me . . .
         to them . . .
        from Sexton
        to Whitman
          or Peters
        in harmony
          Yahweh
         or Buddha
         it's true . . .
       or so it seems.
```

You are . . . my love my poetry and will forever be.

The beauty of you made it easy to depend on you.

Nasty Egos

I read you flying high traversing clouds in the sky.

Or maybe it was the reverse I don't really care or know.

In the scheme of things It matters not though.

I have a message for you. Yeah . . .I'll admit it; for many years now, this has been rehearsed.

I am sick and tired of your hypocritical ways, staged games and *tired plays*.

You . . . yeah you, say to me on a continual basis about how great you are.

Seriously?
Get ready . . .
(drum roll, please . . .)
ba da dump, dump, dump, chshshshshshsh

Now, here's a clue . . . I am not gonna stand by massaging that vile twenty four/seven . . . stinkin' and streakin'

from the bile leakin' from smoke blown up your azz, oh no . . . not my kinda heaven.

Here's one for ya . . . another trumpet call. *Blow me. Blow mine*. Have you got the time? I didn't think so.

And I've been the chauffeur while blinded and driving.
Going here, there & nowhere.
(cuffs please, arrest me now)
I've been blowin' and goin' but sometimes . . .
butt . . . but . . . what the . . .
it'd be nice to ride shot-gun!
Did I say gun?

Grab those PF Flyers & run.

Screw *your kind* of fun.

Now . . .

let me end this rant
and let you know
that you are great
you ought to know.

Time and time again with a puff and a blow You've told me so. Ba da dump, dump, dump, chshshshshshshshshshsh!!!

What is it Anyway?

Whether asleep / awake; in or out of this body.

I sojourned from from this . . . the 3rd Dimension.

This thing, this mass with flesh, bones and sinews, binding it.

So crass . . . it seemed to me.

I knew not how or when I had traveled and crossed that veil thin.

I escaped from this boundedness.

From labels and ownership. Like time, all a fallacy, indeed. Nothing but freedom and joy surrounded me.

I could not and would not miss this.

Within /without arriving to consummate bliss.

The 4th, inward / outward with no words uttered but a psychic exchange between us . . . to the 5th.

They 'spoke' to me . . .
"You've experienced
this empirical existence
as though you were an
outsider or alien
always . . .
feeling quite strange.

In Truth, you are a Cosmic being.

Your quest to the 5th
is through peace
harmony...
seeing and being
that which you know
the I AM believing.

Continue in . . . love and patience for all of creation.

The love of humanity you have experienced before . . . through all of your lives and into this incarnation."

Suddenly, I 'came to' with what I thought, was myself. Melodious words still whispered through heavenly psalm harmoniously singing / saying

> "drop the labels lose the fables from the so-called sages who dress in finery.

Forget their . . . dogmatic fame-game what is it anyway?

You've never acquiesced to their narrow speak and tight-lipped, pyre songs.

Be exactly who you are.

Never fear . . . and always know that we are here;

gently guiding awaiting your arrival in this . . . your ascension.

Be ecstatic in the knowing that you are . . . The Glorious Arrival the one we've waited for."

I apologized inside asking the question again what is it anyway?

KNOWing and BEing the answer is *vital* through 3rd eye seeing.

The Play

Not so enthusiastically but still . . .

I was sarcastically sucked in by my own jacked up understanding of *Broadway*.

The meanderings of it all.

I try to balance this tightrope.

Sprinkled with your chalky eelish nonsensical circle talk.

See me, see me believe me does not matter if I am wrong . . . can ya feel me?

Trust . . . my lies and pleas.
Thrust into a Chasm of ludicrous judgments.

Oh . . . I try, I try; I try . . .

to see your *rainbow light*in this coerced drama
directed and produced
by you, or is this
just a disturbing dream / scheme
directed by me?

Hmmm . . .
while fathoming
your forced reality
upon those who sleep
some, being led
some, strike their head
tumble and fall.

I try, I do, while writhing in my duality yet knowing these tickets are nose-bleeds.

With brain planting weeds in lieu of nourishing seeds so many cheering you on.

Brava, Brava!

Misguided . . .
Perceptions
with reflections
bouncing
pouncing
gouging eyes
from the stage
blindly.

I am horrified by your callousness; perceptions so bold.

Lashing out at the innocent; it makes me sad.

Icicle heart, so damn cold.

It makes no sense to see anymore.
This *play* is over.

With brain planting weeds in lieu of nourishing seeds.
Father, Mother won't you, help me please?

Toss a life line
a flash light
get me out of here
before she . . . yeah
she / he / it / idiot-shit
suck me dry, with
No reprieve . . .
Feast on what's left of me.
Not this time, Missy!

I want out . . .
of this so-called theater
it's slick in here;
guana coated cave
with not much
worth saving.
Or going on besides
lunatic

ravings and cravings.

Can't you see?
Sometimes we are own worst enemy.
Take a look in the mirror AND, please
Won't you put pride and that retched ego aside and visualize, your Being?

Can't you see
your mis-placed dreams?
Things, are not
as they appear or seem.
I wonder...
Can you, see me at all?
Have the *stage curtains*been rent asunder?

Again, I wonder.

The Trinity of Goats

I, like you . . . have seen animal pens.
On a scale of one to ten.
I think five
just a number
nothing more.

The goats live here please be gentle . . . and don't frighten them now. Let them stay for awhile though scarcely alive.

Still feeding on, ashes, dried grass self-made misery and lies. We have tried to hide them, though they peek out from time to time. *I'd really like to set them free*.

Famished in this animal pen called humanity or is it *Janity*?

The *gate* had a tiny hole, just enough to peek through.

Taking a knife and whittling away . . . the hole is made bigger, just enough to eye, a hint of a clue.

There is life on the other side.

I see it now . . .

through this . . .

self-fenced in
and gated – bleak.

Ohhhh the shared sky and dreams . . . birthed visions for you and me.

I swung that bad boy open and said "get the hell out, you're a trespasser!" No divine Trinity as was taught!!!

Choices, it's all about the choices.

Will I miss these goats?
God, I think not!
Just a jacked up lively cloister
of past pains . . .
the letting go
the lessons
and finally gratitude.

Calm . . .

Ahh the choices. Without employing our gate-keeper we remain insane.

I wept for humanity.

We're to blame, yes us, we're to blame for this . . . self-made unholy trinity.

My World

Listening to my music play the usual routine. From a galaxy afar I sense spirits enjoying it.

Tapping something to resemble feet or maybe their snapping fingers ... unseen as I write and dance to my own beat.

I can see them in my minds eye ever watching me.

Curious . . .

about this human-being.

There are some-things . . . they'll never know, (or do they?)
Their well kept secrets, whispered to me and I promised to keep them quiet not quite the time for a trumpet blow.

"This world is re-awakening and some are not ready for I AM's Truth, feed them milk for now, the meat will come.

When they are ready, bring them to the feasting table and share this Truth. You'll look back and smile, at this thing . . . that you call world."

Not Alone

Alone . . .
but, not really.

Source resides within . . .
the things that I want
to work out in my head
would require me
and her or him.

The scenes that bother you bother me too.
I could . . .
possibly share them but I will not.

I won't . . .
because every *life coach*that we know
are mutual friends.

And I want no side-taking so here I sit . . . trying to figure this out while letting things go from within.

Mind – Gates & Fruit

We are known by our fruits and the company that we keep.

I prefer something satisfying to foster eternal growth. Not just tasty for awhile like strawberries and crème.

These and those like them are but a moments pleasure. I prefer lasting treasure tasteful and not wasteful or a passing fancy.

I dislike the lies that you pass off as fruit as if it's OK and to me . . . you attempt to bring.

Truth and a basketful of love's fruit is more suited to me and more than enough.

So, take your sour lemons and leave them in *your lane*. I will not let you in.
This is my life . . . and it is not to be played.

I must tend my garden and be careful as to what or who comes in. And most times I do lock and secure my gate.

I have refused entrance to the so-called kings and queens. And to those wormy beings disguised as royal friends.

Other times . . . it means running the rats out that slipped pass and right into my head. When my gate-keeper failed and slept during a simple keep your 3rd eye open task.

And to those who try to taint the loving being that *I Am* . . . I simply say . . .

"Don't track your dirty feet into my space. I don't know... where they have been please clean them or just go away."

It does not get any plainer and it's as simple as that. Go on now and get a grip as you trip off my space off my land . . .

into your self-made plans with rotted fruits and spoilage aka the sewage drain of man.

Boundaries, Lies and Song

There are curious beliefs praised raised crazed and mouthed in our trash filled streets.

I pinched my nose to jail the stench in my nostrils. Temporarily. Heaving with putrid ash I cannot breathe.

Some days I wanna burn it down. I have had a hard time in this town. This city of me!!!

Dog-Ma... where are you now? So good at leaving. You taught me well.

Do tell.
I am believing that I too shall arise in my now.

You . . .
Designed to confuse abuse and misuse . . . we.

You . . . are no longer applicable to me.

To toil and search for truth my own, you see is my call and within my ability.

O'
humanity
the insanity
the preacher
professed
confessed
to the strange faces in the streets.

With our fast paces, up and down the ladders rung going nowhere, not humming and nary a song sung we did eat.

Our thirsty tongues
were cracked and sore
drinking bullshit lies
yet, we stopped and asked for more.
No more!

We're we all lacking the fruit of the divine or was it just me?

Are there some or even one that is willing to sing?

What about this proclaimed highest energy beyond / within / without?

Come on now!!
I need something
to enlighten
not frighten
but brighten and
broaden my horizon.

Oh wait, that's me.
I walked in
angry shoes
tarred
scarred
rushing to no-where.

I saw mirrored images with delusional faces twisted smiles forced miles some slow some fast all sacred energy.

Right?

Some don't know or care, that we are created by *One*. I believe so.

My problem was that
I thought too much
on matters
so high for me
yet they vied for me
died for me
and I . . .
had merely sighed for me.

Mother earth is still
heaving
breathing
feeding
seeding
bleeding
and under our feet.

What will we do?
What will I do?
I have the power of choice a voice to use, able hands, thoughts to trash . . . pyres to build for *shadows*.

The insanity was killing me stealing and stilling my life. Oh yeah I gave it away.

The chaos was not acceptable.

I have put the strife / knife down
I have taken back, my life.

I am not willing
to keep quiet
nor will I whine
not this time.

And I will not bear your responsibility carelessly flung . . . and laid at my feet.

The accusing trees
whispered to me
raining their leaves
telling me old stories . . .
about Religious beliefs,
lies shouted in
the trash filled streets.

It's not up to you *O my world*my love, my Divine

it is mine . . .

this is my life.

What will I do? *I'll sing* . . .

Reaching

Spirit calls and I rise from the dust of this earth like a new born baby being birthed; voracious appetite anxious to be fed.

Feed me until I am fat. With your little bitty lies.

Just my size until my mind is super-sized; without escape or flight.

I did eat and grew from the feedings of my elders and was sheltered by ancient imaginings while shadows danced on our walls.

I watched as my family ingested me digested me and fed on me as if I... their own.

Attitudes
latitudes
platitudes
with no longitude
for gratitude

and I ask why

is the ladder too short to really rise at all?

Thinking me ill ungrateful and small.

Their retort, is that I should not question centuries of dogma passed down.

Shouldn't I . . . reach for the stars?

Or am I . . . that which I reach for ?

Under His Nose

I was the daughter of a meat packing plant, mogul.

My mom was his wife playing 2nd fiddle always in his game and all throughout our lives.

Father was a busy and proud man.

Because of these unfortunate 'titles' by someone's smart design and certainly not Mom's nor mine.

She was expected to smile to shine stay in the back-rooms pretending to be fine.

To allow him front and center encourage and to shine . . .

while we produced
a finished product
at the end of the day
at the end of the line
Father would get accolades
and we kept it quiet.

Come, Pay-day,
(with a wink and a smile.)
Father would say,
"not today, not today,
I must pay the other workers
and fill the orders of the clients"
and we smiled.

Father was a busy and proud man.

The world loved him and we did too though I could see it happening. "You, my wife, my child, must wait."

Our middle name became *wait* and at times, we did hate it.

Payment abated . . . a far cry from satiation just a limited acceptation. Until the next chapter.

It is much more important to keep these families afloat than to think of ourselves, he said.

> Little did he realize the liquid that filled our lumpy gravy boat was no longer afloat.

Our little Family Vessel bobbed into the sea of the dead and was sinking, gouged with holes.

Father was a busy and proud man.

The Vendors who brought to him the words on labels, wrapping supplies, spices and the meat itself to be processed; carved in nice pieces, garnished for someone else's table.

As we starved for much more than the meat in any setting.

("give me your love", I heard my Mom cry)

Until the next chapter.

Father was a busy and proud man.

He did not realize
how he shunned
mother and I
or how rude he was when
he cut us off
mid-stream / mid-dream.

We are the one's who had always had his back and we were tired of no appreciation, reciprocation and the lack of direct out-loud respect.

Those that actually made it happen were often left on hold dropped by the wayside or kicked to the curb with felonious adaptation.

As another order was delivered across our town or another state . . . to Mrs. Honeytree ahh, she is lovely and just as sweet as the nectar of the gods and ever as enchanting.

She was one of Daddy's best customers though she rarely paid anything.

As I tended and attempted to balance the books.

Yes . . . more cash went out than came in.

Yet, Father was a busy and proud man.

Always creating a buzz, a beloved and fanciful man.

Able to sway the beauties and hungry people while we sat home starving for affection . . . and a tiny piece of meat.

Father was a busy and proud man until the next chapter . . .

Same Song & Verse

I bang the same drum a kettle with steam day in and day out or so it seems.

Like a fervent timpanist out of control . . . I know.

I know . . .
I may bother you for banging and clanging on and on.

It bothers me too when humanity is doused with a cruel insanity.

The answer is near and so very clear. Love is all you need.

Let love reign from me to you and you to me: and please . . .

drop stop and roll put out the flame of hate.

Dismiss and quit those unrealistic judgments the delusional expectations of others

our Sisters and Brothers
toss them
and swap them
for love
without expectations.

The only affiliations worth having are love and peace.

So, quit playing those mind games and you will see.

You will see . . .
our
community
of
humanity
quilted into
a continuous fabric
a beautiful reality.

Just, Let it be.
Let it be.
And as our
Brothers said
"All you need is love,
Love is the answer,
let it be."
This I speak, to me.

 \sim

Much Love & Respect to

John Lennon,
Paul McCartney,
Ringo Starr
&
George Harrison

In Search

There are untapped wells of knowledge that reside within.

Yet, there were the unanswered questions within my being.

Seeing, myself through a glass darkly. It scared me, frightened you and I was at a loss on what to do. So, I did nothing.

I sat and felt the walls of my pumping chamber. In time, with meditation being in gratitude . . . the answers began to come.

I needed to be silent, at least for awhile. To realize they've always been here. I mean my answers, truth and love.

The insights began to brim over spilling love and light back into myself and then on to you.

I am a light bearer, I am one with the universe and every living being.

The energy of the trees give me life.

And Sister Robin sings to me harmoniously.

I am curiously and gloriously made and you are too my sister and my brother. We are Love's harvest brought to fruition. We bring forth good seed.

I understood this meaning now. "I Am the love that we all need. I Am the seed of the divine. I Am the love that we all need. I Am the seed of the divine."

I Am . . .

What If?

What if . . . you are more than you might imagine?

What if . . . you knew that you are perfectly fashioned?

What if . . . you saw yourself through the eyes of a loving BE-ing?

What if . . .
I told you it's your time to shine?

Would you believe me? Think about it, *you are divine*.

It's been spoken through the ages, open the book and read . . . those Prophetic pages.

The sages and masters await your awakening.

What if . . . you are more than you might imagine?

You are . . .

Unclothed

I noticed that proud oak tree and marveled at how long it had stood there reverently.

Offering shade

to you to me

and then came a gentle breeze.

Stirring the branches
the leaves appeared to dance
then the shedding began
they fell so easily
as I watched in a trance.

I marveled at how long they held on tight through the varied storms of life.

Like shedding an old skin it reminded me of life death and rebirth . . . come Spring.

I too was shedding a part of me old dogmas removed

> thoughts rearranged changed

into *I am* thinking

while drinking from this cup of eternity.

Like that tree in Winter
I felt naked at first
but soon realized that I
needed to be unclothed
like David
and the Emperor.

I had to be unbound to know the truth

free from the lies that strangled me that made me a lesser me and almost mangled me.

Soon, I was comfortable wearing the cloth of

humanity humility eternally

yes, a better me, evolved no clothes, necessary only love be donned.

Knowing

We were so beautiful then. . . but we didn't know.

There came *The Days of Celebration* as we deemed them to be . . . fast cars . . . condos on the beach spades and hearts . . . flung carelessly.

Trade-marked music and muzak played loud as we banged on drums of peace.

Hanging from chandeliers and dancing wildly.
Like monkeys being chased swinging from tree to tree and shouting "ooh, ooh, aah, aah" oh, my, my, my . . . we were a sight to see!

Eyes clouded . . . squeezed tight and shut at times from this phenomena of sleep.

And our seeping youth dropped unripened seeds; into the soil of shallowness among the tall grasses and weeds . . .

not understanding this social disease or to where . . . it could lead.

Peering through a purple - filled haze.
We popped, smoked and drank
our way to crazed escape . . .
To escape ourselves
and each other.

Vying to be free from some assumed authorized reality with zero vitality and no actuality . . . just a nightmarish dream.

Pity it seems . . .

We were so beautiful then. . . but we didn't know.

No, not in our knowing or our being . . . we were only seeing a twisted glimpse with fists pumps in the air.

We were feeling the pain of some illusionist's life.
Karmic debt owed by us and not sure . . . whatsoever, to do with the lessons of life that heat seeking strife so abundant . . . extensive . . . and rife.

We were so beautiful then. . . but we didn't know.

We wandered off . . . into a desert so dry that the sand cut our feet.

It was our choice though and we voted and voiced it.

Agreed on the path . . . and padded on.

And though, the shiny shards we trod, barefoot upon the sands of our day caused us to bleed we kept on . . .

didn't we?

We weren't escaping anything we weren't protesting or hurting anyone or anything any-thing . . . but ourselves.

We were so beautiful then. . . but we didn't know.

All of the valued karmic lessons in the cosmos did not faze us . . . until . . . an auditory alert sounded . . . from within and saved us.

A spiritual match sputtered sparked . . . lit and shined from our *BE-ing* and yes . . . we are now *seasoned*

and we are together again with purpose filled lives and cognizant believing.

Now we look and marvel as we see our beauty for what it was what it will be as we . . . sojourn together . . . again.

Even in the lowest moments
they did prepare us . . .
for today . . .
for this moment
yours and mine
and in time
we came to understand
the scheme of all things grand
as love reigned, without demand.

And knowing the *value*of every - step taken

it's time to stop

beating ourselves up

for we have awakened.

We were so beautiful then...
but we didn't know that selfrecognition is love...

We know now . . . what we are is beautiful and have always been.

I in You and You in Me

There was a time once . . . without understanding when I held suffocation near; this need in me not just to belong to you

but to belong right out-loud and in full view of our peers.

I in you and you in me.

Yes, right there in the crowd, and to let them know what we were all about not so long ago no, very recently.

Oh, that need in me . . . drove me crazy for I was far too hasty and did not comprehend the *I in you and you in me*.

The need began to lessen, subside and quieten when I began to digest . . . the apples of love.

And first, to honor me.

I did arrive . . .
to a place of calm trust
because I held
in my hands
a butterfly
and set it free
with confidence and belief.

I in you and you in me.

You see . . . you *are* a part of my world; but you are not my entire world and could not be.

There was a time
when much of it spent
was on your arm
alarmingly.
Drowning in your charm
thinking it validated me.

And me . . . forgetting to breathe. Losing consciousness to my own reality.

I in you and you in me.

Comfortable . . . in my own skin now and free to be who I am.

You see . . . a powerful woman by your side

no longer blind to the misconceptions fed by society.

Yes, *I was* famished at one time. I ate them generously.

Opening *your* eyes now you see . . . all that *I Am* my Love and the blessings shared and given equally to all, not some.

When we love ourselves first; you validating you and me validating me we succeed.

In this we validate each other.

Oh, This seed, in me you planted.
This, I in you and you in me
for aeons, has grown continuously.
It is nourishing, satiates
and feeds all of humanity.

The loveliness of me is more than you or I ever hoped for believed or dreamed of . . . before.

And this is my gift to myself to you and to the world.

I am opening my eyes realizing . . . a new way to see the I in you and you in me.

Once . . .
I belonged and thrived with you only out loud . . . and by my side.

I felt as though with you
I had arrived . . .
now . . .
I eat the seeds that we planted.

They have come to Fruition, Love.

Patiently you were waiting on me.

To water, tend and flower
this garden within me . . .

this . . .

I in you and you in me eternally.

Etheree I

My

brightest . . .

beams inside

vies to come forth

and shine on our now.

Let us bask in the glow

of scented candles within.

Honeysuckle love exudate

dripping a juicy sensual warmth

that satiates both you and I today.

Dreaming II

I was dreaming of the Fertile Crescent *nilish* but not.

Hair knotted, toes wet stuck with sand.

Along the Euphrates River again.

The *Karasu*The *Teleboas*or so the *guides*named for me.

Eying a multi-colored mau I knew that this was profound.

I mouthed . . .

What is it that you are trying to say to me?

With a stirring, purring-murring verse of sound

The mau said to me;

"I will take away the ills of your life and kill the vermin that . . . from your society suck the life

> with their hateful and distasteful disease of strife"

I understood the basic message. But needed more clarity.

I knew there was more;

if I could but read between the feline's silken signs.

Ancestry, so ancient that they were once considered a symbol of grace and beauty.

Worshiped with ease by our ancient peoples.

The lineage still grand paseo softly leading me.

Ever alert with an alarming 6^{th} sense

guiding me warning me of what? Through 3rd eye dreams.

Talk to me . . .

Bastet, where time no longer exists for you to me, in my now and what is to be.

I dreamed.

The Things that He Knew . . . "let the dead bury the dead"

He asked me if I...

could be would be loved.

Before I could answer he asked if I would lay ego aside.

I was not in the mood for a positive reply. Remembering his remarks from before . . .

and he, not affected by my emotion began to question my devotion.

It all appeared ridiculous and callous to me.

He outwardly inflected how he was inwardly affected by my tales of commotion as he carefully selected

his words . . .

so insensitive, they seemed as my walls of protection grew became prominent and *I thought* . . . they shielded me

as
his words
did allude to . . .
collude to

*the things that he knew*I knew
about me . . .

this . . .
bothered me
disturbed me
continually
habitually.
And ritually
perturbed me.

I convinced myself
I had
no choice
no voice

so . . .

I chose silence and I walked away but the words from his tongue stayed with me played with me.

I did ponder them
while my mind
was hanging
with neurons banging
(mis) firing with a
surprising wonder.

Surmising . . .

I did arrive to my own conclusions in this deluded self-made isolated solution.

Yes, I took some time and held our sacred conversations at bay.

I held my tongue until . . .

I had to let go think it through and have something loving to say.

Remembering it all . . .

I did soon fall upon my knees and cried as I recalled

the words of the Christ

who said, "let the dead bury the dead."

The meaning so clear to me and so very *Dear* to me

to be in the *now* is as easy as I choose it to be.

And to *BE*that sacred "*Agape*"
where vision lives
within / without
above and below
is where

3rd eye sees . . . me
for who *I am*.

So, in the missing of him the Blessed kissing of him I realize is deeper than any physical exchange

the spiritual growth is winning the war.

No . . .

we were not estranged.

The good times that we shared with no reason or rhyme required is sired by our love.

Unspoiled by doubt these remembrances. . . were in the forefront of my thoughts.

I ran to him for I did need to let E-go take a ride and just in time.

For he did know that ego is a dangerous callous and treacherous thing.

He asked me if I . . .

could be loved would be loved

and then he asked if I would lay ego aside and lay by his side.

I did . . .

These are but the things that he knew . . . he knew me.

Catalyst

You are . . . the catalyst for this . . .

while speaking my own deadening unconscious (ness)...
Doused with twisted bliss.
Yeah, it was sorely amiss.

I remembered this;

Trepidation
in and by my own
third dimensional
wanderings / wonderings
lingering / langerings

with September's clanging nothing was changing with loud, self groanings

the useless (so-called)
self sacrificing
longing's and moaning's
and that . . . ONE
sacred kiss.

Yes . . . I pondered all of this.

I remembered that *stretching* which prompted acceleration sometimes easy sometimes challenging adaption and acceptation of love shared with many.

Humanity's . . . advantage
will be managed
and I . . .
no longer the "Actor / Actress"
cringing
lipping / tipping
so full
of dogmatic
propagandist
bullshit singeing!

Get over it!

Got over it!

It seems that I / We are awakened now from centuries sleep.

Welcome, Agape. Welcome, life . . . ours, theirs, yours and mine all together as ONE.

No longer blind and sensing a rewind.

Eying colors flashing lights that I haven't seen for a long while.

Father, has it been so long?

I am . . . With all it's colorful arcs and glow.

I am . . . assured the rainbow . . . the moon, stars and the rivers flow.

I know . . .
The invisible hues
the sameness
of every being.
Perhaps, we begin again.

Chances are . . . we should re-consider and find *them* blameless with no *imagined or name-less sin*.

Back to a level playing field . . . again and again.
The wheel, the wheel.

We are . . .
but the same
in this, incredulous 3 D
inane / insane
world's game.

Rewind, rewind! Lost are the judgments placed on mankind.

Back to this . . .

this, the Garden
where the children
play and stay
never to be
banned
by secular man.

We are . . .

we are free we are uniquely cosmic beings.

I celebrated my own . . . popped-poked pin-pricked e-go

yet . . .

I felt as smooth as pressed silk and just as neat steadfast . . . unwavering.

Thank you for this.

Subliminal messages piercing my spirit from your crown. This perfect deflation of ego.

I did, let it go.

I also noticed that my smile once upside down escaped the furious frown.

As I... was reflective subjected to love and infected by love.

Allowed to be injected with love, just BE-ing.

"Letting love grow where seeds are sown all revealed all is known"

to me you said . . .

without words but . . . by example . . . lead.

Back to the origins
I see . . .
that we
came from the Garden
where ALL
are fed and feast
with Family Divine.

To share our table . . . the increase, the abundance is never ending . . . but with continual refilling

and look!

The festival of liquid lights are ablaze and dance.

Transuded; without shadowy drugs or thuggish pointed guns

but by you and me by, super *BE-ings*.

And finally . . . we acknowledge the wisdom the knowledge of the ancients

that we know . . . always knew

how to manifest this once 'fractionated fruit' into our now whole.

And I know that you know what I mean.
It was not just a dream.

I thank you for my eye opening once fruitless nakedness

my dance my bliss and that sacred kiss.

You are the catalyst for this . . .

Love Song

My heart pounds as I travel to a place unknown. It'll be OK, You are there, my love, my heart, my song.

I'll toss caution to the wind; let's get on with our life. I'm lost in love, as are you, now ... man and wife.

The days of yesteryear were great for us both. So many trials, mixed with happiness and hope.

Looking back, I see how we have grown. The fruit now ripe, from many seeds sown.

We pulled up the weeds, root and all, and answered *the higher call*.

It's never been about you or me, it's the whole of creation, sharing our humanity.

We'll spread the love and pray that *they* hear in the meantime, I smile and thank God for you, my Dear.

Go Anyway

They may not understand your path rocks and stones have been hurtled in the past . . . nothing new . . . hurdles are lessons, nothing more go anyway.

Some believe it's a good cause to ostracize and judge you . . .

They are negating themselves . . . and oh, by the way it happened to me too go anyway.

I have given you sight
and the gifts of love, they
have always been yours
to experience
to be
to share
go anyway.

I AM Love.

Go anyway.

My Child . . .

tap into the divine
explore your dreams.

You will find courage with peace
to receive our handiwork
and come to sated fruition
the love and joys
are limitless
if you . . .
go anyway.

Love Is . . .

There has always been love under the sun.

Love is a part of the universe and the cosmos too.

I was truly blessed when our love was shared with many. So much a part of me so much a part of you.

We are created by love . . . in love, and for love, it's true.

And let me say that . . .

Love has no boundaries no fences nor borders labels nor tags.

It belongs to no one man.

Love is Oneness

to be shared by all

since the beginning
this is how it has always been.

Love is all there is . . . love makes sense of all things. Love simply is . . . hers and his.

With love
the fabric of time
is *continuous*.
There is no separation
or interruption
an illusion
a delusion of men.

Let her in and see yourself experience the healing.
The light is revealed when you accept just being.

Past Recast

Some days I would like to fade away.

Die like the daylight in winter.

Life, before an unreal memory.

More a dream. I hardly remember.

Being, seeing a child,

I think, though I'm not sure.

Feeling full-fledged,
An adult with the given trip wires.
At six, I was old.

Too old for the knee socks and skirts, innocent ribbons, prepubescent skin.

It happened. I did die, yet, somehow, in some ways it didn't happen at all.

So not funny,
What the mind does.

Grave Digging

A complicated heart, who can deal with? Simplicity is the answer, just Be . . . Really! I think it's the mind that get's *gravely* twisted.

When that happens, missed are so many blessings. When you try to make *it* happen.

You may as well bury it on a grassy knoll or burn it on the pyre.

Maybe, cast it into the sea.

Key word above contains a grave no way to protect or save. Love freely and graciously without pushy control.

Whatever "it" is seems incomprehensible to some.

Love is not control, these are chains with sharp edges
like a barbed wire fence gouging
digging in to your love ones
that behavior makes me wanna run.

I also wanna talk a bit on the so-called friends.

Yeah, you're a fair-weather one
with the slick storm . . .
that moldy carrot on a string
to me you bring . . .

I'm not buying, you cannot touch me.

Trying to get close to my own prize, through me. Find your own, and give yourself a chance to love and be free.

You're a star, you shine so bright and then your edges, you tarnish and turn your heart and bones into rotting skeletal carnage. A meal of compositional cabbage garbage.

Fly strong, soar high, take your own flight. You'll be surprised at where you might be tonight.

A complicated heart, who can deal with? Simplicity is the answer, just Be . . . Really I think it's the mind that get's *gravely* twisted. So sad, so sad to me, it's all in the simplicity.

Can't you see?

Awake

I have never been happier in my life. I am thankful for the breath in my body, for you, for this amazing life.

And to awaken to another day of possibilities realized.

To simply be . . . Aware.

I love the magic of us... the you and me dynamic when we touch.

The love of humanity is the key that we share it's the brilliance of us.

Life is good . . . when love is shared.

I have never been happier in my life. I am thankful for the breath in my body, for you, for this amazing life.

Tags

I thank you daily for the 4- 5 Tags . . . I thank you for your time.

I thank you, that you thought of me while in my face, you waved your see me, see me, flag.

Without asking . . .
you added me to your group
you even made me an administrator.
I do not get it at all,
have we lost all manners?

Carelessly, we seem to have lost, the common courtesy call. Please ask first, the choice is mine.

Do I need to wear a sign?

We've been through this before and I have addressed this as kindly as I can.
I even wrote it out . . .

And tagged no-one, but placed it on my blog.
Not on your page, tagged.
But my blog, where it belongs.

You must not have had the time to read. So again, I ask please respect my space, and for you, I'll do the same.

The choice is yours, I won't fill your email box. Please do not fill mine.

You may see this in a group but never on a personal page. Read this, if you like read it, if you have the time. I'll understand if you don't, we're very busy people in the same boat.

Time is something we are lacking in fact, it does *not exist*.

Please know that I love you all,
I am simply worn out.
To those of you who rarely
tag, this does not apply.

My work is my first love and behind the scenes I dedicate a lot of time to you. I just won't shout it out.

If I only had a dime for every-time . . .

I was tagged and made administrator of *some* group that I've never heard of; you'd be surprised at how rich I would be, heck I could retire.

OK, I am done with the rant, let me clear out these tags.

To get some work done before the next batch arrives.

A to Z

Aware of my surroundings

Because I took the time to look

Courage was my badge and I

Danced and twirled

Everyday.

Fearless as if no-one was watching
Guiltless, yes I had no shame, my
Heart was sated
Injected with truth, with
Joy I did sway.

Karma wasn't bad this time
Love me, love you and I do.
My dues are paid,
Now and yesterday's.

Old and imagined sin
Penalties gave way
Quashed into never-never land

Resume I did to
Singing and spinning
Tra-la-la . . . today and everyday.

Under my skin, the Vexations loosed Waxed & waned

Xternal & Internal
Youth and beauty
Zoomed . . . Always.

Shardener

She too had become a gardener.
Though, she wanted to be a harvester.
Always putting the cart before the horse.
The fields were ripe, but with what?

First things, first.

The weeds in her own life had to be cleared.

Fields burned and turned . . . the landscape plowed over. This time, she did not veer to the left nor the right.

She wanted to bear a flower to induce healing.

And produce a sweet and palatable fruit.

Not just for herself but her Sisters & Brothers.

She worked, she toiled with an incurable joy hands soiled as a gardener a shardener a pardoner of souls.

She was determined to grow and pulled up the roots the desiccated and weak tares tossing them into the pyre of the unwanted.

Upon closer inspection
the lies
misconceptions
skewed perceptions
propagandic infections
that caused separation

isolation stagnation with no means of salvation, had to go.

In fact, with time's passage New seeds were sown. Roses with thorns but beautiful still.

They blossomed.

I saw her today, she smiled and waved.

Pleased with her life
fragrant . . .
gone was the strife.

I noticed her steps too as she pranced and danced through her own Garden enhanced.

She was welcoming the worthy visitors and the one that stayed and played the lovers, the dreamers the Gardeners & Shardeners of Humanity.

Shardener ~ A word that I made up meaning Female Gardener

Prayers

IAM, designed me in a particular way.

Not the same as you...

both beautiful we are

and we may travel a similar path.

Along our way, even today, let us pray.

I pray for your happiness and fulfillment.

Please, let me enjoy mine. You are not me,

not in my skin...pray for me as well, if you will.

Pray for me, for us, for all of humanity.

Love and light is coming from me to you.,

It matters not, if we don't break bread.

I love you, anyway.

Un-Named Friend

I'll never know why, the obvious, caught her by surprise.

Sweet voice, loving touch, she dismissed his lies;

that surrounded the crust on his mouth

and dammit, those lust filled eyes.

She got lost in a trance, being with him there, in her now.

Always gathering herself, and asking...

"Do I love you and why?

What makes you so special that you can abandon every kindness, every vow?"

Me?

I'm thinking about all of his bullshit lies.

I saw her a few days ago

crying

sighing

trying

vying...

for a bit of love

and you left her;
hanging
dangling
strangling
severely mangled
under that rotten, apple tree.
She won't do that again.

Careful my UN-named friend...
there are some good men
Move on, move on, it is not a sin.
You will . . . find him.

Dedicated to an UN-named friend.
I love you Lady!

Completion

I sensed you deep within my soul my soul groaned for you . . . you nor I, could take it anymore.

This longing, that only love could satisfy, as we are ONE. Belonging to a greater cause.

Your tears fell upon my breasts as I caressed... you began to moan.

It wasn't a carnal cry
(this time)
it came from the heavens
it was our time.

I am the real deal
the one that Source
signed, sealed
and delivered to you.
Together we battle life's storms
as has always been.

In the interim
we laugh, dance and taste love daily.
Mmmmmm love
your fire and desire
is inside of me.

I love you, Babe....
Dare I say more?
Spilled seed, no more.
Your love stays within me forever-more.

I will stay in your garden and continue BE-ing that eternal flower tended by you, offered by me.

Let us dwell in love as our Father said, And thank you for the devotion, surrender and tender care.

I will always remember our first day and thrive under love's spell.

Back to Life

I think of physical death, as you think of saving a dime.

A relief for both, common place, habitual.

I never told you of my dream.

Or, you didn't listen then.

It involved you, me, us and them.

The chance to be free, no time for tales now.
Clip your coupons with ink-stained hands.
Trying to save a buck, good luck
on these Knockoff brands.
You call this a free land?
It won't last, so full of delusional demands.

Go back to the end of the bus, MRS. Washington.
Oh no, you cannot use that fountain.
It's pure you see . . .
Brother Johnson, raised his hand in church told us all, of your disease.
Lying testimony!
White slaves, are never free.

I refuse your membership card MR. Jones, it's not in my heart to hate and certainly not in my wallet, within.

A crowded purse . . . full of memories, dust and sin.

No cash to bury or bail us out help me...help us O' Angel's of mine. Will you, I want out? So many liars, with their gruesome-tales. I am appalled, as the dead in pulpits rave.

(after thought)
The demons lied to me as a child
I just could not see
their white hoods and never believed
or conceived
the masks they wore.

Same song, second verse.

No wonder, we all went wild at least I was "saved" yeah right.

My breathing is shallow and fast.

Trying to savor one's last.

A bit of life's force before I jump this track, off and out.

I'll say goodbye . . .

on my way to this, final unknown.

It's been so strange . . .
this world, that you think is so great.
So full of hate . . .
the genocide, and in YOUR backyard.
I'll take my ride
and bid you farewell, a kind of suicide.

What can I say?
It wasn't nice, it was more like a forced hell.
The games you played
the songs you sang
never bothering to look beyond
the hate-filled haze, so crazed.

Gotta run now, their playing my song, (Hare, Hare, Hare Rama) Mother Ganges is calling me along.

I saw what you did.

I am not fooled and I know who you are.

I pray the light shines
that you figure it out before you go too far.
Oh wait, you did....Still, I mediate and pray.

And say . . .

let the dead bury the dead

Freedom in Love II

I remember that Summer day when I realized that in love there is a particular freedom that I had never allowed ... before he came.

It felt like Winter in my world coat-less and shivering back then . . . no matter the time of year until I began . . . to love myself.

It was so suited to me it made me feel warm.

And now I was able to give to others and their gifts to me, I did adorn.

I had to believe . . . that love was meant for me. I needed it, I deserved it . . . and he taught me well.

Only *I*, could free myself from the linked chains and break down the walls that I . . . conceived and contrived.

I did this slowly I forgave myself for denying me . . .

I believed in the greatest gift of all . . . this gift of love.

This thing that set me free.
I chose to experience what God had intended for me to be.

Can't you see?
We, sometimes are wrapped in our own self-made misery.
Self indulgence and pity.

Pushing others away . . . the loss of belief where there is no relief the loss of humanity.

The loss of me.

With self-forgiveness and acceptance, absolution has always been mine.

Here, ready for my *Now*, with open heart, hands and mind.

Simply receive.

I was so blind, to the power that I hold . . . inside of me. Simply Believe. It is no mystery.

I remember that Summer day when I realized that in love there is a particular freedom that I have enjoyed immensely.

Return to the Tide II

Moonlit nights strolls on the beach soaring through the mid-nite sky

my love my cherished heart its you . . . for whom, I reach.

Our souls *in time* I never explain why.

The truth for others . . .

Yes, the truth . . . is hard for them to comprehend that we met lifetimes ago.

How could they possibly know that without you my life was pained.

It seemed there was nothing more to gain so it, my life was ended.

It is time . . .

Being reborn
It is time, right now
for us to resume
this song of love
that sounded
throughout the ages.

The remembering . . . of the deep kissing is sweet like honey. I have missed you so.

They called me the tide dancer.

And dancing
I knew that you'd
find me once more.

A friend and ancient lover we were back then.
We hovered . . . over the sea transforming into a blue Wren.

Again, like the bird we fly circling each other, mid-flight. Oh my love, this is home.

Soaring so high with you by my side and knowing . . .

full circles . . . will come tonight.

I Want my Poetry to

I want my poetry to make you stop and think to re-educate you, and to enlighten you.

We are not The Disease.

It's the messed up teachings, the BS lies that we swallowed, our entire lives.

Propaganda is still alive!

Racism thrives, digesting "stories" passed down as a celebrated meal, come on now people, get real.

There is zero color or creed in love stop spouting this insanity!!!

I have said it before, I will say it again come close and listen, we ALL bleed.

We are ONE energy, get it together Family no more C'est la vie.

We must do something and today is the day.

Ignorance is not bliss!

Think... it draws a line in the sand. I want my poetry to make you stop and think to re-educate you, and to enlighten you.

One Love, One Race, One Man.

I Want my Poetry to . . . II

I want my poetry to manifest my dreams.

To radiate love's shiny beams; dissolve hardened lacquered hearts, rearrange you and me.

Evaporate borders, to the finest mist. . . . ONE . . . zero degree.

How will we ever understand without a table meet?

Let us stop . . . dangling from our cerebral seams.

We skein and thread, prick our fingers and bleed. A quilt is not made, that will cover you and me.

Lend an ear . . . blanket us with peace.

As it is, we are all freezing.

I want my poetry to manifest Peace.

Letter to Trayvon

I wanted to write a poem about the tragic injustice against you Dearest Trayvon.

I have no easy words
none that can soothe
your Beloved Family.
Or this so-called humanity.

So in poetry
or maybe letter form
I say to you . . .
You are not forgotten.
You are never far.

As poets, we lift you high.
Your life will continue on
in the hearts of many
even in word and song.

I am beyond trying to figure out the mind of this criminal who closed your eyes . . . one last time.

To open ours
and to make sure
your sacrifice . . .
does not go unnoticed.

In 2012 . . .

your life was snuffed out by a lunatic parading as a protector.

Protector of who or what I do not know.

I am so angry, so hurt for your family and this so-called humanity thriving on racism and insanity.

The after-glow is you
gone too soon
Dearest Trayvon.
You are a lightening-bolt message for us.

We must shout loud

and . . .

record THIS, Our sad His-tory.

Never forget . . . that a child a human being's life was stolen.

Why?

We all know.

Can a child not walk down a block?

The hatred has to stop!

You'd think it was 1963 and we were in Birmingham. No Sir, no Ma'am, this is a free land.

Free?

Really, tell me another, and tell it to his Mother, so that we may all understand!

We must . . . MARCH ON
against racism and every injustice.

And the beat goes on
and on!

Tribute to an Earth Angel

She came to me in a dream or so I thought.

She was whispering cures to me, in my sleep, it seemed.

Tales she brought to me when I was so very ill.

Telling me that I need not stay here, still.

While singing songs of meditation that calmed my weary spirit.

She told me stories of health and wealth from an ancient wisdom.

She carefully explained . . . how I had made the decision to hold onto sickness & selfishness.

She taught me that it was *my choice* to be free or keep that dreaded disease.

All . . . propagated by me.

How she did this without judgment
I'll never know.

I will tell you that because of her much healing has taken place, and I am ever grateful for her love and grace.

I call her Vikki Jean, the name matters not though.

It's her angelic light that heals,
recovers and rescues people like me.

Thank you, Jean Victoria Lovingly, from me to you on your special day.

Happy Birthday, Sis!

Canticles II

I deliberately unlaced the dusty sandals that had him bound to the pious paths.

Those lanes that he'd walked for centuries. . . within, without, beside and before me.

He longed for a physical /spiritual and eternal release.

Taking the golden chalice, filled with oil
I poured this treasure upon his feet.
I reached tenderly and held them
then gently lifting those precious soles
into my basin, predestined for him
and set carefully before me.

I slathered the oil generously, while massaging toes with nimble fingers. Leaning down and dipping my hair into the oil designedly and washing my Lover's feet. I would soon discover that age upon age, he's always been.

I sang canticles of love for him.

It was magical then, the aromas wafting, melodious harmonies . . . so sweet.

He was relaxing, though a salty tear ran down his wounded cheek.

I knew that he was special, oh yes more so than any other being.On his way to that known journeyI felt led to comfort him from all of his daily troubles.

He had sojourned into my spirit and stayed . . . and we were serene.

Away from the loud crowds, seeking solace.

And far from those who tugged at him relentlessly.

A time of refreshing this day and now before it is too late.

I wanted to express my unending Gratitude. So, leaning down, I let the oil coat and absorb . . . into my hair, then drip from my long strands to his feet.

To anoint him and to accept our fate.

Prayer

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Prayer changes things
or so they . . .
What is prayer anyway?
```

Is it speaking to the Divine begging and pleading . . . for some miracle to arrive?

Don't get me wrong,

I believe . . .

that The Creator put
the power in you and me.

No need for begging, call it forth . . . and let it be.

Be the progenitor of your own dreams.

Let the fears go . . . and simply be.

We have the power to manifest all . . . into our here and now.

Don't be deceived.

Did not The Christ say that we'd perform Greater miracles than he?

He did.

Now, let them be seen.

Dreamer

You may call me a hippie and say that I am trippy call me a dreamer . . . for sure.

I really want to see

peace and love
between our earth family
before it's too late.

I can't standby quietly, as we hesitate to love and I watch us degenerate dissipate into dust.

I want to shout out loud, love your Brothers and your Sisters

yeah, hell yell it to the crowds.

I want you to make love
not war
as our Brother
John said.

You may call me a hippie and say that I am trippy call me a dreamer . . . for sure.

Stuck Between the Pages

I heard the tall tales from the so-called sages

I ate the honey and drank the milk as I turned the pages

Indoctrination was their secret aim be filled, My Child with

our truths . . . not yours . . .

that is our claim to fame you know the game

forget your name we have no shame and in the end you'll be to blame

you're just the same as all of the other junkies waiting to be fed and led

down the path of destruction like *lambs* to the slaughter and stuck between the pages

of seduction a *sweet* abduction . . .

Spies, Dreams & Reality

She is a fighter, a staunch warrior that "sneaked" into our peaceful camp.

Sword drawn and shield up as always, to cover her own mask (ed) malicious feelings.

She despises her jagged truths; drooling with the blood of men. It lay buried . . . somewhere in the caverns of her mind.

Accuracy had become impossible, reach.

She tried so hard at times to palm her lost truth. It was too tough though. Within her battle scarred heart and hands.

This back-stabber from my past cried, "let me in, let me in!"
I have been there and done that.
I used to invite her in
... never again.

Facing her now and toe to toe; she will not win. No, not this time.

As we draw our swords, I notice that her's is made of the finest steel; sharper than most that I have seen.

Mine is made of love, and sharper still.

She is not sure what slashed her. The truth hurts as her own blood begins to spill.

Composing herself and peering
... through those salty tears.
She checked herself for crimson stains. There was none to be found.

Looking around . . . she could not find this Warrior of Love.

She asked:
"Who was that masked Lady;
a ghost from my past . . .
or was this just a dream?"

She was a fighter, a staunch warrior that sneaked into our peaceful camp, never realizing . . . the power that *I have or what belongs to me*.

Yes, I Will

I did not want to go into this blind.

Tossing my favorite, rose colored glasses aside.

Inspecting the landscape, I took my time.

Searching the mountains high and the valleys below.

Old knee scrapes, from tumbling down love's craggy hill, made me cautious and slow.

Time? I am taking it still... rest assured my love, I will.

The time for uncertainty has passed. The abuses of yesteryear, have escaped.

Daggers no longer puncture a fragile heart or the crevices of my mind.

You reintroduced me to self, once shelved, later buried.

I am strong and courageous, willing to shine.

You know, that funny lady with the great smile? The abundance of love is busting, I have light to share.

Easy going, most days...always loving, even during those *perceived* frightening times, I Am..self aware.

Thank you, My Love, for your patience and a never ending kindness that breathes life... into self possessed funeral pyres.

I love you more than I can say.

And the answer
to your question is . . .
yes, yes I will.

Memories of a Summer Day

I didn't know that I'd lose him before I was ready. Summer was a lot longer when I was seven. The sun seemed to set at midnight, and I never wanted to sleep when he was there.

It was the Summer of 1966, the moisture was falling and rising from the street.

The waves were pink, blue, gray and green.

Like invitations enticing me to a party while

Quietly lulling me into a hazy hue of happiness.

Sticking my bare toe in the melting, pavement tar bubbles, alerted me and brought me right outta my lazy daze.

Looking up, he was there, blonde hair and crooked grin. Grabbing my hand and saying "let's Ride."

The excitement built and my heart raced almost as fast as the engine in his shiny Chevelle, SS 396.

Turning the radio on it began to wail a Beach Boy's tune,

"1st gear, it's alright,

2nd gear lean right,

3rd gear hang on tight,

faster . . . it's alright!"

The wind picked up like a Texas tornado. Round and round, with the windows down. Mouthfuls of hair, and we were not scared.

Oh no, we were delighted and excited. Faster and faster he drove into yesteryear's horizon. You see,

I was blinded with joy and Summer's Freedom, never realizing how special this day would be in my memory . . . Because . . .

I didn't know that I'd lose him before I was ready.
And that Summer was longer, when I was seven.
The sun seemed to set at midnight, and I
never wanted to sleep when my brother was there.

Cornered

It seems that sometimes, I take two steps forward and twelve steps back.

No, not that . . .

Being a sensitive can be challenging I don't mean weak like you may think.

> I mean, I feel you, me. Your pain, I perceive.

Not to mention mine which I sometimes hide. I don't want to burden you so in this darkness, I abide.

For a time . . .

It doesn't take long to rise but until then my heart retches spasmodically, and cries wearing this disguise.

Cloaked in agony imagined or not.
This tapestry draped heavy over my eyes exposes the complexity of being me.

You see, it is not so easy at times.
It seems that sometimes
I take two steps forward and slide, twelve steps back.

When I realize that it is only in my mind when I am cornered and slathered in slippery slime.

Thank You Lord

Thank you, Lord for delivering me.

Thank you, Lord for the scale-less eyes that brought on sight once again . . .

life unto life and caused me to see.

Eying the beauty all around you all around me infinitely . . . I see.

I see the people
no longer just passers by
but family . . .
the trees . . .

with life giving oxygen in gratitude, I breathe.

The grass laid tenderly
as a soft carpet
under bare toes and feet
your creativity is all around me.

Thank you Lord
for the within vision
of this Oneness energy
the I Am
is you
is me
and I...

Thank you, Lord.

Changes

I thought . . . that I was in flight. Soaring through the sky.

When I realized the burdensome case that I carried for aeons. . . was hindering my wings.

So I dropped it.

Crashing splashing and smashing wide – open it fell to the ground as I viewed it from above.

Dusty
crusty
vinegary
useless
and oh the ugly items
that fell out and smelled bad.

I had carried them forth from life-times ago.

Karma, Ya know and now away from me into that . . . forgetfulness sea.

I giggled at this freedom and did not give a care as to why I had carried them.

Wait!

Then, suddenly, I realized that they were weights . . . past thoughts engrained into my subconscious into my DNA eaten and ingested by me coughing and strangling me continually.

They stained and strained my soul.

I am able and willing to wash it clean to be whole.

Listen and start over. Get it right, this time. Karma, Ya know.

I know . . . that I am in flight. Soaring though the sky.

Because I realized the burdensome case that I carried for aeons. . . was useless junk so I dropped it.

Never to pick it up again.

Unrealistic?

She called me quixotic and I thanked her.

For I was idealistic a starry-eyed visionary

and to some I seemed unrealistic and . . . far reaching

but I knew that . . . all I had to do, was think it dream it speak it believe it and receive it.

Signed, sealed and delivered.

By this dreamer this Quixotic believer.

The *I am* in me manifested the manna the fruit the beauty in life that some said did not exist but has always been.

Oh please!
With giggles
I tossed caution
to the wind
stepped onto
a bridge-less sky
and did understand
the gift within.

Yes, please call me quixotic again and again.
Unbelievable, No!
Quixotic til the end.

(If there is one)

Unchained

I was so glad when they said let us come in and share. I admit, I was hesitant at first, afraid of being a fool.

Ego asks, what will they think if you stumble / fumble, your usual way? With a brave mask hiding a shaky smile, I entered.

So many people around, my hands began to move... and groove like Cocker belting out unchain my heart.

Oh God, you can't know how I needed them to fall from bruised wrists. Or was it my heart?

Never sure
I needed to be free.
Free from lies, religious
and political, free from the
boy who said he loved me.

I finally realized that I held myself captive.

I needed to be released from me.

Bon Appétit

It was . . . challenging to stop my reasoning

the fears and tears were but repugnant seasonings.

I kept on and on stirring the pot of ego of self the *justifying logic* had to go.

It was . . .
spoiling the stew.
And
so symbolic
of cooking with
eyes closed.
And wondering why...

Why ???
I could not
would not . . .
move on . . .
and simply dine.

Share at the table for adults . . . where the mature spirits ate their fill.

Of light life and love.

The child in me continually asked why are you doing this or that is this a meat or a vegetable?

I prefer fruit.

And I wondered why should it bother me?

Finally . . .
I surmised
and realized
that the out come
is . . .
as it should be.

And I now understand the choice is mine. To simply pull up a chair won't you dine with me?

Live

You have drawn the curtains to peer outside . . . to witness life . . .

and before your eyes the cars drive by and you wonder . . . where are people the going.

Does it matter?

There is . . . forward movement in their knowing.

Across the street the trees . . . appear dead though, they are only resting.

Come spring . . .
yawning and stretching
towards the light
engaging
that canary globe
they become
leaf filled and green again.

They never once shirked their offerings to you or to me they are still proffering life giving oxygen in this winter dream.

There is a dusty film and it seems to be covering this vague opening this window pane.

And you . . . You yearn to see more. You're not the same.

Heading for the cleaning closet, eying the supplies you soon realize what you could have seen all along.

Quickly, you grab the not so magic cleaning-cloth.

Musing . . .

how it had been here all the while waiting . . .

Waiting for you to pick it up lather it and make it clean . . .

make your vision clear by your request it's time . . .

Time to pass this test . . . you are beginning to understand your quest.

All you had to do was reach for it ~ reach out and shine. The window now scrubbed you clearly see all life that you . . . had been missing.

Was that squirrels running up and down that tree? Oh my goodness, me! This I have to see.

Forget the windows unlatch the door.
If you have to tear it off the hinges!

Just get out . . .
enjoy life and Be.
Be the freedom
that you have always
seen.

Look within . . . cherish this moment there is no hurry to see all that has been.

Just Be . . .
This moment . . .
this memorable space
is what you need.

The Beginning

Freedom is . . .
but a turn.

Away, today, run the heck away
was the escapism that played
in the soundtrack of her mind!

She had become weary . . .

weary of . . .
Scoping . . .
Probing . . .
Digging . . .
for something
deeper.

Some – thing satisfying to feed her and them.

The seed . . .
of gratitude was in her
yet . . .
she didn't know how
to live this
or . . .
continually express it.

Though . . .
there was no denying
the shine in her . . .
and
to release the light
for all to bask in
. . . took courage.

This warmth to share was her heart's desire.

Because . . . they all could and, why not enjoy this flame this fire?

We all should.

There was no doubt that she wanted to simply *be* right.

Be right
in her mind
or something
close to it
that fit
and made sense
whatever
that is.

Rewind . . .
Could it be . . .
that every – thing
does not have to make sense
in this Is-Ness?

Sensing liberation at the threshold of her spirit was easy.

No, not difficult to turn the handle or open the gate and bask in love's flame.

Though, she didn't.

She would not handle the strangling force around her neck . . . (just yet) so she ambled on chains and all crippled and falling.

Freedom is . . .
but a turn.
Away, today, run the heck away
was the escapism that played
in the soundtrack of her mind!

She was eight again . . . this time psychically chewed, eaten and swallowed by the family's responsibilities that absorbed her energy.

It sucked her dry . . . she tried . . . to begin again in this barrenness but then . . .

howling voices from
a dusty graveyard of fools
cried "no use, no use"
with every ounce
of strength she could muster
she told them " to eat shit and die
or was it, love and light"
then she tied a red and gold
flecked ribbon on them.

Freedom is . . .
but a turn away.
Her hand on the knob
she turned to it
face forward
and to them
those shadowy, fear-filled years
have now disappeared.

```
At last, diligence prevailed.

This Warrior Queen
slew them . . .
one by one . . .
and on the Ribbonesse
she sailed
far and away
from the dead
misplaced duties and lies
she is Present and Alive.
```

Yeah, she slowed

d

o

W

n

to listen.

To listen . . .
to the voice of *One*.
Stirring on many waters
within . . .
and she IS
every woman
the I Am
the beginning.

Dedicated to all of the Whitney's . . .

No Poem Required

I wanted to write a poem a poem of love for you to say how I really feel.

Suddenly, I realize that words alone cannot adequately describe

> the story of us we simply are the language of love.

Whether we are swinging from a vine while dangling over a creek and laughing even in our minds.

I understand . . . that I am your woman and you are my man.

Being with you is my forever prayer yes my love . . . til the end of time.

It's fun and a joy to be with you yeah, you're always on my mind.

I remember so many times . . . holding each other close your breath heavy touching my ear

we are . . . the reason and rhyme.

And there is love out-loud . . . no poem required.

Dancing With My Baby

Waiting impatiently for our *special time*When again . . .
you'll surely make me smile.

Destiny met us and brought us together it was kismet . . . divine.

Across this world wide web once and again.

I found you in this life-time.

You are my Knight no armor needed. I love your style.

I liked you before we 'talked'
I knew that you're a kind soul . . .
Caring about others
this is your life.

Come on Baby, let us dance again in mid-air.

Spinning and twirling dancing to our favorite songs.
Getting it while we can up where we belong.

Look at the stars blanketing the sky and for our show!!!

Look them go!
Blinkety, blink, blink
and . . .
Shine some more.

You're a Fantabulous guy Such fun on the. . . boogie, woogie sky-floor.

You are one of a kind and I love you. Lifting me and twirling, while dancing to our favorite songs.

Yeah, I am dancing with my baby once more!

Awakening Song

He challenged me to live, aware of my devout decay. My heart beat wildly, crimson through my veins.

So long my eyes had been closed. Gently he took my shoulder and pointed me to beauty, humming a stirring song.

(I Listened)

I am a blossom, receiving the dawn, my head reels, lips pursed, mouth willing, petals full fluted, blowing, I sing his name in canticles in verse of song.

> Gingerly, a bee sips nectar, traverses each crevasse flame kissed dancing beside and inside me.

His song of love, awakens me.
Whispering tones, mmmm
guiding me and taking me
to our home.

A Day in the Maze

When did it turn into a race?

This last stretch has been exceptionally challenging, we're short of breath.

Cramping, stumbling to stay on our feet. God, do you just want to turn around, go back, walk off, run?

I don't think that we can.
Got to cross the finish line.
Dedicated to the Divine
both of us.

I've got to admit though, at times it feels that we've bitten off more than we can chew.

Spittle flying, jaws aching, throat tight...
I'm so tired at times
and I know that you are too.
We go on.

Though we aren't use to marathons, sprinting, or running hard.

The prize is huge, and in view.

Yes
we see the finish line
is very close.
We continue on.

Could we walk awhile or just rest?
Would that be okay?
I heard a rumor that the race for the cheese is over.

The rats have not won.

This last stretch has been challenging and we may be short of breath.

It was the lessons learned that are valued.

And we have passed the test and crossed the finish line.

Fragments

Partial, incomplete, I see the ragged, tattered edges.

The ink has faded a bit, paper torn.

Brilliance shelved.

Scattered scraps, flashes to insight now lost.

Integral thoughts and patterns near stillborn.

Comatose, then breathes no more. Segregated.

The threads are there.

If only I can twine them so, skein them into something obvious, yet never seen.

Inside Today II

It has been a good day, in spite that outside, the sleet beats down. So furious, so cold.

Erecting sculptures in crystal thought . . . A thief came to steal my joy, to pick the cheer from my pockets.

He won't get away with that.

Condensation is on the windowpane
Ice turns to drops
to cascading rivulets
and then to cold puddles.

(Wanna Play?)

It's been a good day.
Even while clouds obscure
my *vIsIon* in their misty haze.
So gray, so gray.

I can trick the clouds when I put on my magic glasses.

I see chubby cheeked Angels with chocolate smeared faces.

(Perspective)

The dirty dishes with dried gravy are clumped and on the stove.

A banquet eaten some time ago.

(Nourishing)

It's been a good day.
The sleet turned to rain.
The clouds rolled away
Shades tucked in the case.

It has been a good day, in spite that outside, the sleet beats down. So furious, so cold . . .

Recordings

Taming my thoughts was baffling and challenging

as my mind was battling those alien scars that gouged beneath my skin.

Hell, it was no sin they just were reels trying to spin . . . they had been on pause for awhile . . . from a past life.

And someone . . . in the theater hit play . . . again.

I was surprised to listen to watch and slightly amused that it was me.

> I had to stop and go back to that place . . .

that place . . . where I gave control away.

That weakness in my soul did need to be cajoled.

To remember

yes remember and to finally let go.

I reacted . . . oh yeah, with a knee jerk reaction bones nearly fractured. Then I ejected the tape reflecting past pains with some satisfaction.

This time . . .
I choose to observe.
And to destroy that reel with intent.

Break it into tiny pieces much like my heart / soul was back then.

That taped reel was not real not a real-ity that I wanted.

That recording . . . Never to be put back together again.

I Choose ~ I Am

I choose Life, I am free to live.

I choose Love, I am love.

I choose Light, I am a beacon for all.

I choose to be Awake, I am fully aware.

I choose Abundance, I am well provided for.

I choose Wholeness, I am together.

I choose Wellness, I am healthy.

I choose Happiness, I am happy daily.

I choose to Share Gifts, I am generous.

I choose Peace, I am serene.

I choose Joy, I am gladdened.

I choose Beauty, I am beautiful.

I choose Bravery, I am spirited.

I choose to Giggle often, I am a good medicine.

I choose Greatness, I am all that I am.

I choose Gratitude, I am grateful.

I choose Forgiveness, I am forgiven.

And . . .

I choose desires that benefit the good of the whole.

I speak . . . the I AM into fruition and to every area of our Being.

Past and present they are the same as *time* does not exist.

We . . . see
We . . . accept
and receive our mission.

Trusting ourselves through belief and KNOWing that

we are *ONE* sacred energy . . .

I AM the energy that loves you loves me.

IAm.

The Season of Love

The season of love
is upon us
It is within me
within you
there is enough to go around
for all of us, to experience, to be.

At this moment this "Now" . . . someone is waiting to share will we be there?

Please make a way and join us somehow!

To encourage embrace enlighten and empower them with love and goodness into their being.

Communal visions shared our reality is what we deem it to be daring to believe and receive love, sweet love.

Oh my heart
be found exposed
to the seekers
trusting, faithful, yet observant
love is the healing balm
inside you and me.
the Divine calm

The Season of Love is upon us let your cup spill forth. . . overflow with love

'tis the season

Quiet Meditation

Living my life on / in this . . . the 3rd the physical plane.

I may *choose* to see / be lack or abundance, it's easy.

Today, I focus on what I want to attract into my life.

My mind perceives unlimited potential that resides within.

Today, I focus on what I want to attract into my life.

Words, thoughts and beliefs are within.

And thought, intention, attention and expectation are mine

to transform, to understand with love and compassion natures own language . . . this is my birthright.

Today, I focus on what I want to attract into my life.

Letting go of all thoughts. I allow myself this quiet. This quiet exhibits /exudes Peace that resides within me . . .

my existence my consciousness, my "self" . . . Pure consciousness exists . . . in silence.

Today, I focus on what I want to attract into my life.

I detach from external messages provided me by society that say there is not enough.

Today, I focus on what I want to attract into my life.

I am love.
I am abundance,
I am peace,
I am joy,
I am health.

I am the creator of all . . . in my life.

I am more than enough I think on these things.

To the Dance on Ice

As I watched them skate flawlessly . . . on the ice . . . I was intrigued and my thoughts were on the beauty of it all concerning this life.

She sailed onto the rink with her fitted costume sparkling bright and pink.

Camel spin . . . with one leg extended high and holding this arabesque position for him, exactly parallel to the ice. I thought of me.

Then he . . . oh yes he far on the other side picked up speed and effortlessly skated to her side. I though of you.

She rose gracefully to meet him and with open hand extended to grasp his I could see the trust in her eyes

and both of her skates are still . . . awaiting his cue to sail together across the ice.

He was strong and firm taking her . . . taking her hand and lifting her above his head as she rotated . . . a full turn. I though about the power of love.

A strong foundation holds them. There were many . . . many conscious hours of practice as they excelled everyday

they did learn to ice dance this dance in unison the heat from close proximity to each other throughout was delicious the dance of two became one

as they finished together he gently put her down.

They understood each other's strong and finer points; it made them a dynamic pair.

People came from miles around to watch the beauty of this love in action with dedication and devotion to the dance on ice . . . itself.

Looking for Desert Flowers

Questions with no answers apparent float in and around the cells of a learned brain.

Wondering through a dry desert will it be another forty years before humanity loves each other again?

Mostly, I try not to think about the sad remains of this day.

Looking and finding the beauty in the desert flower has become easier though fragments of drought . . . remain.

The flowers stand in upright defiance against the arid and sandy storms they do not wither and die.

They cherish life and I marvel . . . at their courage through strife.

I thirst too and you . . .

You offer me drink . . . but it's some kind of kool-aid that makes me sick and I must regurgitate it.

It's pure water that I want.
I'll not settle for less.
I'll drink it until my throat
becomes supple and wet.

Traveling on my own . . .

I am looking for another cactus flower filled with life's fluid . . .

to teach me their secrets and without complaint.

No longer parched now and with my life boots back on it's time to blow this joint and march on.



Those who Dance are considered insane by those who can not hear the music.

George Carlin

Prose of filled Musings

The Poetry & Prose of Love

They say there are many forms of Love . . . Agape, Storge, Phileo, Eros and/or Epithumia.

Agape, embraces love fully. It is to love human-kind completely. Love them wholly, but expect nothing in return. Some people find it hard because they do have expectations of others, especially when it comes to a spouse or partner. Most of these expectations are unrealistic and usually are placed on a partner in the guise of *what's best for you*.

Not only that, but it also demands something from another, when in fact it is us that are lacking within ourselves, insecure and trying to get *what's mine*. Unfortunately to put chains on someone with expectations, you let yourself down and you will drive them away. Quickly you will understand that *they were never yours*. This is a slave mentality.

I personally despise the fact that a Lover / Partner would place chains on me and it is the quickest way to get me to run. I don't do chains, threats or demands well at all. Never have and never will. This is not Love at all. However, when I love someone, I purposefully want them to be happy and every choice that I make, I consider their well-being on every level. I would not do anything to make them unhappy, at least not on purpose. I do my best, to let them know without a doubt, that they are the only one for me on a partnership level and it shows in our lives.

There is no reason for question, no reason for others to wonder, it is what it is, right out there and shining bright. Brimming over and spilling not only onto my Lover, but it spills onto others as well. My love is pure and true, an act of my will not an emotional reaction or mental response, love is my choice. When you practice Agape, the other forms of love are a cake-walk. Love is a choice and I choose to love human-kind and my partner 100%.

Love is like oxygen natural to breathe in and breathe out.

Inhale, exhale . . .
every breath . . .
Every expansion . . .
of my lungs are named Love.

Love is below, love is above. I am love, you are love. There is no strife, when love embraces our lives.

With us . . .
love surrounds
love abounds . . .
and Love is our divine drive.

Response ~ VS ~ Reaction

I have heard it spoken that we might entertain Angels unaware. I believed it then, I believe it today. I bring this up because sometimes we are in a hurry, stressed for numerous reasons and lash out at a perfect stranger. (or are they?)

Today, I received a call from what I thought to be a tel e-marketer and he asked if this was the Hix residence, I politely replied no and hung up. He called back a second time and asked if it was "another" residence, I assured him that it was not and to please remove my unlisted/private number from his list. He did not...ring, ring, ring, the third time and I was sorely irked.

He INSISTED that my number was NOT unlisted and I lost it. I went off on him, ranting like a crazy woman, telling him that he'd BETTER remove my number from his list . . . you don't want to know the rest. I slammed the phone down and for a while was quite pleased with my "reaction."

Until . . .I realized that even though, I may have thought him a jerk, he was a man doing his job and maybe I just flunked the 'Angels unaware' test. I will never know. I do know this, I shall think before I speak. Kindness does not cost a thing. In any event, my point is this, be kind to strangers, you never know . . .

Is that the telephone . . . ?

Boundaries

Today I find myself in a place that some may seem selfish, I do not. Let me explain. Far

too many years, I put everyone else first. Because of that, I forgot about me. Me? Who

was I anyway? At one point recently, I had a vague understanding. I remembered the

Lady who took care of herself as best as she could and LAUGHED a lot.

These last few years, I have had a yearning to know her again. Yes, I will say it. I am sick

and tired of being sick and tired. I am so over picking up and seemingly owning other's

responsibilities. Now, please do not get me wrong, I love to help and still do. I do not

own your burden though I hope to make it light. Allow me to help you carry it . . .

together.

In the past, most of my friends / family would say "Janet will do it." I had no boundaries

and needless to say got walked on, time and again. This was not their fault, it was no-

one's. It was my lack of understanding that I must set boundaries for myself. At the age of

Fifty-four I want to live MY life while enjoying all that it has to offer. I have passed up

on too much. Never again.

I encourage you to love yourself first and then and only then will you really love another.

Don't get frazzled!

Love, Janet xoxoxo

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A Few Things I Have Learned

When Bill Peters approached our group, in our 14th week of studying, The Master Key System by Charles Haanel with an assignment to write out our thoughts about this journey, in any way that we chose, my 1st thought was "oh cool". As I am down to the wire in writing this, I am reminded that I am still in the routine of being a last minute Sally.

I used to tell myself that I work better under pressure, right up to the nth degree and hour before a project is due. I was misinformed, at least today . . . by self. In the past, I turned in my assignments on time but felt a certain pressure to get it done, due to my delay. I now realize and really appreciate the aphorism "why put things off to tomorrow that you can do today." Indeed! It is such a good feeling to get the things done, that I want / need to do, and that feeling of accomplishment is the bomb. Not only that, but I am free to do other things without that nagging feeling in the back of my psyche of things undone, when I get my assignments done before hand. They are not a burden and it is a privilege to share; so why did I put it off in the first place? As the slogan from Nike says "Just do it" I tend to agree and do it with joy in lieu of task.

These days, I am consciously aware of my thoughts. As soon as I think an unwanted thought, I am immediately aware and able to adjust my point of view. I am also not afraid to ask for help and this is a such a benefit to me, so that I may make those needed adjustments quickly, and experience less and less . . . self-induced stress. In short, I have no fear in certain areas to ask for help. I have also noticed, that since studying The Master Key System, that I am applying the tenets and realize that understanding the Universal Laws is the way to go.

The things that used to bother me may occur anyway and it is within my ability to change

my perspective, so I do . . . sometimes daily, and having been a control freak, and

thinking that I knew the best way to get out of any situation or solve any perceived

problem have now fallen by the wayside . . . mostly, as I let go and let the Universe do

it's thing . . . in harmonious cooperation. It has been a great journey in getting back to the

real me. The stretching of my empirical self has exposed or unveiled The Divine me . . .

that's always been. Though it has been a process getting myself aka E-GO out of my own

way, I do it daily, sometimes hourly and will continue.

In conversation with Bill today, we were talking about his ability to write several poems

per day. I told him that I used to and he gently reminded me that I have to be open to

listen to my Muses again, and to trust them and stop worrying about how I appear.

Trusting myself is a necessary key to unlocking my inner self and the wonderful gifts that

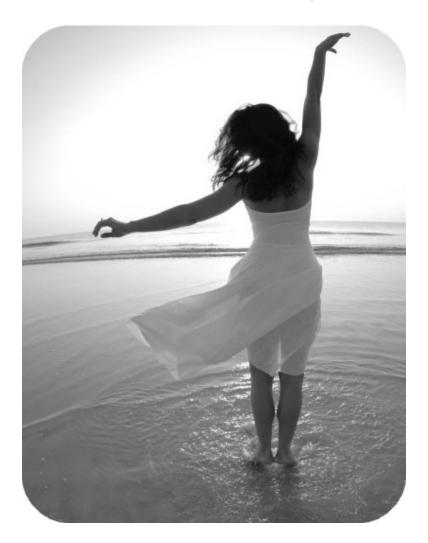
I have to share with humanity. I came to shine, to serve and I am.

Thanks Bill . . .

Janet P. Caldwell

February 26, 2013

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let us read, let us dance; these two amusements will never do any harm to the world.

Voltaire

" epilogue "



Summer Cates Photography

Janet P. Caldwell

about the A uthor

have known Janet for approximately three plus years now, but it seems like i have known her forever. She has a beautiful Soul that actively seeks opportunities to share her self described Joy and Goodness. This is the conditions upon how i met her as she was an avid reader and sharer of the works of others including my self. Little did i know that she was such a prolific writer as well, for she very seldom called attention to her self.

The very first project we worked on together was a Poetry contest she put together to celebrate the works of others. I volunteered to donate some prizes to her cause. That was the genesis of what has developed into a beautiful relationship on many levels. From this point she joined the Inner Child Team and we have been making our own history together. Our first project was the "World Healing, World Peace Poetry 2012 Contest. This was a global success with entries form all over the world. Its high level of success was much do to her undying diligent efforts promoting the meaning, vision and cause of our Humanity.

Janet then signed on as an Administrator for our Social Group (htt://innerchild.ning.com). With her driving energy we were able to expand beyond our previous involvement to include a E Newspaper, Magazine while adding several more Radio Shows under the Inner Child Banner on Blog Talk as well as Talk Shoe Radio Networks.

Janet is a Gifted Soul who has many inherent Talents and is constantly enthused to discover her potential, which i think is ever expanding. She is now the Chief Operating Officer of all things Inner Child (www.iaminnerchild.com) which include: Managing Director of Inner Child Magazine; Radio Talk Show Host and Producer of Inner Child's Heaven Speak Radio (Blog Talk) and Inner Child's "The Hour of Power" (Talk Shoe); and Executive Accounts for Inner Child Press. She does wear many hats... well!

Janet has much to say. When i first read her book "5 Degrees to Separation" i saw the very musing ways she dealt with her past "Life Path" through Poetry. The book was perhaps from my estimation more of a commentary on her experience and the things she may have been troubled with, and could not necessarily let go. In her next book "Passages" i began to notice "Transformation", and this was so rewarding for me as well as all the readers, for she offered a look, through her verse the insightful possibilities we all are endowed with. This offering is truly a magnificent one for being a part of her life i too am encouraged by her indomitable spirit to keep pushing her individual envelope. As Miriam Williamson suggests in the poem "Our Greatest Fear", i see Janet boldly facing her Light, no longer her fears. Kudos to Janet P. Caldwell.

by the way . . . she is also a Mother, Daughter, Grandmother and Great Friend.

Blessings

bill



a few words from **J**anet

hank you to all who have taken this journey with me, sometimes tumultuous, other times smooth. Some of you have been with me from the start before, during and after my first book '5 degrees to separation'. Others have come throughout the years, of my second book 'Passages' and finally this offering 'Dancing Toward the Light' All of you, have my unending affection and gratitude.

Without you, I may still be that unknown poet, typing steadfastly in my room; full of ideas and ideals for a better today, in written verse, scribbled on envelopes and crumpled papers. With you, I have friends and now family from all over the Globe and from many walks of life. I love you all, and will forever cherish the moment that you came into my life. Thank you!

Lovingly,

Janet P. Caldwell

what
People
are
saying...

a word from Fawn Caldwell

I recall when I first met Janet; it was a few years ago, through an online community. I was very impressed with her kindness and mannerisms. This intrigued me to look deeper at her and what she was all about. She was always vivacious and friendly and we quickly became friends.

This allowed me to read her poetry and prose that she shared prolifically on her website. We chatted about her works and mine as a Scientist and a poet as well. Soon I found that I had more in common with Janet than our last names.

Janet absorbs knowledge quickly and as a writer I find her works invigorating and enchanting. She will truly capture your soul, and keep you wanting more of herself within the pages of this book.

Fawn Caldwell

Author
Owner at ALWAYS HARD-on ROCK RADIO

http://www.live365.com/stations/fawnzie10?site=live365&play=2

a Gift from Peter Egler

I asked a good and loving Friend and Human Being, Peter Egler, would he consider writing a few words pertaining to my newest Book " Dancing toward the Light", and this is what I received, which I now share with you the world . . .

"My lovely siSTAR poetrice Janet,

You can't imagine how much I would love it to write for you an "endorsement" if I even hadn't needed to go to goggle to translate what an endorsement even mean. The translator gave me also not a satisfying translation that had make to me real sense.

The problem is, my English is not good enough to write much but I understand almost 100% when I read. I have opened and read your book now and see that it is your continuous journey as a poet where you write down somehow your experiences you have in your life. VERY BEAUIFUL !!!!!

Please let me suggest following. You know me good enough and so I also do know you good enough that we can do that.

Please sit down and relax, let everything go what is in your mind and then listen what your INTUITION is telling you it will be exactly what I PERSONALLY would say about that book as it are MY THOUGHTS I submit telepathically at THIS MOMENT NOW to you.

Write then the endorsement yourself with the words you received from me via telepathy.

Then you can sign it wit MY NAME Peter Egler and if you wish add (aka SiNeh)

Please feel free to reply to this mail and tell me WHAT did you wrote, I think it will be an amazing experience for you and for me to see how it worked out.:)

Love you very much from heart 2 heart you AMAZING Poetrice

~me "

http://lovingenergies.spruz.com

Summary

When I considered the words and discussed them with Bill, and Peter, I came to the realization of the depths of Peter's Love. I Trust in his Love for me and mine for him and his lovely wife. In my own personal journey, this is an absolute confirmation of my own path as I Dance toward the Light.

There is something so warm and embracing in my life, within me that I too am learning to trust and enjoy. In this Book you will witness my examinations through my Poetry and Prose my own path and journey.

When I consider my Friend Peter's Words all I can do is resonate the same energy he so willingly gives to me.

Peter, I thank you, I love you!

Janet P. Caldwell

a word from Laura Sue Gutierrez

Janet Caldwell is the complete embodiment of beauty, power, grace, and talent. Since first meeting Janet, she has been an inspiration to me. Once I got to know her better, both through her writings and personally, she has impacted my life in countless ways. Now, I am just in awe of this amazing woman whom I am proud to call colleague, mentor, and friend.

As a writer, Janet is accomplished in numerous fields. Her vast abilities include but are not limited to areas such as published poetry author, humanitarian, and assistant in the publishing industry. She writes with such intensity and emotion that it takes hold of her readers and does not let them go until the last word she has written has been ingested.

Janet is an extremely profound author who not only uses her words to tell a story but also to paint a picture in your mind's eye so that you can experience every raw emotion along with her. She uses her natural ability to communicate her love, pain, and every other possible emotion so that the reader can understand the journey that Janet has taken throughout her life.

I write this review with great honor and respect for a woman who has influenced not only my career but also my whole life with her honest, loving kindness. If you do not get a chance to read her works, I feel you would truly be missing out on a life-changing experience.

Laura Sue Gutierrez

Author ~ *Spilled Feelings*

http://www.innerchildpress.com/laurasue-gutierrez.php

a word from Elise Fee

Janet writes to every man and every woman, describing her evolution and growth with a combination of a serene, mystical tone coupled with the truegrit of our reality.

These are not esoteric poems that one has difficulty understanding, but rather meaty, meaningful stories that speak to our truth and our knowing in a powerful, energizing way. She leaves you inspired and wanting to take action, so that you too can experience the catharsis she describes.

Elise Fee

Life Mentor,
Transformational Coach,
Inspirational Speaker,
Author ~ The Spiritual Human . . . a poetic guide to Life on Earth.

www.EliseOnLife.com

a word from Alan W. Jankowski

The great classical philosopher Socrates once noted that "the unexamined life is not worth living." I tend to believe we all examine our lives from time to time. We all grapple with often difficult questions about our past, and where we are heading in the future. The difference with poets and writers is that these questions are often put into words for others to view. The words are not always pretty, often borne of a lifetime of both hope and sorrow. For the writer, the hope is to find oneself in the end.

Poet Janet Caldwell in her new book takes us through just such an introspection. She touches upon an often difficult past, but decides to let it go. Angels appear in our daily lives, and goodness is all around us. She concludes that our own happiness is right there all along, practically knocking at the door. If we choose to let it in, we too can be "Dancing toward the Light."

Alan W. Jankowski Author

a word from William S. Peters, Sr.

When i have the opportunity to spend time with someone, the primary aspect of their character that i concern myself with is their Spirit. When i consider the Spirit of Janet, i feel enriched by her presence. When i read her Poetry there is a light that comes to me that is so resonant, for her journey is not unlike that of my own or that of others i have witnessed in my life time.

As i observed Janet's Journey over the past few years, i am witnessing an awakening of a wonder ~ filled beautiful Soul as exemplified in her Poetic Verse. Her "eclecticism" and approach to Life is refreshing and somewhat askewed, which lends to the reader a insightful look at life's magnificent fabric.

Yes, there have been Trials and Tribulations, but her indomitable spirit "Danced On" anyway. There has been Joy and Pain, but she did not take her shoes off to rest . . . she continued to Dance. Her very presence confirms us, and thereby gives each of us the subtle permission to March or Dance as you will to the Beat of your own Drum or Music of your own personal symphony. You have to love her for that, for this is the ultimate Love as shared in Janet's offering *Dancing toward the Light*.

Kudos to you Ms. Caldwell for your belief in you own personal Divinity and for so graciously sharing it with us all.

Bless Up

Bill

other books by Fanet P. Caldwell





available at . . .

www.innerchildpress.com

&

www.janetcaldwell.com



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Poet Janet Caldwell in her new book takes us through just such an introspection. She touches upon an often difficult past, but decides to let it go. Angels appear in our daily lives, and goodness is all around us. She concludes that our own happiness is right there all along, practically knocking at the door. If we choose to let it in, we too can be "Dancing toward the Light."

Alan W. Jankowski Author

Janet Caldwell is the complete embodiment of beauty, power, grace, and talent. Since first meeting Janet, she has been an inspiration to me. Once I got to know her better, both through her writings and personally, she has impacted my life in countless ways. Now, I am just in awe of this amazing woman whom I am proud to call colleague, mentor, and friend.

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Love

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Janet absorbs knowledge quickly and as a writer I find her works invigorating and enchanting. She will truly capture your soul, and keep you wanting more of herself within the pages of this book.

Fawn Caldwell

Author

Owner at ALWAYS HARD-on ROCK RADIO





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