

FOR NOW

Welcome to Earth

Welcome to Earth.
Where mortals play god
and pretend that
white skin is a blessing.
Who decides who lives
and dies?
Where does the money
actually come from?
To whom does it
go back to?
Why is it that anyone
is due more?
This planet
and all
of her
subjects
confuse
me.
I
feel a
fire that
burns at my
heart.
A green
glow.
I want to
save the world
but how
can one solve
a puzzle
that has been
cut to different
shapes and sizes
by the hands
of blind men?

The Corpulent Queen

I'm not sure what it is about the clouds.

The overlapping sadness that continuously folds into itself.

The soft grey edges that block out every ray of sunshine.

Where was this sadness born, which dark stream have I sipped from?

I watch as endless clouds roll through my pink sky, I hope for the day when all the blinding colors will surround me, envelope me. And yet, here I stand.

Alone.

Upon a brown pile of shit. The stench covered by a sickeningly sweet perfume.

Here I stand.

Alone, and dreaming.

I watch the mountains far away, blanketed in a mist of hatred, the trees burn with angst and fear.

I know that this is my own doing.

Yet I continue.

Tumbling down from my throne of putrid bile.

I know that the end is near and the day of redemption will never save me.

The clouds have grown too thick and wretched to let me see the light.

So, I wait.

In my waste.

Alone, and glorious.

Wolf Spider

Each day is a constant struggle.
Whether I am gasping for breath
or releasing dank air.
I have never claimed to be a good
person.
I know exactly what my actions do.
Playing with humans is such a
trivial thing.
I feel a tremor in the air
after I have ensnared someone in my
web.
I know this feeling,
I feed off of it.
I do not
do this to everyone, just
select few who will never be more
than just
prey.
I have my dear family
to thank for
this immortal web.
I know this game is dangerous.
Someday I will burn from
all of the spirits I have broken.
At first I could not stop this
silky touch,
I did not know when I was
entangling simple strangers.
But lately it has grown
into something I no longer
want to feed.
My mind is hungry,
my soul is thirsty.
This game
has drained my being.
I only now have begun to realize
that
broken hearts were not the fault of
others.
But my own striking.
Like scalding glass put in a
freezer.
Cracked.
Broken.
Too hot or too cold.
And I was the cold one.
I know this now,
and the blame game has ceased.
My soul is searching
for something more beautiful,
more meaningful,

to be fully transformed.
No longer a mistreated wolf spider,
sulking in the shadows of death,
but a young wolf, strong-willed and
hungry for life.

Dreams

I wish my dreams were real.
I could escape the monotony of
vagueness and opaque humans.
In my dreams
colors are so vivid
I taste them.
There are no games
just action and thought.
I grow tired of the
simplicity of human behavior,
like warm hearts
and sepia toned minds.

Life is a masterpiece,
or at least how
I imagine it.
Birthed in fire,
soaked in desire
and lead by passion.

Days eclipse.
Nights dance.
Intertwined.
Reality and realization.
My dreams anchor me.

I go to sleep praying,
thanking the angels for their
company and guidance,
pleading with them to
show me the spirit world,
to open the
labyrinth of magic
and let my first world
welcome me home.

These dreams
sate my hunger for truth
and light the path for
days yet to come.
My previous lives thrive in this
second
dimension, hinting at wisdom,
whispering lessons.
Past and future lovers reside there,
with open arms and steamy kisses.
Friends lost in time
visit me, cry with me.
The Moon sheds more light
on me than the sun ever could.

Oh, such a splendid world
I live in.
But when I awake,
faint memories, slightly touchable,
haunt my undead mind.
I am alive when Moon shadows
slither and creep,
when stars twinkle.
My mind is borderless.

We Are All Connected

To love, would be an awfully
great adventure.
I fall in love everyday
with actions, words, people, movies.
My heart swells,
skips a beat,
and tears trickle down.
There is beauty all around,
there is life in everything,
silently moving and emanating.
Inanimate objects are really
truly animated.
Should they not feel most of all?
They were created by man
molded, infused with blood
sweat and tears.
They have atoms, DNA, memories.
They are simply the silent
observers, poised to wait
and watch the fretfully
dynamic lives of humans.
Who's to say they
do not relish in the show?
I love life.
The mountains and the valleys,
the rivers and the lakes,
the sun and the moon.
For we are all connected,
eternally.

Harmony

I pray,
that one day
I will be one.
Alone and together,
the all encompassing.
That day could be today
yet I am racked
with fear.
As I step further
into my journey
I realize
there are two paths,
the practical
and the magical.
I see them
as winding
as a river
flogged with
bumps
and
falls.
My heart wants to fly
but my feet are stuck to
the ground.
I pray
that a gentle breeze
might lift my wings
again.
To be unafraid
is to love with
your whole being.
My inspiration
is my song,
it is what created
me.
I hear it when I am alone,
I hear it when I
am with my family.
I hear it when I am in love.
I pray,
that one day
the children of the
Universe will sing
together
again
and
we
will
be
in
harmony.

My Friend Amy

Stars come into existence,
shine, spark,
crackle.
After years of shedding light for
all,
they fade.
A mere glimpse of beauty.
Provoking smiles and laughter
wherever they are.
But time must pass,
and other stars must shine.
Each with a divine purpose,
a God sent mission,
and souls to touch.
Let us remember the stars that
twinkled when we were melancholy,
the bubble of energy that lifted
our spirits.
That is how the universe will
survive,
from memories of the good times,
of the hope that will push us
onward.
Each step further from the start and
closer to infinity.
Memories are immortal,
a time capsule of truth,
always to resurface.
So have love in your hearts my dear
ones,
life is out there!
Adventure awaits.
We shall remember the stars that
lit our darkened paths,
and we will be grateful for their
teachings.
We must carry on,
through hell and back again;
for our journeys are short my
friends,
and what use is it to not live?

Blacktail Butte

At first it rained
and then it poured.
Lightning bore up to the sky
and the gods applause
resounded off the rigid mountains.
We danced,
and sang
and cried.
In the tears of Mother Earth
we watched life unfold.
Each drop pounded into
the hillside and hid the mountain
tops.
Misty clouds of slate
raced north towards the heavens.

Our minds were far away,
distanced by love and poetry.
Our souls drank the rain
and we were healed.

For a brief moment in time,
we were real.

The Earth does that,
she never ceases to amaze.
"To see the world,"
with your heart,
that..."
he said
"That would be the bravest choice."

A Dick

Along
time
we
go.
To
where?
I
do
not
know.
But
swift
is
our
motion,
commotion,
and conversation
about
timeless
paradoxes.
I believe that somewhere,
... I have been there before...
holds my mind.
Locked in the jaws
of screaming boys.
I cannot even write about it because
it
doesn't make sense.
I can remember,
but I don't.

It only brings sorrow.

Friends died,
relationships withered,
& love could not be
held accountable
for such atrocities.

So many things I have
disappeared.

Covered with laughter
and
what a
good time.

Flutterby

I once liked butterflies,
because you did.
I was enchanted,
because I knew I couldn't hold you.
One day you flew away and said,
"Hold me like you love me",
I did.
Fuck, at least I tried.
I knew when you left
that I too was denied by gravity.
On Earth our time was never right,
in spirit you dragged me onward.
Through blood and fire.
I emerged,
with tears in my eyes
and skin on my teeth.
Changed,
hardened by the light of night.
Blinded by forgotten destiny.
I can't trust my dreams,
because they lead
me to your gaze.
Icy blue wings
that pierce my
heart.
I have
long known
those eyes.
But not
anymore.

Fall, Falling, Fallen, Fell

I used to think I was brave.
That I could be anything I aimed
for.
But then life hit me,
kicked me,
shit on me
rolled me in dirt
and spit on me.
I wish I could be brave again,
not live in fear,
and let my heart shine.
If I were brave I could tell them
to stop.
I could tell him I love him.
I could do anything.
It's hard to choose the right
path.
I feel as if I'm slowly drifting
from the path of light.
I have fallen.
Hard.
And I'm too scared to
get back up.

Nowhere, but We are Here Now

Nothing to do.

No one to see,

and where are we?

Nowhere,

but we are here now.

Now?

Is it a second

or a thought?

Perhaps a kiss

or a wink,

maybe even a slap

or a shot.

What now?

I've woken up with

that saying

scribbled

on my

forearm

too many

times.

What now?

But, what is now?

I'm not sure,

but I think it

may be the

beating of

our broken

hearts.

Will I?

How strange the
broken promise.
Why promise in the first place?
Perfection is a dream
but loyalty is a joke.

1 drink

2 drink

3 drink

floor.

As I squirm beneath
your clammy grasp
I remember
where I am.

It isn't right.

Not right at all.

As my mother watches on.

"I will kill you!"

she screams,

possessed by the fear
of her youngest daughter
being a tramp.

Is that all there is?

Really?

In all honesty, I'll probably
fuck you
and never beg
for more.

But I won't remember,
will I?

Wilted Flower

If I may be honest,
I don't feel much
anymore.
There are things,
far and few
between
that cause a twinge in my
heart.
A wilted flower,
a father's embrace,
a lover's prayer,
the moon
when she peeks her
head behind clouds
and crowned
in starlight.
But long ago, these things
escaped me.
Or maybe I just
imagined
them up.
I see the world,
and I am amazed at the
numbness of it all.
I pray I may feel
the rain on my lashes
and the wind
through my soul again.

A Rose

I have never
loved anyone
I have
slept with.
I have never slept
with anyone
I love.
Such a paradox.
It makes me sick.
I have used
and been abused,
found naked on the
men's restroom floor,
and was told
"you're lucky I
didn't take
pictures"
A fucked view of life.
Looking up through
bottomless shots
of tequila,
was it worth it?
I question if
all of this;
me, you, him, her,
is worth
it.

I Am Who I Am Not

I am tired.
Tired of holding my tongue
at the thoughts
my mind shouts.
What do I want to do?
Who do I want to be?
I do not know.
And I am tired.
Two phrases that have
shredded my
happiness
into
mangled
pieces
of
dry,
cracked
leather.
I am sad because
I have let people down.
I have let people rule my actions.
My fear of making
the wrong choice
has lead me
to not only
block out
the light
but
hide
in shadows of
yesterday.
I do not know.
I have not since..
I cannot remember,
perhaps
when
I thought
life
was
real
and
dreams
were
not.
It makes no sense,
or at least to my
guarded mind.
The strive for money and
material
things.
Yet I do it.

I play a stupid game
I follow a certain crowd
and I speak a certain
way.
I am what I am not,
for the world is shady
and everything has a shadow.
I am not tired of the sun
that guides my day
nor the moon that
dances by night.
I do know the feel of cold
slapping at my neck
and of the heat
that betrays
my sweat.
I am not tired
of the books that are
written
or the flowers growing
tall.
I do know the loveliness of music
that lulls in the summer air,
as well as the
sweetness of a
mountain spring.
All of these things
I am, I know,
but I don't
and they keep
far away
from me.
In dreams I do not sleep
because
my body escapes me.
She glides
through time
like a slippery snake
on an unwinding road.
She is never eager to
return to an ignorant era.
Where bones and paint
are what everyone
wears.
But she does
and when I awake,
I am tired,
and I do not know.

Like A Bird

What have I become?
All I want to do is lie
somewhere,
on the soft and
unbroken earth.
Feel the pulse of mother's womb,
hear the coyotes calling,
wade into a cold
rushing river
as my heart breaks
from the
chilly tears
of my
mountain home.

Nature waits for no man.
Snow shall fall
and winds may whip.
In the simpleness
of a tree
is the secrets of our
kind.
I've tried to not lose my memories
of crisp valley mornings
or the winking of ancient
stars,
or the lessons
taught to me by
my sister lion
and brother hawk.
"Come back to The Valley"
they cry.
"Find shelter neath our Willow
branches"
they say.
"Lose this Pink hide you have donned
in recent years."

If only they knew how much
I missed them.
If I could shed my skin for the
feathers I once knew, I would.

But alas,
this time around
I was given a task
to bring spirit
back into
this broken
world.

Can Anybody Hear Me?

Can anybody hear me?
I say,
hello.
It's me,
a demon in disguise
an angel in the skies.
No one will hear
this cry for help,
lost forlorn and
agonizingly in love.
In love with human concept
rhythm and rhyme.
What words to spell.
A spell was cast
and as years passed
his wicked
grasp of
hate and disgust
oozed into
the pores
of most man
woman and
child.
The darkness
eked and squeaked
from every living
society.
But,
as time shall pass
kingdoms rise and fall.
The cure,
a blue sparkle of spirit,
touched down amongst
humankind
not long
ago.
It has drifted into
the dreams of sentient men,
the wishes of blind women,
and thoughts of idle children,
awakening their souls to light.
She,
of love and creation,
a forgotten...
Goddess shall we say.
I surrender to her soft teachings
as I am called
upon to feed
the unjust.
A cohort
of the court

brought down
from highest
of heavens,
we once were all there,
little by little
gravity tugged at
our feet
and
dragged us
earthbound.
Light shines through us,
but we must
learn to live with
the darkness
that is
also
within,
the part of us
that is
without.
This is the spell,
the fear driven
and passionless
dwelling of
human suffering.
So we must shine.
Shine with the knowledge
that we are of light.
Stoke the spark,
keep the embers of
love and art
alive.
Live well knowing
that we will always be here,
today,
tomorrow
and yesterday.

Fight to Fly

I live by the beat of my own
heart.
I breathe because
my mind craves air.
I fight to fly
beyond this society
without instinct,
beyond dust of human misery.
Anger pollutes soul
and is tasted in the
toxic fumes of our commercial
lifestyle.
Beneath the constant thrum of car
engines
and construction destruction
is the song of
our first womb.
Mother Earth cries.
She has fevered at the
hand of our own people.
I long to feel her happiness
again,
when everything
was awash
with splendor.
I know people who preach
love,
but act upon
hate.
This is our own demise.
Love one another,
as I have loved you,
be gentle
and loving,
for that is how I was
taught.
Not in Sunday school,
or my parents hand,
not in yoga
or history class.
But in the silence
of a glacial lake,
so green and pure,
it fed the
wilderness
all around,
and asked for
nothing more.
I watch as people rape,
kill,
maim,

curse,
and
crucify.
Have those
things been taught?
How?
Why?
and I lose myself again,
a shred of a thought,
a blink of an eye,
who am I
to say these
things.
A girl,
white and blonde and blue eyed.
I have been blessed with an
easy enough life,
only marred by mortality
and reality.
But I feel,
as the days
grow short
and full of
fear,
and I cry.

Wyoming on My Mind

What I would give to be in Wyoming.
Where mountains hug the sky
and the wind whispers stories of
yesterday.
Where lakes mirror dusty pine trees
and Father Sun is close enough to
burn wildflowers
into the countryside.
I long to see the stars that embed
themselves into your heart.
To hear hawks crying and the coyotes
whooping.
To feel the simple beauty that is in
and all
around.
I wish to gallop through the open
plains of sage
brush and chase grazing antelope.
I want to find an abandoned cabin
with treasures
from Hell's Angels.
There are rivers and streams of
consciousness that flow through
the valleys and rest in the bed of
forgotten mysteries.
The hum of Tree
grunt of Bison
stride of Bear
quake of Mother Earth
and smoke from Grandfather Fire.
Whether I lay neath an aspen tree
at midday with my journal
or ride at break of dawn
atop my horse shadow,
or wander through a midnight
forest in love.
Wyoming will always be my home.

Double Vision

In an instant I see my friend,
shadowed by demons
and they are pulling him
off the roof,
he is too
tired to
fight
back.
Or maybe he just
doesn't see.
But I felt
them.
I
reached out
and grabbed
him.
"I will not let
that happen to
you!"
The words tumbled out before
I even understood
where this sight
had come
from.
We were in shadows,
I saw the lingering
effect of sadness,
the way it held
a victims gaze,
I see it in
the eyes of
those around
me.
It's droopy and hangs
on
where sleepy's
are.
I saw the anger in my own face,
it's painted red
on my ruddy
cheeks.
But I also saw the joy
that dimpled
the anger
and
dulled the
pain.
I saw love pushing the sadness
out of our eyes,
causing silvery
streams

of heartbreak
that helped
put out
the
angry fire
that has
grown in past
years.
I feel like I have
double vision,
light versus dark,
I cannot unsee
the planes
I have somehow
dropped into.

I am forever
Changed.

My Green Heart

I wish there were a planet
where we could just grow things.
Who's we?
It's you and me.
Giving back to
creation
in it's
finest
quality.
Flowers
growing
tall
and
trees are almost
always
in
fall.
I believe in love,
like a burglar in
the
night,
when the lights
are gone
and curtains drawn,
stolen
are these
hearts
of ours.

To Understand: Not What I Expected

"I'll miss you,
if that's any consolation."
As I leave my heart
behind for someone
I'm not sure wants it.
"Haha, I'm sorry,
I don't really do this shit often"
You have no idea.
I try to live with an
open heart,
like a river in spring,
but letting someone in
to love you back
is frightening.
I read you my poetry,
"Another one!!"
you screamed
each time I finished.
And while we laid
beneath the stars,
tangled in tall grass,
drenched in sweat;
time slowed down for us.
She seemed to cheer for this
fucked up happenstance,
like it had only been
a matter of time.
I'm scared though,
that I will forget you,
or you'll stop caring
and it will all
have been
a dream.
I was shown that
if you really want to know
a person
you must understand them,
forgive them,
allow themselves
to strip naked
and then you
do the same.
We talked about sex and love,
and people in our lives
who filled those roles.
"I wish I could open up
enough to be gay,
but my family
never let me be sensitive"
hearing you say that

makes me want to cry.
He asked about
my father.
"That's fucked up,
how are you?"
I said I was fine.
"You need to let yourself
be fucked up"
you have no idea.
I have tried to move
past my father's death,
but when your dad
doesn't come home
and ask you to
take his boots off and rub
his feet, then demands
you play him a song
on the piano,
trust is a thing of
fantasy.
When I let myself feel fucked up,
I get drunk.
When I pretend everything is ok,
I suffocate.
The only times I have felt
good
are when I lay neath the moon
and retreat
into the whispers of
the Universe,
they tell me
that everything
is divinely created.
Nothing happens for
no reason.
I take heed of
these wisdoms,
I'll be strong for as
long as I need to be,
and I will keep pushing
onward,
for love,
for creation,
and to meet more
people like me and you,
big ole softies
hardened by years
of conditioned love,
for we are
the dreamers who
can still change
the world.
It is said that understanding
is another word for love,

well, I understand you
and I think
you understand me.

My Own Two Cents: An Ode to Molly

Sometimes the world makes no sense,
sometimes I feel like I gotta give
my own two cents.
Underneath a desert is an ocean
floor,
and above the clouds are places
we've never seen before.
To trust the way things have been is
a curse,
but to open your eyes to the
radiance all around is taboo.
We continue to craft our own hearse,
and spend our lives in an inverted
zoo.
Our destinies written with every
waking thought,
and still we pray through bloody
coughs.
I am sick.
Sick of listening to others tell me
how to live my life.
Telling me no,
you can't do that,
it's impossible,
you'll drown in your own misery.
And to you people,
I say,
I might be close to the ground but I
ain't down yet.

Mary

The voice within me is old.
And I know her now.
I've always known her,
because she is me,
as much as I am her.

I remember,
a time in September,
under a tree
crowned in golden leaves,
a tall crescent woman.
She was the moon
captured in pearly skin,
and long iridescent hair that
mimicked the night.
She beckoned me and we
tumbled through the forest.
We laughed, and sang and flew.
She showed me skylscapes beyond
imagination.
I understood oneness then.
That we are all of the same being.
Our disconnection solidified with
distance
from that oneness.
How blind the eyes of those who
do not dream.

She told me her name,
Mary.

For a while, I forgot her,
my hardened heart aching.
Each day I was nearer
to the ground, and farther from the
stars.

Soon I was haunted
by demons.
Walkers, stalkers, rapists, and
roofies.
A product of vagina-envy.

But I am powerful,
and in my dreams I remember,
all the doors must be opened by me.
I am the keeper of my fate.

I See

I realize that the world can be so ugly, but I see beauty everywhere. The Universe has provided us with everything we could ever possibly need.

I look at trees,
they have given us the tools to make music,
to catch our words and pictures,
they are the air we breath.

I look at mountains that surround me,
I am in awe of their grandeur.
Their raw and intense grace
made by our earth's crust slamming
into each other,
such a catastrophic event,
and yet we play on them,
climb their peaks and
find shelter under them.

I feel wind that howls at night,
that gently washes by at midday,
I see change it carries upon its back,
and I wonder from where it came.

I see the moon that peaks behind a sparkling blue curtain,
her icy gaze has always held mine,
even when she intrudes upon the sun,
and I understand the union they have made.

I feel the sun that warms my skin
and flows life into every creature
it knows.

I look at flowers,
how they hold the secrets of our Universe,
their soft center gives life to all,
akin to the everlasting circle we dance in.

I notice rain,
how it mimics tears,
but how much we need those tears
in order to grow again,
to feed the rivers of our souls
and wash the world of fear.

I see divinity in the faces around me,
the giggle of a baby,
the touch of a velvet lover's hand,

the hard work that goes into making
our world the way it is.

There is a magnificence in the
imperfections of human-kind,
we are given the choice
to feed into whichever reality,
the beautiful and kind
or the ugly and mean.

But it is our choice,
and how glorious a gift.

I see beauty that is all around,
that is all within,
and without.

The world can be so ugly, but I see
the beauty everywhere.

I is Somewhere

I see people,
a sea of people,
in hiding
waiting to jump.
Our path is unwinding
all around us.
Every choice
an obstacle,
every decision
a leap.
We know nothing
except what we feel
in our bones.
The I is somewhere,
maybe in our eyes
or nose,
even our tongue
or toes.
No one knows why
the wind blows
or where it goes,
but caught in the gust of life
we are,
and we tumble endlessly.

Let their Spirit Fly

Always moving,
feeling,
loving,
seeing.
I can't know what controls me.
I feel as if I'll never
stop spinning.
I am suspended in
darkness,
the only things that
show me I'm moving
are streaks of light
that flow through
me and
take me places
I never knew existed.
I dream of being strong,
powerful enough to lead
but in waking moments
I drag my feet,
not knowing how to carry on.
As tired as I am,
I look forward to
late night talks,
when people feel
safe enough to
let their spirit fly.
Magic is real,
I hear it tumble from
the mouths of those
who know not how wise
they are,
I let it escape
through my fingers
into the hearts of
my loved ones.
Let it go,
let it go
as easy as a flowing breeze,
invisible to those
who dare not question
the rhythm of life.
There is a burning ember
deep within
that tells me
"There is much more,
open your eyes,
everything is not as it seems."

New Trails

A lot has changed
since I met him.
How I see the world,
myself in relation to reality,
what I allow in my life.
I feel raw and exposed,
layers of ego and expectations
stripped.
My self and soul meeting again
after a long time.
I see in him what I forgot existed.
He is kind and understanding,
he lets the past slip away and
seeks out each person just as
they are.
He won't be jaded by
judgement or appearance.
When I am around him
I feel aglow.
Our timing is always late,
spliffs smoked outnumber hours
spent.
For how little we know each other,
for how much that goes unsaid,
there is a tangible energy
when we are together.
Now he's gone.
We blessed each other
with safe trails
and without knowing
when I'll see him next
I kissed the wild and rugged man
I had come to know.
It's always a bittersweet goodbye,
I miss him and
I sure hope he misses me too.

Chickadee

Oh how I hurt.
Isn't that how the story
always goes.
Nobody knows their
true worth.
Either they think they
are too important
or not worth a dime.
Nay faith I say.
Everyone has such an
innate power,
untapped and writhing
to be free.
Like a chickadee
in spring,
waiting,
betting on the rising sun.
"Look to the sky"
they shout,
and for some reason
I had a feeling
it was on fire.
Indeed it was.
Blazing with the heart
of each living star.
The universe's breath
illuminated by the
milky way.
How icy it is,
distant but ever present.
Perhaps we take
the simple beauty of
our universe for granted.
But I knew that.

A Phoenix

Like a Phoenix we shall
rise
through embers
dust and decay
our spirits lit
with the fire
of new
beginnings.
No longer
can this cycle
continue.
We must purify our
bodies by
releasing the past.
It is scary.
It is
bold,
but
there is
no continuing
this shadow reality.

A Note to Those I Love

You forget how beautiful
life is.
And when you do
remember,
it is because
something is taken away
from you.
Be it a friend,
a lover,
a home
or even life itself.
The sun shines
for those who choose
to bathe in it.
The moon sings
for those who are brave
enough to listen.
These times are
challenging,
the words of our leaders
are not soft
and thus our
reality has been hardened.
It is not our fault
but our responsibility.
"To see the world with
your heart, that would
be the bravest choice"
I've said these words
before,
but it doesn't
make it any easier.
I've been heart broken
many times
and been taught to
numb the pain
with drugs, alcohol, sex
and any other meaningless
action I could
think of.
But now I see how
much more pain
that has caused.
For myself,
my family
and friends.
And I am sorry
to all the people
I have wronged.
I was blind
and careless,

but now I see,
the only pastime
worth a damn is loving,
loving without
the fear of
being hurt.
We are all students
of the great divine,
and with such knowledge
we must be forgiving.
So, forgive me,
forgive anyone
who has ever caused
you pain,
forgive yourself.
Be kind to others,
and be gentle on
your own person.
Let us see the world
as we once did,
as children.
See the light,
the song,
the dance,
the love,
because it is oh
so much better.
And remember,
I love you.