

Emergence

It is time.

Crawl up from the underworld.
Depart your long stay in
thick darkness and clay.

Find your roots.

Find your roots.

Follow - straight or
spiraling - to the surface and
into the humid,
star-storied night.

Proceed slowly, yes,
but with the unyielding intent
to become the amazing thing
that you have never before
seen.

Can you feel your soft, tender body
up against the inside of your
dry, tight skin?

The edge. The tightness.

It tears you apart...

this back-splitting longing to
be larger than that which has
contained you.

I know that dream.

The one about having wings.

So, find that place where you will,
consciously,

take the last step as who you have been,
unfold your future,
and cast the old story behind you.

Emerge. Break free.

Surrender to your destiny,
lifting your long struggled form forth
onto a tree trunk,
or a flower stalk.

The moistness.
It is always there –
conception, growth,
birth, life, death.

Notice the eyes.

Red.

Let the soft dawning breezes
caress your sensitive nature,
as you unfurl lacy,
iridescent dreams.
So clear.

Now firm in the daylight.
You are seen.

Listen.

The world is calling to you.

Let yourself be heard.

Trust in what you have been
gifted.

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Take flight –

with this core truth:

Where you land
and what you do
will determine
how well grounded
we are in the future.

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