

Om nama shivaya
Sometimes I forget that I'm beautiful
Formless and wonderful
Capable of handling more than I know
And shining more radiant than the sun
It's easy to feel small
And forget my power.
Love.

There is nothing more beautiful than
The open expanse of sky with stars
I can see bands of the Milky Way
Streaking through the sky
Connecting me at the heart
Literally I feel it there
The rest of my body an open receptor
And the feeling of clean cool air on my face
Life is good.

And my heart fills with glee
Imagining what it must be like to
Love (Live?)
In one of those Old Port houses
Where families make music in the morning
By making breakfast and talking
Or a person alone makes music
By sitting and reading in the sunshine
Pure peace radiating from happy souls.

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kelly ann ilseman