

What does it mean to be on the journey?



No job - retirement?
Dark Nights of the Soul arrive
Caterpillar slows

Loved ones have passed on
Losing caterpillar's legs
No forward motion

Laborious crawl
Free me to surrender to
Effortless flapping

Merging into fringe
Appendage to others' lives
Building my cocoon

The silence thickens
My vision diminishes
Beautiful darkness

Decompose - at peace
What if, not a new being
But shared beingness?

Genealogy
Stump on chart, no legacy
Farewell to gene pool

Inside chrysalis
Discovering same old self
More deeply, truly



Introvert stares out
Held strong by silken fibers
Tightly encircled

Observer seeing
No energy to give away
But heart strengthening

The nest I longed for
My little house and garden
Chrysalis hangs full

The final journey
Will there be a butterfly?
Or death by cocoon?

Daily blessings outbound
Genesis and emergence
Two wings of flying?

Teaching opens wings
Spreading from creative force
Dazzling new colors

Fresh young spirit soars
Flitters, lands, flaps, and dances
Resplendent in light

To disappear soon
How? When? Nature will call back
Encompassing all

Surrender to age
Freedom from burdens of self
Take off butterfly!



*Ann Beltran,
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