

Poem written during a poetry/meditation day long retreat in September 2020. This was just after a wind event in the Salt Lake City valley with 100 mph gusts taking down ancient trees and knocking out power for a week for some people. - Bonnie Edwards

When I am Open

the losses cut less deep
the fear is held in ocean waves
and people's edges meet

When I am Open

gifts are received
and judgments about story dissolve,
instead memories become sweet glimpses in the photo album

When I am Open

how is it to sniff the shit and the rose,
to hear the chainsaw and the crickets
to see the broken, uprooted mass, the tree disconnected

When I am Open

there is a space for longing,
for missing touch from small loving hands,
watering the heart with tears of acceptance.

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Be Well Just Be