

## Liberation

Wake up knowing your sleep is the reality  
Revise your allegiances  
Plot your escape  
from soggy thoughts  
and unrequited grudges

Tear down the walls  
that have sold you the lonely separation  
you've confirmed by rote  
over lifetimes, again and again

A closed box of echoes  
ricochet's in the dank basement of your memories  
now surfacing from the South  
hands palpating the black walls of sleep  
a finger running along the seams  
a sudden longing for freedom  
a gliding hope to the light

You've been living a script of someone else's making  
you realize, hemmed in  
by the one you became through the eyes of  
those who cared for you  
as little as they cared for themselves

Come. Let go of the rags of worn-down d/illusions  
Find in their dangled frays  
an inner place that expands in fractals

Feel the spring winds blow through your heart  
a soft prayer of belonging  
as you breathe a tender sip  
that irradiates your lungs  
with the promise of a better dawn

There is a long night ahead, still  
Better get out the candle and stoke the fire  
dance, make delicious meals to share  
whisper stories in the darkness  
to keep company to the eons that have passed  
... until tomorrow

The promises of love  
broken longings  
are taking flight in the transmigrations of continents  
One was shot down from the flock  
“Who would miss it?”, says the stubborn voice of the wound

The dark loam of the form yet to be is silent, moist,  
certain of its fulfillment  
What else is there to say but Be  
In the gentle womb of buds tantalized  
By life’s call to open  
To live, finally

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