

^The Hummingbird Brings

Old and New Family –

I am because they were.
I am because you are.
My ancestors,
In me,
Leading me here.
We've been lost,
But always connected.

A wayward soul searching
For a pathway to remember.
Deep in my body and being,
A song waiting to be sung.

A prayer to all of creation,
To life
and love
and truth.
We are one.
We are family.
All interconnected together.

Disillusioned by separateness.
A mind can lie.
A body cannot.
The sacred fire burns
to the core,
A re-birth only embers
can womb.

Tears and plants
cleanse a new beginning,
Songs and stories
welcomes me home.
This dancing moment
has been waiting.
The universe has conspired
With the medicine

My hearts been needing—
Awakening ancestral roots
That never left my bones.

A sun rises.
A moon sets.
Relationships go back.
And forward.
They are me.
I am them.
I am you.
And you are me.

A Sacred Seed —

A sacred seed
To seed the sacred.

Ceremony is relationship.
Ceremony is community.

The tree alone
Falls with the hurricane.
The forest together
Flows with the wind.

Ritual interweaves us.
Acts as old as are needed.

Today begs our call.

The storm rise at dusk,
Telling the tree she's alone
When she never could be
The forest's roots beneath her
Yearning to be remembered.

Ceremony is the memory,
Traditions—roots locking like fingers.
A guiding hand
Just waiting to be grabbed.

And then the hands
come together
To build.
The voices together
To sing.
Prayers flow together
To be heard.

Answers to be found.
Questions to be held.
All blossoms open
All becomes true

A fire-y awakening
A blessed new year
We stand ready to be
We dawn ready to seed

Just Be –

So much to do
We forgot
how to be

Must do this
To have that
Must have that
To become this
Must become this
To be worthy of love

A constant state of doing
When the answer
Was always
Just being

All to fill a cup
That was
naturally
full

Just remember
The truth
Your body
Cant ever forget

We are enough
We couldn't ever
not be

All you need
to do is
just be

Abandoning the Breadcrumbs –

I've crossed a thread
In the weaving
Past any point of return
A metamorphosis that is
A one way ticket
Alchemizing my essence anew

There's no home to return to
The soil there isn't
Rich enough anymore
Unable to root deeper
Or sprout higher
Or blossom more open
It's time to transplant
To set seeds to the wind.

I'm changed forever
I've tasted what's possible
When I authentically be

The soulful being inside is awakening
It's beautiful
It's powerful
It's whole and alive

I feel fully
Awake with possibility
More than ever before

There's more healing still ahead
But a new foundation has set
Little left to grieve
When life wasn't being lived
Just surviving—
Rarely thriving.

So much is shifting,
Transmuting,
Transforming.

Only one option ahead
Surrender to the path
Surrender to the cocoon
Of today's season.

Trust in my body
Trust in nature's rhythms
And wombs.
Trust in the relationships
Coming into life
Right when they're meant to.

Lean into the process—
The season.
There are roots holding me deep
Home and hope is in the change.
Anything is possible.

Creating God —

I create the sacred
I bestow the meaningful
I imbue actions and words
With love and gratitude,
Prayer and intention.

In short,
I'm a magician
Making magic

Weaving spells,
Conjuring threads
That create
And shape
Relationship.

That's all it is—
Relationship.

It's what I worship.
It's what I believe in.
To me,
Relationship is god.

I manifest reality.
Interdependence and abundance
Becoming real,
Deepening in new ways
Because my way of being
And praising
Makes it so.

I can transform a challenge
Into an initiation.
A birds flight
Into an omen.
A random encounter
Into a divine meeting.
Every experience
Into fuel for my healing.

I create relationship.
I create god.

Only Together —

The healing we need

Can't be done
alone

Relationship is
the teacher
Community is
the dojo

The self-helped hermit
Barely scratches
the surface
Of what's
Yearning
To come
Forth

The fearless,
Unashamed
Openly healing heart
Accepting of the inevitable pain
Discomfort
And judgment

Can rise up
And be
The hero
And model
We need

Open to messing up
And falling
Without a safety net
For all to see

Humble, courageous
Aligned with
The true
purpose
Of our time

What was lost
Was between—

Woven throughout
Connection

And that's the only path
For it to be
Refound

It requires us to
Open up
To take a step
No one can take for us.

Will you answer the call?

Other as Gift —

So quick
To judge

A conditioned reflex
Competition internalized
To measure the
Worthiness of
Another
And of
Me

A first glance
An instant comparison
Better than
Worse than
Equal to

Different
Or similar
As a measure

The opposite
Of belonging—
Othering

An ego
Lost in the self
Simplifying complexity

Because no one
Can actually be compared
Or ranked
On any scale
Outside
Another's mind

We each are a unique human
With Unique gifts
Unique experiences
Unique stories
And dreams
And fears

Not a measuring stick
To judge
Ourselves against

With a unique role to play
In your life
And
This entire universe
Every other is an
Infinite,
Complex
Being of life and death
Light and dark
Love and pain.

Even with unhealed wounds
Unintegrated scars
Both seen and unseen
Maybe even a potential
Threat under
Certain circumstances

All another is
Is

a chance to learn
a chance to collaborate
a chance to love deeper
Yourself first
As often the most triggering
Hold our biggest potential
For healing

It only takes
Seeing the different,
Or the similar—
The other
As a gift
Just waiting to be
Experienced

Ceremony is my Medicine —

There'd been chances to re-root
A hope here.
A deja vu there.
Wise ones were preaching a truth
My being wasn't ready to hear

With beats in ears
A closed sign on the heart
And body
I hadn't been ready
I'd preferred
The escape option

Adulting life came unsettledly
ungrounded, uninitiated
My mind ran scared
Easier to hide away
And numb
Pursuits of momentary pleasure
Easier than standing tall
In my length

Layers and layers
Of protection
Parts that were born from trauma
And fears of more pain
Or shame
Or abandonment

An ego conditioned for survival
On autopilot
Keeping a life lived fully
In true alignment
And meaning
At a distance

But something eventually cracked
And a pull I couldn't ignore came
The safety net that had
Become a ceiling
Restrained too much
And had to be burst

So I began with baby steps
Opening up,
Dancing and singing
and letting others in
like never before.

I tasted purpose
And love
And community
For the first time.

The bud continued to blossom.
Away from isolation
And into new possibility
Hopes and learnings
Came that couldn't have even
Been dreamt of before.

But there was still something missing
The search for
my real medicine began

Something that was just waiting inside
To be remembered and realized.

It wasn't some therapy or pill.
It was ceremony.
Ritual. Prayer. Intention. Gratitude.
The practice of community
Through cocreated sacredness.
That is my medicine.

Ceremony is my medicine
A healing back to sacred relationship.
To aligned intention.
To nature's guiding wisdom.

The missing piece sets.
Ceremony comes into my being.
Now comes the full
becoming.

How do I,
And we,
yearn to heal?

What do I,
And we,
value in life?

Where do I,
And we,
want to grow?

That is what I will ceremonialize.
That is where my medicine
will serve.

Catching Each Other's Tears —

The biggest grief—
The denial of grief

Cultures killed
Rituals outlawed
Elders ignored
Wisdom lost

We've forgotten
How to grieve
How to hold space,
To give space
For the processing Of grief
To be

For mourning to be welcomed
Just as a dawn
needs A night
As a spring
Can't sprout
Without a winter

We've been denying
the undeniable—
That humans feel
And process through feeling

We're life
Shaming the body's
Natural processes
Shaming the wise tears of a child
Moving loss through a body
healthier than mature adults do

Without space—
Without Intention and ceremony
To guide
Collective grieving
The healing we yearn for
and need
Can't come
The possibility tomorrow
could bring
Can't dawn

Disembodied,
With a festering
Infection at the core
Of our wounds
We'll continue on like this
Farther from remembering
The pain that led us here
Unable to welcome the scar
And integrate the loss.

We must instead be brave
To fearlessly bring our fire
And compassionate, understanding love
To the deepest depths
Of our pain
For all to see and feel
From the abused
To the abuser.

To allow the whole spectrum of feeling
To open the waters
For ripples of forgiveness
And gratitude
To flow

For pain and shame
And guilt and trauma
To move through us
From ancestors
Long forgotten
To descendants
Undreamed of

Let us cry and feel together
Let us grieve and heal together
Let us forgive and integrate together
Let us be in mourning
and ceremony together

Holding and giving space
For all that humanity was

is
And can be
Once we follow the cycles—
the seasons of life and death
And the rhythms of embodied feeling
Guiding us towards wholeness

Becoming Ceremony —

Living life as ceremony
A call, a surrender
From rise to rest
Commit to sun and moon
To bring forth ceremony
From both inside and out

Turning awareness and wisdom
Into words, actions and rituals

This is the path to the way of being
We have forgotten
And are called to integrate
Deepen and reimagine

Rediscovering what was lost
Only takes creating ceremony—
Adding three things
Into all you do and be

First is to transform everything
Into sacred relationship
To witness and give meaning
To the connection between things

Add a prayer of gratitude to anything
And a word becomes relationship
Creating meaning and truth
Celebrating all as inter-related

Observing all of reality
As interdependence flowing gifts
Offerings weaving between
And through and within

Naming into existence the truth
that every action and every thing is kin
From how you eat, to how you love.
From each and every neighbor—
Human, bird, bush, river, rock and star
Co-creating the community of existence
As a woven tapestry of loving relationship

Second is to add intention—
Alignment with your values
Into every act and word
Your being breaths,
Making it all ceremony.

Bringing sacred ritual
And awareness into being.
Consideration into each step,
Working towards each and every footprint
Ringing true to the note and song
Your soul is here to sing.

The tiniest drop of a moment,
The largest explosion of expansion.
Fractaling back and forth in rhythm
Intentions scaling in significance

A butterfly flaps her wings
An avalanche changes the land forever

The last and third guidance
Is to follow the wisdom of nature

Traditions as old as remembered time

Ancestral songs and stories following life—
It's flows and cycles and changes,
It's elements and directions and symbols,
All essential in its being and purpose
As parts cocreating a greater whole.

The silent breathes in each second
The great rhythms in each season
The deer's strength and grace
The hummingbird's invitation and song

The wisdom of seeing all existence,
each signaling moment and perspective,
For what it can teach us—
For how it can guide us
And our collective culture
As a mycelial web of the living
Figuring itself out in each moment
As each life finds its needed role and place

That is the way of seeing
And embodying ceremony
Continuously
To live in constant ritual
In gratitude, intention, and prayer
Of all that was,
Is,
And will be

This is the path to healing
All that has been broken.
From the smallest individual wound
To the most triggering, painful relationship,
From the greatest collective grief
To the complete extinction of an ecosystem.

What do you yearn to heal?
That is what you need only ceremonialize.
Bringing ceremony into each space
You want to grow in, through, and towards

We are the elders.
We hold the wisdom.
We have the power
To heal all that is needed.
We have the power
to become ceremony.

Healthy Relationship —

We're conditioned to
codependency

It's all so many of us
Know of
Relationship

We internalized insecurity,
Fear,
Shame,
Judgment,
Competition.
And the belief
That we
Aren't enough
Until we latched on
Another's assumed
Perception of us
As our sustaining life force.

We idolized the Individual
But forgot how to be
Individually sovereign
And compassionate.

We aren't alone
We can't ever be
We are relationship
But we have
A self

We only are
Because
Another is

It's not that we are
Because another
Sees us

That is a self
Needing others
To see
To be

That is a self
Lost in the mind's
Projections
of Another mind's
projections

The self we are yearning for
Is rooted down
and above

Grounded in the
inner soul
Centered through the
greater spirit

Layered with
Layer upon
layer
Of deeper,
More inner,
Curiosity,
Understanding,
And self-love
To the core
Of our ever-changing
Ever-cycling
Beautiful mess.

Understanding relationship
And community of the unique,
The separate
But together,
As possible.
As reality and truth
If we each put
our own needs
and dreams first
Our own self-healing first.
Modeling for others
To do the same.
And then supporting
Each other
From a sturdy,
Full cup.

That is interdependent community.
That is healed relationship.
That is love
And life
And creation.

You are the Fractal —

Lost, seemingly alone
We forget
How important we individually are
How important each moment is

We are children of life
Each a microcosm
Of the whole
The inner depths of our beings,
Simply a reflection of
The outer heights of all existence

The small is the all

Our individual experiences are

Direct representations
of the collective's.
Our traumas
Our dreams
Our unmet needs
Are not just our own.

We live our culture
On an individual level
Each and every day
Both in our inner world
As much as the outer

But we live it uniquely
And that unique view
From some margin—some edge
Is a needed perspective
A gift,
A healing opportunity
An energy
Needing to be shared
And integrated.

Because it doesn't just flow inside
Everything we do ripples
Outwards and beyond

Each moment significant
Even the unwitnessed tear
Shed in the silent meadow

Each pain collectively felt
Each love universally shared
Each act of true courage
Is not just an individual triumph
But a re-aligning of the larger system
Back towards balance and wholeness

And since your wounds are
Representative and interconnected
To the whole and all its parts
Your healing

Is my healing—
Is Mother Earth's healing

Your reconnection with your body
With your parents and ancestors
With your land and community
Is reconnecting for all of us
Even those your life never crosses

The small is the all
You are the fractal
You are significant
in every way

We are the New Seeds —

We are the beginnings—
The new seeds.

We are the children
We are the elders

Accessing knowledge
And healing
That goes back
And forwards

Where the old meets the new
Where the youth heal the elders
And the elders guide the youth

We are the remembering
And the re-imagining
The first sprouts of life
After a great fire
The first drops of rain
After a long drought

Much was lost
Much was achieved

Much is still alchemizing
In ways we don't understand
And can't make meaning of yet

Humanity is just reaching
its adult years
And it all had to happen
Exactly the way it has
Because that's how it has.

Separated, but empowered,
Displaced, but enlightened.
Extractive, but innovative.

In awe of the powers and capabilities
Of our rational, thinking mind
We had to test its limits
As an idol
Even if it came
With such great costs.

The traumatized, colonized, separate mind,
Traumatizing, colonizing the separate other
Found ways to justify slavery, genocide.

We're near to destroying ourselves
And this planet
And all the life
That cocreated us into being.

But maybe we had to get lost
Worshiping the gifts of our brains
Exploring the powers of rational thought
Pulling from the past
Projecting into the future

And now,
As we are where we are
Its time we
Return home—
rediscover ourselves
And Reground

In our hearts and bodies and lands
Bringing with us
The bounties of this wayward—
Lost and destructive,
Simplifying way of being.

This home back in sacred relationship
With each other
And with every rhythm and flow
Around us—guiding us

A rekindling
Guided by the integration of
The thinking mind
The feeling heart
And the sensing body
Because once those unite
In flowing relationship
One can be a vessel
of truth, purpose,
creativity and love.
A way of expressing and understanding
That embraces complexity
emergence, and uncertainty
Way better than logic could alone.

It's the great surrender back to nature
Back to our natural role as
students, lovers and stewards of it
Nurturing and growing
With that which nurtures and grows us—
All the beings and relationships
That cocreate the ecosystems around us,
The interdependent flows that
Sustain and develop life.

Now, as we integrate
The separate mind—
The separate individual
Back with everything else
Back into interdependent relationship
We can tend to the soil

And reach towards new horizons
Of hope and possibility.

We can embody a new
level of consciousness
One that pulls the ancient, ancestral
Ways of relationship and creation
Guided by nature's wisdom
And our unique role as a part of it;
Together with the great leaps of understanding
And technological breakthroughs
Our innovations in scientific frontiers
Have made possible
We can do and be anything

We can root deeper,
Sprout higher,
And blossom more open
To usher in a new way being
Through regenerative
Wholeness and aliveness

Communities of sovereign,
Integrated individuals
Living in authenticity
And expression
Sharing their unique gifts
And creative energies
In co-creative flow
Towards whatever we each find
to be meaningful

We can heal all
Our past harms
Find pathways of forgiveness
And regenerate and steward
life on Mother Earth
To new heights

technology meets tradition
Through aligned intention,
Gratitude and relationship

Individual meets community
Through personal awareness,
Agency and accountability.

And life can be re-sparked
Through the integration of the old
And new ways of being

We are the children
We are the elders

We are the beginnings—
The new seeds.

Three Journeys —

To fully become
The gift the world yearns for
The fullest expression
Of your aliveness and wholeness
There are three journeys
We each must take

Journeys of reconnection—
Healing from the separateness
That disconnected
The mind from the body
Me from you
Family from community
Human from nature

It's now up to each of us
To remember what was lost
Add integrity to what's been found
And align deeper with your truth—
Your purpose and love
Through these three journeys

The first is the descension down
To the dark depths of the earth
A descent into our great mother's womb
Deep into your being
To connect with your soul

You must go into nature's unknown
Into the void and its mysteries
To discover the treasures—
The unique gifts
Only you can bring into the world

To discover what your soul
Was made to birth—
Your medicine
To be of service,
To heal,
You first
Then others

Whatever soul work that is
At your innermost core
It not only is the most meaningful
Embodiment of your authentic being—
Your creative energies and purpose
But it is something that won't
happen in the world
Unless you find it
And become it

It is unique to your potential
Your DNA and your conditionings
Your truth, your pains, your dreams
And we, the world—
All of life and this universe
Are just waiting to see it sprout
And blossom
From your innermost roots

The second is the ascension up
To the tops of the mountains
Towards our great father's light in the sky
Towards the unwavering oneness
Within the interconnecting spirit
Of everything

Connecting with this spirit that interweaves the Interdependent flow of love and life
Into all that is and breaths

This spirit shows you the significance
Of each life, each moment—
Of the inherent fractals that ripple
From the smallest

To the largest
A microest nano second
To the macroest orbit

It's all significant
Even without a witness
It all interconnects and expands
As one and many
A sum greater than all the parts combined

This truth is what you are meant to
Feel deep in your body
To guide your being
It is to be surrendered to
And in service of
The undeniable love
Connecting us all.

That is the enlightened understanding
Of the spirit
Guiding the truth of reality
A truth we too easily forgot
And now must each quest
To rediscover

The third, last journey
is the presension ahead
To the opening of the now—
The path that brings a balanced ego
Awakened to be present
In relationship each moment.

In alignment with what was,
What is, and what will be.
In flow with the ever changing
Landscape of relationships
Manifesting the water you swim in.

It's about understanding you within
The context that shaped you—
The history and environment that shaped
The relationships that shaped
The systems that shaped
you.

And taking responsibility for
That cocreated reality that showed up
Differently for each of us.

Conscious of what makes you, you
Aware of your conditionings—
The individual, familial, communal,
Cultural, global, and universal shapings,
The wounds, traits, privileges, atrocities
All molding how you live and be

To grow to a level of awareness
Where agency—
An empowerment of embodied choice,
Can guide you to live in deep alignment
With what wyou value
And what is present
In the relationships and lives around you.

This journey asks courageous compassion
And understanding of another's process
All while learning in relationship

And through conflict and tension.
To be fearlessly curious of your self
Within the context of others.

It's a fine line as you stay true to you.

It opens you up to the
Complex, cultural dynamics
Manifested in your body
As well as the collective body
Challenges to grow through
To heal the traumas
That happened to your's
And other's ancestors.

All so you can show up
Day in and day out
The way you yearn to
The way you are meant to
Full of embodied presence
And mindful purpose
And heartfelt love
Accepting of all that led you here
And made you who you are.

These journeys are deeply interdependent
Holistic and intertwined together
They ebb and flow
Progress in one,
Opens up capacity
And possibility
In another

They are the path
For the individual
To live in true community
In loving, understanding,
co-creating interdependence
Beyond individualism and
Beyond co-dependence

To how humans
Are meant to live

This isn't just about you
Living the fullest life
For you
It's about the interconnected
Possibility that opens up for all
Because my most fulfilled life
Needs your most fulfilled life

So I'll be here waiting
With open arms
For whenever you're ready
To answer the call

The Hummingbird Brings

Tsitz tsitz tsitz
It's Iq'
The hummingbird

He brings with him
Warm blessings
Of abundance and joy,
Of creativity and love.

He brings an energy
Of enthusiasm
Of positivity
And possibility—
A smile spreading
Through your being
Like a warm breeze
Tickling the skin.

With a wings vibration
That plucks your heartstrings,
He invites that
Hummingbird energy

To flow
From his heart
Into yours.
Back and forth
In seeing and appreciating
relationship

And with his presence
Comes a powerful wind,
A breath of life.
A call to your inner fire.
Sparking embers
Of your heartseed—
Your essence
That's been slumbering
Just waiting to be awoken.

His coming
Is an invitation
For all those
Who are ready

A beckoning
Towards both
A remembering—
Back to one's roots,
And a reimagining—
Forward to the furthest reaches
Your branches may go.

An ask
If it's time yet.
If you're ready
to resettle—to rebuild
A new foundation
Inside you,
Deeper in truth
And authenticity.
Shedding, letting die
And integrating
What is no longer serving you.

He is the seer and bringer
Guiding your being
To realign with your core
And open up your world
To new possibility
And flow.
To bring forth your gifts
And share them towards
Whatever is meaningful
To you.

As the hummingbird
Embodies his essence
Of being and becoming
So fearlessly,
He too asks
That from you.

Just as he shares
His colors so openly—
A spring flower
Blossoming right
in front of your eyes.
He channels
That potential
Of authentic being,
Being the gift itself,
Into you.

What is at the core
Of your being?
What gifts are
You meant to bring forth?
What purpose brings
Meaning into your heart?

He sees you
As the gift
You are.
And nothing less.

And offers a guiding path

To step into the light
From an often dark
And fearful night.

It's pure—
This invitation.
One that will find
You again if this moment today
Is not right.

But if now is the time,
Step forward
And surrender fully,
There is no going back.
A sip of this nectar—
Tasting this true way of being,
Roots too deep
To weed out.

Once you feel belonging—
Wholeness and aliveness,
As simply an invitation
To share all that you are,
Anything less becomes
Unacceptable.

Because that's what
We're each here to do.

To simply be
The embodied expression
Of our gifts in the world.
To spread the whole of our wings,
share all of our colors,
From the messiest
To the most admired—
Whatever is truth to you
In each moment.

And just as the hummingbird
Knows where to find
The nectar he needs

Before sharing himself
With others,
So must you
Learn to nourish your being
To the brim
Before welcoming
Others in.

All of this
Is the message
Of the hummingbird.
What he brings forth
And hopes for from others,
Awaiting each of you
To join him
In a cocreating world
Of flowing gifts—
Of creativity, purpose and love
Just waiting
To be brought
Into being.

Tsitz tsitz tsitz
It's Iq'
The hummingbird.

The Winds of Relationship

The safety of a planned tomorrow
Expectations scheduled as a comfort
Holding me back.

Instead, I hope to create the space inside
To sit with the fears of uncertainty,
To live in the discomfort of ambiguity
That is the presence I yearn
To weave into my life.

To open up all the possibilities
That come From allowing

The winds of relationship
To guide my sails.

True flow with emergence
Surrendering to what each moment is
The relationships alive in it,
And the abundance present throughout it
Giving me exactly
What I'm meant to receive
When I need it.

Trusting the wisdom of
My internalized North Star
My values and purpose embodied
Guiding my being's intuitive wisdom.

That is true living.
That is what opens life up
To true relationship
And true possibility.

A Sacred Seed (ISTA rewrite) —

A sacred seed
To seed the sacred.

Sowing ceremony.
Sowing community—
Medicine that reconnects.

The tree alone
Falls with the hurricane.
The forest together
Flows with the wind.

Ritual interweaves us.
Acts as old
As are needed.

Today begs our call.

The storm rose over the night,
Telling the tree she's alone
When she never could be
The forest's roots beneath her
Yearning to be remembered.

Ceremony is the memory,
Traditions—
Roots interlocking like fingers.
A guiding hand
Just waiting to be grabbed.

And then the hands
come together,
To cocreate.
The voices together
To sing.
The bodies together
To heal
And move
And make love.

Rewilding our true essence—
Becoming the medicine itself.
Radiating healing and liberation
Back into our communities

Each a forgotten star
re-forged anew
Light and bright
With the full gravity and strength
Of the grounding feminine
Bringing us back to the earth
And the visionary masculine
Guiding us to new horizons.

Remembering and reimagining
What an integrated,
Regenerative world
Of wholeness
And aliveness

Can be
And feel like.

Full of power
Full of pleasure
Full of possibilities
We'd forgotten were possible

The sun brings a fire-y awakening
The moon offers a reassuring embrace

We stand ready to be
We dawn ready to seed

The Hand that Writes —

The ink flows
It drips
And drops

Plitter
Platter
Scribble
Scrabble

It never dries
Each blot may set
But every fresh marking
Becomes the new truth

Life—every present moment
A cursive sentence
A pen's flow
Never leaving the page

Oozing
And juicing—
Savoring each touch
Each forming

The page absorbs
Each word.
A choice,
A decision
That both matters
And doesn't

Whatever is written
Is written
It's part of the flow
Meant to be
No matter
Any other
Could
Or should

And beyond that,
Only abundance—
Of ink,
Of paper,
Of combinations
Of letters and words

More moments
Never ending
Always becoming

All one can do is
Balance
The surrendering
And
The shaping
Of emergence
As it comes
Into being

Another phrase flows
Guided by
The breathe of constant creation
And
The hand of manifestation
Yours, mine, all's

Dancing between
The inkwell
And the scribbling lines
One can only
Write the unfolding
For oneself
With awe
And reverence
As it's witnessed

Trusting,
And choosing—
Opening up to
The divine moment,
The sacred word

Because no matter what
It's always
What it's meant to be
What is needed,
For you and the world

Sometimes it just takes time
To find the gold
In the black ink

Unapologetically Human —

One of my oldest stories
Internalized underneath
Layers and layers
Of armored being

A pencil carved
Stone so deep
It was nearly impossible
To find
And erase
A shadow of a shadow
Hiding in my depths

It's the need for a sob story
A necessity to be the victim
To make me worthy,
Enough
Deserving

It started young
A parents' love
That was only given
And expressed
When it was needed
When I was in pain

So a scar formed
Etching those memories
Into my culture of conditioning
A reinforcing that
Made me believe
That I was only
Worthy of love
When I was hurt

So victimhood enveloped
My being
A constant striving
For another's pity
Even my own
Self-pity
Internalized in a way
That required constant
Justification for my being
Simply to be

I'd grew to need that story
To be dependent on it
Addicted to it
So I always searched
For a story of cause and effect
That explained why I am
The way I am
An excuse for my human needs

Not being fully worthy
Unto themselves

Even ashamed
As a personal failure
For not being
Completely self-sufficient
Unto myself

And if a story of a trauma
Wasn't within reach
I'd manifest it
Bring it inside
And then project it out

As the victim
As an apology
For all of my humanness
To be welcome in the world
To belong

What if I lived unapologetically?
What if I needed
No excuse?
No story?
No pain?

What if I could simply,
And fully,
Be?

Oh how beautiful
Life would be—
Feeling
Loving
Failing
Flailing

All without any need
To explain why I am
What I am
Why I need

What I need
In that moment

Fully deserving
And worthy
Of love
And life

Unapologetically human
Fully expressing
Fully deserving
We all are

Rewriting Old Stories –

The horizon I can imagine
That change and healing
Just beyond my grasp.
It's a vision of me
That's been drifting through
My thoughts for awhile now

But awareness of the possibilities
Or even the old stories and patterns
Keeping me on the hamster wheel
Isn't enough to get me off it
And actually allow each step I take
To move me through the world

We can't think,
Or even talk,
This healing out.
The evolution only
Happens in our bodies
And in relationship with others

It's the rewriting of stories
At the moment the old patterns
Hijack you back into your
Pre-programmed re-runs

Recognition is the first step,
And not just any old awareness
But an embodied one.
You've got to feel it. Fully.
The entire pattern that's
Engraved in your feelings—
All the emotions and sensations
That come up inside you

Feeling is healing
And you've got to feel it all
Go into the darkness without fear
Recognize all the shades of
Sadness, anger, jealousy
Fear, grief, insecurity
And feel them completely
As both emotions
And embodied sensations
In your neck, chest, back, gut
Or wherever it shows up
In your being and bones

And then, after fully feeling
All that arises
Shake it out
Scream it out
With gusto
Your body needs to process it—
To feel and flow it through

Only then do you take a deep breath
And resettle into your center
It's time for the shift
Time to practice radical discontinuity

Do something different
Just for the sake of it
Try a new outfit on for size
Respond in a novel way
Become a different story
One that ideally is in alignment
With the ways you're trying to heal

Or in better alignment with
Your values and purpose

Maybe it's taking some space
And re-rooting in yourself
Instead of someone else
Maybe it's opening up
And sharing your vulnerabilities
Instead of acting strong
Maybe it's taking charge
And stepping boldly into
A courageous expression of love
Or creativity or art

Whatever it is
It can't just be imagined
It must be acted on
In and through your body
In and through relationships with others

Self-belief, self-love embodied
Ripples into others
Manifests into relationships
That cocreate moments
That allow that old knot
Stuck in your body
To get fully massaged out
And in its place
A new story can
Overwrite the old

That is true healing
An embodied transformation
Of your patterns
In meaningful relationships
That remind you
Anything is possible

Re Be —

Reground
Recenter
Remember
Rediscover
Realign
Reconnect
Reintegrate
Release
Rewrite
Reimagine

Be Reborn

All the re's
To guide us to be
To fully become
And belong
As the being
We are meant to be

One that embodies
The wholeness and aliveness—
The love,
That is the true nature
Of a human being
Being a part of life

To rewalk that path
There are three lines
We each must reweave
Back together

The first is up and down
That soma we each call home
Reconnecting and realigning
Our thinking mind
Our feeling heart
And our sensing, intuitive body

The second is left and right
Rehealing and reintegrating
Our grounding feminine

And our visionary masculine
Embracing life as a straight line of growth
That spirals in circles and cycles

The third is backwards and forwards
Remembering back to our roots—
Traditional wisdom based on nature
And relationships of gratitude
And then reimagining ahead to new sprouts—
All that is possible when we
Fully step into our sacred, human power

It is through these three realignments
These reembodiments of being
That we can refind and rebecome
The path we're meant to
As individuals, communities, and a species

The Partnership —

I can see it
I can feel it
And now
I finally feel ready
To cocreate
And become it

I am ready.
Humble and in my power
I wasn't before
There was work to do.
Healing and integrating
My being to have the capacity
To step into what I'd always
Dreamed of—
The life partnership
That can change the world.

This work went deep
And it isn't done

It will be the central
Foundation of the partnership
A developmental relationship
Evolutionary in nature and design
For each self
And the partnership itself

But first, I had to reconnect
With all my parts
Gaining deep awareness
And agency and choice
And alignment with my values
Into my embodied being

This all now allows me to
Step into interdependent relationship
As an individually sovereign self

With full knowing that there
Are more codependent
Patterns to heal,
I can now trust in my capacity
To openly, vulnerably, powerfully
Rewrite those stories in my being
Through relationship
But not dependent on the other

And now that I've leveled up
This partnership can seed and sprout

A partnership that
Is full of love and support
And spaciousness for each self
To transplant and thrive
In the right-sized pot

With a balance of
Enough healthy attachment,
Security and safety,
And openness and expansiveness
To hold—and flex with
Our emergent growth

In our ever-complex
Ever-changing world of life
And relationship

A partnership that
Is full of both
Pleasure and orgasm
While still embracing discomfort
And challenges wholly.
Just as much about the dark
As the light
Not just encouraging and inviting,
But demanding
We each feel everything

And always brings things
Back to our individual development
The healing and growth—
The groundedness and evolution
of the sovereign self
Supported by each other
In relationship
And in independence

With daily rhythms that
Create space for whatever
Each of us are and feel
In each moment

With weekly rhythms that
Ceremonialize checkins around
Tensions, desires, fears, boundaries,
And recenters the partnership
Around the relational soil
We are jointly cultivating
For the rooting, sprouting
And full blossoming
Of each sovereign,
Self-responsible self

With monthly rhythms that
Follow the natural wisdom

Of her moon cycle
Flowing, each month, through
Winter's release and death
Spring's sowing and planting
Summer's growing and expanding
And fall's harvesting and integrating

With quarterly rhythms that
Follow our earthly sun seasons
As opportunities to sense deep inside
And find what is right to recommit to
For what we are feeling
We are needing as partners
Flowing through periods of deep
Monogamous cocooning and wombing
To open polyamorous connection and love
Forever committing to each other
Three months at a time
What feels right and true
For where we are
As individuals and a couple

With yearly rhythms that
Provide annual aspirational reflections
To reach our biggest, wildest dreams
To cocreate something transcendent—
Communities, families, and children,
Temples, farms, and villages.
Whatever horizons our
Imagination believe are possible—
Manifesting it into being

All of this—
A partnership based on
Each of our healings and growth
That cycles through nature's flows
Is the new world we are dreaming of
It is the remembering
And the reimagining
And it all ripples from this

The genesis of loving relationship

Two coming into union
That nurtures each one
Fully integrating into union themselves

The feminine and the masculine
Integrating inside each of us
Supported by the integration
Outside and between each other

And it all fractals and scales
From this—the small is the all
The one seeds and heals the two
Who then seed and heal the family
Who then seed and heal the forest
Becoming the foundation—the soil
For others to root and sprout
And blossom fully in

That is the partnership—
The evolution, that not only I am
But the entire world of life
Is yearning for, and needing.

And it is the partnership
I will cocreate
I will become—
We will become
As we help birth this
New world into being

Reclaiming My Masculine —

It's time we rewrite
The handbook
Of what it means
To be a man
Of what the strong
Sacred, divine masculine
Actually is
And can be

One that is self-secure,
Self-aware,
Self-responsible.

One that is embodied,
Integrated,
And heart-centered.

Capable of sovereign,
Interdependent relationship.

Capable of holding
And giving brave space
For the vulnerable and healing.

Capable of leading—
Stewarding and growing,
With and through love.

Capable of embracing
Themselves as the sexual—
Desiring and desirable
Being they are.

That is the goal
That is what is both
Dreamed of,
And needed today

But first things first,
First, I must grieve
I must ask for forgiveness
For I have repressed you,
Been ashamed of you,
Been afraid of you,
Fought and hid you.

I even hated other men
Who could accept and become you.
I allowed comparison, jealousy,
And judgment

To keep me from loving
And supporting my brothers.
Often pretending superiority,
When it was only me
Projecting my shame and pain.

In my struggle to embrace you
All I saw was that pain—
The pain you inflicted on me,
On my sisters, partners, and mothers,
And all of life in the world.
I didn't know how to hold you
How to welcome you in—
How to love you

I'm so sorry.

So much of what I learned
Of what it is to be a man
Hurt me, and others,
Wounded me, and others,
Scarred me, and others,
And held me back
From fully feeling
And being me.

And with the feminine
Being reborn in her divine power
All around me
Reminding me of your
Capacity for suppression
And oppression
I chose to further deny you
In my relationships
In my body
In my purpose and work
And everything else.

But now it's time
I fully reconnect with you
Fully reintegrate you
And love you for all the beautiful

Possibility and power
You do bring into the world

So first, let's feel together
Feel the sadness
Feel the pain
Feel the anger

AARRRGHHH!

Let's really feel it
Let it course through
Our bodies and beings.
Heat us to our firey core,
And be alchemized
Into something new.

Because once we get that out
I can see you
So fully
And wholly.
With such an innocent
And primal desire
To just love
And be loved.
Even though that
Manifested in so many
Messed up ways.

I'm ready now for you
With my inner feminine
At my back,
And beneath my wings,
Forgiving me,
And now guiding me.
Showing me the way
And initiating me.

Let's do this.
Come back to me.
Come back to us.

Let us rise together.
Integrated, whole, and alive
With love and strength.

Today, I choose to fully embrace
And trust you—my masculine
I can look
I can touch
I can ask, invite
And lead in worthiness.
We can together.
In right relationship and intention,
In right communication and consent,
In right gratitude and respect,
And reverence.

I am present and awake now.

Because at the end of the day
You're sacred
You're a part of me and life.
You're divine and in truth
And a keystone piece
Of my foundation and essence.

So let us rise brothers—
As the warriors
The humble leaders we naturally can be
One that embodies and ripples
Healing and love into the world
One that trusts his heart
And body,
And stands up
For what is right
For what is true justice
In the world.
One that surrenders to
And trusts the grounding
Wisdom of the feminine
As the creative birthing
And nurturing force of life
Guiding us back into our truth

And towards our purpose

Through all of this—
Healing and integrating ourselves
And then others,
We will rise to become, and help lead,
The change the world is needing today

Because we are worthy—
Of it all.
Of fully being alive
And present and guiding.
Even with all the trauma
We've caused ourselves,
Our sisters and brothers,
And all of life and this planet.

I can put the mantle back on
Looking into your eyes
From strength and openness—
Whether it's with grieving tears
Streaming down my face,
A playful suggestion
Of something naughty,
Or a firey invitation
To join me in the fight.

I can stand tall,
Integrated and whole
Aligned in my truth and purpose
From deep my body
Through my heart
And into my mind,
Words and actions.

My masculine goes
And hunts the boar.
Takes the berries that are ripe
With prayers of intention and gratitude.
Leaving an offering, maybe tobacco,
As he recognizes and respects
That the interconnected web

Of relationships and flows,
Need and deserve it.

I, as an embodied, integrated masculine
Can openly ask
And take when given,
Courageously invite
And lead when followed,
As I understand
And respect the
Interdependent relationship of it all—
The reciprocity
And constant flow
Of gifts and gratitude
In all of creation, life and love

My feminine births life and creativity
She nurtures and nourishes
Our internal family soil—
A grounding, loving home
Always welcoming and accepting
Holding me as true belonging only can
With open arms and a caring heart

My masculine sets a line, a direction
Out into the unknown
Towards the horizon
My soul dreams of

As my feminine cycles us
Through guiding, spiraling circles—
Seasons and rhythms
Of birth, growth, life, and death
On our journey there

I don't need to fear my masculine
Because my inner feminine
Guides me as well
They are balance divine
I need them both—
They both keep me accountable
And on my right path

In different ways

And I have been lost
Without fully welcoming, allowing,
And embracing both to belong
As the fullest strength and power
Of each of their essences and beings

So let us rise together today
Rewrite the handbook
To share and lead
The masculine back to himself
Back to his feminine
And into all their fullness
Wholeness and aliveness

So we can then reweave
And reseed all that
We are meant to rebirth
And reimagine into being today.

It's time.

My Mantra —
(Say it slow, really feel it)

Great, divine interconnectedness.
It's me, Jordan.

I am here.
I'm alive.
I'm a part of you.

Ready to be.
Ready to love.
Ready to serve.

I am embodied, integrated, and present.

I pray to the four directions

East's rising dawn
West's setting dusk
North's ancestors above
South's ancestors below

I cycle my life through the four seasons
Spring's rebirth
Summer's blossom
Fall's harvest
Winter's death

I embrace each of the four elements
Earth's grounding
Water's flowing
Fire's alchemizing
Air's openness

I am embodied, integrated, and present.

I center in my length,
My width,
And my depth.

I am curious,
Honest,
and courageous.

I am the turtle,
The lion,
And the hummingbird.

My path to deep reconnection
Follows three lines through my being
Up and down—
Aligning my head, heart, gut, and sex
Left and right—
Integrating my feminine and masculine
Back and forward—
Embracing my past, present, and future

I step into my purpose through three paths
Descending down to the depths of my soul

Ascending up to the interconnected spirit
Presencing ahead to the reality of now

I stand tall,
Look into others' eyes,
And speak my truth with love,
No matter what.

My body is a temple,
A sanctuary,
And a dojo.

I hold space,
Give space,
And take space.

I am embodied, integrated, and present.

I live life as ceremony,
Creating sacred relationship—
Intention, gratitude, and ritual
With everything I do and be.

I am the line and the circle.
The masculine and the feminine.
The sun and the moon.
The light and the dark.

I am lost and found.
Tired and rested.
Broken and whole.
Nothing and everything.

I am one in union—
With a never-ending well
Of unconditional love inside.

I'm sexy and sexual.
I play and feel.
I dance and touch.
I make love and sing.

I embrace and celebrate life
As an interdependent flow
Of gifts in reciprocity—
Giving and receiving in abundance.

And whatever happens,
However it happens—
It's what's meant to happen.

I surrender to each moment
Even as I help shape it
And cocreate it
With agency and power.
It is divine
It is medicine
And it is a necessary part of my journey.

I am embodied, integrated, and present.

In kinship with all
Thank you
Thank you
Thank you

Hello Body —

Hello body.
It's time we truly
Got acquainted.
It's time we really
Got to know each other.

Let's turn this relationship
From a colonization—
Extracting,
Contracting,
Domesticating,
A top-down,
Boss-subordinate,
Lord-fiefdom dynamic,
Into something more flowing

And reciprocal and equal.
Something built around listening.
Something that celebrates,
And rewilds,
You and your essence.

Something that turns our relationship into
A collaborative conversation
Cocreating how we be together.
Power with,
Not power over.
A kinship—a family
Interconnected and interdependent,
A relationship built around
Gratitude and alignment.

It's time to see you,
Not only as a sacred temple,
But a collaborative cocreator,
A partner in crime in every way.
Making every decision—
A conversation,
An opportunity to
Listen and care and support.

But before we get there,
I feel we first must make amends
We first must feel together
And heal together.
And that starts with an apology.

I'm sorry.
So so so sorry.

I'm sorry for how I've treated you.
Ignored you
Neglected you
Pretended you were less
Than you truly are.
Like you were just a machine

Moving my ego
Through a reality made real
By my mind's perception
And projection.

And from that mindset,
I abused you.
I hurt you
And pushed you to your limits.
I put so much toxicity into you—
Physically, emotionally, spiritually.
I used you and all the pleasure
You brought into my life
To numb and hide
And escape.

And not once did I ever thank you
Instead I fought you
And all the wisdom
You were just trying to
Support and guide us with.

And I never ever should
Have been angry
Or felt shame
For you being you
Thinking you were ugly
At some moment
Not pretty or strong or sexy enough.
Like we weren't worthy in some way.

And still,
You carried me—
You held me
And nourished me.

So I need you to hear
From the bottom of our being—
Thank you.
Thank you for all you do
Simply by being you.
Not only do you take me

Everywhere I go
But you make life alive.
You feel and dance
And play and orgasm
And so so so much more.

You make fresh baked bread
Smell, taste, and break so good.
You make an evening fire
Feel like safety, warmth, and family.
You make music
Move me, soothe me.

You bring pleasure into my life.
Without you,
There wouldn't be any.

You help me love
Through your touch.
You help me ground
Through your breath.
You help me experience the world
Through all your sensations.

You're it—
You're life and growth
And the way of being
In right relationship with all.
Your intuition and wisdom
Guides me on my path.
You offer me a chance
To navigate life in alignment
With my values, my purpose,
And what is actually alive
In the relationships around me.

We don't always know
Where we're going when
You guide us
But your intuitive no's
Make room and leads us
To our full body yes's.

You are so wise and knowing
and can sense the truth
In ways much better than
My mind's logic
Or heart's emotions
Ever could alone.

And beyond that, you show me
The interconnected truth of it all.
You can feel the complex forest—
All the emerging, living relationships
Cocreating the ecosystem around us
And steward both
Me in my role within it,
And the the forest itself
Towards a deeper expression of being
Simply through you feeling
And sharing love.

You are nature embodied in me
And it's time I celebrate you fully.
My relationship with you—
Is my relationship with Mother Earth.

So here I stand
And humbly ask
For your forgiveness.

Let's feel and grieve together
Create space for any anger
Or sadness between us
To be fully expressed and processed.
So we can then reestablish
A new foundation for us
To move forward with
In union—
In deep connecting
And trusting relationship
And supportive care.

I love you body.

I so deeply do.
I feel you body
I so fully do.
Thank you.

Now, let's get to know each other
A little more—
How you doin'?

How can I support you better?
How can I listen to you better?
How can we root deeper,
Sprout higher,
And blossom more open together?

What are your needs, desires, fears?

And let's not make this
A one-time conversation.
This is now an on-going dialogue
For the rest of our lives together.

We're stuck together forever
So let's do this right
For today onward.

What foods makes you feel good?
What exercise makes you feel good?
What relationships make you feel good?

You deserve only the best.
And for now on,
I will treat you like
The temple you are.
With sacredness,
Intention and gratitude.
With so much love and relationship.

The type of relationship
That puts our integration first—

Puts the flow of our life force,
Our essence and truth,
Before anything else.
Aligns all of our being and doing
Into an authentic expression
of our whole self
In each moment.

I prioritize you.
And it's time we lived that way.

Each day I'll ask—
What are you telling us?
What do you need?
What do you desire?
Are there any boundaries we should set?
Any areas of growth we should focus on?

That's how we start.
Because everything else
In our lives ripples out
From this "innergration"
Between you, our heart, and our mind.

Together, we are unstoppable.

We need you.
You are the embodiment
Of ancestral wisdom
That goes way beyond
Our parents and grandparents
Back to our deeper roots
In animals, plants, fungi
And all the way to the origins of life.

And beyond that,
Our relationship
Is the fractal
Of all of humanity's
And our great Mother Earth.

So let's do this right.

This goes way beyond just us.
Healing our bond
Guides us all towards
Healing our planet.

Today I pledge,
I whole-heartedly commit
To listening to you fully—
To paying attention to all
Your signals and whims.
Giving the type of attention
That can only lead to
More wonder and awe—
More gratitude and reciprocity.

Guide me—
Let me know what we need.
This conversation is
Now a two way street.
Your pain or pleasure,
discomfort or satisfaction,
Will be our driving force
For what is needed next.

And if we ever have to push you
To your edge in any way—
We'll talk about it first.

So let's nourish you right
Let's feed you and move you right.
Let's heal you and love you right.
You nourish, feed, move, heal, and love
Us so much already.
It's time we live right together.

So that's it body—the path ahead.
This is the start of our true relationship
And my commitment to you.
Let's really get to know each other
And cocreate every moment

In how we move
Through the world
Together from here.

I love you—
I always have
And always will.

The Greatest Gift —

I'm not asking
To be healed

I don't want you
To heal me—
To make me shiny
And new again
To then be wrapped
In pretty red paper
And delivered to the world
With a shiny bow on top

That's the easy route
That doesn't empower
That doesn't remember
The doesn't seed
The true potential of life

The path that forgets the
Unknown inevitable challenges
And wounds ahead—
Pains and winters that
I don't want to fear
But rather embrace

The ask is
Not to mold me
Or shape me
Into my purpose
And then shoot me

Like an arrow
Towards an
Impactful horizon
Changing lives and shit

The ask is rather for you
To teach me
To guide me
Towards shaping myself

It's for you
To show me
How to heal myself
How to guide my own growth
Into my fullest expression
How to sense into my purpose
And then become it

Because this moment is just
One of my rebirths
One of my purposes
One of my lived lives
And iterations of me.

I don't want just one fish.
Or even to learn just how to fish
I want to learn how to learn
Through fishing in such a way that
I can seed an entire culture
Through my approach to how I fish

Deep in our beings
Is an inner power
That is boundless
And if we're being able to
Harness it for ourselves
We can turn our outer power
Into a boundless force too

So the greatest gift
That I am asking for
Is to develop

My capacity
To regenerate myself—
Both in me
And in relationship

I don't want a guru
Or a healer I'm dependent on
I want supporters and witnesses,
Elders, mentors, and cheerleaders
Who guide me
And resource me
To blaze my own trail

And as I learn to understand myself
And healing how and what I need
As I practice recentering
And refinding my footing
With my own two feet
My path can open up
To serving others as well.

As I find my medicine
Practice it and cultivate it
For myself and my own becoming
I can then share it with others
In ways that help them
Chart their own paths
Through their own waters

We each can be a
Self-perpetuating ecosystem
Of healing and purpose—
Guiding us to wholeness,
Aliveness, and a life full of
Meaningful expression
And connection

And the world is just
Waiting—yearning
For us each to become it.

That's the greatest gift

I could receive
And then share
With others—
Gifts flowing and rippling out
Through continued cycles
Of our own self-guided
Deaths and rebirths

The Magic Between

In the great weaving—
The web of everything,
It's the relationships
That connect
That matter

The nodes actually
Don't matter as
Much as we think

It is the bonds—
The flows,
The in-betweens
And interactions,
That truly do

While each node does
Develop into and
Unto itself
The nature of existence
Being in relationship
Makes the lines
The most relevant
Measures of the reality
Of the ecosystem itself

Whether it's between species
Or communities
Or our inner parts
The relationships

Matter most

It is in those
Spaces of relationship
That we be
And are
That we do
And become

It is all the relationships
Ever-changing
Ever-evolving

While each node is dynamic
And always changing
It is in and through relationship
That the evolution becomes
And then makes up
The larger it
Comprising itself of
More relationships
Of relationships

Starting at the smallest fractal—
Our inner selves
The mind, heart, and body
Each a separate developing part
That only actually becomes
Through their relationships
With each other.
Each of us being made whole
From all our parts—
All our feelings, stories, and patterns
And how they relate
To each other

Then imagining larger fractals—
Seeing the forest
For what it is.
What matters isn't
The squirrel, or the nut,
The flower, or the bee,

The tree, or the mycelium
Beneath them all,
It's the relationships
Between each of them
That actually creates
The forest itself.

Infinitely dynamic, complex, interweaving
It's all just flows of relationship
And we're just in the web
Surrendering to and cocreating it
As we be.

Relationships are everything.

My Cup

Drip drop
The spout
Barely sputters

Too little pressure
With too much pressure

Stuck in the mud
The gunk
The sludge
The mind's stories
Keeping the heart
From flowing

Dammed behind pain
Walls and barriers
Quills and pills
Defending and numbing
Holding authenticity
Behind inner pains
And internalizations
That became protections
To make me fit in

To belong—
But at great cost.

A social chameleon
Changing colors
Blending in always
But never discovering his
Own true shade

A sacrifice of truth
For conformed acceptance

Behind the masks
And armors
And unhealed traumas
Was a wellspring of love—
Of creativity
And magic
And unique being
Just waiting to burst free

It wasn't an explosion
That broke things open.
It was silence—stillness.

A dive into the dark
That helped me
See the pain
And feel the truth
That I am enough
Just as I am

That little boy
That just wants to
Share his heart
With the world
Is it—
He's the answer

Not something
I need to find and do
But just an inner essence

I needed to see
And be

And from there
The water started
To flow again
With the tears
Came a steady stream
Filling my own cup
With my own self love

My own self-compassion
And courage to
Understand myself—
To love and share
And simply be myself,
Healed the wounds—
Patched up the holes

The ink oozed
And the pen began
To ride the page
Like a wave

Slowly, the stream
Became a river
The pond
Became an ocean
Bringing tides
And currents of
Creativity and joy
Just waiting to be
Shared with all

I learned that
If I just focused
On filling my cup
It overflowed
So I kept filling it
And it kept overflowing
The love which started
Simply for that little boy

Started to ripple out
Into the world

Drops could find other cups
Inspiring and supporting
Those cups to first
Fill in their holes
And then find their own source
Of flowing truth
And love
To water and nurture
Their dry and cracked
Thirsting soul

And now,
As all I focus on
Is continuing to fill
My own cup more and more
I start to feel hope—
I can see the end
Of the drought
That transforms the desert
From a barren colorless place
Into a vibrant colorful oasis—
Life and love
As a continuous flow
Of each of our gifts
Nourishing ourselves
And each other
As we each fill our own cups
More and more with abundance

I Got You Babe —

Wet, luscious, tingling pleasure
Turns into a light gasp
As her teeth
Nearly break skin

She makes sure

I felt that nibble

That's how I wake
The embers still burning
From last night's fire

We locks eyes.
Hers were just waiting—
Staring
As I open mine
Sparkling with mischief
Desire and hunger.

She crawls on me
And kisses life
Back into my body
A mouth to mouth
Resuscitation I'd gladly
Wake to every morning

I dream of her kisses
Ever since our first
A picnic in the sun
Where stories and laughs
Turned into an
Underneath the high school bleachers
Make out sesh
Real quick

As her tongue
Leaves my lips—
A light lick lifting
Any last remnants of
Sleep from my body
She sits up
Pushes my chest down
With both arms
And gives me a look
That commands me not to move

It's her time now—
Time for her to take

Time for me to surrender
To lie back and let her
Have her way with me.
I nod and
Give her full permission
To do whatever she
desires to me.

Her hands, fingers, nails
Mouth, tongue, teeth
Breasts, hips, legs
All explore my body.
Each touch, exhale, scratch
Leaves my quivering
And shimmering.
A warm glow radiating, reverberating
From each point of contact
Throughout my being.

She takes her time
And slowly settles down
Between my legs
And taking me
Into her mouth
I moan as pleasure ripples
Up through my body
Tingling all the way to my head.

God she's good at this

Through the windows
I can see the sunrise
Peaking through the forest
Life and love flowing
Through every sense
And fiber of my being

After completely losing
My sense of time
She crawls back on
Top of me
Her hips slowly lowering

As she brings me inside of her
She is warmth and home
And so wet
We fit so well together.

She rides slowly at first
In total control
Looking into my eyes
With a fierce lust and trust

Her nails scratch and pull
across my chest
Marking her territory
With red lines no one
could misinterpret.

Her breathing picks up
And as she loses control
She fucks me faster
And faster until she comes
Moaning and writhing in
Full body ecstasy.

Wet, sweaty, messy—
Perfect morning sex.

As she lies on my chest
Breathing hard
Body still shaking slowly.

I whisper in her ear
“Now it’s my turn”
She gasps.
As I wrap my arm around her
And lift her up
Flipping her onto her back
And take her from on top
Until she comes again
And gives me permission
To finish as well.

And then, as I lie

On top of her this time
Her mouth next to my ear
She softly says
I got you babe
I got you

And I feel something
I can't ever remember
Feeling before
My nervous system
Fully settles and
I surrender to this
Moment of true bliss.

Even if it never happens again
In that second
I felt fully held
complete and whole
And enough
In every way.

Just A Little Bit More —

Love has no bounds.
It's limitless, infinite possibility.
As are you.
So much potential
All in oneself.

It begs the question—
How can you love yourself
More?

Just a little more.

Oohhh what juiciness.
Luscious, spacious,
Holding and expansive.
So much to savor
In that exploration.

Spring can always welcome
One more blossoming flower.

So how can you love yourself
Just a little bit more?

Maybe it's a day to treat yourself
Make and take that hot bath
Full of snuggles of bubbles
Wisps of lavender and rose
One floating rubber ducky

Maybe it's enjoying that
Favorite meal of yours
Or savoring that delectable,
Scrumptious, decadent
Piece of chocolate
Heaven divine in one
Bite-sized "whomp"

Maybe it's leaning into an edge
Encouraging yourself to take
A brave step in a new direction.
Boldly standing in front of the crowd
Sharing your soul vulnerably,
Courageously for all to see.
It's amazing how much one
Can inspire oneself.

Maybe it's rewriting a story
Towards more forgiveness,
Acceptance and compassion,
For yourself and others.
Letting a stuckness go.
Shifting a mindset from
something that judges
To something that gives
Space and grace.

Maybe it's letting
Your perfectionism die.

Embracing the messiness
As you simply be
Whatever you are in each moment.

There's so much room
For more love for yourself.
Dare I say infinite space?

Forget others for now,
Be selfish.

Just top your life off with
A little garnish of love—
A sprinkle of joy
And self-care
Onto a plate
That always has
A little more room.

More dance,
More rest,
More play,
More pleasure,
More sunsets and swims,
More sneaks of treats,
More surrendering to compassion
And acceptance and trust.

A mind, heart, and body
Working together
To feel good in integrity
Loving oneself more
And more each day
Is all that we're meant to be.
It's all the world asks of us.

So I ask you again
How can you love yourself
More?
Just a little bit more?

Tomorrow's Forgiveness —

I still cry every time I think of you

I'm so sorry for all that's
Happened to you
I know you hate hearing that
But I don't know what else to say

You didn't deserve any of it
Especially not what I did to you
Am doing to you—
Leaving you, abandoning you
After standing by for so long
After declaring I'd always
Be at your side

I'm so so sorry.

I think back to the nights
In the ICU—You'd fall asleep
And I'd just sit there by your side,
crying
Thinking of all you lost
We lost, I lost
Looking at this body that
Used to dance and swim
And sing and adventure with me,
Make love to me

Only able to give you
A fraction of the love I felt for you
Through a head massage—
A kiss and a cradling rub
Holding your hands,
Knuckling your feet
Just hoping to see some expression
Of a felt touch
Of any sensation whatsoever

I think back to the first nights

After the accident
It was just Latte and I
Crying like I didn't know
A body could cry
Cuddling that little furry troublemaker
Who couldn't understand why
His mom never came home
I'd sing him lullabies I didn't
Know I still remembered as
We rocked back and forth.

I don't know how I got through
Those nights to be honest
I didn't know if you were
Going to make it
And even if that would be best

I felt so alone
But had a fierce fire that
Called me to fight for you
As no matter what I was feeling
I couldn't even come close
To imagining the fear and loss
You were feeling
Trapped, unable to move
Stuck in a hospital bed
With a machine keeping your
Lungs breathing one churn at a time

I think of that first time
The doctors let me visit you
You still had that Frankenstein rig
Screwed in, keeping your head in place
The ventilator tube was still in your mouth
You could barely open one eye
From all the bruises, breaks, and stitches
So we communicated with that
Little white board
My finger going across
Rows of letters until you blinked
Still the first thing you decided
To say was how horny I still made you.

I think of the moments something
Went wrong and your breathing stopped.
I'd first fight to help
Then just crumble into the corner
Watching and praying as
The medical team rushed in
And saved your life
Time and time again.

I think about the "gap" days
As we used to call them.
After day after day, week after week
Month after month of fighting
With insurance, staff, doctors—
What felt like everyone
Just to get you the care you
Deserved and needed,
We'd just pretend like nothing
Was wrong—we'd watch movies
And meditate and I'd read to you.
Thanks for sticking through
Some of my favorite fantasy stories
For me.

I try not to think about your body
Watching it slowly atrophy
More and more until it was
A skeleton of what used to fuck me
What used to hold me and love me
The body that I was now feeding
And helping bathe and change diapers for

I try not to think about the good byes
The travel days between hospitals or
The nights I couldn't stay in your room
even if I was just walking down
To the parking lot to sleep in my van
That look of terror and sadness
At being left alone will always haunt me

I try not to think having to battle

Your parents on top of everything else
I'm so grateful they came around
To fully seeing and accepting you
And now are so dedicated to your care
But those first six months
Were fucking hell

I try not to think of all the times
The different staffs would just
Move your body, expose your body,
Touch your body
without love or compassion

I try not to think about
How much I repressed all
Of what I was feeling and going through
How I struggled to ask and receive help
And never ever letting you see
How much pain I was in
Because truly, how could I be suffering
When it felt trivial to yours.
And from that, only more pain
And anger and frustration took root.

I think about that Christmas in
That shitty hospital in south Oakland
When we convinced Dr. Nakagawa
To let us into the doctors lounge
Where we stole that whole box of chocolate
And pretended it was our living room.

I think about the last day
We spent together
You drove your wheel chair
With that sip and puff tube,
The ventilator strapped to the back
Into the van and to the park
As we explored that bird sanctuary together
You dressed up so beautiful that day
I wished I'd said something
And complimented you more.

By that time, resentment had
Really started to build.
I had just lost myself so much.
God you never deserved any of it.

I'm so sorry.
And now you feel so abandoned.
After I helped cocreate
What already was a codependent relationship
Into something terrifyingly intertwined.

Looking back,
I felt I needed to say what I said
To just help us get through each day
I couldn't live with you
Thinking of ending it all
Begging me to pull the plug
I wasn't going to let you lose hope.
So I said what I had to say.

And then, eventually, I left.
I had lost me in every way,
I felt I had so much to rediscover
And I'm so sorry.

I had to. Even if it came with such pain.
It surprisingly felt easy
At the beginning, to leave my life
And dedicate all of me to you
This was fucking hard—leaving
But I had to re root
And reweave back together
Who I am.
What I'm meant to be and do
With my time alive.

And now I've gone on this
Once in a lifetime adventure
And you're just still there.
Living on that top floor of
your Parents new house
Caretakers coming and going

Days filled with routines
keeping you clean and fed and breathing
And then just your thoughts.

I pray every day that you are finding
Peace and purpose and love
Through it all.

I can't believe we haven't
Talked in months.
I still feel so guilty
Over our last conversation.
I didn't know how to say good bye
And I fucked that up so bad.

I still cry many nights for you
And guess I've accepted
That I might always.
I know you think I'm indifferent
Now that I'm not by your side
Every day anymore,
But I hope one day you'll understand
That's not the truth
It couldn't ever be.
What we went through
Changed us both forever.

And here I am
Living the dream
As you live the nightmare

I wish we could change places
This is the exact life you wanted

I'm sorry Elle. So so sorry.

And it's now time to let that go
To drop that anchoring weight,
Cut it loose and set sail

I hope you can forgive me one day
And we can reconnect on

A new plain of existence and love
A new start in a new world
I love you
And will forever

A Leaf in the Wind –

I ease off the control
Release and relax my mind
Let him be a leaf in the wind
He flits and floats
Flirting with the flow

He works so hard
Each and everyday
Under such pressure
To do and bring
So much into the world
To navigate my ego's
Tumultuous waves and seasons
Of just trying to see
And be seen

Now, I effortly ease
Into effortlessnes
Or at least try to
So he can just wander
And ponder
On whatever he's
Meant to land on
In each moment

Together, we surrender
Relax deeper and deeper
Freeing to being
An exhale that brings us
All together in rhythm
Creating space
From all the has beens
And will bes
So sleep can settle deep

A Lovers Pledge

I've fallen in love with you

I'm in love with
Making love to you
Creating love with you
Becoming love through you

Body—
You are it
It's you and me
We're the relationship
That matters most

All else flows
From our connection
Our integrity
Our love

For now on,
We serve this bond
This cocreative union
First and foremost
This is where alignment
And truth
And love
Ripples from

My relationship with you
Is the fractal
That all my relationships
Spiral in and out from
With others
With Mama Gaia
With all of life
And existence

I serve you

First and fully
Listen to you
To be in right relationship
And whole authenticity
Always

I follow your wisdom
First and fully
Your guidance
Your truth
Towards love
Purpose
Pleasure

I nourish you
I feed you
An act of making love
That brings energy
Into our being
And aligns us
Towards regenerative
Wholeness
And aliveness

It's us baby
That's what it's all about
Fuck the rest

Fuck people pleasing
Fuck performing
Fuck sacrificing my authenticity—
My moment,
My integrity,
My truth
For any story or person
Fuck attuning my energies
My needs
To another's wants,
Judgments,
Or power
Fuck it all

You body
Are the enlightened path forward
To sovereignty and interdependence

You body
Are the ancient wisdom backwards
Into the truths of all life

You body
Are embodied, loving presence
In each and every moment of

You are my medicine
My life force
My everything

I stand up now
Stand tall
Stand wide
Taking up space
For you
To guide me
Lead me
Teach me
Heal me
Move me

It's time we become
Animals again together
Rewilding us back
To our true nature

Let's growl and howl
Moan and fuck
Play and touch
Sing and dance
Snarl and bite
Crawl in the sand
And scream at the ocean
Like a wild beast

Shed this outer skin—

This human layer that's absorbed
So much toxicity
From others
It's hardened into a shell
A shield
A mirror
A costume
That has to go

Because it's time we
Molt back to our most
Primal roots and core
Scratch away all that isn't serving us
Claw and rip
And pull and tear
Until only our truest essence
And being remains.

Tell that continuously looping mind
That no more stories
No more justifications
Or alterations
Are needed

It's time to just be
For me

Just me
And you
In love

