

NEW SPACE

By Sam Smith

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New Space

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Words for a Whirling Planet

....for Judy

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BREAKFAST

Word to word
a poet puts the ocean in your
pocket
shows your smile to the sun
tucks a baby's touch
between the covers of a book and
throws that book into
a blender
serving breakfast
with a side
of rippling color
slipping wonder in
your daybook

But you walk every day
through the poetry of God -
it is all there - and
your heart makes the
connections
you create the beauty
you provide the laughter
you write the stanzas
of your life
making reason of the rhyme
with every step
with every breath

You are the word
you taste the world
it flows through you -
and you give it back to us
you write it in your hand -
a poem of life
a song of love
a vision of beauty
that makes us
jump
for joy

YOU DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN

When the Universe was born
God said
I love you

---But you don't have to listen
You needn't hear what
the hummingbird hears -
What the glistening colt knows,
frolicking in the sun -
You can plug your ears with fear
You can close your heart -
You don't have to listen.

I love you.

Those whispered words are with you
every minute of your day
When a child laughs
or the lock is broken
When you make the light
or the battery is dead
When your ship comes in
or the bottom drops out -
You could hear those words -
I love you -
You could -
Your heart could listen
to the thousand ways it's said
each day
to every kindred heart
that sends your way
those words of God.

Listen -
Don't you hear it?
I love you

THIS PRAYER OF GOD

Does a star walk down red carpet?
Does it leap high and catch a ball?
And if a star has points,
 how many?
 Red giants,
 White dwarfs
 Cepheid variables
 Double stars and triple
 on a winter's evening
 will twinkle in your eye
 with a light that left
 when our own star was
 young -
 our own G3 yellow dwarf -
 which doesn't look so small to us,
 our little fire
 in a wild place.

You can see this wild place - this prayer of God -
on a clear night -
maybe from your garage roof -
the stars in singles and in
clusters, burning elements in their brilliant transformations
overhead -
the Milky Way beckoning to the
heart of the galaxy -
the nebula glowing softly with their
monumental fires -

You can see all this
and all this is you -
you share this power
 this magnificence -
you are in it and it in you....
To find its energy,
just go out,
on any clear cool night,
and look inside.

MORE AND MORE

More and more
I mourn less and less
Things that never were.
Among the things that always are,
Now is where the power is
and here is always pure.

Substance springs from nothingness
Stars circle things not even there
in the beating heart of galaxies,
yet life is full
and creation sings
and dances from your fingertips.
What circles you?
What makes you here
What makes you now
What makes you feel
What makes you spin this wheel?

Do you create these things yourself?
Do you create the strings of galaxies,
the moon, the earth, this plot of
ground, this drop of dew, this
morning light, this endless love?

Will you create a universe
where a porpoise loves the sea
and a lily loves the sun?
Will you create a sacred place
where you and I are one?

BREATH OF LOVE

God gave his word -
and it is now -
Rushing waters
and warm winds
roaring and rustling
through streaming days
of laughter
and delight -
all promises fulfilled -
God gave his word

Birds sing it in their flight
Spiders spin it in their webs
It is borne on smoke
and gamma rays
and glows in northern lights
and southern stars
and smiling eyes
so filled with love -
God gave his word

It went forth -
a breath of love -
and was made now -
now is the word of God
made known

It went forth -
a breath of love -
and was made you -
you are the word of God
made flesh -
a glorious promise kept
a dream come true
a vision brought to life.

In beauty and in joy
God gave his word -
how can we do less?

POWER

Is
Power
electrons
racing through a line, until you flip a switch
and see the light?

In you
A million neurons flash
A billion cells respond
You take a step.

And climbing ever closer to yourself
The earth spreads out below you
The sky welcomes you home.

You have the power
The power to start, the power of this moment
You are the power.
Your thoughts and words and actions
Create the now, create the here
Create yourself.

You climb and climb and climb and
when you get to that pinnacle of power -
there you will find a baby's smile,
and touch the petal of a rose -
there you will see your own face,
and know what every baby knows -

You are divine
You are the power
That sends electrons
Through a line.

You are what makes it happen.
The same power that spins the globe
is in your heart.
Use your heart
Use your voice
to make the choice
of Love.

RETURN HER SMILE

There is a part of us
That is so grateful
for every forming moment -
That wears a smile
through all eternity
that sees God constantly

There is a part of us
so thankful
that God
keeps showing up-
keeps shaking our hand
keeps rattling our cage
keeps knocking at the door
of our consciousness

There is a part of us
so happy
that God keeps smiling -
no matter what -
no matter how many times
we turn away -
no matter how often
we refuse her gifts....

There is a part of us
That feels her smile
That keeps asking us to
Open the door
Take her hand
Accept her gifts
Unwrap the joy, the love, the peace
That keeps asking us
to free ourselves -
And when we do-
When the lights go on -
When we are free
We want to sing thank you
at the top of our lungs
with all our voice
return her smile
sing thank you,
Thank you God

VALENTINE'S

When you see your lover
through a window -
the same love is on both sides of the glass
There is no barrier -
brick or stone or steel
cannot stop this love
Love is everywhere

Time cannot stop love -
all the love given and received
is with you presently
Love was in the heart of that primordial cloud
and is in every ending and beginning -
every constant now

Distance cannot stop love -
when your lover is across the earth from you,
love is in both heres,
both nows -
there is no distance to this love
the miles vanish
there are no stops
there is no stopping love

Pull out your stops -
open your soul
and let your full song sing -

You are the space
the time
the place
the power
You are love

SKYBRIDGE

Here is the rush of cars
Like a wind
Blowing through the memory that is
Today

A creek flows by the hospital -
its familiar sound softens
the click of a card in the lock -
its path from here around the globe
as homely and as mighty as the
steps across a skybridge to a
place where
life and death is waiting
and healing flows through tubes
and fluids float through lives
as ancient
as the sea

The cars arrive through air as wet
as the tears of janitors
and the blood of birds -
neon glows in the gathering light
announcing donuts and gasoline -
the creek flows as the night rolls up -
the card clicks in the lock as the steps begin -
across the skybridge
to the smiles and the stares
and the feelings and the numbness
and the coffee and the juice
and the Nashville now

In pastel clouds
and gentle rain
the day opens its hand -
offering its joy.

TEDDY BEARS

Do you see God
in this Teddy Bear?
Or in a light switch or
a picture frame?
A flame
A rock
A sewer grate
A wad of gum
A ring of keys -
do you play peek-a-boo
with God?

Perhaps you hide behind
your ego -
crouch behind your fears -
Perhaps you put a mask of humor on -
our disguise yourself with tears.
Maybe God won't see you -
perhaps she'll turn away -
or maybe he's not there -
not in that shoe
or paintbrush -
that curtain rod -
that paper plate.
Do you play peek-a-boo with God?

Of course God is in
this Teddy Bear -
but though God may peek at you
with shoe-button eyes,
she also hears you with the ears
of a bic pen,
he feels your touch in
the handle of a hammer -
knows your breath in
water and in love
and she chuckles softly
as she says
peek-a-boo -
I see you

RELEASE THE SONG

As a piano releases a song
As a road releases a way to go
As a star releases light -
So do you release your essence day and night

Who would build a wall around a star?
Who could take the tune from a piano?
Who would deny a way to knowing?
Who would be less than all they are?

Let go
Release your wonder
Let go
Release your joy
Let go
you are forever

You are the piano singing
You are the blazing star
Let go and let it happen
Release the song you are.

JANE'S ORDINATION

When you first heard the light
first beheld the sound of
your own wings
and your senses did
a do-si-do
with God
The world was suddenly so large
so vast a place
a place where fear could be -
smirking in shadows -
But you knew this scary place
- you knew it was just
a giant temple
in the dark

And so you *became* a glow
a myriad flickering pixels growing to
a million candlepower
an emerging angel
a minister of light
an emissary of laughter
a messenger of joy
a comfort to the world -
jumping so high
dancing your own dance
knowing that God would never hurt you
never let you fall

An angel
whose clarion call
is a gentle voice, a healing heard
round the world,
escorting darkness softly
out the door
Bringing light to every soul
in this giant temple
Rolling back the very roof
To dance
with glory

STRINGS

In the universe a whirling
cloud of atoms becomes a
galaxy and there
a forming star tugs on
the strings of gravity,
creating ripples in existence,
circles in space - a place.
And in this place
energy becomes a world,
and in this world
energy becomes ourselves.

This is a place in the heart of God,
Our place
A place that we are given,
A place from which we give.

In our own hearts there is a place
where we create
and this creation
is
the place we are.

Sacred, vital, evolving,
our path is created
as we step out on it.
We travel from one place to another,
yet our sacred space is
everywhere.

We open our hearts
open our eyes
see this sacred space -
touch it
it is clear
and it is here.
Bless this place of love....

SURPRISE

There's a party going on-
The scene is set
They've brought the mountains in-
The oceans are full
The rivers are flowing
The sun is just waiting for
the curtain to rise-
For the magical moment when you open
your eyes

God is waiting for his surprise
What will you do?
The Universe is buzzing with
anticipation
What will you do?
What will you bring to this
marvelous celebration?
It's up to you --

There's a party going on --
and the ticket is your smile
no velvet rope
separates you
from this event
no imaginary line --
you are already in.
What will you do
in this land of gratitude and love
this joyous universe?

It is all up to you
God is waiting
for his surprise.

BELOVED

Maybe
You've heard it -
She's not my type -
It's not my thing, you know -
Not my style
Not my cup of tea -
I might help change the diapers -
but that's not my baby.

And yet we go out each morning
with our infant selves
cradled in our arms
offering our innocence behind masks
of fear
Knowing that we are a child of
every person in the world -
and that every baby is
our own.

That brings us here -
where our hearts create a sacred
place
on this lovely dream -
our planet -
We pray
We play
We sing
We know
The world is our beloved-
And in this wild warm sweet
love
of innocence
of truth
We create our own testament
We give our own word
written on the wind
One Heart
One Mind
One World -
One love.

DIGITAL TV

Is this Bible God's rule book?
Does he keep score with
Judges
and with
Numbers?
Does he tote up
Your age?
Your bank account?
Your six or seven sins?
How can we escape the scales?
In this land of digital TV
the very air is full
of 0's and 1's -
the jangle of the information age
brushes a cricket's leg
and the transparent wings of
katydids -
Buzzing
Blaring
Glaring
Streams of screaming numbers
pass unseen through waves and bones
through squirrels
and cockatoos
and holy men
and prison bars -
ratings
rankings
revelations-
and yet God lets
a bee
be
just a bee

The cricket chirps,
and the katydid embraces life,
not knowing the number of their days.
What counts?

EXPLORATION

Each day
as we set forth on our journey to
explore the vast strange territory
of love
Do we put our armor on?
Do we pull on our helmets,
pull up our boots,
strap on our breastplates to protect
our tender hearts?
And when we meet the inhabitants
of those far shores,
of those lands that aren't our own -
do we come with a
table full of trade beads -
shiny baubles to
barter for our love -
is there a shell game going on?

Say this,
Do that -
Maybe I'll give you a
shimmering drop of love,
or maybe you didn't ring the bell,
and I'll just lift the shell,
to show you my blank stare.

How hard we make the journey
when we play this game -
How hard we make our hearts
when we measure out God's love,
balancing mine against yours -
when both of us have everything.

So -
when we explore this
continent of love,
setting out in our wagons,
our boats,
our rocketships -
let's be brave -
with open hearts -
let's give our love
for free

FEARS

There's a curtain that's been handed down to us,
Stitched by those who've gone before,
To which we add our stitches,
Sewing up reality.

That's what we call this veil of life as we see it -
Reality.
We repeat the pattern of the stitches
but weave a fabric of our own design.

We don't like it thin -
There are scary things out there beyond it-
A place where there are faces on our fears,
and things are different from this life we know.

But those faces are of our own creation too -
There's only light beyond
that veil of the mind's illusion -
only light within

You are God expressing -
How can you be separate
from that?
from that love
from that joy
from that glory?

Let that last wisp of gauze
dissolve,
stop working at illusion -
put away the veil.
Give *your* children
Light

INDIGO

The history of the Universe
flows
through ancient souls
and sees itself
through infants' eyes -
it grows along with God
and writes itself
in lives
of wondrous color -
in spectrums not visible
by rods and cones
but only by the heart
of love....
It unrolls
in scrolls
deciphered by
a child's smile -
in characters
emblazoned on the sky
of night
and read by moonlight
softly burning -
this is the view from
that heart
of love -
the history of the Universe -
a baby's finger-painting.

TRUE SELF

When you look for your true self
Do you look at the nail
on your little finger?
Do you look at the curl of your eyelashes?
In searching for your true self
would you look at the back of your knee -
would you examine the body that you see?
We know that our true selves
exist in a place that can't be seen
that can't be felt
that can only be known -
a place we rest in God.
The moon dances in us,
energy flows from every hair
upon our arms.
We blaze in our beautiful bodies
but would you look for your true self
in the cleft of your chin
or the lobe of your ear?
Your true self is so much
greater than you know
Let us see it
Your true self is so much
greater that you know
let us see it -
When you look for your true self
there is no
anger
sadness
disappointment -
When you look for your true self
dance with those laughing eyes
you see
Laugh -
and be yourself

FORGET THE NEED-TO'S

Open the door of any house -
memories go forth.
If you look closely,
walking down the street,
and hold your eyes just right,
you'll see them....
There's a marble on the curb,
a pony in the snow,
a ballglove on the porch
a fishing rod in the flagpole holder -
all memories of those who held things dear,
and were so dear to us.

We hold these things within our souls -
But when the carols start
sometimes the doors shut tight -
we stop our ears
we shut our eyes against the lights
and dam the tears leaking from
the past
with anything that comes to hand -
with schedules and with deadlines
with choices
and turned backs -
teeth clenched
with busyness

But open the door of any heart
and you will see a light -
a flame that burns to no one's schedule
a candle lit by loves we've shared
shining so constantly
as constant as a presence
we know has never left -
shining not from some responsibility,
not because
shine
is an item on some list of things that we
need to do -
but because love is new
love is here
love is now.

Forget the need-to's.

There is a marble on the curb,
a pony in the snow,
A candle in our hearts -
Forget the need-to's -
Remember
the doors of love are open.
Remember
the doors of love
are open.
Love lives within.

WAS THAT YOU?

Dear God -
Was that you
I saw
this morning,
balancing on a blade of grass,
casting a shadow
a hundred miles long?
I thought I heard your voice -
but it may have been
ants whispering
to the earth
it may have been
a rockchuck
questioning the sky -
but *was* that you
I saw
this morning?
I pray
it was

Dear God
I want to see you -
but your image
will not form
upon my retina -
Prayer is the lens
that brings you into focus
willingness the nerve
that transmits
the joy -
the joy
of knowing you -
love develops the picture
practice brings you home
to me
Was that you
I saw
this morning?
I pray
it was

The circuit prayer connects
turns on the lights
in every cell
fills every need
makes every atom sing to you
a song of your own life -
so complete in God
your full heart
gives it back -
the joy
the ecstatic gratitude
Dear God
I want
to see you

The ants listen to the grass
The rockchuck asks the sky
Was that you
I saw
this morning?

Dear God
I pray
it was

THE ROBIN'S SONG

Robins are such sweet singers -
but you have to listen to hear
that lovely tune - God's oratorio -
from your door to the car
a thousand voices drown it out -
all your own -
speaking through the
megaphone of
worry -
running the tape loop that turns
now into tomorrow -
while the robin's song
gets ground up in the gears
that take you nowhere
new

God's call is in our hearts
and speaks to us in
every common thing -
a little bird will tell us -
or a billboard
or a matchbook cover...
our best friend
or a stranger on the street -
the fire in our hearts draws
the messages of love -
it wants to warm the world.

How fortunate we are
God doesn't want
the same old thing -
we are created to create -
to breathe in life and
to breathe life into
dreams -
to say yes....

Open the door -
to listen to
the robin's song -
let God smile,
and warm her hands
at the fire
in your heart

MEETING OF THE HEARTS

I'd like to call a meeting -
but not one of the minds
This is a meeting of the hearts -
hearts beating
in this meeting place -
this now -
where we are all present -
because God needed
us -
because God wanted
you

No, this is not a meeting of the minds -
there is no logic to it
No need to know why God loved you
so much
He gave you to the world -
and gave the world to you

There is no logic to it -
No figuring out
This melting of the hearts
There's only the blessing of love
in this place
There's only the agenda
of laughter
of joy
of children
of rainbows
and snowdrifts
and sunsets
and sunrises
and God's love
for you
the very you
that's present in this place
the very you that makes everything complete
in this universe of love
this meeting of the hearts -
This very
now

ON MLK

We're only human -
But there's a dream that
lives inside each one of us –
the dream of peace,
the dream of God -
the child that he sees -
the apple of his eye

When vast armies gather,
is someone on that field
not human?
Or when people take up the club,
the hose
let loose the dogs -
is someone in that crowd not human?

God loves our humanness -
each shade
and never stops exploring
the wonders of this form -
He loves our fedoras and our fezzes
our dirndls and our dashikis
our kimonos and our cummerbunds -
however we choose to clothe
the Christ within -

But of course, we're only human...
how great is that?

GUMMY BEARS

Jesus did not make your coffee
this morning -
but Christ did.
Christ drew back the curtains of
your day -
felt your pulse -
tasted breakfast -
walked across the floor
and fed
your cat.
Christ saw you with
your own eyes
and poured water in
the birdbath.

Jesus didn't see that child
standing in the aisle,
staring at the gummy bears -
but Christ did -
Christ handed you
your change
Christ brought your mail
Christ called you
on the phone.

He saw the rising sun
in Sarajevo
and saw the new moon set
in Cincinnati
He looked in every heart
in every land
and drew in every breath
that ever was.

Jesus didn't make your coffee -
but Christ raised
the cup
and drank.

LOOK INWARD AND BE KIND

Each morning of our lives
we wake up in the land of milk
and honey,
but then begin to back away,
putting up barricades
to our return -
barriers of
fear
of anger
of judgment -
warning signs with
flashing lights -
caution:
happiness ahead

It is unkindness to ourselves
to plant the mines of
envy
to unroll the razor wire of
regret
to dig the moat
of moans:
self-pity
doubt
denial

Who, when thirsting,
would cap an ever-flowing
well,
who, when hurting,
would slap away the
hand of God?
Who would be so cruel
to himself?

Kindness looking inward is an invitation
to joy -
a scented note on a
satin pillow -
happiness, please come
back
I'm ready....
Kindness looking inward
melts the heart of God

and mixes love with
life -
offering your sweetness
to the world.

Be kind -
Help yourself across the
street -
Take your own hand
Comfort your own heart
Look inward
and be kind.

ANY MOPED

You've inherited a kingdom -
they're looking for you now -
but you won't get there in a
silver carriage -
a chauffeured Bently can't
negotiate the road
to that radiant place -
just put God first-
a humble step
that makes the rivers sing -
just put God first and any moped
will be your magic carpet
to this land
of joy

Nor do you need
a saffron robe and a begging bowl
to claim this kingdom -
you only need to want it....
to want that love
to want to laugh and play
with God
to want to walk
on air

Your crowded thoughts will
shout for joy and
throw flowers at your feet
when you take that humble ride
and say yes,
I will -
I will go up,
I'll take the hand of God
I'll wear my crown
and rule this land of spirit
from the throne of love-
just say
my heart is yours
you are my heart
I am spirit
I am love
I am yes
I am home
in God

ON A TWENTY

How can so thin a sheet
hold so many dreams?
How can it contain
the clouds
the ebb and flow of oceans
the rise and fall of mountain ranges
the drifting of the continents?
Can't you hear it
whispering its secrets,
speaking
with a thousand voices,
responding touch by touch
to lives
passed through
to shouts
and sobs
and songs
to strong
and weak -
whatever it is asked to be -
yes, it talks -
with your voice

Can't you hear it whispering -
come play with me -
I am Creation's thank you note -
come play with me
I'll wrap you up in softness -
I am not hard
I am not cold
I am love
Come play with me
I'll wrap you up in softness
I'll sing
I'll be your voice
of gentle giving -
your currency
of love -
Come play with me
We'll give ourselves away
to joy
to beauty
to the world

PICK UP THE PHONE

You're alive!
It's a miracle!
Death is behind
your eyes,
at the roots of your hair,
between your toes,
but
You're alive!
It's a miracle!

This moment *is* a miracle -
or else it's not....
you get to choose -
but if it's not -
if your life just echoes
down dark hallways -
a hollow droning test pattern,
and endless dial tone
with no hello -
if it's not a miracle -
what is it?

There's that stranger
smiling in the shadows
who knows
your life is a miracle -
don't avert your eyes from him -
this dancing partner will
lift you up -
will throw you high into the sky
where you will breathe
as though your lungs had
never tasted air before -
just meet that glance
head on
and live -
know the thrilling truth
of that sand between your toes -
this moment is a miracle -
or else it's not....
you get to choose.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Welcome and well-met tonight -
where it is still this day,
this year -
tomorrow the sun will rise on another day,
another year....

But on the sun itself
there is no tomorrow -
only today
only endless light
in all directions
only constant illumination
only ceaseless
power
turning what could be into
now
turning what could be into you....

But how sweet our diurnal rhythms are!
We sleep, we wake,
we love,
we count the rosary of our days
with breakfast and
with bedtime -
praying through the seconds of
our lives
we touch each bead
of now -

Everything is done this day -
Forgiveness
Acceptance
Joy -
No tomorrow will ever be
so excellent -
No time will ever be more
perfect

So in the darkness of this night I welcome you
to the endless day
of light

EVERY FOOTPRINT

When you know the time is
coming -
When all that's left
is the dance of now -
to breathe in Truth -
you can find a place
to breathe out doubt
to release that which
has been done,
to leave behind with every
footprint
all the wonder that you've wrought
and enter into a garden
where God is waiting -
for you -
you cannot bring the past to
this unimaginable joy -
this transformation enters only
into newness....

And so you release the
grip of what others think
unlock the shackles of your own
shouting thoughts
and let them go -
you open the garden of
your heart -
and know that God is near -
in silence and in prayer you
have made ready -
and in the soft place that you've
prepared
you place the gift of willingness -
the only gift God needs
from you

HELLO I'M GONE

How can an empty tomb
so fill the world
with hope?
How can the cosmos
dance with
thin air
and eternal life announce its
truth
through the hollow in
a rock?
Hello
I'm gone
and so
I'm here
always
with you
hello

Keep with you that
gasp of wonder
that the Lord has walked
into your world
and left death dissolved -
there is nothing in the tomb -
every grave holds only life
every stone is a
book of love
God keeps writing on
forever -
Love only lives
Life never stops
God is

I am the Son of God -
There are those who thought
they would hide those words
behind a boulder
shut up Truth
and walk away -
but no shroud can muffle
the whisper of those words
written in every living heart -
you are the child of God -

you live forever
I am with you
always
and you are with me
always
We only live
forever
Eternal life
is now

How can an empty tomb
so fill the world
with hope?
Just look inside
and see
your loving heart

WINTERING

In the fullness of our juicy summer

We picnic,
lying on soft grass -
we laugh -
our toes feel the friendly earth -
we trail our fingers in the water
as we float through
endless lengthy days.

The very sun invites us to come out
and play.

But comes a day when the
sun's rays slant over the playing fields
at a dusky angle -
an inescapable prediction
as your world turns away from
summer's heat.

The winter-shifted light
dulls your eyelids -
the crowds roar,
and turn themselves toward the
day's last glimmer,
letting the wind tear at their faces.
Those slanting rays no longer conceal the season,
the golden blindfold of the
sun is gone -
and darkness comes.

What will we find -
in this winter night,
this time of introspection,
this journey through
the cold?

SNOWFLAKES

It's not that snowflakes differ-
that every one is only its
own self -
What else could it be?
It's that every blazing atom
of every frosty snowflake
is different
That each is its own self -
a self expressing - now and here -
itself
What else could it be?

It's not that snowflakes differ -
It's that similarity is
only an illusion -
No other atom will ever be
that atom -
No other you will ever know
the glory of this place -
only this now you
so wonderfully
loved
into existence

Change is necessary for creation -
every different moment exists
only through the changing
relationships of energy,
the give and take
of light appearing in the darkness -
of God dancing

How comforting
that we have found each other's
hands
in this magic and mysterious
place
where snowflakes fall
where we can touch
where we know love.

RIBBONS

The strand that links you to
your mother
is four microns long -
but that slender spiral
wraps around the world
and is a highway to the past -
to the first child
who looked into still water
and asked
who am I?

That ribbon of molecules
unspools
through ocean depths where
mothers shared salt
dissolved by fire
in water
exhaled by life's
first breath
with children tasting
the rough skin of a
young planet -
children who handed that life
to other children -
who handed it
to you....

Love as constant as the tides
lined up the sugars of your life -
the mother smoothing your pleated hem,
and
the father staring in befuddled wonder
as you linked Loa Tzu to
lemonade
with a purple crayon -
They helped stir in proteins and amino acids
and handed you the ticket
as life came round your way -
they fretted and they smiled as
your chubby hands
grabbed the bar
and they said hold on please -

hold tight....
They loved you with a love
so much greater than themselves –
the love that knew
what they did or didn't do -
what they couldn't help -
the love that poured through them -
that they poured into you -
the cry of a bird in a rainforest
of a sounding whale -
of a thirsty roebuck,
licking up the reflection of the moon -
They gave you everything....
The breath of God -
the ride of life -
the history of love -
written in four microns -
hold on tight to that -
honor your mother
and your father -
they are children too -
honor the very molecules of life -
our salty link
to love

NEW SPACE

So - we're still here, in this room,
but we've gone a million miles
while we've been sitting here tonight -
Just tagging along on the sun's
journey through the galaxy -
yet our hearts can take us
further than even this -
There is no limit to the speed of love -
our limitless souls are not bound
by anything

The particles that make you up
are the same as all the stars -
You are fifteen billion
years old -
but today's your birthday -
this
sweet
endless
day
you come alive,
you breathe love
and are made new

In your ancient wisdom,
in this day of your birth,
you sigh forgiveness,
you let go,
you release your soul -
to inherit the never-ending kingdom -
you let go,
you free your soul -
to embrace
the always beginning now -
you let go,
you release your soul
to birth yourself
to laugh with new-born joy
to lovingly
create
your life

Yes, we're still here, in this room,

but we've come a million miles
while we've been sitting here tonight -
we'll never be in that place
we were
again -
We'll go forth into brand
new space -
A place where you will
shape your heart's desires,
and breathe life into your thoughts.

Let go of what's not here -
free your soul -
and let those thoughts
you live
be love

....about the author....

Born Stuart Ford Smith in 1951, Sam grew up in Ohio, lived on the Space Coast of Florida during the Apollo years, and currently resides in Central Oregon with his wife, five cats, and several mountains.....

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