

The Awakening

Only from the depths of Hell
can we see the risers of Heaven.
The farther down.
The farther up.

On the way down often there are no stairs...
just plunges into brightly lit pain.
Just deeper into darkness and lostness.
At moments on the reeking path of distress
we catch a fleeting glimpse of everything.
But since we have no pencil to make notes and
no stairs to hold our depression to a
normal speed,
we forget and fall deeper.

Curiously when we reach a midway landing and reverberate
in and about it's framework,
we consciously chose to initiate a deeper plunge.

Not having any better way or foresight of the
further depth of the descent,
we amazingly, bravely and in continued faith,
recognize there to be truths and pains, wisdom and
erosions, all which must be fully seen and felt.

Honoring our path of inward search, we continue.
Not to outer applause or understanding.
Not to financial gain or outer status.
We continue because we are wanting to know
ourselves and accept ourselves and maybe
grow as seems right.

We are becoming aware and alive.

Although I haven't explored and felt into
the depths as far as many
I already know.
I am becoming me.
I am becoming alive.
I am living now more than before.

And in that final discovery my hell will
meet my heaven and all at once and
forever be part of each other and my
every waking and sleeping conscious and
unconscious life.

The seasoned balance will only be more outdone by the
quiet joy and a couple of "yippie skippies"
sang out loud every day....
to God, to Spirit and The All.

My Soul has awakened me.
I have answered the call.
Amen. Etc.