

TRILOGY



3 books of poetry reflecting
the spiritual journey of life



by ELLEN FARRELL

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STORIES
FROM MY HEART

Spirit-Infused Wisdom Poetry by

Ellen Farrell

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Stories from my Heart

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A four-part compilation

Inspired by Spirit,

Reverence for the Earth,

the Sentience of

all Living Beings,

Love, & Hope.



IN GRATITUDE...

Deep thanks to my best friend and husband, Doug—visionary novelist, artist and actor, for his love and support, and for the miracle of our three children. To Will, Sean, and Ray, I adore you forever. Thank you for the gift of being your mom in this life.

In addition to my precious family here on Earth, to my Nana, a poet at heart who passed in February 1986—just six months prior to meeting my husband; and to my dad (who passed December of 2013), I know you both watch over me! My gratitude also extends to my clients. It's an honor to work with each of you. I send loving thoughts for your health, joy, and peace—you've been some of my greatest teachers. Your dear hearts, stories, courage, and growth inspire me.

I thank my helpers, who felt my vision and worked relentlessly, and from the heart to make it happen. I have learned so much from you about my true voice through this process, and am grateful for your patience and contributions! I also thank all the amazing teachers and researchers who have been working on connecting our spiritual and intuitive knowing with scientific data. You show us what miracles we all are. Science may one day validate what spiritual seers like me have known throughout time.

A special thank you to Energy Medicine pioneer, author, and dear to my heart mentor, Donna Eden for her efforts to awaken people to the amazing benefits of working with Energy Systems to become more resilient. I am grateful to have had the opportunity to know you, to learn from you—and to be 'seen' by you, Donna.

A deep expression of gratitude goes out to the Spirit helpers who have always been there to protect, guide, send love, and offer wisdom. Thanks to the Angel helper who appeared in Chicago's train station. I exclaimed in earnest as I traveled down what seemed like an endless sea of steps, with the folded double stroller, and an infant and toddler in tow "Angels I really need your help!" ... I looked up and suddenly, out of nowhere, a 30-something, lovely black man in a 50's-style, conservative business suit was talking with my husband, who'd just landed with all our bags at the bottom of the stream of alabaster stairs. We were a bit frantic and overwhelmed, as our reserved taxi did not show, so we had to wait for another, and were late for our train. He carried our entire load, and then, mysteriously, disappeared. I mean we turned around to thank him and the long narrow hall was empty—completely!

We are grateful still.

Thanks also, to the brown-robed monk—the first guide to work with me in my evolution as a conscious channel, who helped me raise my energy vibrations and adjust, to be able to feel, hear, see, and even occasionally smell and taste those messages better.

Many times I felt your love, dear guides, friends and loved ones from the other side. Your consistent protection is a gift, for which I will forever be indebted. Even as I hear you say now, that there is no debt when a gift is given from the heart, I am truly grateful for your support—and as you know I've had a few close calls.

One, which I write about in my book of poems, *Merging With The Divine* includes how a car crashed solidly into my driver's door when two young teens didn't notice their light had turned red.

Not a scratch was on me, despite the window being fully shattered. To my high school friend who appeared in front of me, just moments after the initial impact as I spun in what seemed like very slow motion to my right, who calmly stated: “you will be ok.” He had died two weeks earlier in a car crash.

I had privately mourned, but on the other side, there are no secrets. Our emotions are known as clear as day. He helped me know what later would be critical to the healing Spirit work I do—that we are all primarily Spirit, and that Love is forever.

To the woman who helped me exit my car from the passenger side, who kept repeating: “There must have been Angels between you and that door”. Indeed, there were.

Angelic beings galore, thank you for always being with me, especially for the many guides who come to me in deep meditation: Josephus, Abraham, Mary, Jesus. To the many Totems and Nature Spirit guides: whale, dolphin, bumble bee, dragonfly, butterfly, hummingbird, eagle, black jaguar, and Siberian tiger... and to the healing presence that flows in like a gentle shimmering mist. I consider myself very lucky to see and hear you in my dreams and waking life. Thank you to all, past, present, and future.

While #s 8 and 15 I wrote in early High School, most of these ideas were hand written in the mid-late '80s and first were formatted in 1995. This is after I met my husband but before our children were born. As I write this it is 2014, and my daughter spends her last summer before college with us, and is playing the video game, “Elder Scrolls Oblivion”.

The irony of the title is not lost on me—as my work, is inspired to do the opposite... to awaken, bring awareness, to evolve, to create Heaven on Earth.

Our children need to individuate as they prepare for their adult experience. It can be challenging, but love endures in our deepest heart center, always. All we can ever do is our best. Trying ...and caring, matters.

We are here to learn, even from “mistakes”! So really, it is all about the learning, and the love. I am grateful for this life.

Namaste, Ellen Farrell

2014-2022



STORIES FROM MY
HEART



SPIRIT WISDOM



EARTH WISDOM



INNER WISDOM



HEART WISDOM

Table of Contents

- Copyright Information
- [In Gratitude](#)
- [Table of Contents](#)
- [Opening Comments](#)

SPIRIT WISDOM

01. [OPENING](#)
02. [ONE](#)
03. [LEAP OF FAITH](#)
04. [BE STILL](#) (PRAYER FOR PEACE)
05. [DIVINITY](#)
06. [COME ON!](#)
07. [SYNCHRONICITY](#)

EARTH WISDOM

08. [INNOCENT](#)
09. [SILENT SCREAM](#)
10. [WE HAVE A CHOICE](#)
11. [I FEEL THE EARTH-BEAT](#)
12. [PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE](#)
13. [WAKE UP AND SMELL THE POLLUTION](#) (HEYOKA WORLD)
14. [ETERNAL](#)

INNER WISDOM

15. [TEARS THAT SOOTHE](#)
16. [RECOVERY](#)
17. [DANCE](#)
18. [AWAKENING](#)
19. [TRAIN RIDE TO HIGHER GROUND](#)
20. [FREE](#)
21. [I WALK IN A CIRCLE](#)

HEART WISDOM

22. [BUTTERFLY](#)
23. [LIQUID LOVE](#)
24. [GRATEFUL](#)
25. [ANGELS](#)
26. [HEAVEN ON EARTH](#)
27. [EPHEMERAL](#)
28. [RIVER OF LIFE](#)

– [Closing Comments](#)

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Opening Comments, STORIES FROM MY HEART

SPIRIT IS ALWAYS WITH US...

but it's up to each of us to acknowledge our potential, and to accept responsibility... to listen to and act on that inner wisdom, and to do it always asking for the highest good.

My own journey has given me this knowing, and as for most of us, it hasn't always been a smooth ride! Ultimately though, each difficulty has brought greater wisdom and connection to my higher self and purpose. It has also given me the gift of having a level of love in my life I hadn't known possible. Of course, there are always new challenges! I'm working on being connected, non-judgmental, and compassionate, all the time. I still feel lost, afraid, insecure, angry, sad—but only briefly. However, at the core of my being, I feel a very deep level of peace, and the voice of my heart and soul lets me know that everything IS OK.

My dream is for all people to be so beautifully connected that we have a world where violence, greed, and hatred can-NOT EXIST—a world in which love and respect for all are the guiding forces. For this to happen, we must first heal ourselves. Then we must be committed to being the best we can be, and to be compassionate to ourselves when we falter. Remember that each step moves us closer toward growth and enlightenment, even more so as we choose that goal consciously.

Be strong and firm, yet gentle as you take this journey, this profound improvisation we call life. Know that you are seen with great compassion, and that many souls are sending you guidance to help you on your way.

Love, Ellen —written in Taos, NM, 1995



Meditate. Open your mind.



SPIRIT WISDOM

Since I was a young girl I have been fascinated to learn about who we are, as human beings. What constitutes the scope of what we can be —our origins, and our spiritual potential? As a child, I had dreams seeing myself as I was being born, guided by giant Spirit teachers. At the age of three or four, I contemplated on clouds, and knew that I would still be me even if I were in another body. The one I 'saw' was also me, as a young Asian girl with straight thick black bangs. I have remembered many other lives since then.

In 2005, Energy Medicine pioneer, Donna Eden saw my Aura as rose/gold, which feels completely right. It helps me understand my Spiritual leanings and exploration as an innate part of my being! Her daughter Tanya explained that I would have been better off becoming a monk had I been born with only a golden Aura, because the realm of Spirit is much more comfortable than this world, for the gold's. Rose reflects my love of family, tradition; the bonds that tie us.

In middle and high school, I became an avid reader of detective stories, biographies, the metaphysical, mysticism, native cultures, spiritual and healing practices. I read every Edgar Casey or related book I could find.

I began to have profound, reality expanding clair-audient, and clair-sentient experiences.

My reading helped me put it all into a context, but mostly, I kept these ideas and insights to myself.

In college where I got a BFA (Rutgers University/MGSA, 1979-83) I had my second spontaneous past life recall when I felt/saw an earlier version of my head having been just guillotined, drop onto the hard ground. Her light eyes looked up, beseechingly at me. I could see she was trying to talk, still conscious, briefly, and feeling shock from her head being newly dismembered. All this as I practiced "easing up" as it is called in Alexander Technique speak. What came to me then was that this was a Marie Antoinette memory. In high school, a year or two prior, I learned I was born on her birthday, and read her biography, feeling *deja vu*, many times.

I read *Primal Scream*, by Arthur Janov, Ph.D., which helped me begin to understand how abuse, dysfunction, and trauma affects everyone differently, and why the pain needs to be resolved. In college, I also read the *SETH* series and other books by Jane Roberts. I read Shirley Maclaine, Lynn Andrews, Chris Griscom, and so many more like *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, and later, *The Wind is my Mother*.

The latter book's author, Bear Heart, refers to the Tiger clan that came to the Americas "across the Bering Strait" from Siberia.

Perhaps my mother's maternal side (Cohen, Biemstien) carried this version of native wisdom with which I connect so greatly. My Nana had black hair, an olive complexion, high cheekbones, almond shaped eyes, and a deeply kind heart. Her memory now is always like the warmest hug. My daughter, who was born in Taos, NM, was her namesake. I had a vision that guided us to move there. Shortly after, we met and worked with Running Wolf, a disciple of the Cherokee medicine man, Rolling Thunder.

I had past-life memories come up, and many great insights. I saw myself as a young medicine woman, out in the wild meadow, finding healing herbs, returning to my tribe to find the remnants of white men in blue coats had decimated them. My elder brother, son of the chief died in my arms.

This was Running Wolf in that life and he later told me that he is from an ancestral line of chiefs. Another dream I had was of Running Wolf with giant machines “big guns” getting off a plane and going to work on Rolling Thunder, his mentor. Days later he confirmed he had flown at that time to him, to ease his pain in his last days.

The other side of my maternal family is from Poland—my great-great grandfather Weisskopf was the grand rabbi of his town, Radomsko, which great-uncle Al, then, well over 90 at the time, called Nowo Radomsk. They dropped the extra “s” in their name once in America, he told me at his 100th birthday party. There were four children: Simon (my gf), Dora, Albert, and Anne. Their parents, Louis and Sarah (Konarska), emigrated to the US in 1906, per my great-aunt Anne’s daughter, Louise Steinman’s book, *The Crooked Mirror – A Memoir of Polish-Jewish Reconciliation* (2013).

My paternal family was from Vienna (my dad’s mother’s father: Ehrenreich, and his mother’s mother: Schoenbaum), and from Hungary was my dad’s father (Weinberger). When I was in grad school and seeking historical info for a paper on my ancestry, my Uncle Bob (Weinberger) shared that before World War 1, his and my dad’s father’s father, my great-grandfather, was a professor of Biology, in Budapest.

I come from people who yearned to understand what makes us tick, and why we are the way we are, we wacky human being-spirits. When I started writing poems in my adult life, I’d waken with an urgency to pick up a pen. Words would just be coming at me, through me, demanding acknowledgment. I feel my ancestors’ journeys and need to understand, as part of my soul journey.

For those of you living with a conscious commitment to let Spirit guide you, I hope these words remind you of your own ancestral ties and influences. May they speak to your heart, and help you feel and know the beauty of who you are at your Core. These poems represent some of the messages that flowed through me. They are Spirit wisdom, and they awaken my heart's most pure mission.

I pray they do the same for you.

Opening

Open your eyes,
and wish upon a star.

Open your mind
to the power
of who you are.

Listen to the inner stirrings
of your waking soul –
Set your spirit free,
relinquishing control.

Be in the moment, just
strive to do your part.
Know – that miracles
can happen,

when you open up
your heart.

One

In the space where two points meet,
separate realities
willingly converge.

The wonder and joy of true knowing is revealed
and all is possible.

In consciously connecting,
minds intertwine.

There's no separation –
only understanding.

The ocean of creation swirls between the spaces,
where molecules of thought
form the sea of reality.

In the space where two points meet,
there is no judgment, color, or religion –
no gender, or sexual preference.

There is only unity.
To know this is to flow
with the oneness of the wonder
of creation.

Leap of Faith

Take another baby step
up the ladder of enlightenment.
How many circles must be traversed
before finding peace?

Close your eyes –
let the love in your heart
flood your being.

Let your cells fill, expand,
and luxuriate in it.

You're ready to take a stand –
to do your bit; to take another baby step,
or maybe even a leap or two –
to FLY with wings wide, and faith strong.

Listen for your guidance.
You'll know when.

Maybe now, you are ready.

Be Still... (Prayer for Peace)

In the stillness of your soul,
may you see with clarity.

Calm the mind, like a cool blue mountain pool.
Leave the traffic and electric lights.
Hear the rustling of leaves
in the soundings of the forest.
Leave the obligations,
and problems to be solved.

Feel the warm sun as it filters through the trees,
and the breeze as it gently caresses.

Calm the mind.
For only in the stillness of your soul
can you hear the wisdom
that brings clarity,
and peace.

Divinity

Divinity
is you, and me,
and he and she,
 and they
 and we.

It's the Chi in every tree;
every flower; every bee;
of ancient mountains
or bubbling brooks –
of all beings of all looks!

The Earth's round globe,
 and sky above
is all a part of us,
 and LOVE.

Come On!

Come in, to the fullness of your being.
Fearless – fear less! Love more –
 be there or be square.
 Be aware or beware.

There is magic in the air... look around you!
There is beauty everywhere.
 Even in the darkest night,
despite regret, pain fright –
lives and grows a glowing light.
It is you, unique.

Look into the mirror – you are special,
 wonderful – wonder full.
Spirit loves you, do you love you?

Hear the song of your soul,
 and keep coming into
 the fullness
 of your being.

Synchronicity

My soul is sucked into
the vacuum of time.

Linear thought pervades
my consciousness.

Like separate pearls on a string,
each moment is distinct.
Yet all exist
in synchronicity.

The reality of NOW
precludes what was
and what will be.

Yet each moment affects
the next – both before,
and after.

All that matters
is this moment.

Earth is our Mother — honor her.



EARTH WISDOM

These seven poems were mostly written in the late 1980s to mid '90s. One was written in high school (Eternal)! Later, as a young adult in working through immune system illness, I was exposed to many alternative modalities of health and healing—traditions that were hundreds to thousands of years old.

I began to connect with the wisdom of the Earth as I researched traditional herbal and homeopathic medicine, and Native and Earth ceremonies. My food choices radically changed as I came to understand how to best honor and remain in harmony with myself, and the Earth.

I read *The McDougall Plan, Diet for a New America*, and similar books back in the '80s, and began to see the cause and effect of S.A.D., the Standard American Diet. It is a very sad situation.

We were being influenced—brainwashed, really—by greedy people, and financial stakes are always high. One day, I noticed a TV commercial where a cow came into full view. She, and then her calf, were grazing in the sunshine, enjoying the countryside, the lush green hill, the valley beyond—then the camera panned in to the mother cow's face, which morphed into a picture on a label... on a jar of meat sauce.

How arrogantly insensitive that the happy mother cow on the green hill, sunshine day, was a big lie! Why it felt so wrong, more than anything, was that I knew her life was not happily spent in the bucolic wide-open spaces, grazing on grasses.

Unless pigs and chickens, etc., are free-range and pasture raised and finished, and cows organic/grass-fed, their lives are about constant misery and trauma, the “live stock” mama cows are surrounded by death; hooked into machines for hours. A typical life is 4-6 years rather than the 15-20 years they are capable of living.

Since the '90s, they get Genetically Modified/GMO corn and soy as a norm. This is what is fed now, in all conventional/factory farms, also known as Concentrated Animal Feeding Operations (CAFOs)... see: <https://www.ellenfarrell.com/diet-for-a-new-america-a-book-review/>

The feed is drenched in many, very toxic chemicals. The animals become sick from all those toxins, and from stress due to their unnatural environment. They are also pumped with antibiotics (due to the inflammation caused by such practices), and are also given Bovine Growth Hormone (RBGH). This keeps the mother cow making the optimal amount of milk that in the CAFOs, never goes to her calf. They are taken from her, immediately after birth. If a male, he becomes veal meat, after a year of caged hell.

The goal is not to make a healthy product. The only real goal is to make more, faster—and to line the pockets of the GMO seed, BigAg,~ BigPharma, RBGH/antibiotics, chemical makers, and their stockholders.

At that moment, I fully realized that I'd been asleep to reality. I read about how farms were beginning to be run, like giant factories rather than the small farms I grew up around in northern New Jersey. Their cows grazed peacefully, living out a full life. Too few farms in America have happy animals anymore.

Mega-farms treat animals in a cruel, unnatural way, and grow mono-crops for hundreds of acres, which is not sustainable—and these practices are supported by government subsidies. They are polluting water, and air, and may be the largest contributors to pollution contributing to climate change ...see: How Much your Meat Addiction is Hurting the Planet: <https://foodrevolution.org/blog/much-climate/>

Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. Back in the 80s I didn't know how bad farming practices or other pollutants, such as from fracking would get, but I'd had enough. Back then, and for decades, I quit my meat habit until dysregulation and immune system disruption made me re-evaluate and adapt.

On top of that, I was reading about cancer-causing dioxins manufactured in paper factories, sonar experiments in the seas, and other Earth/health-destroying practices, which sadly continue as of 2022, including Geo-engineering/Solar Dimming or whatever other or new name they make up.

I am glad to see that many individuals are using their land for food, not lawns. Progress is increasingly being made, with more organics... and these issues are being exposed.

It felt maddening, depressing, disappointing and just plain wrong. How had America lost its way so badly, putting profit over people? I have hope, and still dream about a change for the better. I imagine a world where we all have plenty of healthy foods to eat, preventive and effective medical care—where we live in harmony with the Earth and all her creatures.

What will our legacy be? We need to be change agents—so that from the soil and beneficial bugs, the butterflies, dragonflies, honeybees, hummingbirds, and others, all the way up to the trees and great sky—every aspect of Nature is honored.

Innocent

Even as a child I knew,
age didn't mean wisdom
and youth didn't mean
ignorance, necessarily.

How I felt free being in Nature,
 catching fireflies, at times,
 for their magical light
 (please accept my
 sincerest apologies);
observing the ants, the peaceful
 bumble bee who spoke to me,
 landed on my palm, asked:
 "how are you doing?",
 and went on his way;
the animal friends
 who looked to me for help,
a safe harbor from pain.

And those who helped me,
in the sweat lodge fire,

in spirit speak, in dreams, and in life:
eagle, elk, hummingbird, dragonfly, butterfly, bumble bee,
Siberian tiger, (totems).
Bunnies, raccoon families, Mr. squirrel, cats, dogs, baby garden
snake – messages, omens, wisdom they bring.

And the surprise mixed horror, age 4,
when I learned that the 'meat'
in my sandwich called 'TUNG',
was actually a cow's tongue,
and horrified, confused, asked: "Can it taste me?"

As a young girl, I wrote:
"Running through a field of hay, laughing as a child
laughs, free from the thoughts of folks older and 'wiser'
– living life all the way".

Now I know we can all have that connection to TRUTH.
Despite conventional ideology,
all beings are sentient, children of the universe.

If only we would all see the beauty before us,
this Earth could be our Heaven.

Silent Scream

Feel the pain of the hungry,
the hunted,
the lonely.

Let your heart ache for them all.

The pain of our Earth Mother,
the trees, and water –
we are all polluted.

Let the tears flow.

Let them flow.

Bless them –
and be cleansed.

Clearing the pain, fear, regrets,
see a perfect body,
a beautiful world.

SEE IT. If we all see it, maybe,
we won't need
to scream.

We Have a Choice

What is this place,
 this round ball –
and do we choose peace,
 or destruction for all?

What becomes of the land
is all in our hands.
There stand cities surrounded
in a purple haze of poison,
 yet people are living
in a crazy illusion of perfection.

How did we let this happen?
ALL OF OUR ACTIONS
 HAVE CONSEQUENCES.

Picture a circle of dancers,
singing of the old way, the Earth-way.

The real people, the Native people,
 the enlightened ones
 pray for our salvation.

They pray for our awakening.
Hear their song of the Earth
in the heart of your being.

The music of long ago
tells you of wisdom
your soul will know.

The Earth around you
and all life
speaks to you.

Honor her voice – fear or love,

destruction or peace,

that is our choice.

I Feel the Earthbeat

Feel the Earth beat; feel your heartbeat,
like my heart beats. Her heart
speaks the language of your soul.
She sends you all the love in her being
(we are one).

Feel the life of her;
under the concrete and pounding feet,
beside the bombing and bloodshed,
beneath the ignorance and fear...
hear the pine trees, breathe deeply;
see the blue sky's eagle, flying free.

I feel her beauty and her sorrow. Feel your heart beat,
like the Earth beat. Your heart speaks the language
of her soul. Send her all the love in your being,
(we are one).

Feel the Earthbeat, like my heart beats,
like your heartbeat... she has a message for you.
Listen.

They do not remember –
they are Heaven above.

The Earth is crying out.

It is time to listen,
it is time to see.

Earth, sky, you, me –
we are part of something greater.

To be free – heavenly,
does it mean just fake it,
lie, burn it, take it,
forsake it all,
– no fury to recall
why we are here?

To learn, to do... what?
Remember who you are.
As past, present, and future flow,
in an unending cycle –
calling you to awaken
to the unending now,
to this gift, we call life.

WAKE UP and Smell The Pollution (Heyoka World)

Politics is full of fat cats –
 hound dogs, scoundrels,
 who feed on society
 with no conscience,
 no remedy.

Spending our cash on themselves,
while they go and bash
 the average Jo.

Armies like astronauts fly
millions of miles. Why?

Part of some sick slick
 Star Wars scam?
Our heads, up in the stratosphere
 overspending, yet
 never-ending, on credit.

When we could heal the masses,
 house the homeless,

use solar energy – rekindle industry
with electric car factories,
or who knows what?

If we abate the gun-crazed,
 manic free-fall of this
 grab-it-up society,
 We could create
a National Center for the Arts –
Why Not?

Our culture is high in bad fat –
fried, rancid, fractionated,
 hydrogenated... pesticide,
 insecticide modified, toxic.
All Christmas lights, and powdered sugar,
 like pure sparkling snow, a show,
 filler, no fiber, no substance.

We eat in ignorance,
 and our habits are killing us.

Eternal

The sky's blueness,
the trees' leaves
 in autumn,
clover and buttercups -
all that is beautiful,
 does not belong
 to you or I.

There is no line dividing Nature –
you cannot own what is Divine.

For when we're gone
and long forgotten,

I pray –
 the sky's blueness,
the tree's leaves in autumn,
clover and buttercups –
all that is beautiful,
 will remain.

Listen to the still, small voice



INNER WISDOM

On my journey I've seen the legacy and patterns that pain leaves: emotional and physical violations, anger, grudges and assumptions, harsh judgments, the ignorance of entitlement, and denial of responsibility. Luckily, we always have the opportunity to learn from everything, including our mistakes and those of others. We have the opportunity to choose to listen to Spirit, and to choose to be better—to explore guidance as to what our best might be. That said, I also try to give others the benefit of the doubt when I see less than their best (or the worst of them), and hold in my mind as a prayer for the highest potential.

Unfortunately I have suffered from “nice-itis”—seeing a person's potential, and not noticing when their behavior wasn't congruent. This automatic ‘assuming the best of others’ due to being an idealist by nature, in TCM, a Metal-Earth turned Earth-Metal (btw, your Element type can shift!!!), &/or from the deconstruction of the Divine feminine / cultural conditioning, family-fixer programming, got me into trouble. I've been shocked / disappointed when co-workers, peers, friends, or family behaved in thoughtless, judgmental, or selfish ways. I took it hard—and I got hurt.

However, I learned how to heal, get grounded, clear and connected, and to have healthier boundaries. I believe these painful experiences can help us learn about the human condition. As our hearts may become more compassionate, it can make us better people. Not that we need to seek them out—the lessons designed for your life will come to you.

I'm still able to remember who I am, and you can too, despite some who think they know you better than you do. We can look back with compassion at our earlier selves (see *Tears that Soothe*, which I wrote in high school). The poem about my dream: *Train Ride To Higher Ground*, helped me gain insight and perspective at a time when I was processing having been very overwhelmed, trying to understand the needs of my heart, soul, and body—immune system dysfunction. From this work, I began to understand and heal from the stuck emotional pain that was at the root of my imbalances. HFCS (High Fructose) replacing cane sugar, which entered the food supply in candy, soda, etc., and endocrine disruptors, such as bromine and chlorine that replaced iodine in flour may have been a trigger in addition to an abusive relationship that I ended prior to visioning and then meeting my husband to be.

Newly married, and just moved from NYC to Pennsylvania, in the late 80s, feeling truly safe, I fell apart. I hated not being able to go at my regular speed. I had to slow down, which gave me a chance to listen, to see/feel what was happening at deeper levels.

Later, I learned about Leaky Gut Syndrome/Candida overgrowth; how too many toxic insults and the final straw is often unresolved trauma, may lead to cortisol/hormone imbalances and an immune system in a panic state. A big part of this process is adrenal and thyroid burnout. I experienced chronic fatigue, skin problems (Liver/Gut/toxin overwhelm, anger suppression), and for the first five years of marriage—infertility, that over a year of medical treatment did not help.

I felt an invader in my body, cut out sugar, cleansed my Liver with Milk Thistle and other herbs, learned about healthy eating, and started to eat organic, fresh, unprocessed food.

I became vegan and very skinny—and tho' I ate a LOT of complex carbs, my weight went down to 110 pounds (I am 5'7"). I was lucky that my experience of trauma did not result in the more extreme imbalances of Lupus, Fibromyalgia, etc. Yet even just full-system Candida was unknown in the 80's—and many doctors scoffed. My mantra was to be healthy, which is a journey of becoming.

Books were published with greatly contradicting information—Google or similar online resources weren't yet available. Our move to Los Angeles, led us to Dr. Matt Van Benschoten, O.M.D. With his healing Chinese Medicine and herbal balancing help, only three months in, even vegan dairy banned (some of these contained lactose), we were ecstatic to learn we were pregnant. A couple years later, I was also blessed to have found Luc DeSchepper, MD, author, master homeopath, immune specialist, and a true healer. Feeling well, with a toddler, I was still unsure why my health had been in trouble in the first place.

It was a tremendous relief to have help, AND answers. Nurturing yourself is very different from being a victim full of self-pity. Actively taking responsibility for choosing and creating health helps us transcend victim-hood. The years of genuine friendship and love between my spouse and I (since 1985), and our family, has taught me how to trust, share, recover—how to dream again, to choose happiness and remember inner joy.

We are never alone. We all need support from within and without, and I'm grateful to have survived and thrived from it. Connection to the Divine is always available. Guides, helpers from higher realms, and Nature awaits your attention. Call upon your own piece of this wisdom, the Divine Spark, the infinite light at your Core. The growth is well worth all the work. Here's to your pure peace, love, wisdom, and joy connecting, beyond all imagining.

Tears that Soothe

Life is a teardrop,
Love is a raindrop,
silently shattering,
 softly splattering
 on my window pain.

God cries tears that soothe.

I am running out, into the slick street.
The setting sun shimmers...
a glimmer of gold like a flame,
flashes onto the puddled place
where my foot-fall splashes.

Clouds part on the Lapis blue sky
the last rays of light shining,
straight into my heart.

My mind is wandering, waiting, and wishing
 for raindrops—ready, for tears
 that soothe.

Recovery

When you give so much
 'til there's nothing left
 but wretchedness,
 in the dregs of darkness.

And you always give more
 to the bottomless pit,
 'til there's a split,
 between body and soul
 – you are empty.

Stopping now, you notice something new.
Stopping, you catch your breath,
 eyes gently close.

A warmth, a light – it's just within sight.
 Follow that speck of distant sparkle.
Though the night seems shrouded
 by cold, damp fog –
 go through the darkness.

Wild storms shriek; still, it's no matter.

You do not give up, and find
each new day brings new light,
allowing you to notice
a moment, a small joy,
an inner smile.

You must follow it,
to understanding,
'til you find yourself again.
Then let that light glow – feel it fill you.
Stepping back into – a healthy you.

Feel it in every atom.
Feel it hum, and feel it flow.
Feel it grow.
Know it as your soul awakening.

Become a lighthouse –
a beacon of hope,
a place of peace,
guiding others to the safety
of the shore.

Dance

You can heal the world with love and compassion
– but raging anger
only makes the wound worse.
It bubbles under the surface, like a blistering sore –
compounds the pain
a million times more.

You know this world can really make you scramble
– and it can take your soul high into the heavens.

The only way to make it, is to heal your wounds
with love and compassion.
So reach out your hand,
even though I know it's scary,
lift up your eyes, and look into mine.

With love and compassion, we can live together,
each dancing our own song.

Let's dance on the road
of love and compassion.

Awakening

Those were the dark years,
always looking back.

Hiding my Spirit, like a secret treasure.
Could not value me –
could not see that my light
was beautiful.

Rose and gold, rising
like a new dawn in my core,
awakening my mind.

Now it's clear, we all have a choice,
a voice. Don't mess with me...
I don't need it – won't take it in.

I know a peace of being now,
and love myself enough,
to remember
who I am.

Train Ride to Higher Ground

Every day I grow stronger,
just getting up to speed –
plowing through space, the air against my face;
the branches rip and bite.
The fire's at my feet (I feel the heat).

Going so fast now,
wheels are steaming;
getting up to speed so it feels like dreaming.
This train is taking me
to a higher ground.

The fire at my feet, this purifies my soul.
The branches that scratch,
are lessons I am learning.
The air against my face
informs me where I am,
and where I'm headed.

This ride is my journey, and everyday,
I am growing stronger.

Free

A perfect rose
doesn't cover itself
so as not to be afraid
of those
who can't appreciate
its beauty.

It just is what it is.

It doesn't shrink,
or hide, or apologize.

It lets its scent
float free.

I will let the rose
be me.

I Walk in a Circle

I walk in a circle,
a circle of healing,
a circle of feeling.
Remember it,
then let it go.

I walk in a circle,
spiraling upward –
out of endless worry
into endless JOY.

The circle expands,
and a door in my heart
 opens
to let a shower
of rainbow flowers
 cleanse my soul.

I walk in a circle
of healing.

Connect with Heart & Soul.



HEART WISDOM

As I know it, we are all Spirit-embodied. Emanating from the Divine Spark as I see it, at the center of our being, which I call the Core Star, each of us comes into our life circumstances and history, with beautiful goals and purpose. We could not be more unique or full of potential. This is the soul's journey.

This core energy expands into the field around us, and flows in infinite measure through us. To say body-mind-Spirit is in a way, redundant, because how can we Spirits in bodies be anything else? We are one intersect and interface—an inter-active, interconnected unit. We are part of the oneness of a vast Spirit-ocean. Let the captain of your ship be SPIRIT. When these energies are healthy and supported, they expand and fully connect. They whisper their wisdom right into the heart. There, the message rises like a perfect sunrise, awakening us with its rays of pure peace, love, wisdom, and joy.

The first two poems of this group were based on very visual dreams. The poem Butterfly was printed in SEDONA magazine (p.80, March, 1996). I dreamt of a 20-foot high sculpture—the left side of a butterfly wing. It had a brass ring through the upper tip, and flowing down 20 to 30 feet or more, the whole length from it, was a translucent tangerine to orange colors of chiffon-type material. I was gifted the poem, which was imprinted on the watercolor splashed sculpture or on a plaque adjacent to it. I was told that we humans are like that butterfly, and it is time for us to be fully free. We are to awaken from dense fear and the shackles of human bondage—into the higher vibration, light-beings that we truly are.

Before I completed my psychology graduate school training around the year 2000, I wrote Liquid Love Beams. I awoke feeling completely at one with all life, in every cell of my being. It was visceral and transcendent! Pulsing, intense rainbow colors were part of me. I was made of living light—more alive than in my waking life, and not at all like a dream. I can describe it as a true experience of unlimited being-ness.

Several years later, I read the book, *Natural Radiance, Awakening to Your Great Perfection*, by Lama Surya Das. In the Introduction, he wrote of his studies of “pith instructions” and “teachings of naked awareness”—the description of his education merged with my own innate knowing from several of my own past lives, in Tibet, and elsewhere. It resonated with me that these poems are of the same kind of teachings. In addition, he described what I experienced in my dream/waking state, as a mystical experience called, **“The Rainbow Body of Perfect Enlightenment”** ...it was reaffirming to know there was already a name for it!

Once we have been released from the crippling effects of trauma, the chains that bind us can fall away, and our true Spirit knowing can be fully revealed. In 2008, I won a trip to the Yoga Journal conference in San Francisco, which was a tremendous treat and honor. One of the classes I took was with the wonderfully awakened teacher, Ana Forrest. Later I read a feature about her in a Yoga Journal magazine interview, where she described having had a similar Rainbow experience!

These poems speak to our access to such transformative experiences and living up to our highest potential. As with beings who help us be our best, we too are meant to share, care... and to be guardians of the ALL that IS.

We truly are all connected to each other as living beings, human and otherwise, and also as part of Earth, Sky, Spirit, and each other.

When we remember we are ALL Spirit, we begin to transcend limited thinking, hatred, fear—and we can heal.

We best maintain that Divine connection by always holding an intention for the highest good. Most of all, remember your oneness with the miracle of being, and hear... and listen for your own messages whispered from Spirit.

This truth is translated by the mind, and felt in the Heart—it is whispering to you all the time. Slow down.

Feel the connection.

This is Heart wisdom.

Butterfly

Without our connection to Spirit,
we are like a butterfly
 without her wings.
Though we may see the sky,
we cannot touch it.

We may feel the wind
caress our skin,
 but never know
 where it may go.

We may feel the beauty
of the flowers, but never know
the essence of their love.

Without Spirit
the mission has no meaning –
we are lost, no more than
a broken butterfly wing
that has fallen
 to the Earth.

Liquid Love

In my vision, liquid Love beams
wrap around the universe.

I raise my fingers up to sky above,
and out come laser streams
of liquid Love.

Rainbow layers surround my Soul,
and while they're humming out from me,
more ripple back in chords of ecstasy.

My feet are rooted in the Earth,
the slumbering soil vibrates with mirth!
I'm particles of pulsing light;
infinite colors, reaching, expanding
—as my arms feel and see into infinity,
past clouds and stars, and moon.
My Love beams are the Universe!

All I see and all I AM is Energy,
and this liquid Love dream
ends too soon. Soon,
I hope to groove again
to this liquid Love beam tune.

Grateful

I have walked in the shadows,
I have shone in the Light.
And my heart's free of burdens
as butterflies in flight.

I've been on the mountain-top,
and fallen off so many times,
that I've cried in the darkness,
and run out of rhymes.

Still with tears and scars,
sad with what I know,
I feel joy and peace,
you give me strength
to face tomorrow.

With a child's smiling eyes,
a cat's warm purr,
or tangled jumbles of jasmine,
the essence of Love lives on,
and I am grateful for your Power.

Angels

Thank you for the comfort
that comes in my dreams.

Thank you for the wisdom
you whisper in my ear.

Thank you for the love
that opens up my heart.

Sometimes, in my ignorance,
I don't remember
my dreaming.
I don't listen to the whispers –
I shut off my heart.

But I know you're there,
ready to help me
get back on track,
and I just wanted to say,

Thank you.

Heaven on Earth

I see a vision.

In this vision, the winds howl,
pulling me in every direction,
but I am still.

An Angel holds each hand.

Others tumble by me,
fearful, clawing –
others are part of a race
I can barely understand,
and on each face, anger, chaos;
sadness beyond words.

Angels' arms reach out so lovingly,
yet their acts are viewed as attacks
by those who cannot see,
and so they stumble on,
fearful, clawing –
the Angels' faces,
filled with compassion
yet sad beyond words.

I see a greater vision.
Many are pushed
this way and that,
by winds that howl.

They speak their plea:
“Please, please help me.”
And Angels appear
(they were always near,
despite the fear).

Hands then clasping,
pain and fear disappears,
and they come to see
their limitless destiny.

And the peoples' faces,
joyful beyond words –
and the Angels' faces,
joyful, beyond words.

Ephemeral

A life, a dream...
made up of moments,
swirling waters
 of sapphire and sage.

Time and thoughts fleeting,
as flickering sparkles of sunlight
dance and disappear.
A knowing and forgetting,
here – and then gone.

Peering into your eyes,
all I know is Love.

And the quiet moments
between all the doings
are dream times
of remembering –
that I am all I see,
 that I am in the eternity
 in each moment.

Wisdom calls
from the silent distance.

I will meet you there.

I am the shimmering light
that dances
in the darkness.

River of Life

River of Life won't you talk to me,
River of Life set my Spirit free.
Sparkling waters you mend my soul,
should I surrender to your control?

What is my purpose – why am I here?
River of Life, you have no fear.
I am the Earth, and I'm the sky.

River of Life, I feel it all through your eyes.

Chorus:
I feel you rushing inside my veins,
the River of Life is taking the reins.

River of Life, River of Life...
River of Life, River of Life...

River of Life you're speaking to me,
Now, I'm the one
who must choose to be free.

You are within, you are without -
waters that whisper, waters that shout.

We're all one in this perfect place,
each of us, the whole human race.

Your heart is pure, your heart is true,
River of Life, I love all of you.

<a capella harmony>
River of Life you're talking to me,
River of Life, you've set me free.

Healing energies mend my soul,
Now, I've surrendered to your control.

Chorus:
I feel you rushing inside my veins,
the River of Life is taking the reins.

River of Life, River of Life...
River of Life, River of Life...

As the song tells us:

*“Row, row, row your boat,
gently down the stream.
Merrily, merrily, merrily!
Life is but a dream.”*

From Ellen:

Live, learn... love –
& don't forget
to follow your heart.

Life is a Spirit journey –
I hope you will enjoy yours!





Ellen Farrell

MA, NCC, LPC, EEM-AP;
founder, *Healing from the Core.*

Holistic Therapy: *Psychological Intuitive, Trauma Specialist & Reiki Master (since 1987), nationally certified & licensed professional counselor (NCC, LPC/GA), grad of Eden Energy Method 4-year Adv. Practitioner program (EEM-AP), Ellen is also trained in EMDR, & Past Life therapy with Brian Weiss.*



Ellen's Intuitive abilities enable her to see the stories / status in the windows to the soul (the Chakras and Core Star Matrix), & other energy systems. Her work helps you become empowered to be more whole; to heal, & to evolve... so you will come into the fullness of your being.

Ellen turned her life over to Spirit in 1986—by doing this, & working to cultivate listening & staying present enough in those little moments that often escape us, she hopes to have been able to honor the heart of the messages she received, which are contained in *Stories From My Heart*. Next to be available, her personal poems on the cycle of Life: Birth & Beyond... for beautiful families of all kinds.

Personal stories of living & evolving will follow, with longer collected story poems, in *Merging With The Divine*. Ellen's book on *Healing from the CORE*, highlights how Ellen sees energy systems, & their interface with trauma.

Her energy work & poetry are the result of deep listening, connection with, & respect for the immeasurable love, wisdom, & beauty of Spirit.



www.ellenfarrell.com

**Let Ellen's Intuitive Spirit connection
guide you to remember your own stories,
as you follow her journey in
Stories From My Heart . . .**

**"A wonderful collection.
For someone as incapable of writing poetry as I am
of drawing or painting, it is a privilege to read, and sense
the beautiful artistry in *Stories From My Heart*.**

There are themes for every heart!"

– C. Norman Shealy, M.D., Ph.D.
President, [Holos](#) Institutes of Health,
Professor Emeritus of Energy Medicine,
President Emeritus, [Holos](#) University Graduate Seminary



"I will read this poetry again and again. I LOVE IT."

– Donna Eden,
Energy Medicine Pioneer, Author



**"[Ellen] may well become one
of my all-time favorite poets."**

– Rosemary Daniell,
Poet, Author

ellenfarrell.com

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www.ellenfarrell.com



PREGNANT POEMS

...Before Birth & Beyond



for beautiful families of all kinds

Poems by



Ellen Farrell

PREGNANT POEMS

...Before Birth & Beyond
For beautiful families of all kinds

by

Ellen Farrell

Pregnant Poems

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Table of Contents

[In Gratitude](#)

[Reflections,](#)

[Opening Notes...](#)

[Dear Child](#), an Opening prayer by my Nana Berry, a.k.a.,

Estelle Grace Cohen

1. [In the Beginning](#)
2. [Before Birth](#)
3. [New Horizons](#)
4. [Thanks and a Prayer](#)
5. [Letting Go](#)
6. [Reflection of Love](#)
7. [Stay up Late](#)
8. [Soul mate...](#) Thinking of you upon awakening
9. [Love Manifest](#)
10. [First Born](#)
12. [Valentine's Day...](#) six months old
13. [Baby Sean](#)
14. [Remarkable Bill](#)
15. [Little One...](#) hard to let go

Table of Contents continued...

16. [Baby Grace](#)
17. [My Favorite Number](#)
18. [3 Hugs](#)
19. [Cherubs](#)
20. [Love Unit](#)
21. [Daughter](#)
22. [If Life is Poetry Do We Have to Write it Down?](#)
23. [Mommy](#)
24. [Here She Come to Save the Day](#)
25. [Love is Freedom](#)
26. [For Mother's Day](#)
27. [Chloe is Not Afraid](#)
28. [Cat Litter](#)
29. [Albus](#)
30. [Waiting](#) and acceptance
31. [Let me Tell you About my Dad.](#)
32. [My Dad](#)

In Closing...

- * [A Poem About Peace](#), Final words in closing (by my daughter, Grace Farrell)

In Gratitude...

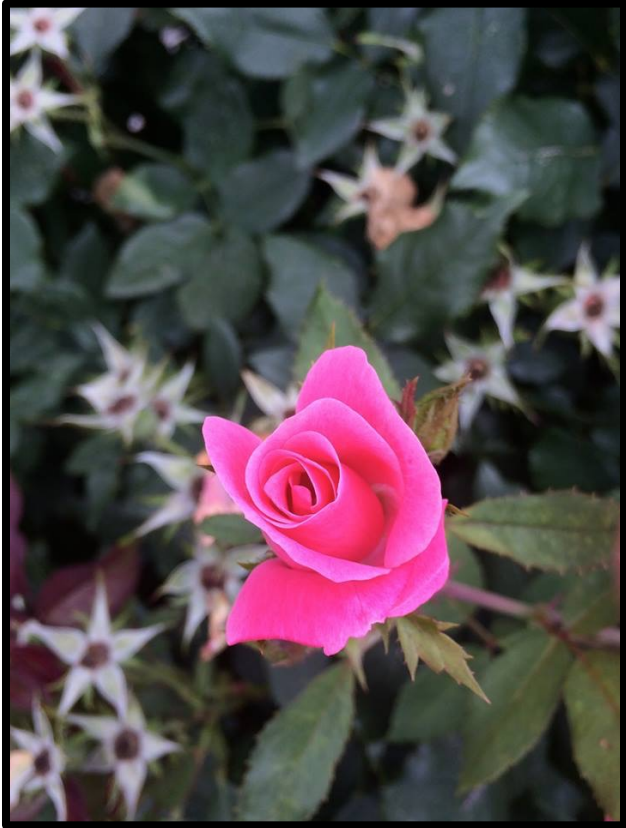
Gratitude goes, first of all to my best friend all these years, my husband Doug, without whom I don't know if I would have ever had the support needed to preserve my thoughts, and without whom I would have considerably fewer of those profound growth experiences, beauty and love to record. It has been a journey of learning Love – true freedom to share all of me, trust and loyalty in addition to the way we are there for each other to encourage claiming the precious moments of life and the fire of the dream (and to not give up) – mining the heart of my soul to be the best of myself.

Love and Gratitude also to my dear children, Will, Sean, Grace, and our animal friends over the years, Gus, Doc, Annie, Katchina, Chloe, Lucky, Tenchi, and Albus; and to those family members who contributed to who I am today: Momma June, Tante Linda, Uncles, Norman and Bob, Nana Berry, Tillie, Simon, Anne, Ruth, Helen, Dad/Paul, my 2nd-

mom, my step-mom (Elizabeth)... and those who I only know from old photos, stories, dreams. To all my ancestors, I thank-you.

Heartfelt thanks go out to my dear students and clients. It's been an honor and blessing to work in your energy, to have been some large or small part of your coming into the fullness of your being ~ your growth and joy, your having the beautiful courage to be fearless in asking "How can I feel better, and be my best?" I'm grateful for this work, which has helped some to get clear enough to completely change relationships and family dynamics for the better, to be able to have clarity, where there was none, to heal past lives, and even, to bring forth a child. I'm often happily surprised at the beauty and strength of the human Spirit.

I would be nothing without my Spirit connection, and
therefore
give deep thanks to my dear Angels, Spirit helpers, and all
those beings
of light with and without bodies,
who guide and protect.



Reflections...

I dream of a world where we are all fully present to each other, whole, genuine, choosing to be healthy... and where we regard each other, this planet, and all life as sacred, just as the loving new parent, looking at the perfection and innocence of their newborn child for the first time, is filled with the miracle of life.

Of course we are stewards for our non-human animal friends and family as well – and they have Element types just as our human counterparts. As we evolve, these personality differences may be perceived as tools – windows on our Soul, through which we can each learn to be more healthy: to be curious, without losing hope; to get things done well, and to be assertive without becoming aggressive; to have and love joy –

and still stay calm (don't panic!); to have compassion and not lose our boundaries or fall into the chaos of worry – rather, to learn to access, ask for, and open to Spirit wisdom; and to accept loss while maintaining reverence.



What makes a good parent?

An intention and conscious commitment to love, protect, and guide – is a deeper contract than to just give birth. The commitment to contribute to the development of a healthy child into adulthood is what matters most – and creating a healthy family is not dependent on blood ties. This bond is one best born of LOVE... it is a Spiritual commitment that can come in many forms.

We also parent (and are taught by) Nature, and the Earth. This awareness is integral to our healthy family dynamics experience. We are here to teach and learn from each other.

A good parent, whether of a human baby, a kitten, puppy, garden – or perhaps as a steward of the Earth... is never defined by color, race, gender, sexual preference or orientation. That love and compassion is awakened is key – and the ability to be gentle, with yourself and others.

How can we honor each other, listen better, care more deeply?

Look into your heart. Listen more deeply, feel the truth from your Core. See the possibilities, and consider remembering that we are all doing the best we know how to do. Then, we can wonder how might true health feel?

We can choose to do better, to create our own healthy families – and most importantly, to appreciate all the fleeting moments... all the memories of love.



Opening Notes...

Poetry often comes to me when I don't have a pen handy, and I know at least some of my best work has been done in my mind only... when half asleep, just prior to falling asleep – or in the morning, just before being interrupted by the alarm, my kids, the phone, or the like. Anyway, I am glad to be able to share some of what did get written down, saved, and gathered over the years from many scribbled notes...

Before I thought about finding love, having a family of my own, or even really what I wanted in life, I learned about love and how to be my best from my mother's mother. We knew her as Nana – a name she chose as she felt grandma/ grandmother sounded "too old"! She was the eldest of 6 – 2 sisters and 3 brothers, but was always young at heart!

Her parents, Dora and Meyer Cohen, then, immigrants from Russia, were from Pinsk farm country, or what is now south west Belarus, very close to the border with Ukraine, and just east of Poland. Her father hoped to escape life as a soldier – and that region was very war torn. Also, as Jews, they both hoped to avoid further religious persecution, so they came to New York City by the turn of the century. Later, they settled in Sioux City, Iowa where Meyer’s brother lived. Although since then we’ve lost touch with that part of our family, it’s fascinating to know that whole other parts of my lineage are out there, somewhere.

After several years, the family moved to Brooklyn, NY, where my Nana raised three children – and where I was later born.

My Nana once told me how she remembered as a little girl in Sioux City Iowa, a Native American woman sitting in the middle of the road, desperate and frightened, tearing at her clothing and weeping, having been unable to find her child.

When I was four she gave me a necklace of Indian beads. She loved to show me how to cook Matzoh brei, play games, and to believe – not from direct teaching, but by her actions, that the glass is half full. She was always full of hope, so generous in her devotion to seeing what was beautiful in life, and in my Soul. A devoted mother and grandmother, always loving unconditionally, her humor, joy of life and gentle presence were great blessings, and were a gift to me.

I begin these poems with one written by my Nana – in a note to my Aunt Linda, on her 16th birthday (I was one year old at the time). Those wishes resonated for me the first time I read them and they still do. I hope they are a good reminder for you of the potential in us all, including the smallest of us, who are just starting out in a new body and a new life.

One thing that stood out to me as I entered my first pregnancy was the frustration I felt that most women were not willing to share their birth stories.

My own mother had only a tale of overwhelming pain and anguish to share of her own births.

In the late '50's and '60's it was a time when they didn't really know yet that smoking during pregnancy was not so 'cool'. Yet, their SCIENCE was supposed to know more than what millions of years of birthing had taught us. Eat healthy, live healthy, and breastfeed your newborn, as all other mammals must to survive! This has amounted to a "biological rape of the species" by not breastfeeding. This information was gleaned from a distance nutrition program from Bastyr University that I took back in 1993 while employed by Mrs. Gooches Market (which was later purchased by Whole Foods Market).

My husband wondered why our country is so breast-obsessed and figures this may be the reason – so many of us were not breastfed. Unfortunately, my mother listened to her doctor, and took drugs to knock her out as soon as she had me, not knowing that the worst was past.

She did not breastfeed just like most mothers of her time. I remember how empowered I felt when I had my first child: all ten pounds, ten ounces. I had NO sugar imbalances as what felt like a kazillion blood tests proved – turns out, big babies just run in my family on both sides! Today at age 17, he is over 6 feet tall and wears a size 14 shoe.

How I treasure my pregnancy memories, mountain walks in Taos, NM, avoiding earthquakes in California, and dancing naked, with my big pregger belly in my living room as I listened to Earthbeat by Paul Winter, Alanis Morissette's, You Learn, and Head over Feet... and so many others...

Those precious moments with my newborns, singing together, dancing, playing, and all the times since, learning and growing together! I thought about sharing these stories in future book, and maybe include some of yours (see contact info. on www.ellenfarrell.com).

If you want to share a page or so of your story for future moms to read – what helped you, and what didn't... please send it to me! But if you have a longer story, maybe

that is the book you need to share with the world! Either way, I hope this book helps you to consider your own passage into, and experience of this world – with your family, and the children you know (&/or for your inner child).

I am also blessed to have a life partner who is also an old friend – I include some memories in poetry here, of meeting him and our time together. How we come together is a rich story, and I'm grateful I learned from the difficult times I had before meeting him (so as to be awakened enough to meet him and to parent with him in this life), and to keep making it work.

Of course, families can take many forms – all forms are valid, and to be treasured. What can be more relevant than coming together in the name of love (which we do in the Spirit realm, even though it may not always feel that way on Earth!), to bring forth consciousness in an environment of trust, and joy in being?

Your animal friends may also be an important part of your family as they have always been in mine. One thing I know; what matters most is that we choose to come together out of love. My experiences as a counselor (from my years at a college, a hi-max prison, in the community, hospital settings and in my private practice) – and just as a human being, remind me that pain is rampant in this world. Few if any of us, are left unscathed. We may learn some of our most poignant lessons from these stories, to be reminded of the preciousness of each moment.

We have the potential to create Heaven on Earth, and we can become more gentle and compassionate as we learn from our own and others' missteps. Love does not judge – it only welcomes all to know it.

I hope you'll enjoy reading about my journey as you travel along on your own adventure! The Opening, the first poem – is not written by me, but by my dear Nana. She was an Earth/Fire Element, and likely started out more Fire than Earth ...always full of JOY, and young at heart.

I appreciate how she never bought into defining herself by any outward or superficial measure.

These are her brilliant words... to me, she was pure poetry. Quick to laugh, easy to hug, always there with Love. I hope you love and appreciate her message and words as much as I do.

The last poem is from my daughter... out of the mouths of babes. She shared this with me in 2nd grade, and to my delight, these thoughts were all hers. My daughter is named Grace, after my Nana, and her poetry too, is succinct, clear, unencumbered, and pure.

We all have love and some form of family all around (Spirit helpers abound!), and we always have the opportunity to create new family, more Love, to reach out, and discover.

It is a thing of the Soul, Heart, and being here now. I welcome you into my experience of family. We are learning still. What a gift.



*Me with Nana, age 3 or 4 (1965) –
and my Nana age 15, with her sister Matilda (Aunt Tillie to us, 1917?).*



Prayer poetry from my Nana Berry ...

Originally composed for my Aunt Linda, at her 16th birthday to help her find happiness and success in the great adventure of life.

Dear Child – by Estelle Grace Cohen-Weiskopf

Take a long look into my heart

and see the reflection

of love and courage:

for it too,

is contagious.

The magic
genie of the mind
will perform for you
at your will,
and your future
can well be
a glorious adventure.

These are not only words
but a prayer –
and with the formula
I have given,

your course will be
straight and true.

Good luck.

All my Love,

Mother

In the Beginning

All the blessings

yet to unfold -

all the stories waiting to be told –

When you hold

your child

for the very first time,

mystery becomes known,

magic is yours to own.

Delicate and perfect

as a rosebud.

Strong and sure,

And Pure

as Love.

Before Birth

I feel huge –
a large round
watermelon
is inside.

It grows in spurts –
like a cat caught
in a pillowcase,
kicking and squirming.

A science fiction
experiment,
gone berserk.

But it's just you
becoming,
baby

New Horizons

When will we see you?

Catch your breath
and count,
another week gone by.

We've waited,
planned, and prayed,
and now we're here –
the beginning
 of an end,
 and the start
 of a new beginning.

The door
to a new universe
 is slowly
 opening.

Thanks and a Prayer

You will suckle
at my breast
with all the trust
and innocence
of a sparkling,
brand new being.

 You will be
our little Buddha,
reminding us
why we are here.

As you grow within
 my skin stretches,
 my mind expands,
 I am enlightened.

Soon I'll hold you safely
in my arms
and give thanks
for having you
in my life.

Letting Go

1990

How can I think
of pollution and loss,
anger and greed,
with you growing
in the center
of my being?

I can only feel
wonder and Peace.
I am part of a miracle
occurring.

So, for now I let go
of judgments
of the President,

I won't write letters this month
against dolphin killers
and toxic dioxins

I'll take a vacation from the news...
A new Aura surrounds me.
Your light radiates out,
through me.

I feel your Spirit –
so beautiful that my Soul
is pierced
by its Divinity.

So I float in timeless time
waiting for the gift
of seeing into your eyes,
and nothing else
seems to matter.

She sits curled
in my lap,
her little grey head
looking like a doll, softly rests
against my giant pregnant belly.

She purrs –
and the life inside me
responds.

Katchina reflexively licks
the bare spot of tummy
my top didn't cover.

When baby kicks, she knows,
she kisses the baby inside.

And then, for a moment,
she looks up to me

with her luminous blues,
in wonderment,
before returning
to her curled up,
cozy sleep...

There is so much clarity
in my life now,
and I my eyes
become full –
not from sadness
or suffering,
but from
the exquisite joy
of knowing
so much love.

Stay up Late

My sweet, sleepy husband
goes to bed.

And I stay up late
to watch my belly
roll and tumble.

The magic within me,
like a dream
not yet fully realized.

I am overcome
with Love
for the beauty,
the power, and the miracle
of this life within me
awakening.

Soul mate...Thinking of you upon awakening

Lover, teacher, best friend...

looking into the mirror

of your eyes,

I see the reflection of Truth –

my faults and weakness,

my beauty and uniqueness.

You touch me – strong yet gentle,

and I am healed.

Together we are balanced,

a perfect dance

of shadow and light.

Bound by mutual love,
safe, forever free
in each others' arms.

You are my husband,
my partner,
my Soul-mate.

Love Manifest

We reached across
an ocean
of Time and Space.

Invisible hands clasping.
We are ready
to be united again.

This time we are complete.
Our shared dreams are seeds
planted long ago.

The fountain
of manifestation
is overflowing.

First Born

I looked out
the empty room
at the giant Blue Spruce
swaying in the snowy wind,
and wept to be with you.

My mother-in-law's
tapestry covered rocker
keeping time with my heart.

How my body ached,
yearned to hold you – so lonely,
so alone without you.

In a vision I saw you,
and there it was,

your little boy face – age
three or four, inquisitive,
thick blond bangs, blue eyes
peering up, asking,

"Mommy, when will I be with you?"

"Just not yet... soon", I said,

and you:

"I miss you", and "I love you".

I imagine holding you,
rocking with you, little baby
– in my chair,
for what feels like hours,
I rock and wait.
Time stops.

God knows

we did the tests, took the meds,
took the pain, nothing changed.

Internal scars blocked the way,
hidden secrets locked away.

We moved to LA where

the Oriental Medicine Doctor
took me off dairy.

I drank bitter herbs,
mixed and boiled daily.

Husband: "we're farming for a baby" ...

I ate only organic, and prayed more.

I began to heal.

One day not long after,

I'd never felt so ill.

Dr. Matt tested me

energetically

with Chinese herbs,

saying with wonder, under his breath,

almost to himself,

"It can't be...

It's only been three months" ... and then,

"Well, you're pregnant"!

Stunned with joy,

how I flashed on

seeing other mothers

with their babies

everywhere...

for five years my empty lap,
the ache in my heart,
in my arms,

as I entered the fullness
the sweet caress
of caring for you.

Valentine's Day...six months old 1992

I stole a silent moment

with my son today.

Sitting in the car waiting for his dad;

the sunlight sparkling,

he reached out so gently

to touch my hair,

and his smile met mine.

Sometimes life feels like

climbing a mountain.

The compass is broken,

we don't have hiking boots,

but the view sure is pretty

if we remember to see it.

Yesterday I started my new job.

Pumping breast milk

on my breaks, ...

my day revolving

around him still.

While I worked

I heard a baby cry

and in my mind, my arms

ached to hold my baby.

Chest empty, breasts stinging,

milk, spilling out like tears,
staining my shirt.

I will miss him again
tomorrow... but for now, this
is the course I've chosen.

So I take my challenges
as they come, committing
to appreciate the panorama,
and safely save
the gift of his smile;
the silent moment,
I stole with my son.

Baby Sean

1993

I carry you with me
wherever I go –

a little wrapped
and ribboned box
in my heart.

My love for you
exceeds all language
and logic.

You are creation
in formation.

I ask the Angels,
from the depths

of all knowing
to watch you closely.

You are
my precious gift
from the heavens
above.

Remarkable Bill

Deep in thought
your eyes probe

and you say,
"I hope you live
a long, long time."

"Why?" comes my slow,
curious-sideways reply –

"Because, I want my
children to know you."
you say.

And I must take a breath.

You are seven
and tomorrow, I know
you'll have a hissy fit,
and not want to do
your subtraction,

or randomly refuse
to sit next to Grace,
 or cry because Sean
won't talk with you.

But right now,
I see an ancient
Sage within you,
 as wise, mature,

and thoughtful,
as an old,
old man.

Little One... hard to let go

You think you can hold him

in your arms forever,

and that your love

will protect him –

encircle him

in your sphere of safety.

But he is not yours.

He grows

each moment,

more aware, more himself...

discovering new things,

places to see,

touch, taste;

he grows further
from your sphere.

Your love made him strong enough
to dare to be all that he can,
and he knows
you'll always be there
to hold him close,
to love him...

and then one day
to let him go...
In the end of each life
we have a new way
of letting go again.

Then we can know
this golden chord of a love
that never ends.

Connecting us, even when
all we have are memories.

Good, bad or indifferent,
love survives all things,
in a golden web
an infinite flow,
a scintillating sphere...
so full
of possibility.

Baby Grace

1996

She is paradise
in a smile –
the perfect petals
of a pink bud.

Her glance
takes my breath away.

Her presence
makes my
heart sing.

My Favorite Number

You three, you lived
in the heart of my being,
the center of my soul.

Feeling every hiccup
and kick, stretch and yawn.

Meeting your eyes made me a Mom.

We are the rhythm of life.

The five of us, every aspect
of the Elements, represented.

I loved your dreams of dancing,
how you laughed while asleep,
in the middle of the night,
cuddled close for comfort,
fell into soft breaths
after nursing;
rose-cheeked
contentment...

a dribble of mommy milk
rolling from the corner
of your sigh,
down your face.

3 Hugs

Announcing her hugs and kisses,
a cleaving of bodies,
she'll take your face into her hands;
 will take your hand into hers,
 will walk with you-alone, because
 she "doesn't want you to be lonely".

Baby boy, hugs first
with slate blue saucers,
melts into us, says M o m, in
 slow, soft, surrender.
Age 4, as the sun sneaked, streaked
through the clearing storm clouds
piercing the gray morn, asks
 "Mom, is that heaven?"

Big bear hugs burst
from his full frame, my first,
even as a baby, ten pounds,
ten ounces,
we called him Moose.

In his pureness of
consciousness,
tells us of his sadness
that his body
can't fly.

Cherubs

I love you as much
as the Angels in heaven
 love all of humanity.

I breathe you in like
the sweetest scents
 in the world.

I see you in
all your potential
 and perfection;
hear your heart beat
of joys and concerns,
 wild laughter,
 and wounded tears.

I reach to small hands
grasping, linking,
pure joy hugs
 that last long seconds;
Eskimo kisses
and wide eyes,
 searching into mine.

Loving every moment,
you are the Angels
 in my world,
 and I love you more
 than life itself.

Love Unit

I was broken
when you found me,
when I found you –
like magnets we fused.
Nuclear explosion of Love.

You, in your own way
 were broken too,
 but recently mended, in part.

Together, we helped sew
each other up,
smooth the scars,
clear the tears;
 build new dreams,
 make schemes,
make mistakes,

pull out hair,
(some of it still not there).

Round and round we go,
spiraling on...
into the vortex.

The mystery is huge
and the path, often obscured,
by baby diapers,
electric bills
and money worries.

Nevertheless,
We have each other...

We will maintain
our works in progress.

We will forge ahead
through the fog of life.
We will make it, together.

Daughter

We became accustomed
to our rituals, I'd say
"Good night my beautiful little daughter",
we'd cuddle, giggle; nap some more.

Later, you, age 2, after months of
automatic, "Good night Mommy",
in a moment of recognition, respond instead,
"Good night my beautiful big mommy" ...

We laughed 'til tears sprung
at your sudden spurting
and pure joy spirit...
And I wonder after all this time being
your beautiful mommy,
how you'll feel down the road.

Will you still think me
"your beautiful mommy"
when my eyelids are drooping
creases, and my smile,
crooked from wear?

Will you see only an old woman?
Or will the light in my eyes be
beautiful to you still?

As I apply the required dab
of color, matte finish and gloss,
I see how time and life
have made their mark.
Am I beautiful without
these painted illusions?

I know I am still me,
with or without this artifice,

even this physical form.

Yet, I remember

my mothers' nonchalant,

“Oh Ellen, put on some makeup

before we go to the Mall!”

(age 14, wondering, do I look

horrific with my naked face?”);

my Aunt who worked

for Estee Lauder;

my stepmom,

a cosmetics dept. manager!

So ingrained, too expected, yet,

still me, underneath.

And my Soul sings

its own beautiful song.

I may not be firm in form forever,
but I am firm
about this one thing –

this body (with its autumn
and winter yet to be),
will not wither
what lies within.

If Life is Poetry

Do We Have to Write it Down?

Every moment has magic –
my dress billows out,
flash of cinnamon,
 saffron, tumeric.

Black umbrella
stark, against
the peachy flow of me.

I take the shortcut
through the K-Mart lot
 at the corner
 of Victory
 and Skidaway,

and muse,
how I would spend
our food money –

if it weren't for the kids,
 on those tasty
 purple petunias for sale,
and others,
 colors like lollipops.

How they are like
living love drops in my heart.

I pass the Krispy Kreme,
turn right and dream
of warm fudgy outer edge,
creamy custard center
in my mouth. Glad
to enjoy the taste

without the calories,
or zit on the face.

I continue home,
and at the door,
my daughter (she's only 4).

Her rush to meet me,
her squeal, "Mommeeee!"

Her wild, lusty hug,
better than any flower or food
imaginable.

Mommy

I'm up when you are.

Up with the sun

to care for you –

to whisk away tears

from your sweet

pink cheeks.

Up to entertain

to clean,

to fix it,

to dance and sing,

or giggle;

to hold you

in your anger & fear.

Up to guide you;
to learn to be
a better human being.

Sometimes I get too angry.
Sometimes I too, get afraid.

But I'm grateful, always
to be up with you,
to whisk away tears
and to learn,
together.

Here She Comes to Save the Day 1999,

(before we knew about GMO's)

I am super mom; Über-Mom.

This Sunday morning 8AM

Washing 500 dishes, and

organizing them neatly.

I hear a fight fomenting

in another room.

The 3 year old – "Its mine."

The 6 year old – "Give it to me,

its not yours."

Screams "I hate you."

3 Year Old shrieks –

"mommy, he hit me."

I get the Holly Flower Essence

in order to promote brotherly love.

First I take some.

Then I ask,

"Who wants to watch a movie?"

"And have popcorn?"

Ahhhhh, silence!

I put the flower essence -

which also reduces

sibling rivalry – into their juice cups.

"Now, isn't it much better

to get along?"

I give them napkins.

They pretend to hear me.

I hug him – "I love you Mom."

I hug her – "I love you mommy!"

Thank you for this good food."

I make back up snacks,
cut up apple slices,
mixed cheerios
with chocolate chips
and raisins in a bowl,
they stand ready on the stove –
so when I sit down to read
the remaining hundred pages of
Developmental Psychology,
to master my class,
I won't have more than one or two
interruptions per 1/2 hour
maybe...

"Bark bark" – I tell the puppy, Millie,
"NO bark. I will get the water pistol..."
she grumbles and chews on her toy.
I tried positive reinforcement,
mentoring and hands-on-instruction –

but sometimes that doesn't cut it.
After a month she bit my 3 year old –
we realized then, it was not a fit.
Millie was replaced with a kitten.

I said to my husband last week as we
watched "Malcom In the Middle" on Fox TV,
"I like that mom. She's bossy,
passionate and funny."
and he said,
"You are that mom."
and we laughed.
But now, I'm not sure...
is that is a good thing?

Last night my big 8 year old
(Ten pounds, ten ounces at birth,
a fifteen inch head, almost
twenty-four inches long...

it would've killed me,
except for the fact
that I became Über Mom
on that very day),
was asleep on the living room couch.
Four AM, decorative pillows scattered
all over the floor.
We don't know why
he prefers the couch
over his bed.

Touching his forehead gently,
I command, "Get up"
– pause – no movement
I squeeze his ear lobe,
he groans – "aaghh"
me, softly... "feet on the floor"
I put his feet down,
he staggers down the hall, to his room,

passes the bathroom.

Me – "Use the potty!!!"

In the morning

he will not remember any of this.

I stop to write this poem
as the dishes are drying.

Millie really does need to pee now.

Later maybe we will buy string,
and fly our new kite
on Tybee Beach.

Then we'll make dinner

for my brother

– we'll celebrate his birthday

and pray next year

will be better.

Love is Freedom...

Yesterday I wrote
Chopra's Rumi on the hall wall,
in Olympic Medal colors,
bronze, silver, and gold.
Priceless thoughts
glowing brighter than gems.
These precious words
tell of truth, love,
and Spiritual laws.

My husband said
"What are you doing –
shouldn't we talk about this?"

I said, "No – This is good."

He stopped, paused.
"You are becoming so bohemian"
he mumbled, laughed,
shook his head,
headed away, down the hall.

I am percolating Nirvana,
never more present;
high on Love –

thinking that my children
will imbibe these words
as they grow...
and so,
this wisdom
will become a knowing
in their Souls.

For Mother's Day

1999?

This morning
We went to the buffet
at Golden Corral,
and all around
I saw gluttony
in fat plates
and greasy faces.

Huge platters of fruit,
ham and sausage
under lamps.

Harsh lighting
making a mockery
of our time
at the trough. ...

My boy beams,
"I'm going to eat
'til I explode!"

His eyes twinkle –
we all bust out
with laughter.

I look around again,
and the light shimmers
around everyone,
at every table,
and all I see now,

is Love.

Chloe is Not Afraid

She risks everything for love.
I awaken to the seashell greens
And denim blues of our room,
And the morning glow
glistens through
the eucalyptus boughs
outside my window shade.

Sleep recedes slowly,
and my clouded eyes
view the sky blue opaque curtain,
all in perfect ruffled placement
except one part puffs out –
a dancer's dress, mid-kick,
refusing to participate

in the sameness, in the safeness
of perfection. ...

It reveals

“Hey, look at me –

I am different – WeeHEE!”

I turn and smile inwardly,

as I see across from me

the one hair on my husband’s brow

that he will not let me cut –

it is not polite like the others

as it reaches out for God.

Then up onto my bed

to say good morning,

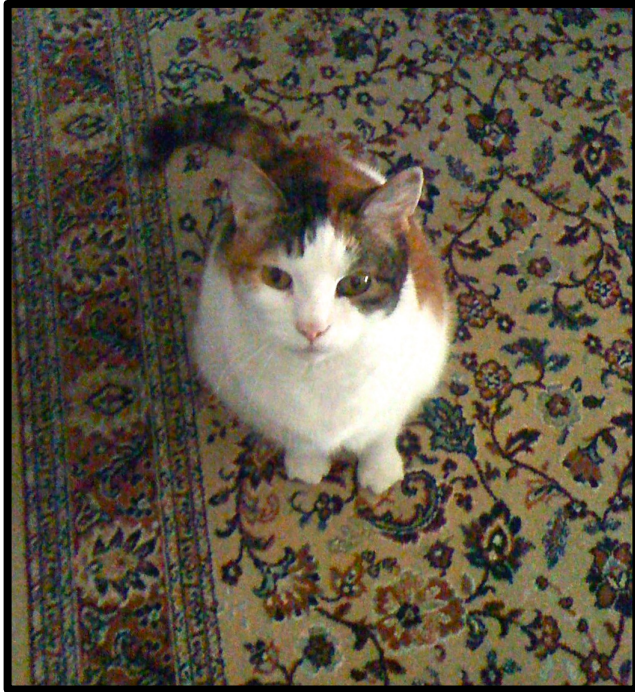
pounces the calico kitten,

Chloe Madeline

whom I rescued from DEATH.

She places her pink paws, dainty and sweet
as freshly picked baby corn kernels,
on my mouth – chin – cheek;
she licks my ear so I giggle;
nuzzles her face next to mine.

Eyes squint; mouth wide,
her silent meow replies
 in kind,
 each time I tell her
 I love her.



Cat Litter

Who will clean your box if I am gone?

I lift out the soiled clay,

rake the remains 'til spread

smooth, Zen garden,

and wonder how it will be,

your passing – worry that one day

you will be found,

stiff, gone, or in pain.

Taken to the Dr. to be put “to sleep”,

quietly eyes close, the light fades,

a gentle farewell, one last soft meow.

I cannot bear to think of it.

I will need to be old and gray

so I can see you can live a long life,

playfully plopping down
when you see me.

Cuddles on the bed, making bread
where my back hurts,
Jumping into my hair,
telling me you missed me.

After 21 years your sister
dear Katchina, doll of good will,
our persnickety Kookie,
showed me the swirling portal,
feeling being swept up
through the roof,
beyond this world.

I knew she was
on her way to Heaven.
Her last years, a mix

of peaceful slumbers,
and her odd yowling, ranting,
Siamese chanting.

She would find herself in the living room,
and wonder where the hell she was,
or maybe, where everyone else was!

She spoke her truth, and put up with no crap.
At the end she was noble in her inability
to care for herself, patient
with my imperfect attempts to help.

She purred her last sweet love vibrations
as I held her – my hands sending healing.
We placed all fragile 7 pounds of her
in a shoebox, buried her near a pretty pond,
and thanked her for her friendship
all these years.

I hope my old age is this kind.
My body will turn to ash.
My Soul free of form,
to merge with the Divine.

Some people have no furry friend
waiting for their arrival.

No joyful welcome –
too much travel, too busy.
No need for small bodies
with endless love.

Not me, I clean the litter
and feel blessed.

Here is Chloe and Katchina, about 3 years before Katchina's death. Chloe would attempt playfulness; and got used to being rebuffed – as the game.

You cannot see, but Kookie (her nickname) had deep blue eyes. Chloe, who had her around since kitten-hood, missed her terribly when she passed. Then Chloe passed within a year or so. They provided true devotion – I will never forget those gals. What Angels.



Dreams brought us to you.

We needed your whimsy,
surprising wonder.

How you spy and pounce, and
make us respect your fragile nature
with your sideways
hopping dance ...you
fly forward, fearless,
even if you are afraid!

Our home, your new playground,
surprises around each corner.

One month later and doubled in size,
we revere your shining sleek tuxedo,
white: mittens, chin, ascot, whiskers;
and one sweet pink toe

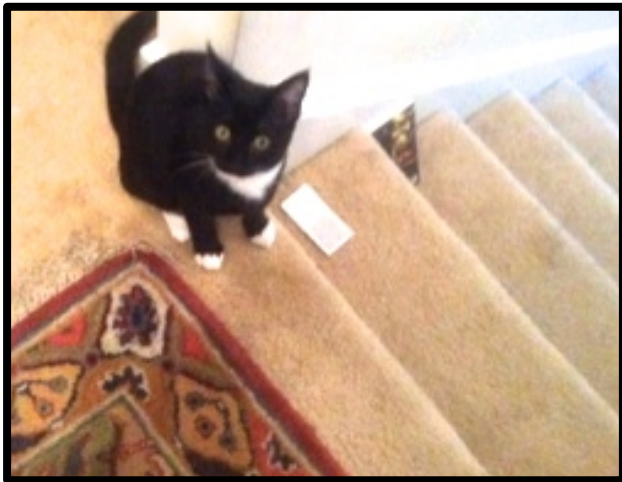
on each gloved hand, like
Good & Plenty candy treats.
We think we may forego the Litter,
and attempt to teach you
to go on the potty,
just like our other children.

He is one of us now,
so I appreciate when he waits
to eat, to be sure I'm there ...
I take extra care; only feed organic,
chopping in baby carrots,
sprinkles of cheese;
to worry if he sneezed;
if he misses, as he earnestly
does his business –
or, if he sleeps and stretches
on my chest, or seems intoxicated

with us all, I think, for sure, he
is some new kind of cat-person...

he purrs, places his paw
on my cheek, it's all
so bittersweet.

Thank-you Albus.
You made all of us smile.



Al had a white chin, and his "ascot" as I called it, the white about his neck. His fur was flecked, a bit of tweed of a white dash, here and there. His eyes flecked with teal. So perfect was he. Once he destroyed almost a whole roll of paper towels (for under the client's head, for Energy Medicine work) that I kept near my massage table. I came home one afternoon, and there he sat proudly (?), next to a 2 or more foot high mountain of shredded white paper. I said "Oh, Al – what did you do?" and, he seemed to say "yes, see what I made for you?".

So mischievous... his daredevil feats wore us all out at times, but his spunk was inspiring... losing him was devastating.

Please if you have a cat, feed only organic, wet food.

Black & white cats are Siamese in lineage, which means delicate digestion, but either way, if it is good enough for humans (human grade and non-GMO),

*then and only then is it good enough for my pets
(pets are family!).*

*We almost trained him to go on the potty, and he never
stopped being fascinated with toilet water as it was flushing...*

Sometimes he made quite a mess.

Here is his attempt to enter the room.

*He really cracked me up –
and stole our hearts.*



Waiting

Wakened in the night, feeling my heart line
whisper to you, wishing you will know
how much I love you dad.

How is it
that my thoughts converge
as ten poems wanting voice,
yet the one that lands
is about my father
as he prepares
to leave his body.

Truth is, I am not ready,
and he is gearing up
to let go
of being earthbound.

So ready to go,
even Starbucks iced coffee,
or coffee ice cream
may not be enough
to keep you here.

I know we all stood in a circle, and
said our goodbyes last year,
but I fear I didn't do enough.
Knowing there was nothing to do
does not make it better.
I should show up daily,
but miss weeks, hours, moments.
The clock moves mercilessly.

The vapid need to survive, make money,
swim on in the struggle, feels futile.
I'm just a muggle, wishing for
her magic touch. ...

I already miss you so much.

I entered the knowing of time limited.

The clocks tick, my body thick,
the night opens its jaws again
to spit me out into the belly of now.

I see him
in his nursing home bed,
white sheets, blinds drawn,
legs propped, showing only
bony knees; his eyes
that linger on me still,

following me to the door,
saying "don't leave me here,
all alone."

In the soft memory
of separation,
I am whispering
to you now,

wishing for you
to know dad,
that I'll love you
forever.



My Dad, Paul Weinberger

May 13, 1931 ~ December 14, 2013

These next two pieces I wrote for my dad's eulogy.

His funeral had a large audience –

I made 50 copies of the program I created,

and we ran out!

I'd never had to arrange funeral details, and it was an emotional and intense day. The mayor of Pembroke even came. Pembroke is the small town near his home in Richmond Hill, GA where my dad was a Library manager, and community leader (in his retirement) up until just before he retired – which was about three or so years, prior. It was meaningful to see many good friends and neighbors, even his doctor attended.

It is good to know so many lovely people cared about him.

He was such a lovely person.

I saw his Spirit during the funeral, standing in his lanky way, leaning causally against the opening portal to the room. He nodded to me – maybe he was impressed, a bit of his sense of humor coming through, as if to say “A good turnout” – wow. My dad was always so self-effacing and humble. He acknowledged my work of helping, as my stepmom was too distraught to do much.

He also visited me a couple of times just after his funeral while I worked with a client. I just felt him curious, and observing. At that time, my step-mom had given me a painting of him, done when he was a teenager – I kept it in my outer healing space, so it felt like he was around a lot anyway.

I’d often say “hi dad” in my head (?) as I walked by that pic.

He saw some amazing Energy work as I worked, and in his usual understated way, merely said to me “wow, now I get what you do.” He wasn’t ready to see the scope of true Soul healing during his life, and how balancing in the emotions and energies can be so comprehensive, and powerful. During his life, he thought his doctors had all the answers, and I feel he was woefully incorrect, despite their best intentions.

I am thinking of him today as we near his birthday, which fell in mid-May, and I do not doubt that for the rest of my life, every Father’s Day and birthday he will be remembered.

I imagine you have some loved one, whether they are still in a body, or passed over. Let them know you love them ...that you appreciate all those precious, little, momentous moments.

– Ellen, 2015

Let me tell you about my dad.

He told me his dad always said “a gentleman is a gentleman.” – my dad was a gentleman.

He taught me to listen to my own truth. He attended every play I was in while in college at Rutgers.

He was a nice boss when I worked for him (on summer breaks), and most of all, I looked forward to having lunch with him when we both worked together.

He was kind and funny, loved iced coffee, and the color green.

Once I attended one of the Richmond Hill Historical Society meetings in which my dad was inducted as VP – just before they called him up, he turned to me as I sat to his right, and with a wide-eyed anticipation, shared softly, “I am the President of Vice.” Then his big smile followed.

He loved being part of a group and doing good works. He went on to contribute a great deal of time and effort, later taking the role as president, just as he contributed greatly in the same way to his Chamber of Commerce in Fair Lawn, NJ where he had a retail shoe store (called Shoes N' Things). He successfully partnered with my step-mom, Elizabeth, and they had several stores together.

We went on many fun trips. Quebec, Kennebunk Maine; D.C. and saw "Annie" in its first opening.

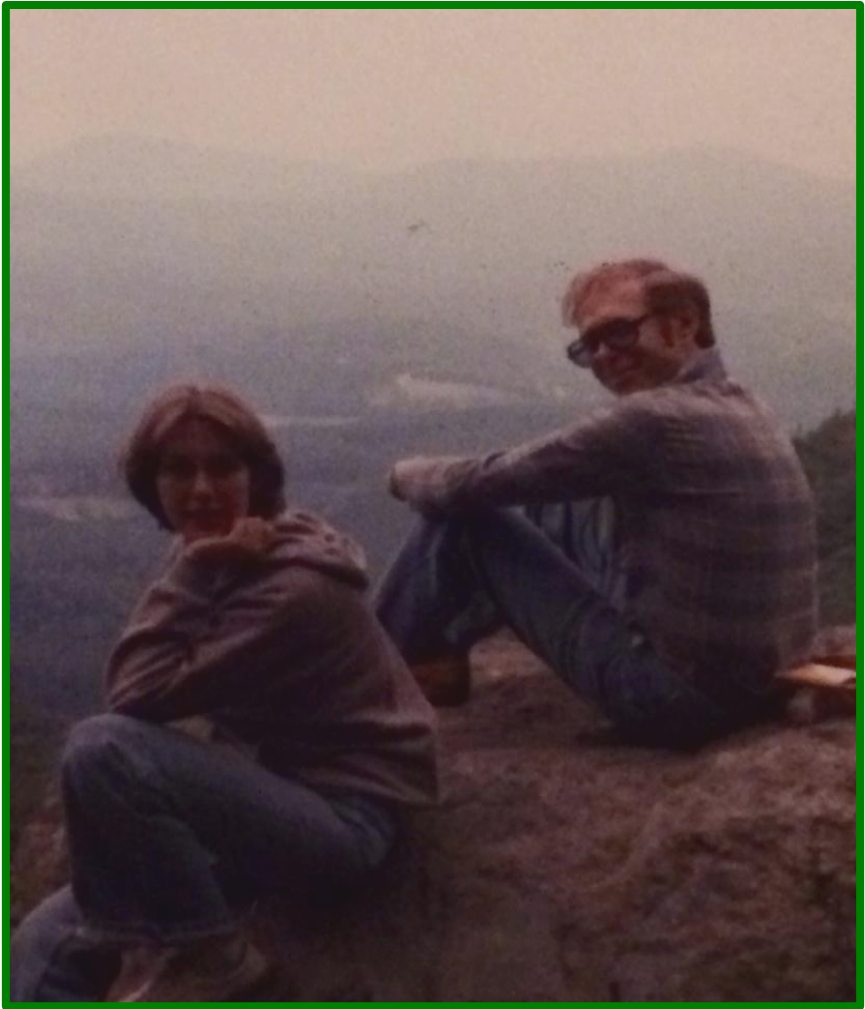
Museums and Art, music and theatre were all deeply enjoyed shared experiences.

I came to love Mary Cassatt, Van Gogh, Picasso, Kandinsky.

He was born 30 years before me so I always could remember his age.

Once I asked, "How does it feel to be 50?" He said "Ellen – I feel the same way I did when I was a teenager." I loved the candor of that response.

I think he still feels that way.



Here's teen me, in the Blue Ridge Mountains with dad (1975?).

My Dad.

2013

His name was Paul.

He stood tall and thin –

in Chinese Medicine, a Water Element,

I came to know him – as elegant.

He said “Do what you Love” –

so I listen to my heart;

I knew he loved me from the start.

“Little Indian” he called me,

and “Cupcake” – my Aunt Linda.

He was a gentle soul, sweet and kind;

most of all, at the end, I know

he missed having time –

with his little calico, Callie.

In a less than lucid moment he shared,

“Sometimes I see colors all around her” –

then waived away my response...

“Dad, you’re seeing her Aura!”

He loved biology, geology,

the Fauna and the Flora;

so proud of the tall Bald Cypress he planted,

that shot upward into the Heavens,

where he now resides.

I saw it all – a multitude

of rainbow Angels all around.

Grandma Ruth and Grandpa Bill at his side –

the mighty portal wide, his eyes worried

to leave his Liz behind.

At the end he became clear,
and knew it was his time.

As I said my last goodbye,
he was looking upward.
In the night, he Let Go.

I felt the sadness,
then saw him again,
so free... happy,
to be unencumbered
by physicality.

He's with family and Angels now,
and tells me
"find and cherish the Love in Life
– be glad."
That is my dad.

*May we all have the blessing of loving someone so much,
that when that day comes –
and we are temporarily separated in physical form,
from those we love, we can feel the blessing
of having known them.*

*No matter when it occurs in their life span, even
when we've had time to prepare,
it's always a physical shock to feel their absence.*

*It is a good reminder
to remember that Spirit is eternal,
and Love is forever.*

Completing the circle, this was written by my daughter in 2nd grade, 2003. I include it here, in memory of the legacy of love that flows through us all...

A Poem About Peace –

By Grace Farrell (age 7)

Peace is love and joy.

The way you live.

Sit down and meditate ~

you'll feel good.

Family is peace,

my pets, my friends

they bring me peace.

Be gentle. Be calm... you'll find peace.

Center your mind on peace.

Do Yoga.

Be relaxed,

and find a good place to sleep.



Ellen's Intuitive abilities are to see the stories and status in the satellites of the SOUL – the Chakras, and all the energies in the unity of all our energy systems, which is called Core Star Matrix Healing. She loves helping people become empowered to be more whole, to heal past trauma, and to evolve... to more easily enter into the Fullness of Being-ness.

Her love of Nature, and seeing and feeling as a Kinesthetic, and possibly even her experience with childhood Dyslexia enhanced her fascination for all things meta-physical which set the stage for her life's work. With her eclectic background as an Actress, Drama therapy (and Comedy) Improvisation performer, and Nutrition Team Leader in the Health food Industry, Ellen has committed her life to listening to Spirit, honoring Nature; sharing her knowledge, and ongoing journey seeking Peace, Love, wisdom, Joy – and living authentically.

Ellen feels that "family" is created whenever people who love and support each other come together in mutual respect.

She has a deep love for the traditions, and experiences of these sacred bonds of LOVE, and is an avid supporter of creating harmony and balance among and for all living beings.

Namaste; Om Shanti; Shalom.

www.ellenfarrell.com

MERGING WITH THE
DIVINE



Spirit-infused Wisdom Poetry



Ellen Farrell

MERGING WITH THE DIVINE

Spirit-Infused Wisdom Poetry

by

Ellen Farrell

Merging with the Divine

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www.mattduplessie.com

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Dedications, and In Gratitude...

Spirit, I bow eternally before your glorious wisdom.

I am grateful for my Dad who always told me to do
what I love.

To my husband Doug, and our children: Will, Sean
and Grace,

without you my life would have been neither as bold,
nor as bright.

You have all made even the darkest days full of
Light,

and worth the work of being here on EARTH.

Thank-you, I love you forever.

Dedications and Gratitude

Introduction

1. [Finding Peace](#)
2. [Truth](#)
3. [Let it Out](#)
4. [Walden Pond](#)
5. [Reframe](#)
6. [Grace](#)
7. [Play Acting](#)
8. [Nosey Parkers](#)
9. [Boundary Betrayal](#)
10. [Sparks of Light](#)

11. [Intro to Farts](#)
12. [Rage Incarceration](#)
13. [Permission Granted](#)
14. [Mother-in-Law](#)
15. [So Good](#)
16. [BABA](#)
17. [Cancer](#)
18. [The Landing](#)
19. [Hurricane Floyd](#)
20. [Not Illuminated](#)
21. [Cheers to Aunt Helen](#)
22. [We are here to learn to Love](#)
23. [Cut](#)
24. [Puzzle Slides](#)
25. [Afternoon of Discontent](#)
26. [I wish for us all](#)

27. [The Savior of Love](#)
28. [A Prayer in 3 Parts](#)
29. [Preamble](#)
30. [Prayer for Clarity](#)
31. [Prayer for Enlightenment](#)
32. [Prayer for Love](#)
33. [Dandelion Puff No More](#)
34. [Earth is a Garden](#)
35. [Cleansed](#)
36. [Work Scholar Thoughts](#)
37. [Mighty Spirits](#)
38. [Soul Freedom](#)
39. [Shalom](#)
40. [Namaste](#)
41. [2012, Why Are We Here?](#)
42. [Being Attentive](#)

43. [Dismantled](#)
44. [Reaching Up](#)
45. [WORD](#)
46. [Born](#)
47. [Enter the Fullness](#)
48. [Let Love Bloom](#)
49. [Create Order Out of Chaos](#)
50. [Food For Thought](#)
51. [Merging with the Divine](#)

[EPILOGUE](#) ...Poems born January 7th, 2018:

[Another Kind of Power](#)

[Prayers for a Better Day](#)

[We Are All Yasmin](#)

[Lines and Lies Apply](#)

[Fear Has No Home Here](#)

[Power to the Seeds](#)

[I Am Not Humpy Dumpty](#)

[We Are the Light Bringers](#)

POEMS born during/after COVID:

[The Quan Yin Collective](#)

[Shock](#)

[BE A VESSEL OF LIGHT](#)

...some plans are just shite

[Don't Kill the Messenger](#), or

"It's a New Day!"

[Paint the Outside](#)

Introduction

We're all on a journey of discovery!

There is drama, comedy, suspense,
paradox, and profound Love.

Deep connection
Is waiting for us all.

Make
each step
more conscious,
as you breathe yourself
into the flow...

Finding Peace

The time came
when I couldn't erase
what I needed to face.
Yet, from a sea of misery,
I found me.

Pain can remain –
scars that heal
become stronger,
as you feel what is true – is real.
In this place I face
what I'd never erase.
I found in me, a sea of beauty.

Winding my way
through thinning weeds

let me see a sweetness –
good, pure, sure.

Love's reflection
in a clear sky
does not deny
the lightening spark
that illuminates my mind.
Neither storm nor clear day
determines or defines me.

At the clearing, the Core,
comes release – the sun shines,
sees all, feeling One-ness,
I am restored.
In this place,
I am at Peace.

Truth

When I was young
I was so free
I only dreamt
of what could be.

But time brought frozen,
teardrop dreams,
and nothing looked
as it had seemed.
And brick by brick
a wall was made,
and tho' I broke it
down each day –
still I tripped
on fallen stones.

My Soul was split
like broken bones.
For everywhere
that I could see
were shattered dreams
and broken me.

So with my poor,
distorted sight,
then tripping
on imagined slights,
with wild eyes
that hide in fear,
I prayed my mind
could be made clear...
and bit by bit,
piece by piece,

I gathered up
some inner peace –
and found within
what I once knew.

Thru living love
I may be true,
and loving life,
be free.

Let it out

Kept it in for so long
made my bones crack and pop;
skin itching to let it OUT
Blood crying; dying
to see it go away,
anything, but letting Go.
Letting my world shatter,
giving in, screaming out
"Help me" – I was the one,
supposed to be fine.

Act the grown up,
but I am only nine.
No fair to make me do your job,
yet you have the childish words,
emotional bursts; irrational fists swinging

(FEAR) – I get the blame.

I can't heal you or make you stronger

But I can heal me.

I want this poison gone.

Please God hear my prayer,

I don't care who knows.

I spent years of being “fine” –

understood everyone's pain,

played it over & over

in my brain. I knew every

psychological explanation,

yet, my heart was still breaking.

All the betrayal, abuse, shame,

and all that forgiving –

I never let myself admit

I was still so angry.

I had to let it be; and
let it exist to let it mend.

So I let it all out,
I let it fall from me –

and there was no
fall from grace,
and another light
goes on.

Walden Pond

Short and stocky,
my still-new stepdad
laughed, and
called me a
"happy-face on a stick".

Age 12, we went to
Seminole Mall. Me, in my
new yellow, lime green,
tangerine madras –
seersucker short shorts.

My puckered cotton,
sunny yellow, white-stitched,
strapped tube top,
feeling terribly pretty.

Past the panties and bras,
nearing the Exit,
a little girl
said to her mom,
“Look at her ...that tall/
skinny girl” – me.

Hard to believe it,
now, in my 40's,
how ashamed I felt
then, by that comment.
My prized happy-face
button collection of
smiles – gone, ruined,
by pre-teen angst, and him.

In our new Florida home,
how he purposely placed

a bucket of manure,
just outside my open window –
and laughed
at my stomach-sickness
(from the stench).
He gleefully teased
about giant palmetto bugs.
Still the tree's leaves danced
in a million shades
of dappled greens.

"Read Silent Spring",
he said, and the sun set
at Madeira Beach in
orchid, rose and ochre.
"Nature is my church"
he said, and played
"Hava Nagela" on his guitar
as he had at many

a Bar mitzvah, teasing me,
my Jewish heritage.
Even though, we stopped
going to Temple.

Still on a clear day,
air crisp and clean,
the fallen leaves
sprinkled on the ground,
give such a satisfying crunch.

These peculiar
punctuations of my youth
remain now, as only
words on a page.
Turns out my happy face
smiles again. "Read Walden Pond"
he said. Turns out
I love Walden Pond.

Reframe

Looking back, now I see
they were being exactly,
the best they could be.
Sometimes it was sublime,
music playing all the time.
Melody and lyrics of Love
out of tune, out of rhymes.

Too much pain can't be contained –
something will break,

causing heartache
to everyone it touches.
I was 16, not much more...

I tried to hide, and wrote that day.

'She stood there weeping softly...
they stood beyond the door.'

Arguing, petty, picking, yelling,
feeling invaded, always
unsafe, unsure if he'd
knock down that door.

Such a travesty,
when out and about
was all jokes and smiles,
like a happy family, but phony!
A humorous calamity –
mis-takes, double-takes, spit-takes...
inconceivable incongruity,
ignoring integrity.

Soon after, I was in a car wreck,

and with gratitude
remember how I saw him,
then heard, loud and clear,
my dear friend,
from the other side,
in his voice,
reassurance...

“You’re going to be okay” –
he said with such certainty,
his presence calming me.
A moment of sanity
– then a return
to swirling chaos.
The autumn rain misting,
only darkness dawning,
two blond rich girls,
the 15 year old, driving,
laughing, goofing off –

her 16-year-old friend's new
gun-grey Mustang slamming,
reeling through the red,
crunching into my car door,
me – a toy spun into space.

The memory of it, after,
a punch that shook my body
– almost as bad as the name calling;
belittling jokes at my expense.
That passed over friend –
just two weeks gone from
a drunk driver crashing
into him, was too young
to be newly dead.

Yet, he brought me a gift from
his heavenly home, a silence
in the stillness, and a peace

that played throughout the dream sequence
that followed. The lady,
– an Angel herself, kept exclaiming,

"There must've been Angels
between you and that door."

Her words echoed in layers
as she momentarily tried
to pick off the broken glass,
a sea of glittering shards
like stars, stuck on my cardigan.

She helped me slide out,
to the other side, to her,
rambling on about having
just dropped off her husband
at the new Albertson's; his new job.

The 16 year-olds' father,
a lawyer, told my mom
"Don't even think about suing – no one
in this town will go up against me."
The pop of chiropractic corrections
that came too late, my neck
frozen for weeks, joints cracking for years.
Yet, now I know everyone
can evolve, grow;
change their minds – open their minds.
I hear the awakened voices
of Angels and 'dead people'
all the time – I didn't have to die
to wake up.

I feel such compassion
in my heart,

and want to be awake
for every moment...
for the precious gifts
of this life.

Now I know,
each note I hear,
sour or sweet, is ripe
with goodness.

Grace

My daughter is named after Estelle Grace,
my grandmother, whom
we always called Nana Berry.

Nana was a lover of life,
a dreamer, a poet. A sensual woman
before that was OK.

She bought a black peignoir in order
to spice up her marriage, but Grandpa
called her a whore for doing it.

Her poetry skipped a generation –
she adored me and I her.

She would let me go through her jewelry box,
at age four, and gave me the
Beaded Indian necklace,

bright as the colors of Spring,
despite the objections of her daughters.

She spoke Yiddish to great grandma Dora
who in her final year, at ninety-two
hugged little 4 year old me
like I was a gift from Heaven,
telling me a story – how lightening
had struck her as a girl in Russia,
her eyes sparkling as she spoke.
She seemed so small in her hospital bed,
her spirit so filled with love,
my soul overflowed.

Nana, who made the best Matza Brei
and Potato Pancakes –
gave me my first pair of ice skates...
pristine white and shining blades,
their perfect new cardboard box

squeaking open, as fresh leather
flooded my senses.

I never did learn to skate;
never even wore them.

Soon after, I learned we were moving,
to follow my new stepdad's parents,
and we were on lots of thin ice
after that, and those skates disappeared.
I don't know where or when they went.

Like the Brownie outfit handed down
from cousin Jane, those skates
didn't fit into my mother's plans.

All I knew of Florida was the picture
in my 5th grade schoolbook –
a giant beach inhabited by
hundreds of people in 60's swimwear.
This was 1971 – I was nine years old,
and life in Florida
was no 60's beach party.

In my new school, I didn't know they would say,
"Do you have horns?" because I was a Jew.
One boy grabbed my crotch
as I walked by.

My new markers, and bendable man,
All stolen. They had riots
in my new school too –
we hid behind barricades of tables,
and bussed in from St. Pete's ghetto,
kids raged against White oppression,
while White oppressors called the police.

Our giant room of classes,
were called pods –
and I was an alien in a distant land.
In the bathroom, I heard a Black girl
had almost ripped an earring
out of a spoiled white rich girl's ear.
Race hatred, a war; rebellion,
By then I was only ten.

This was all quite confusing
after North Caldwell, New Jersey –
beloved mentors, French lesson fluency,
pottery-wheel fluidity, all fine art –
feeling safe with family, friends.
Still fresh in my mind, snowball fights
with neighbor-kids, running in the forest,
pretending to be Indians.
In my old school, three boys had crushes
on me, and only recently

had Sarah Klein conspired,
to share how babies were made.

In my new school we were called “Lesbo’s”
for holding hands on the line to lunch;
melted American cheese; with
ketchup on bread was known as “pizza” –
no one even knew what bagels were,
let alone latkes, or Jews.

Nana, you followed us down – worried
as you were, that things were not right –
that your daughter’s new husband
was not right. You were there,
your heart drawn to mine.

I slept over in your first
drab apartment in St. Pete –
nothing like your bustling Brooklyn.

I told you how he hated me,
teased me, frightened me;
called me troublemaker, and "Brat" ...
He was a stranger to me.

My mom had taken us
a thousand miles from home;
took me from my Dad and Liz, whom
I loved; who were smart and loving –
and of whom he also made fun.

Nana, you cried to know my pain;
you held my fears; heard me –
you saved me. My Sr. year,
Nineteen-Seventy-Nine,
I went north on every break.
The day after graduation, I went
to my dad; preparing for college,

and you, a New Yorker from the get-go
who never learned to drive a car,
finally moved to LA., your dream,
to live in the Land of the Stars,
where Ava Gardner had walked,
and was spoken of as if a close friend.

Your youngest daughter, worked
in post-production at Paramount.
While visiting with her there,
you asked the nice man in the elevator

what his shiny metal briefcase was for,
having no idea he was Robin Williams,
or Mork to the rest of the world.
You were chatty, friendly with everyone.

Two years later, on break
from college at Rutgers,

I went out to visit you.

While riding on the bus to work
at Robinson's in Beverly Hills,
you'd struck up a conversation
with a young passenger,
an artist. Then you commissioned her
to paint a picture of me,
from a High School photo.

The painting was huge, and my face
had George Washington
horse-teeth, that made me look
like I wore dentures at 16.

How we laughed, and howled,
when we saw it. My Mom,
Tante, and me, folding over
like floppy beach chairs – and
how you, maintaining restraint,

did not laugh. How you loved it
because it was of me –
and face stoic, proclaimed,
“I will hang it above the couch,
instead of the Degas”.

How you graced my life.
In my final year of college,
in the throes of existential angst
at the thought of venturing forth
to New York City to be
an actor, I had a dream.
I flew out my 2nd bedroom window,
the ghostly curtain, vivid, surreal,
billowed in, and 7 year-old Emmy beckoned,
standing in the side yard, her hair in cornrows,
as if a schoolmate (in reality, a mom
in her 20's; kindred spirit, college friend,
who'd shared a book on spiritual ideology).

She kept calling me to come and play.
Finally, I flew out... then right past her,
above long plastic covered picnic tables,
one with orange-icing cake.

I swooped down to take a little taste,
then continued, escaping cables and wires
– a far journey. Arriving finally
at a cliff. I see the ocean crashing
over the smooth beach below.
Sepia toned moonlit waters – Nana, now
I see you – a young silent-screen beauty,
your exotic face glowing; hair pulled up;
your lips full and dark; you start singing a lullaby

– entrancing; so enchanting, it drew me in.

The view swept down to you – serene,
despite giant waves crashing;

water softly lapping at your feet.
There you stood, cradling an infant.
Then I awoke, feeling comforted,
overcome by the beauty of your music,
the clarity of the dream.
What did it mean?

You released your Soul to Heaven
less than 3 years later,
early in 1986, and in June of '96,
my daughter Grace was born.
She is so like you –
wide high cheekbones,
intelligent eyes that miss nothing
and love everything, she makes me melt,
her heart, as wide as the world –
now she is five, and says,
“Guess how much I love you?
– infinity percent.”

When she was an infant
we'd spontaneously
hum together, her face
pressed close to mine,
forehead to forehead,
or eyeball locked to eyeball,
synchronous thoughts,
connected heart and soul.

What keeps me going
is this melody...
the soft whisper of your love.
Your beautiful Spirit came back,
and what I pray
is that we will grace each other's lives,
now and always.

Play Acting

I remember sitting on a bus,
making believe – a role
I might play! What if I had
an unplanned conception –
a misdirection. I'd be
the suffering heroine,
noble & tragic,
even romantic.

But the reality is raw,
stark. Part of your heart
is taken away, leaving a
permanent scar. Healing,
or healed, yet never gone.

And it is not noble –
and you can't share the pain –
it hurts too much.

Nosey Parkers

What right do you have
to judge? Impose your will
on my own personal plan
of growth.

The choice is not yours to make.
Yet your arrogant ignorance
tells you another story.
How can you know the reasons
for this decision?

It is my personal path,
my body, my lessons.
Only God knows
what's in heart and soul.
Only God's Judgment
is relevant.

Boundary Betrayal

She brought by a big bottle of white.
We laughed & got drunk,
sitting on the stoop, we drank,
my then best friend there
– so I wouldn't be alone.

He was out, getting wasted
to cut himself off from Love.
I fell asleep, darkness
swiftly slipping into me.
Suddenly I was pulled,
falling into space,
onto the unforgiving floor;
feeling drugged, I was dragged,
pulled, forced.

He took me that night,
when there was no light.

Rolling onto me; a semi, out of control,
my body screamed, no no no.
I pushed away, but he took me
in my fright, in the blackness
of the night.

As if it were his birthright.
On my birthday, no less,
I fought for my life.

And I remember,
pain in the night,
fear of his might –
no light.

He crossed a line, and I
didn't even know why.

Sparks of Light

In high school, I wore ankle-high
Indian tie moccasins, blue jeans
and a T-shirt reading
"Question Authority!" –
which I never actually
did much of... brave enough only
to wear the threat,
which no one noticed.

I practiced classical guitar for hours,
then defiantly, played Billy Joel's "My Life"
on my small revolving player –
my small weak rebellion, blaring
"go ahead with your own life,
leave me alone!" A good girl,
demonized-demoralized,

Jr. Class President,
Dean's List, and NHS.

I felt I'd atrophied in high school,
prayed for understanding,
starved for college, and mature men,
which I did not find (only older);
and challenging, intellectual stimulation,
which I finally did find, blowing the covers
off the protective shell of
my nice-itis, "I am fine",
reserved-presentation.

Next, drug experimentation,
attempting to find my true self –
and be free, free, free,
of all the 'should's'
thrown at me...
On my visit home from college

we watched Farrah Fawcett
in the "Burning Bed", a TV Movie
of the Week.

You shook your heads,
said, "Oh how horrible", and I thought,
"how familiar" – like old times, and
marveled at your demented denial
as you both sipped your
perfectly ice-cubed,
powdered iced tea,
making sure to use coasters
so as not to scar the wood.
...and later, when a spark of light
grew in my belly after college,
I knew passionate betrayal.

He did not want the baby;
another immature man,

abusive power-hungry.

And I – not wanting you to know him,
let perfect you be pulled away,
and fell into an abyss of sadness.

My body thrown into
hysterical rebellion for many years;
my heart, missing the song of you.
This rolled about in my mind
and every cell, 'til I knew
what was right by how it felt,
every time, listening more
to my dreams; to my soul – to love,
so it can return again;
it did, and it does.

And it sets me free - free - free,
so I can see the spark of light
that has always been
in me.

Intro to Farts

My best friend in sixth grade,

Was Karen Gross.

Long, thick black hair, she was from Ohio.

When I visited her house for dinner

a giant gold-leafed bible greeted us

on a tall, grand, maplewood stand.

Holy water cup by the door

on the bathroom wall, and

why she dipped the tips

of her fingers in it,

unclear to me even after the explanation.

Her mother, producing tray after tray

of many colored Christmas cookies,

a wonder to my unaccustomed eyes.

Her father at the table, let loose
a loud fart – brothers and he laughed
despite mothers' obvious chagrin.

And I had never known my father to do
such a thing. Of course my brother
had let one fly during a long game
of Monopoly at my
Thanksgiving dinner in Los Angeles,
just to freak out the Grups.

And now my own children
fart without fear,
because we told them
it's natural. My youngest boy
(tho' met with disdain), let out a toot
while sitting on my lap at the table.

He, who hugged his brother
on the school bus, and when another
boy said "That's disgusting",
didn't care at all. Later he told me,
and we agreed, "That poor boy
... must not get enough hugs at home".

And his brother, the first born,
his first explosive fart-poop at 3 months,
fully breastfed... that's how he felt
about my first fun meal since the birth
(dinner at Jasmine Restaurant,
Sherman Oaks), Chinese eggplant
with garlic and brown rice.

We woke to his distress,
three a.m. – and mid-diaper check,
that meal squirted on us,
the wall, the lampshade.

We stood there, frozen...
then, his long "Aaaaaahh" of relief,
and all we could do was laugh,
when he was done.
In elementary school,
he leaves the room,
so we won't hear,
and buttons his top button
like a 90 year old, very proper.

Farting now an
everyday occurrence,
Living with my man, me
almost thirty-nine, and he
seven years my senior. Ten years ago
as I tried on silk shirts in 'The Broadway'
in L.A., he let one loose while
outside my dressing room.

He had to excuse himself
to the men's room,
and while I knew he was gone
the young sales gals
entered the staging area,
and commented in perfect Valley speak –
1st girl "Oh wow it smells so good in here"
2nd girl "Yeah like soup!"
both, "Mmmmm, I'm hungry".

And I stop my clothing change,
amazed at how they admired
my husbands farts –
and how we laughed
when he returned,
and will never forget
our happy,
smelly memories.

Rage Incarceration

LA, CA, 1992?

We never yell obscenities
while driving down a scenic country road,
but on busy city streets and byways
we sometimes forget our humanity
in the big Rush.

This rage contagion
rips and blows, and we don't know
when or why – it may take us by surprise
with its tenacious ties
to some forgetting of this moment;
some not being here now;
some fear of death.
We must take a deep breath;
shift in to slow –
and let the fear ...Go.

Permission Granted

Sometimes the cards seem stacked,
and all our talent and trying
can't bust that wall down,
to get us to the other side,
where life is easy.

Sometimes we want to ram heads
so hard to break through the bricks
of our struggles.

We try to remember, to know –
we are already prosperous
in some parallel reality!

God please help us to see,
to be free of these fears,
(yes, dammit, we deserve it).

Let us be full of love,
and ready, for success.

Mother-in-Law

1996

Your sweet lilting girlish voice
belies a secret – I see why
people asked if you were from
the South, like azalea and oleander,
your toxic expressions
were well disguised.

I do not wonder why
after three months of living nearby,
I developed chronic bronchitis;
blood-oozing migraines.
I've lost count of how many
poisonous meals you served me,
who 'stole away' your youngest son,
like death stole away your eldest,
And you've never recovered the loss.

It was August when my daughter, third
of your son's children, was two months old.

We'd succumbed to over ten years of
"Why don't you come live near us,
in Pennsylvania?"

Finally, we settled in a rental;
me, managing three young ones
in a new town, frazzled, hopeful –
at our niece's party, family all around.
I go downstairs to nurse my newborn.
As usual (Mother), you say,
behind my back, "Why's she so fat?"
and "People will think she's
pregnant again – it's not right."
And my husband, your son,
unable to hide his frustration at her,
found me, downstairs.

He entered the quiet calm
of the darkened room,
where I'd gone to nurse,
and find privacy.

Baby asleep, we were at peace.

Happy he found me, he handed me
a delicious looking plate of Carvel
Ice-cream-birthday-cake.

About to take a bite,
he told me what she said.

I put down the fork, and cried.

Almost thirty-six, breasts
swollen with mother's-milk,
hormones spiking,
I wanted to go home.

Mother-in-law, two weeks later,
you came unannounced to
“apologize” then added, “but it’s true”
after I thanked you.

I, speechless, blood draining from my head,
am in awe of your tenacity.

So I pushed on, polite; pleasant;
even trying to be cheerful.

I make fudge for Christmas.

Wrapped in holiday colors,
luscious dark Ghiardelli, with walnuts,
cooked by me, my new middle name,
Betty Crocker, and you tell your son,
when he brags to you, and raves
about my baking experiments,

“Don’t tell her, but it’s too sweet”,
and you send your recipe,

and return the uneaten

“so she can make it better”.

Yeah, right. We will never be friends

– not because I ‘took away’ your son

(who was never yours

to begin with),

he who finally

was strong enough

to cut the cord

that threatened

to strangle him –

but because he chose me

over you.

So good to be back
in the Mountains
of Pocono.

We marked time, making Angels
in the snow; slipping and sliding
on sleds in the yard.

My children's laughter rings
like chimes dancing in my mind.

So good to feel the peace of this place
After all the comings and goings.
The frail leaves of
Maple, Elm, and Oak
sitting on my window sill;
flashback from seasons' past –

I remember small hands
picking them up in Autumn.
The placemats we planned,
but never made.
Maybe next year, the shade
will find us again milling about.

So good to be here, springing
into summer now – to see
fireflies at night; Lilies and Lilac;
Rhododendron blossom.
To yell to hurry up and come,
to see a fawn, bunny,
or red-winged blackbird.

Yes, It's good
to be here.





BABA

1994

Bavani had short gray hair –
a nice Jewish lady,
from New York;
motherly, kind.
She became a Hindu Monk
in the Sixty's.

I met her at Whole Foods,
Lincoln Park, Chicago,
where I worked;
immersed in herbs,
my psyche, cinnamon stained,
and chamomile, rose-bud blissed!

I often stood amid Flower essences,
filling bulk herb jars with
garlic powder, pepper, parsley;

Chinese medicinals; vitamins,
or greens – tiny bottles of tinctures,
teas, or tools for beauty,
ablutions, in rows, always
ready for counting.

We stopped, smiled, seeing, eye to eye.
I told her how I'd turned my life
over to Spirit; about the work;
Reiki, channeling – Angelic Healing.
She chatted back, about Astrology,
my chart lopsided – opposites
of Scorpio Sun, Libra Rising.

I enjoyed her surmisings.
We became friends... I felt
the piercing of it in my heart,
that came between sips of tea.

We sat on the couch
in her clutter-free,
temporarily gifted home.

She shared with me about
the great Avatar, Babaji;
how she'd seen him
apparate in a crowd of hundreds;
how it felt to be near him,
to feel this something,
something beyond words,
but which others may call God.

Words, she did not mince.
Why waste your breath?
She acted from her heart,
and gave me a black and white photo –
he seemed just a boy, or maybe
an ageless being of Light –
to me, he looked a little like Prince
(the artist formerly know as...).
Also a gift, an amethyst stone;
small, yet potent with purple,
its vortex shape, like
a popsicle in grape.

She asked, if maybe –
we could do a trade.
Could I channel Babaji?
It is possible, she said.
I couldn't! "Not everyone
can handle it"

– yet the challenge was made.

I was unfazed, so
we made it a date.

That day, we ate, then
formed a sacred circle.

Just some friends
and I. I, guided
to hold my glowing
deep Rose Quartz,
rather than the clear,
though I kept it near.

Lights were lowered, and
also, my lids.

I took the time –
time to go within;
waiting, as always, asking

for the highest good.
And then, he appeared,
agreed, and allowed
his Energy flowing
into me.

And water began flowing,
tears rolling, pouring
unstoppable, from
my un-sealable eyes.
It continued
the entire time,
a sun storm of purging.
The surging wouldn't stop
moving through me;
wouldn't stop feeling like Love.

As I recall, he showed
that in some twenty years hence,

he'd apparate again; a return
I saw, scheduled – and my mind
is not keen on the scene,
to be sure. No, it's not
my intent to obscure.

I don't know if that timing
remained true... today
it's June, two-thousand sixteen.

It's sad to know how much we need
this enlightenment,
now more than ever.

Maybe henceforth,
as these words
are heard or seen...
maybe you will feel a shift,
a glimmer, a whisper.

Maybe,
he is here,
with you,
right now.

Cancer

1999

I must paint the picture in my mind
with words. Worst fear exposed –
breasts bloodied, blasted
by shotgun burst from within.

Insidious monsters eat my health,
creep into my life
leaving only death.

Memories in my blood
of distant relations in
Hungary, Austria, Russia, Poland.

Didn't my mother tell me,
her father's grandfather
was the Grand Rabbi of his town
in Poland, Nowo-Radomsk?

Her mother's grandparents came
to the USA around Nineteen-hundred,
from Pinsk, now in Belarus, Cohen
– farmers, lineage of Talmud scholars.

Were there siblings?

Others who did not come
to America from Budapest, Vienna.

Who waited too long
to try to save themselves?

How did death creep into their lives?

What monsters marched on their hearts;
devastated their families, and left the memories
of their loss and horror in my blood?

I wonder if any survived.

I wonder if hatred and fear killed them all.

Cancer has ripped a jagged line
of sadness through my family.
I was only a child when my Nana's sister,
Helen, was taken quickly
with breast cancer, in mid-life.
Her husband, sweet Mandy,
took the cancer road to join her soon after,
as life no longer held any appeal or luster.

My Nana, was nearly 80
when she too, was taken.
She had felt a lump for so long,
but tried to ignore it until it was too late.

I wonder if that isn't
how Hitler gained power.

My husband's blood history,
now in my family through our children,

recalls the loss of his brother
to Leukemia at age 14.

An ex-Naval Intelligence Officer,
his father wandered aimlessly –
tears streaming down his face
after getting the word.

Through Boston's streets he stumbled,
hoping some thug would attempt anything
so he could unleash his unbearable pain.

His mother swore off all things unknown.
All things beyond her scope
became unsafe.

My husband Doug, then only 9
let a year of making believe pass
before accepting his loss.

I am so grateful to have our family –
this awakened, conscious life,
and our beautiful children.
My oldest, Bill who at age 7 –
after the Jewish Food Festival,
when we asked if he'd had fun,
said he "especially enjoyed
the bagel with cream cheese, lox
and thinly sliced onion".

Only there was no onion,
There was no mention of onion,
though it is traditional.
We eye-balled each other –
that look that parents have
when something interesting happens.
I guess the memory was in his blood.

Bill's father, from Irish Catholic;
mother German, Prussian,
Polish Catholic,
Tho' her fathers name
could be of Jewish origin...

yet, all claiming NOT to be Jewish.
Still, his Grandmother taught them
to always have the "good Jewish Rye",
herring, matzoh, Halvah candy, and yes,
his sister is a Doctor, and knows
where all the best deals in town are.

Only this winter she reminisced
how grandma always used to say,
(arms waving) "OY OY, OY, Mazeltov!".

When Doug dropped his Yarmulka on stage

while playing the lead in "Kuni-Leml",
the director, Roni gasped –
but, he instinctively picked it up,
kissed it, before placing it back,
as Jewish law would decree.

How did he know?

Not conscious memory –
it was in his blood.

Before we had children, we lived in New York
then to PA, we thought to start our family.
We'd just moved to LA, where our first
let us know he wanted to be born.
We went to Forest Lawn –
my first time visiting the cemetery,
and three years, since my Nana's passing.
She'd died the Spring before he and I met.

I knew she'd have loved him, still
my heart ached to miss seeing their eyes meet.
I missed her; seeing her love in action.
Thick grass held her body, and stone,
yet I felt her watchful presence
as we walked up the dense green.
Stopping at her gravesite,
Doug heard an unknown word –
a womanly voice, her clear, soft whisper,
"Bashert" – she said. He even asked
if I heard it... we later learned
it means "beloved",
and "predestined" in Yiddish –
her blessing of our union.

This is also in us,
and always with us,
transcending time and space –
the power of Love.

The Landing

I've landed here
after so many dramas have been told,
so many synchronicity's flowed.
After living lifetimes
in a lifetime of growth.
Now I understand what great old Oaks
have known –
since the beginning.

I reach out my branches to taste
the sunshine of friendships,
rooted in the soil, of trust
in higher plans.
And so it came to pass
that I was walking where I landed
amid the Live Oaks.

Spanish moss swaying,
marsh breezes move the leaves,
make me flow with Earth, Air,
and all living things.

A massive wave of love engulfs me
and I feel my wings
unfurl in glowing grandeur.

All the world pulses with
delicious, impeccable glory,
and I am connected with
the finest force
from Forever.

Hurricane Floyd

Storm winds
Shake up minds
and remind us
how connected
we are.

Huh?

Who was that?
Shatter the past
Start over again –
be your own best friend.
Make a plan,
Laugh and sing!
Live and risk
only, begin.

Not Illuminated...

And not my president, Mr. Bush

I feel the lies sift through me,
foul the air. Kill the waters,
acid rain, my own tears toxic.
I Yell no more! Yell,
with disdain, no more pain,

No more lies. No one else dies.
No more fear, no more tears.
The truth is all that matters,
This is not YOUR land. You
are not my leader – You, are a lie.

We all knew about the greed,
Silver spoon stuck up your a**

so far it comes out your mouth
backwards.

Arrogant bloated
Ego maniacs! You
don't speak for me

I set me free – I am Peace,

I hold a vision of equality.

I Yell no more.

Cheers to Aunt Helen

Trocodero bottle of rum,
you brought it back from Cuba
Nineteen-twenty-five.
I got it in '86 after you died –
cancer took away your loneliness.

You said "Up to 82 is easy,
but after 83 is really hard".
I visited you at a small
New York City hospital.
Behind a curtain,
only shadows and moans,
your flash of knowing me,
then the sharp ache again.
It was hard being there,

to feel your pain, I prayed,
and touched your shoulder.

I wondered, how many years
went by, with no one to hold you?
You were petite and a looker
back in '25, I bet. The little
black dress I found in your closet –
short and sexy, beaded; sheer-shouldered,
too small for me, and I was size seven,
and taller than you who still
sporting a blond '40's bob back in '82.

I'll remember your huge apartment,
West fifty-sixth, where you lived for
over forty years. We walked, side by side,
chattering away in the chill air,
brightly colored lights, gray sidewalks;

past the Ritz; all the City's glitz
and glam, Rodney Dangerfield
getting into his limo.

Living with you that summer,
still In college; I did Yoga daily,
took three classes a week, worked
at a vegetarian restaurant
in the Theatre district, went
to TKTS, saw tons of shows – and
turned off the fire on the stovetop
when you forgot. Gas on,
for God-only-knows-how-long.

And post-college, Nineteen eighty-three,
maybe, I stayed with you again, trying
to put my life back together
after a nasty break-up
with a bastard abuser.

You took me
for restorative Egg crèmes,
Rumplemeyer's, near Central Park South.
We strolled back as I held your arm,

Your body frail since a fall
fractured your hip, and I hungry
for more info., was surprised by your
sudden, adamant declaration,
"My parents were from Vienna", and
"New York was friendly in the '40's,
and like a small town; neighborly" –
you smiled remembering it,
then stopped, a slow sinking
on your face... "No, not like now".

I loved to slip into your small office,
shelved, floor to ceiling,
smelling of old things,

crammed with unsold treasures,
hundreds of ancient, like-new albums,
lots of Jazz; obscure Broadway gems;
to see your Deco furniture,
your four or five TV's, stacked
in the Living Room, where often, no one sat.

I cried at your funeral, angered
at the gaudy red on your lips that
people who never knew you
had applied – and shocked, as always,
to see a body, uninhabited.

It was sad to see your apartment
without you in it too – anyway,
we found some pretty crystal
green wine glasses;
your carved, hardwood
humidor night stand;

some vintage Sinatra albums,
old stock from your no-more record store,
and an old bottle of Trocadero Rum.

My new husband and I opened it
in '87 and tasted Havana,
Nineteen twenty-five,
in eggnog and exotic
tropical concoctions,
and were transported back
to a time forgotten.

That bottle now sits
on my kitchen shelf, behind
the Kid's Sunblock, and Cub Scout Calendars...
like a time warp it whisks me away
to that romantic, innocent time,
and fills me still
with memories of you.

We are here to Learn to Love

This is how we came to that
small cottage. God swept through my mind,
colluded with my Spirit
to put me there that day.

My 3 year old and I, out to buy
groceries, just for fun decided to
see “FREE KITTENS” – the newspaper ad
neatly folded next to me
on the beet-red, plush velveteen seat.

I never expected to fall in love
like a new parent is supposed to fall,
seeing the perfection
of their sacred connection
with creation itself.

Just as I had fallen with my own children,
as if to my knees out of gratefulness
for the honor of bringing them through me.
This ragged, devastatingly perfect kitten,
even in her imperfection
(her form not yet reflecting her potential),
her one eye glued shut with pus –
the sweetest light beams
peeking out of the other.

She pranced as fleas made tracks
on the bunny white
of her legs and belly,
her skin raw from their feastings.
I held the tiny Calico in my palm
and felt her life force weaken –
as the woman who owned the litter
rationalized in her Southern drawl,

“weyell, m’ah neighbor sez all cats gits
that eye stuff”.

I knew I couldn’t let her die
and had to save her –
as I saved myself. Now she is
a quirky blend of pink-pawed devotion,
and self-actualized kitty-hood.

And she knows how I honor her.
When I came back the next week
to take the momma cat
and three remaining Tiger kittens,
starving, puny, blind – barely alive,
that old white woman,
ignorance and fear itself – sad, only
for herself moaned, “Ah sure will miss that
mama cat”.

I felt sick, for the misery her lack
had inflicted, and her toothless face,
fallen as I took them away
to the Humane Society.

Where is our Humane Society for people?
I had to pull myself back to sanity,
to humanity, out of a depth as dark
as the gaping hole of that old woman's mouth.
Who protects the children, like
I did, my little Calico?

They may be beaten, eaten alive,
blinded by ignorance, pus oozing,
starved for food/love/acceptance,
"they fend for themselves",
and the strongest survive,
like her brother, the golden Tabby,

who, two times bigger,
had a home to go to later that day.

And I have known people,
some who come from quote,
very good homes, end quote,
who never learned their own value.
When precious life is dispensable –
does a 200-dollar kitten
have a more priceless Soul
than the “FREE” one?

I have worked with young people,
one whose father dragged her down stairs,
her head slamming each step, thumping
like a hollow melon, the sound of it
in replay, ‘til her “accident” –
swallowing a bottle of pills to quell it.

One whose mother said,
"If you are too depressed, I will help you die",
and he was only seven.

There was one whose father raped her;
one who was never touched.

Prison inmates too tell of seeing others
murdered, as children; being beaten,
told they were garbage, "touch but don't tell"
take the blame, the shame.

Seeing mothers shot, sisters raped...

"Suck the tail pipe to show you love me."

What a beautiful childhood memory:
to have one's father try to kill you
by overdosing you on Meth,
to remove the evidence
of his crime, only narrowly

escaping to hide, to survive,
to feel already dead.

Why do we tolerate
these prisons of mind and heart?
And I, heartbroken, stolen
from my father, my healthy life.

My own stepfather filled with years
of rage confusion, regularly
smacked me so the red came –
warm and sweet into my mouth.
The contact of his slap on my cheek
against the metal of my braces,
until my ear rang from the open hand
against it; 'til I ran to hide
behind the green velvet chair,
rather than plunge scissors
into his chest, as he raised his arm
one too many times.

I always had a list of chores: dust, or
empty pails; laundry, vacuum,
make salad. Romaine, endive, olives,
tomatoes, celery, carrots.

I was on cutting green beans,
for our daily, perfectly made,
healthy dinner salad. But
nothing was ever perfect enough,
said his twisted soul.
He was yelling, escalating,
I was trying not to cry.
Soon his hand went up.

My body shook, and took me
to our 'Living room' – but I
couldn't remember how I got there.
I'd lost time. In my shock

of seeing in my mind, the scissors,
that had been innocently
cutting salad greens – instead,
thrust; stuck into his chest.

My Spirit swooped in,
some Angelic habit, of
“DO NO HARM” – took my body,
transported me away.

That moment split me in two,
but I would not be beaten anymore.

I was seventeen, and had lived it
for 7 years. My mother thought
she needed a man, no matter the cost.

Seems now, it was just a bad habit,
yet, a child’s sense of worth
is measured by such things.

It took me years
to sew my soul back up again.

I understood that kitten,
whose sweet, hopeful gaze
had captured my heart –
her Soul, just as precious
as all the others, cried out to me.

What a worthless speck
of humanity I would be
if I did nothing to save her,
just because she was free.



Cut

I saw the scar on your arm,
and came to know how
your Soul got so distorted.
Twenty years or so;
too young to have
so many secrets.

Even your kicked kitten,
Heidi, at one time, returned –
that kitten who hides,
even from Love.
Finally, the hurt came
one too many times.

“Contact means pain”
it’s how Heidi got her name.

She too was watchful –
eyes praying, hoping to play,
to purr again... yet, ready to run.
I see how you felt kinship;
felt the same.

As your mother cut your father
from your life – hoped to cut
his heart from your mind.

“To love is to hurt” – how
can you trust a man whom you’re told,
is one with the Devil?

Even at four, you knew, Mom
shouldn’t shower with you.
Shouldn’t scare you awake –
by lying by your side
in the middle of the night;
or inches from you face,
staring into your eyes.

Invaded by her love.
Maybe it felt more of a theft,
like she's stealing your breath?
And good became bad,
And you cut yourself to FEEL;
to know something real – and
you hide out of fear.
Her GOD became
a reason to hide, or to hate.

If everyone's a sinner,
who can be a saint?
Scripture quotes, always her alibi.
So you cut to keep up,
or to cope with the lies.
Quid pro Quo.
There is no absolution
in this dissection.

Yet, as we said goodbye,
that one, last time,

I hoped to imply
how I saw your goodness
all the while, to infuse courage.

Speaking to your core
of inner calm,

I said "May the Force
be with you."

I hope you remember.

In my mind, I raise my palm
to you now...with a Spock-like salute,

I whisper:

"Live long and prosper."

Puzzle Slides

I see snippets of memories,
A soft curve of the lip –
Questioning faces,
Is it safe to trust you?
Do you know what I am thinking?
So much is said in the eyes.

I feel the essence of you,
Like flicks of fairy dust
flowing from your heart,
showering outward.

A glimmer, a glimpse
of the magic of you.

Images float on
crystal slides – frames frozen.

A flash of color,
adrift forever
floating soundlessly
in the void of my mind.

How we struggle to engage,
to connect, to be fully present,
to find our piece.

Scenes sneak in & out of corners,
like being four, playing hide-and-seek...
but finding more than a name,
more than a body to chase –
lifting the veiled cover
of dead leaves, finding a dream,
a vision, pain, and beauty.

How exquisite is this journey.

How these images,
these fleeting eye-fulls
of moments, of you,
will forever remain
in my heart.

Afternoon of Discontent

Savannah, GA 2004?

A little boy mindlessly eats
his M&M ice cream treat –
fudge everywhere, no smile,
no spark, no connecting.

Even the Savannah
River Street family statue
seems off. A Monument
to the African American Spirit –
the father, whose body looks
like cardboard, lifeless,
and limp to me now.

I put my book away; close my eyes.
Breathe in; light goes up my spine –

hold the breath, light fills my head.

Breathe out, while

I visualize light whispering

by my third eye, as I am

thinking “Ahhhhhh”.

A crystallizing calm,

interrupts, I’m distracted by

the tourist’s caw “Oh my Gawd,

Is that a ba-arge?”

Pulled out of my lunch-break

breath-work-meditation,

I notice suddenly,

the sun has gone, replacing

comforting warmth

with muggy – nothing.

Time stopped. My brain warning "PLOP" –
Image in my mind,
a juicy plump
raindrop explodes on concrete.
I look up; everything is gray –
"Get up NOW!" I hear Spirit say.
Better get back before I get soaked.

I take heed, hopping across cobblestones,
up the brick walk; the steep stairs...
Do I feel a drop? Better move faster...
now, two splatter on stone;
drops darkening slate steps.

Rushing the block back, feeling heavy,
turning the corner onto Drayton from Bay.
I see in the distance, a huge horse
pulling a buggy.

It is tawny; strong...
and has an inner glow. I stop,
feeling reassured.

As if deflecting being drenched,
it walks with measured calm, a
steady, even consciousness,
soundless now in my mind,
except for butterscotch hooves,
a clicking echo on concrete
like a dream, sleep-walking,
he rounds the corner, water
prancing, dancing all around.

Looking outside now, safe
in my dark office, all life
outside is a blur.

The tall, historic windows,
hit with pouring, pelting,
water pounding;
a thick wall of flat, gray rain.

But that moment with the horse,
his Life-force –
the comfort of a road
taken many times, the freedom
of his steady,
carefree clip-clopping,
still brings a warm smile.

I wish for us all

~ my 2006 prayer for the New Year

I wish you could know
the beauty behind my eyes;
how I see beauty everywhere,
And seek Spirit always.

Please imagine you feel the ease
of the wind through the leaves
in the verdant forest,
whistling, gliding.

Fly past shimmering mountaintops
Like old friends,
as I know hummingbird
and butterfly, the bumblebee
who spoke to me.

Breathe in the Spirit connections
of my unfolding inner vision,
from Josephus to Jesus.
Know the feeling of floating,
moving, over valleys and streams,
past and future.

I wish you could see the potential
of my inner Buddha,
shaman, guru vision.
All I want is truth. All I need is peace.
All I am is Love.

I wish you could see
the light of me as I enter the truth
of the fullness of being-ness.

I wish you could know
the truth of your own light.
All you are is Love.
All we need is peace.

The Savior of Love

So few are truly present
TO respond. They
are dreaming; asleep – or
sometimes, they are present!
What a joy to see
truth embodied,
what a relief to feel
love through your eyes.

Some days, I want to scream,
WAKE UP to those who wallow
in fear and judgment,
which would of course,
just confirm to them
that the world is
full of crazy people.

Forgive them for they know not...
and sometimes they see
their own log as me.
So I look between the trees
to see the sun glinting,
calling me to remember...
I will feel my heart open,
pour out my own doubt.

I will put my whole being
into remembering
that all is not lost,
just because you exist.
I will pray to hold on
just by remembering
the love in your eyes.

Prayer in 3 Parts ...preamble, provided by Spirit

(Nana's words revisited?)

Preamble

There are certain pathways
that must be travelled
to achieve one's goals.
How we get there doesn't matter.

Only that we try.

One must focus on the goal,
believe in the goal,
and love yourself enough to believe
you are worthy of the goal.

Coming from your Core,
It will whisper into the heart,
and be processed in the mind.

Magic happens with faith,
trust, and a willingness
to risk failure,
but plan for success.

Most of all, Love the journey.

① Prayer for Clarity

Pray everyday
for internal peace.
Hear the gentle wisdom
of your heart ~
use your good mind
to create the world.

Only your heart
can know the truth.
Trust in God, Creator.
Your helpers, your Angels...
ask for help as needed –
there are no mistakes.

Everything, and everyone
is a piece of the puzzle.
Have Faith.

② *Prayer for Enlightenment*

Life is a process,
a play of presence
in the present ~
what is your practice?
Let your light shine;
let your Love flow;
let it begin, and continue on.

We are all One
on planet Earth-ship.
Have courage, compassion,
mercy, honesty, integrity.
You are not alone.
Listen to your knowing.
Let the light within shine,
and trust that it will
Enlighten your path.

③ *Prayer for Love*

Love always returns.
Walking through this door
met by some
mystical mission of growth,
I share, love, laugh, and wonder.

Bringing what I came to bring,
taking with me the knowledge of you –
a piece of your heart
forever in mine.

I thank you for your sharing,
Loving, laughter... and I know.
I need walk through this door
no more. One door closes.
Let only Love remain –
and new doors
will open again.

Dandelion Puff No More

Dandelion puff

twirling in the wind ...

I'm spinning, beginning

all over again.

No more roars to send me reeling;

rolling into splintered feelings.

I let it flow through.

Keep the rose dew,

of peace-love-joy – a great

golden resurrection.

My predilection?

To set the seed of my Soul

into Mother Earth's protection;

get rooted, sprout up and
become the exemplification
of God's love is my notion.

Time for a tumbleweed
Insurrection!
I'm gonna give myself
a promotion.

I want a good view
of the deep blue perfection.

Tired of blowin' in the wind.
This dandy-Lion puff
is beginning again.





Earth is a Garden

...my Yoga Karma Krew/Urban Zen, post-Katrina

volunteer adventure in New Orleans Super Dome (April, 2008)

One flower, bug ridden,
forgot how to look up
to the sun – drooping,
and dropping petals,
wonders why
she's even here.

Then someone says
"beautiful flower...
how lucky I am
to have found you.
I see you. Please,
let me tend to your needs...

Let me feed you,
and love you."

One flower awakens,
becomes alive,
grateful, beaming –
light streaming,
seeds flow out
into the world,
filled with hope.

My garden is
full of hope.

Cleansed

(holding Liver Source points today,
and acupuncture memories)

I exist in body yet also
see from the eye
of the Earth as I lie
in the ice sheath,
beneath your feet.

Acid rain drops; you stop
to step, exiting out
your car door, onto a
greasy rainbow puddle thaw,
that gnaws at snow on
the black macadam.

Looking up, I watch, I see,

I am round clouds reflecting
the heavens. I enter into
remembering another time:
a clear Lake, reflecting
mountain miles; bright Aspens
and powerful Pines peaking.
A graceful heron, white winged
stillness in motion;
a whale's song tuning every cell;
a dolphin's dance: ecstatic
jubilation, that lifts me up.

Staring into me, one day,
a small brown bunny,
eating a wildflower,
as I drive by; next
a strong buck posing,
antlers held high, then lightening fast,
his dash, into the tree-line,

a flash of grey into beige.
Flying all about, dragonflies –
hummingbird, showing
his majesty, teaching how
to be gentle and bold.

Almost comatose
in Acupuncture repose,
I see a Siberian Tiger
turn toward me,
stop, stare, and then,
enter my Soul;

What do you see?
I am all this life that lives in me,
bold and strong, balanced
and gentle, dancing, joyful,
I am clear
...cleansed.

Work Scholar Thoughts December '08

(...quickly jotted down in the parking garage in the early morning after driving to Hilton Head, NICABM)

I always have been

I always will be.

I am the Universe,

I am the cosmos,

purples and pinks,

a field of flowers.

I am everything,

a bird on a tree

singing to me.

I am forever. I am

NOW, happening.

I am no thing. I am the wind.

My skin disappears,

I am clear light.

I am a whisper.

Mighty Spirits

Let me tell you
what I see, what I feel, what I know,
in the magic of my Soul.

We are GODS, we humans –
in the center Star,
the seed of perfection
infinite potentiality!

Being, flowing,
knowing, becoming.
Entering the One-ness,
means wholeness
with your multi-Dimensionality.

Before I knew what it meant
I knew it was good, and worthy
of further inspection. It
inspired me, directed me,
spoke to me.

How can we be the Angels we seek
when so much PAIN
is in this world?

It locks us up, knocks us down,
disconnects us from our infinite
Core, of forever pure,
Peace – Love – Wisdom – Joy.

The shock, emotional splatter –
the FEAR and hurt,
wanting to be heard.

To heal from the story,
we must find release
from the dissonance
that won't cease.

'Til we see what
we want to be,
healthy, not merely victims,
but also – Alchemist,
Architects of moments,
asking, how can I
activate this NOW,
What will we create?

Mighty Spirits, we.
Awaiting awakening,
becoming awakened.

To transcend the ever-expanding
circle of pain and fear
we must awaken to who we are.
Not mere machines...
meat and bones, blood, tendons,
we have a heart, beating
determination; Soul knowing of
beauty and pain, dew drops
of dancing light that swirl
into extraordinary, scorching tales...
of torture, war, a final surrender to death;
passionate kisses, or cutting betrayals.

Yet I have a knowing too,
of lush, plush places, where

we languished with the
essence of wisdom, became drunk
on the nectar of floating
in heavenly fragrances,
a pool of golden light
flowing at our feet,
communing with the sanctity
of understanding.

In the inner plane,
through murky portals,
half-lit halls of memories
seeking and searching,
we ask why...
wisdom unfolds,
in a steady rush...
when we're ready –
we fly.

It is time.

Comings and goings,

I hush the dog,

walk by the Buddha head,

feel the Lotus pond whisper

from beyond the fence.

Onto the half circle path,

Butterflies and

bumble-bees,

bustling about,

busy with their work,

Leading me to the Roses

around the bend,

to you.

I take a breath, pausing,
plucking the pink perfection
of spent petals,
a celebration of confetti
thrown into the blue,
gifting them UP,
to watch them rain about me,

Smile, as they float, spiral,
slide down onto the side walk.
I sprinkle pink petals all around.
The black metal latch clatters;
tall wooden gate glides open.

I welcome you in – we walk
together, back around,
past a blur: Roses, bees, Buddha,
we enter a deeper place,

taking time to go inward,
taking care, taking another breath.
Guiding you toward healing,
toward love. In the heart,
in the center, the stillness,
feeling, dreaming, remembering.

Then it is time.

You open the door.

We walk the half circle,
Rose-petal strewn path again,
laugh to feel the dancing wind,
surprised by Monarch,
or buttery yellow swirl of wings,
warning of bees
drunk on pollen.

We arrive near the tall wooden gate
to spy a new Rose bud,

beginnings and endings
and time for goodbyes.
Eyes meet, we reach,
to clasp hands for a moment,
or hug, heart to heart.

Taking a breath, letting go,
opening the gate again,
parting, seeing you step away,
stronger, more solid,
more Spirit, smiling.

You walk through,
and we each walk a new path.
I send you sunshine and roses –
good wishes, coming
and going, always.

Namaste

2011/12

(... today I see more clearly)

I acknowledge there is room
for all the Gods
and Goddesses
in the immaculate,
eternal Garden
of my Soul.

I awake, mid-dream, to pee,
to see that what I feared,
is there not being room
for me. I observe
the mirror, and
the reflection – my reaction,
and a lesson.

I clear my mind,
open my inner eye,
making room in my heart,
I remember we've all
arrived for Love,
a compassion,
immeasurable,
out from the One-ness,
the mist, in, to form.

And in this moment,
for forever, I acknowledge
your infinite, Loving
heart, and Soul.

2012, Why Are We Here?

I sat crouching
on the edge of time,
for an eternity.
Indifferent to nothing,
I watched. I waited.

I saw what I needed to see.
It seemed so reckless,
hurtling toward Earth.
Like fire and ice crashing
into silence – or noise
incomprehensible.

Darkness, wonder...
the exquisite, unlikely

possibility of Love
awakening anew;

such a small thread
to bring me home.
How will I know who I am?

How will I remember
my Soul's mission?
Born breathing, pulsing
this light into form,
of blood and spit –
so intense, many
have felt it breaking them
into millions of fragments...

Just as I remember
my heart breaking.

The task so large,
I thought it
unattainable.

Out of fear, I
never said everything.
Out of nicety, I never even tried
to say the whole truth.

So many penalties –
pay-offs to measure.

Finally I saw it all, enchanting me,
a light so pure, entrancing,
piercing – yet soft, sentient,
intelligent. I can see from within
my light, contained in this form now,
that niceness is erroneous!

And fear, inappropriate –
I've lived many lives, been
murdered many times...
It's only made me
more sure of this truth,
to imbue it in you,
so you know it too.

We are here now...
to remember, to see
the magical beauty,
that's in you and in me.
Majestic potential resides in
the fullness of being-ness.
Melding minds together
we can envision; choose to create
Heaven in each moment...
We may understand everything –
but nothing matters more.

Our inner Light
Is breathing, pulsing,
speaking, awakening –
singing consciousness.

See it, feel it,
hear it
now.

Being Attentive

5-22-12

I will not let another line
escape the page –
I steal into the second
of serenity, out of the night,
a light, a space of
creation from the void
of sleeping.

I stalk the pen, the pad.
Found where I'd put it
in another time
of day dreaming.
Waiting, listening;
a Lion prepared
to pounce.

With every step,
ready to receive;
to transcribe
Divine wisdom
and when I stop...
I am listening;
scribbling;
listening again...

With every
step,
and
every stop,
I am
grateful.

Dismantled 8/2012

My first reminded me
of a baby bird.
I fed him from the breast.
But also, chewed his food,
Not to be rude,
but to make it good.
Cause it seemed
like I should.

Now my nest is getting
Empty. Dry sticks of
nothing. Dust floating
In hollow hallways.
Want to take flight
at night.

Dismantle
the structure; pack
bags; buy a ticket

...to Where?
Where is home?
It is always
with you God.

I see you
in all beings and things –
a speck of sky, dragonfly,
or tiny bird humming;

I see clouds of golden roses,
a lovely place to land.

I search for the signal
of my heart.

The pattern
in its beat – of love
recognized, synchronized.

I hover, waiting
for a sign.

Reaching up

10-7-12

Tons of paper –
no printer;
new scanner, no ink.

Car runs – with no handles.
I can handle it, but
there's nothing to grip.

Open windows,
unlock the block.

I'm over-extended –
compressor is shot.
Trying to cool it,
but hot like a coal.

Help me keep the molecule
of this moment sustainable.

So much love,
not feeling hugs.
Something is moving,
something is stuck.

My Spirit is searching,
my thoughts are unfontable.

Praying I don't falter,
I'm reaching up.

WORD - 10-3-12

Impeccable – to be
not so wreck-able.
Infused and untouchable,
this light is so much,
its flow
contains all life,
memory – identity,
of Soul... Spirit,
sound & sentiment.

Round & round we go.
I'm merging – white light
streaming so free, faster
than my mind can catch or see

– a hue: azure blue,
silver and teal, so real,
a peel of infinite colors
blazing by; through;
becoming me
'til I am what I see.

This mystery –
unknowable.
I hope to grow,
in understanding,
being-ness, this All that IS.

My poem and SOUL,
are unfinished,
so I'll go on, will
live it; feel it, Love it,
share it – and it will live on
in you too.

Born

9-3-12

I wonder what
I'll grow up to be.
I'm just
a little chick – can't move.

In the indigo,
I glow.
In the stillness,
the dead of night.

I tremble, trying
to break out,
but not break; break free;
free myself from
birth chamber walls.
into the world,

I chip away,
finding a new way
to be...

blood-drops
on the membrane
of my Soul.

Enter the Fullness

May 4, 2015

When I first met the tools,
the Technology of my Soul,
I felt bold, but
beholden to those who
spoke of lines, points,
and Energy Patterns.

So, I listened and watched,
awash in overwhelm
of the images, feelings
that flooded my mind.

My goal, then, only
to be a humble servant
to Spirit, and then, to those
Luminous beings

who taught, and seemed to hold
all the secrets I sought.

So, I searched,
asking Spirit for more;
wanting to know
Everything.

And I saw, more than I
could ever have imagined.

Seeing everything
let me let go
of rules, and points,
and patterns.

Seeing everything
I was able
to know the Core.

We are a spark
of Spirit in a Body;
a million Matrices
forming miracles
In every moment.

Seeing everything
took me behind the veil
once again, to commune
with the purity
of Spirit.

To see everything
is very simple.
It is only to ask
... to begin.

Go through the door,
to the Core;

and always, always,
ask for more.
Asking, maybe
becomes your mantra,
a thousand times –
a million... maybe more
or maybe less,
we ask again,

“how may I enter
the fullness
of my being-ness?”

Let Love Bloom in You...

awaken the Core Star!

9/8/15

Divinity, Infinity,
The One-ness
Instilled in me, awakens
– as the Sun rises,
a Star blinks
– an Eye opens –
a Heart swells...

I smell Heavenly Roses –
Peony blossoms looming,
Lavender clouds billow through me,
thrill me, fill me,
bloom in me; each cell
sees All, alive
with Love.

Create Order Out of Chaos ...1/12/16

Wake up; stretch...

it's a new day.

Feel the sun coming up,

seeds sowing,

a smile growing –

I choose to be in harmony

with the music of the spheres.

Do dishes, clean house;

prepare food, read,

write book, breathe.

Plant Heaven into Earth,

seeding me... into the portal
above my Crown, down,
through the Core, out the heels;

Then, Earth into me, slowly,
enter the center on the soles,
up, through the Core, up more,
sprouting out the Crown.

Swirling down, all around.
My Soul, like a fountain flowing!
Energy shimmering,
love growing;
my Aura glowing.
Create order from chaos.

Do dishes, send love,
receive love;

be harmony.

Sleep well; rest.

Savor these moments.

Let my Soul

soar with courage;

sure, like my Core,

pure, complete.

Create order, think Lotus pose.

Seek clarity, eyes close.

Out of chaos, birth peace.

Food For Thought... June 24, 2016

(seasoned by organic, vegan delights, very good conversation, and heavenly company.)

How many times must we re-enact
the Spanish Inquisition?

I have a petition –

It's not my intention to incite sedition!

But how many times;

how much pain must we inflict

to get that hate begets hate?

It's a fate we re-create.

Land grabs, invasions,

power plays, ad nauseum.

Bosnia, Rowanda, Syria –

another Romeo/Juliet, Hatfield/McCoy

murder of Joy.

Don't we teach our three year olds,
...always "share your toys!" ?
If it's a ploy, it's anything but ducky.
This crazy hate-soup is more than insane!

Luckily, the truth is very plain, and
like the gift of every tree: simple, sane, free;
life-giving oxygen for you and me!
We have more than what we need –
on this pearl, our Earth garden, where
waters flow from river to sea;
her only decree, "Live in harmony;
create community!" Please stop
to remember the pristine clarity.
This Blue planet, green harvest,
where farmers saved seeds
for centuries.
Sun shines on us all – rich or poor!
Do we want to Wag the Dog

in Albania, or create a new Freedonia?

So my petition is simple too,
and each of us can write it within...
in every cell, with every breath,
choose peace over chaos;
Love over fear; act,
out of Loving-kindness;
make each step a prayer.

Merging with the Divine

2012

(I am you and you are me, and we are all together...)

Becoming Divine

is hard work, makes

you double over from the punch,

and kick of it all –

the energy of honesty;

and simplicity of

healing, growing, showing up.

Sometimes it's a power,

like Thunder,

a gentle rain... or

first rays of Sunrise.

There is only
experience, learning,
choice, awakening.

I was Brooklyn-born,
a 'nice Jewish girl'
believing in
Universal Unity;
saying yes to Unitarian
Social Justice inclusivity
– maybe we need
this coming together
in community,
but really, do we need religion
to qualify God's existence
into perpetuity?

No matter the name, Goddess,
All-that-Is, Creator, Creative Force,
Buddha, Nataranja,
Shiva, Allah, WakanTanka,
Great Spirit, Grandfather, Grandmother,
Yeshua... the One-ness
only hopes for us
to awaken from the illusion
of fear, and hatred.

I am no Jesus freak,
no Bible thumper, yet my guides
have been Josephus,
Abraham, Mother Mary –
Jesus, you speak to me,
and I know,
you are my brother.

How can I claim
my sacred connection
to wisdom and peace,
without knowing
we are one?

I feel you waiting for me
to answer your call.
Waiting to get the timing right.

I go within,
knowing all the wisdom
that exists is in Nature:
in the air, in my dog's
smile and soft snores,
my cat's love winks,
my husbands whiskers,
my children's charm,

and arguments...
all around me,
in my heart, gut,
every fiber of being-ness –
despite my own mistakes, or despair.

I call your names,
Holy Ones, and recall
that I am you, although
also, only one small human.
I am choosing
to see all the beauty –
most importantly,
even in the most broken,
distorted, and afraid.

All there is, is Love.
Truth is here,

in this inner sanctum
of my Soul. My goal,
to merge with the Divine.

Looking within again,
I find my own worth;
finding the Way,
I wonder how deep
this lesson goes.
It shows me a mirror
of your pain, and the beauty
of your Spirit – and knowing these,
I know myself better.

GROW BUTTERFLIES



pollinator friendly yards of facebook

INSTEAD OF LAWN ■ IT'S AN EMERGENCY

EPILOGUE – January 7th 2018

(POEMS that kept me awake in their persistence
to be born)

Another Kind of Power 7/22/2018

Chemtrails, fracking, ethics lacking,
Russian bots, stomach in knots.
So much hate, babies in crates.
To the man who killed my lotuses
in the tiny pond,
dragonflies gone from his Roundup magic wand
are you the reason I've only seen two monarchs
& we're well into July?

Is your ignorance why Snowden
is called a spy?
Why holistic doctors, proctors of our souls,
truth-speakers die?
Or death by doorknob they hang,

a red scarf "suicide".

When a whistleblower is called criminal -
& governments commit the crimes,
we know our world is upside down.

Perhaps the thorny crown
is preferable to the one in gold.
Corporate factions call heads to roll.
My heart & head are heavy
with this nightmare toll,
liars emboldened by greed;
& those who blindly believe.

But there's another kind of power.
It is glimmering within.
It speaks of the gentle meadow,
the rippling stream, a firefly's glow
- a beam of love so absolute
it can whisk away even the darkest shadows.

I am putting my all
into what we all know (at some level).
I'm putting my all, my focus, verve,
& pure vision, into love.

Prayers for a Better Day 4/1/2019

Not so foolish, I dream of another way.

One where I can say:

no one ever has stayed angry with me;

No one ever screamed in my face,

raped me, lied to me, lied about me;

No one ever died on my watch,

disagreed with my help,

tho I saw their heart sink —

cause someone else said “game-over”;

No one ever freaked

‘cause I asked them to be reciprocal,

responsible, or fair.

If only no one ever chose war over peace;

wrong over right; hate over love.

I look up to the stars above,

and remember a beautiful, better way.

4/3/2019 Last Monday (3/25) I woke with the start of this poem. London bridges falling down, the nursery rhyme, repeating in my mind. And the name, Yasmin (Yass-meen), which I looked up after hearing it clearly in my Spirit download, means beautiful flower, humanitarian, pure, passionate, compassionate. I heard: "Yasmin is not safe". "Yasmin is a fair lady"

... this was rolling into my thoughts, my sadness visceral. I was so surprised that my body burst into tears...

Feeling my dismay at how stories I grew up with in the 60's & 70's were only in part true. A homeland for my ancestors, the Jews in Israel was such a lovely story. I had no reason to doubt it. Decades ago, & definitely since 9-11 when 2 kind, good Imams spoke at our UU church in Savannah, GA, I was hearing new stories. Stories of theft, death, destruction of families, loss of basic services... the "other people" painted as only hateful. I began to understand.

I think my relatives from Hungary, Austria, Poland, Belarus... would be ashamed of what's happening in their name, & would also say it must stop.

This world is in a battle of far right oligarchs against the rest of us. Wanting to maintain control is not a just reason for destroying others.

Here's the poem...

We are all Yasmin

For lady Yasmin,
nothing is fair.
All the London bridges
are falling.

Left you palms down,
 in the dust.
Only division rains
white phosphorus
on you in Gaza,
 as it eats the oxygen,
breathing's impossible,
blood flows
like pores crying,
so many dying.

United Nations school memories
are still too hot.
In homes, the air: too thick;
in streets the smoke
makes you sick,
rips from the inside out.
Too in shock, you can't even shout.

In the market only fear is for sale.
Children cannot breathe,
no one can hide -
and panic is a norm.

In this firestorm,
dreams are crushed.
No lofty advanced
Public health careers,
Doctorates in literature,
or liberal arts allowed.

A bullet can find you in any crowd.
Poetry only of bombs resounding
will dance in the mind.
No one can thrive.
It's almost as if they
don't want you alive.
It is not safe
to be in Palestine.

Can a beautiful flower
pure and strong even survive?
She will want to
see the sun, feel the fun,
wonder if there is more...
but she will only
dream of war.

Are we seeing Angels?
Or light refracting
off heavy metals?

Are immolating monks
responding to devils?
As fire meets sky -
do you wonder, why?

There are many birds
that no longer fly;
merely a bee or two
wisps by;
how long since I've seen
a mighty dragonfly... ?
Butterflies are few,
your life will flutter by,
and soon we all die.

Yet, till then, here we are.

How many poisons,
in how many places,
till we can't see
even one Star?

Seeing into the
vast darkness of space,
the lights of sentience say
"be vigilant - we are with you!
Call out the lies..."
because no one
really
ever
dies.

Fear Has No Home Here

Through the world
I wandered. I wondered,
I slowly unfurled.
As a child, sometimes
like a whirling dervish,
I twirled. And came to see
the under. The place –
a space.

A time of no time;

a crack in the daily grind,
that broke me down
to the ground. And the light
poured in, blasting me
with sparks and shards,
so pure, so bright.

So sure, until Love melted
into every part,
softened my broken heart,
and filled in everything
that had ever been dark.

Power to the Seeds

Words flow at me –
there's so many options,
like exotic concoctions, some
are fully cocked,
some half-cocked –
or is it half baked?
Isn't this all a crock?

Who decided what is a weed?
Or what's a good breed,
and who's a bad seed?

Why can't I grow on my land,
what I hold in my hand?
Who owns the trees – the bees?
For millennia, we farmed Nature's seeds.
Who said you monsters of greed
can do as you please – but not me?

I just want peace,
to be free, to breathe;
to stand with the flowers,
lemon yellows, pinks, and greens;
in the sunshine,
to swim in sweet waters,
and deep blue streams.

I dance in my dreams
with my beloveds,
from ancestors
to those yet to be.

Arm in arm are we,
and all I feel
is this endless love,
which is the seed
they planted in me.

I Am Not HUMPTY DUMPTY

Who are we? Souls?
Sold? Soul-diering on?
Owned, controlled by Kings,
not men but mere seeds –
like hogs, cogs in your machine,
eggs manufactured, consumed,
just spores for your wars.

The burden is not yours,
as you sip fine wines in your
castles in the skies. And you mine
our minds, and steal our lands.

Drill baby drill,
'til there's nothing left to spill.
Inject the infection;
please control your erection.
Clip and snip, splice and dice.

Put in the tip. PAY ATTENTION.

The one-eyed snake
may lock you awake!

Their psychosis is ferocious
and all who cry – surely must die.

Deny, Deny! Me, my, Mine!

Papa can you hear me?
Father, please forgive me?
Who is the patron, and
who are the patriots?

It is time for all souls seeking
salvation to wake from their slumber.

We, the 99 rumble on,
as bill collectors mumble,
the land will grumble.

One day, all real terrorists will tumble.

We are natives drumming
a new beat. We will NOT be beat.
We will not sit at your feet.
We'll reclaim our fields and rivers,
our plains and pastures,
our mountains, and jungles.

We won't let our mother crumble.

We are the Light Bringers 10/22/2019

Clear the pain;
Shine your light.
You can make it thru
the dark night.
Sometimes the shadows
are only filled with memories.
We must mine the
mind to be free,
to truly see.

Think about your story.
His grandfather
said "this is a bad place."
Yet, her grandmother
said "all I see is god's grace
in your face."

We see so much destruction...

We need a resurrection
from the inflammation;

Let's do away
with character assassination.
Another grandfather said
gentlemen are men
who must be gentle;
and another said ...
absolutely nothing.

Moments of wisdom wisp by;
don't get buried
by a storm of sadness
til you die.

I say let the light
of your heart, the love
of the Divine shine.

May we rise up,
float above, like the sun
over the rain!
May it mean more

May our inner refrain
always be
to shine.

The Quan Yin Collective
10/2021

We are the Divine Feminine –
no gender can contain us.

We are love of beauty,
gentle non-cruelty, fealty,
beneficence, ingenuity.

We walk on air, golden light glowing,
our robes groomed with care,
hair placed in perfection,
yet the light so bright,
only heart-energy showing.

All the colors melding,
our cells mingling, tingling,
singing, vibrating, time-merging,
pulsing, crashing, re-emerging -
a new Universe we are birthing.

Shock

12/12/2021

You shot a bubble in my vein,
I exploded from the pain.
I will never be the same -
took all the shattered small remains,
put myself back together again.

Now I am stronger -
I will not play your game.

You will say
I wonder why.
And that's why I
must say
goodbye.

I remember when you lied -
a week became a month, became
whatever he wants,
yet you also told me
how you cringed & cried.
You could have died.

He is nothing but a burden - you
sneak about your home in fear.
You tremble when he's near.
You will say
I wonder why.
And that's why I
must say
goodbye.

In your heart you want him gone
but he always gets his way,
he can do no wrong...
no matter how I pray for healing,

his burning words still spit fire -
nothing matters but his desire.

He shows no shame; only his ire.
If he puts you in a hold again
arm about your neck,
you'll still be at his beck
& he will only deny,
& you will say
I wonder why.

And that's why I
must say
goodbye.

BE A Vessel of Light 12/2024
(...some plans are just shite)

Good is bad

Up is down,

Right is left

Wrong is right...

Can't tame the shrew

Nothing is new

Black & white

No light too bright;

Shadows take flight.

Must we fly

into that good night?

Go to the highest heights.

Better to laugh

after a good cry...

The dye is cast.
You won't be the first
I won't be the last.

Yet, Angels & demons
all know what's right.
We all know - choose the light.

Do it for your eternal soul...
Become a black hole
Or enter into the sacred holiness
Of the dream time.

The still small whisper
Will whisper til it screams.
Time to choose your team.

Yes, everybody knows.

Don't Kill the Messenger,

or "It's a New Day!"

I am but a humble messenger...

If what I speak does not land with you,
please, banish me from your thoughts,
clear me from your mind,

do not speak of me ever again...

Or perhaps some small sliver of a spark,
a seed of truth sticks in the firmament
of your inner landscape.

Perhaps a moment of clarity takes root
to grow goodness within you.

Perhaps it stirs God/Goddess wisdom,
into memories or your own core
of pure DIVINITY.

I vision this dawning in each of us
like a new day. I pray for the knowing
of the pure peace – love – wisdom – joy
connection to stay.

We are wired to will the will
of the highest vibration
of this harmony.
May all hidden agendas
and distortions fall away.

May this seed of goodness growing,
feel the light of LOVE,
may it rise with all the glory of the SUN, warm
and golden as honey,
may we remember,
we are ONE.

Paint the Outside

Stockholm Syndrome so deep,
Gonna say NO,
And go back to sleep.

Don't wanna know the truth,
Don't even wanna try,
Why be better
When you can just lie.

Get your nails done,
And highlight your hair,
At least you feel you look good,
While your soul's laid bare.

The pain inside won't disappear,
Just paint the outside.
Ignore all the fear.

Or the pain won't stop,
The pain won't stop...

Just Awaken to the freedom,
Awaken to the love,

Trust that what's real
Is from Heaven above.

The Stockholm Syndrome says
Go out and shop,

Buy all the pretty things with colors that POP,

And Buy new stuff
That glitters like gold,
Meanwhile the very heart of you is sold.

It will wither and
 It will mold...

I pray you'll be bold,
Be fearless,

Not hot and cold.

The pain inside won't disappear,
Just paint the outside,
Ignore all the fear.

The pain won't stop,

The pain won't stop...

Just awoken to the freedom,
Awaken to the love.

Trust that what's real
Is from Heaven above.

- “What an intimate thing it is to be taken into another's holy realm like this.
This is what it feels like to read Ellen Farrell's poems;
I believe they will move you as they move me.
— Dr. Norm Shealy
- I will read Ellen's poetry again and be touched again by lines like, “We've all arrived for love” in her poem “Namaste”.
— Rosemary Daniel, author and poet
- “Ellen is a unique poet and I believe you will love her work.”

— Donna Eden, author of *Energy Medicine*

Ellen Farrell

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Ellen's goal is to support you to...
come into the fullness of your being,
and know true wellness.

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