

A vibrant painting of a tree where the canopy is a smiling sun with a face, arms, and legs. The sun's rays are long, flowing, and yellow-orange. The tree's trunk is thick and brown, with roots spreading out on the ground. The background is a clear blue sky and a green field.

*Blessing of the Sun*

*Christine Berger*



# Blessing of the Sun

Christine Berger



Con crescent Letters



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Cover art of (untitled) tree drawing by Karen W. Moy, with thanks.

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# Unravel Me

08-21-11

Working through the yoga and savasana  
 Praying that the knots in my hips and back  
 would be released  
 the imprints of driving, sitting and stressing  
 Too much  
 on top of an area that was off kilter upon entry  
 this time around

This prayer sprung to mind

Unravel me  
 Remove the knots in my body  
 That keep the energy from flowing freely  
 receiving and giving healing through this vehicle  
 which is a unique gift allowing me to be present  
 in this time and this place, to witness and wonder  
 to learn, to love, to dance the dance of life

Unravel me  
 Remove the bindings of the reptilian brain  
 whose sole focus is survival and domination  
 take me to the realms of my allies  
 Beloved dragon kin  
 Who embrace the Great Pearl of Wisdom  
 and bring blessings to all they encounter

Unravel me  
 let the bindings of my mind be loosened  
 from the ego driven bondage of sanskaras  
 patterns that are outmoded from this life  
 and others  
 Keeping me from the bright intelligence  
 which is always revealing more, teaching more  
 fresh and fast and illuminating  
 that tiny glimpse of God Herself  
 as she spins universes out  
 and draws them back within



Unravel me  
Let my Heart and the Love it serves  
be free of patterns of duality  
such as fear and abandonment and that loneliness  
That comes from the lie of separation  
Let Spirit and Love rejuvenate that which I call Self

# Bread-crumble Blues

02-04-10

Did I know that having you in my bed  
 Would make me miss you so?  
 Don't think I really gave it much thought  
 As the hunger already had me in its thrall  
 I thought I was used to its ebb and flow  
 Maybe it was listening to Soon last night  
 Hearing more dimensions to it  
 Since our flesh to flesh connection

I wonder if the only easy way to be embodied  
 Is achieved with enlightenment  
 In my path though, the body is considered a blessing  
 Just as the Tibetans remind us that it is a precious gift  
 To achieve human form as spiritual growth is possible then

The Divine Lady reminds me that all acts of love and  
 pleasure are sacred  
 Belonging to her  
 Her rituals  
 Perhaps that is my answer then  
 The gift was in the loving

I have contemplated a lot the last couple of days  
 The wounds we each carry  
 The healing that we can give  
 And receive from each other  
 The depth and complexity we each carry  
 Bright and dark aspects both need to be acknowledged  
 Made fully conscious  
 And loved equally

I have to remind myself of this  
 For years I ran and hid from my shadow  
 In doing that it became the monster under the bed  
 Rather than just a part of me that needed to be held in  
 the Light  
 Spirit reminds me that it does not create broken  
 Just works in progress

*in any case*

*The shadow of insecurity and blues and lonesomeness  
Is just part of what arises in the process of loving you  
Part of the shadow play  
Playing peek-a-boo with me, and I respond to it:  
I see you - I know you - You are part of me - you do  
not rule this Heart.*

*There is no crisis  
There is no lack of love  
There is no problem*

*Our bond is strong and true  
Like the golden filaments of light that connect me to  
The Mother Earth  
We are connected in Love and Light  
I release my fears once again  
And see they are no more substantial  
Than the fluff that blows off the dandelion  
In that first windy gust of Spring.*

## *About Conerescent Letters*

Conerescent Letters is dedicated to publishing unique works of Poetry and Prose. It takes advantage of the recent revolution in publishing technology and economics to bring forth works that, previously, might only have been circulated privately.

Now, we are growing the future together.

## *Colophon*

This book is made of Mistral and Dakota, using Adobe InDesign. The cover was designed, the body was set by Sam Webster. Cover art of (untitled) tree drawing by Karen W. Moy.

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