



Blessing of the Sun

Christine Berger

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Con crescent Letters

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For information contact:
Concrescent Letters, an imprint of Concrescent LLC
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info@Concrescent.net

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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

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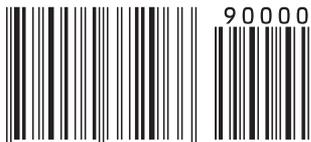
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