

## Poetic Musings



## Mystical Memory

We have never been here before  
Instincts have popped like soap bubbles  
Holy whispers waft around softened corners  
Beckoning us to continue

We are called in surrender to release our dreams  
Sacred Sherpas guide our hearts with spheres of light  
We shimmer and roll among watery waves  
Our form is as supple as air over earth

Behind our eyes we see clouds of wisdom  
Knowing has melted into sweet dark silence  
Here is where we belong  
Wrapped in nothing yet found everywhere

We have never been here before  
Now it is all we have  
This Treasure of Life  
This New Way of Being.