

JOY

I want to write about JOY...
about the sensation
of butterflies fluttering,
soft feathery wings
around my heart...
gently signaling
exhilaration, hope, promise.

I want to recognize the grace
of living without pain,
enjoying the strength of the body
and the movement of limbs
escorting life's adventures,
accompanying sacred, soulful whims.

I want to sing the praises of friendship,
allies, compadres, co-madres and buds.
The ones that we turn to
when passages are rough,
to cry or laugh with
and learn not to judge.

I wish to honor the simple,
the easy, the usual of this world.

Like sunsets and sunrise,
the flow of pure mountain water,
a soft, gentle rain.

Like bubblegum and lollipops,
and animal pups and trains.

I desire to acknowledge the taken-for-granted.

Conversations on street corners
about love not war.

Furniture in houses not floating in floods.

Knowing where family is
and not worrying about kidnapping
or their demise.

Affording whole grains, organic vegetables and gasoline.

We are blessed and we are one.

We suffer all of life's despairs.

We celebrate all of life's joys and pleasures.

We are tortured by the abuse of others.

We are tendered in witnessing
others' generosity of spirit and random acts of kindness.

We can choose our experience.

I want to write about JOY.