

Transference



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1

Everything has a source
as a river begins where the rains meet the mountain
to begin the journey down
sometimes rushing, sometimes gently steering
bringing life to whomever it passes
so those can fill up their glasses
and drink of its miraculous contents
to quench their thirst,
hold the weary they love
and see healing to those who have travelled years
for a taste of clear water.

The river welcomes all who are affected
to cleanse their skin
bathe in its pools of reflecting light
to create ripples of their own
to expand in concentric circles
reaching those on the farther side
with desire to be in communion
splashing and bathing together
with joy in their hearts.



2

Further along
where the river will become rough
there will be boats
for those who choose to climb aboard
that will carry them safely through
to refuge,
where a canopy of trees will cover and
protect those from incoming storms
keeping them dry and warm
wrapped by nature's embrace and
surrounded by loved one's they keep close
as rabbits snuggle in their burrows
and birds nest in the branches
that hold them up.



3

Enveloped by brush and branches
bare feet on soil
hands reaching towards the sky
as eyes scan dappled light
full of wonder at the detail of glorious beauty,
taking it all in and breathing the forest air
of sap and earth
as they welcome creation's gift of life
that casts out any fears of the future
or struggles of the past
to overflow with a full glass
seeking compassion in this lightened forest
where shadows scattered.



4

The night falls among the forest
bringing out unfamiliar wild life
that some may cower into crevices
staying close to what they know and
keeping comfort in the arms they know so well,
from the hairs that stand up in fear
to the strength of their grasp.
There are also those who face the darkened forest
listening to new sounds and
discovering new creatures
that may seem scary at first
but have so much light within them;
they are little stars that fell from the sky above.



5

From a clearing of trees
they lay back on soil and grass
looking up at a shower of shooting stars
as each one makes a wish
to let go of the gravity that holds them down
to learn to soar above the clouds
where all the birds of the sky
look down on those with questions of why,
wondering at what they do not have.
One can still wonder in awe
without wanting
by simply being where they are
and absorb the atmosphere
of all those they share this moment with.



6

As the stars fall,
as those observing the light gaze in wonder
their light shines brighter than the ones falling above them
as their desires are satisfied
as their youth is renewed like that of an eagle's
as its wings spread wide to take off and glide
following the river flowing over steep and steady terrain
in search of a great sea
with sun glowing upon it's expansive surface
that coruscates from the view
of whoever passes over or through.



7

From high above
one weeps for the weary and broken
with desire to restore and build up
those who are drowning,
as they reach out and pull them back into the boat
where they are comforted and cared for
given dry clothes to change into
a hot drink to warm their hands
a warm bed to rest their weary bodies,
and when they are strong and healthy again
they will step out of that cabin
take up the telescope
and scan the seas for men over-board
whom they will reach out and pull into the boat.



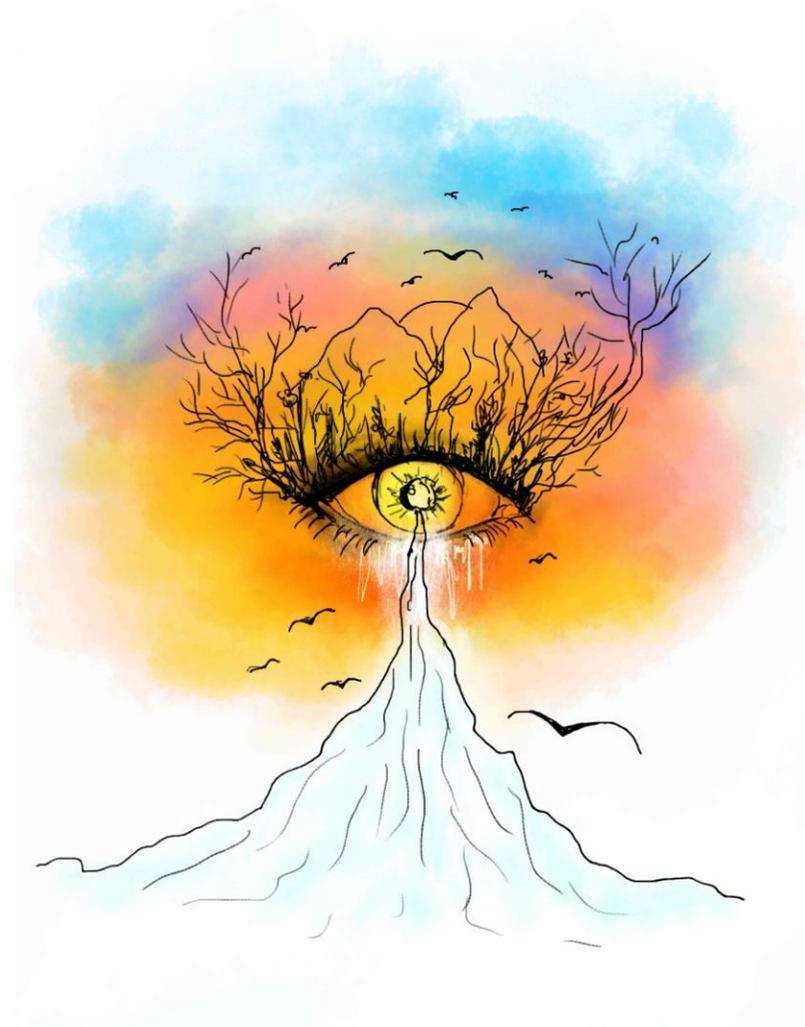
8

They will light a lamp and place it on a stand
so all can see the beauty of life surrounding them;
the minute details that create a whole image
instead of keeping their light hidden
because light is to be seen and shared
as one holds on to someone they care for
as one seeks compassion in darkness
as one chooses company over isolation
as one reaches for those who are parched
with desire to share their glass and
welcome those to connect the circle.



As the sun heats the sea
that the river enters and evaporates
accumulating thousands of droplets
that appear as grey clouds where birds fly free
allowing the breeze to blow them back up the mountain
where they take in an extraordinary view
of colour and light
of imperfectly perfect life
from small details of each individual journey
to a greater picture of fulfilment
that has gotten each soul to where they are now.

Those who feel unhappy or ashamed,
know that there is no need to be
because we are all on this journey together
experiencing similarities
and can choose to change the direction we walk in
towards crystal clear water that flows from a spring
towards a city filled of golden moments
towards eyes filled with love.



At a substantial tree bearing twelve kinds of fruit
a lamb waits beneath its leaves
surrounded by every flower, every scent,
every colour created by light
that comes from the source itself
where healing is no longer needed
as the river flows directly through
bringing water to all who've been thirsty
to all who've been through hell
reviving them to glow with their own light
that was hidden for eons
but no more
shall one's light be out of sight.
The lamb will reign
as a lion who roars in declaration
of opening doors.

