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A New Beginning

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My heart hangs on a willow in the East
exposed to the scrutiny of the four winds
revealing my grief to the four directions
While I sit, heartless,
in the arms of my lover
and weep.

My heart dangles up high
Red in the wind, twisting, turning
to the morning, noon, and night.
Grandmothers gather 'round to inspect and nod,
clucking knowingly.
Their love is a prayer
not a release.

My heart is a stone that swings in a willow
turning in the four winds
crying out in the cold and dark
weeping the pain and grief of a lifetime
saving me from a cruel and untimely death
that resembles a life of loss.

My heart is a stone,
A pebble in a red cloth bag
Bobbing high in a willow
Slowly turning to the 4 directions
in the light and the dark
A cold, frightened warrior
that pebble, that is my heart.

My heart was a stone
which I placed high in a willow
on the 2nd last day of a long and short journey.
That cold, frightened warrior,
she died peacefully in the night.

Today I shall reclaim her body
for a tender return to Mother Earth.

Sealing a prayer and an offering
for a new beginning and another life.

Questions or correspondence concerning this poem may be addressed directly to:

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