



Chasing Light

Poems

by

Teresa E. Gallion

Chasing Light

Poems by

Teresa E. Gallion

inner child press, ltd.

I lay a prayer on your chest
To soothe your burning sleep
It is selfish to hold back
When love flows in my river

Teresa E. Gallion

General Information

Chasing Light poems by

Teresa E. Gallion

1st Edition : 2013

This Publishing is protected under Copyright Law as a “Collection”. All rights for all submissions are retained by the Individual Author and or Artist. No part of this Publishing may be Reproduced, Transferred in any manner without the prior **WRITTEN CONSENT** of the “Material Owner” or its Representative Inner Child Press. Any such violation infringes upon the Creative and Intellectual Property of the Owner pursuant to International and Federal Copyright Law. Any queries pertaining to this “Collection” should be addressed to Publisher of Record.

Publisher Information

1st Edition : Inner Child Press :
intouch@innerchildpress.com
www.innerchildpress.com

This Collection is protected under U.S. and International Copyright Laws

Copyright © 2013 : Teresa E. Gallion
LOC # : 1-902797077

ISBN-13 : 978-0615783734
ISBN-10 : 0615783732

\$ 19.95

To feel lonely is a failure to see
All the gifts that surround you
Open your eyes
The world waits for your embrace

Teresa E. Gallion

*D*edication

To

HERTZOG AND TERESA
GALLION

Two Loving Parents

Foreword

I met Teresa in 1998 at a Ghost Ranch writing retreat. We share a common bond, a love for writing. That bond resulted in the exchange of work that led to a mutual understanding of each other's voice and a lasting friendship. Teresa's voice continues to grow while remaining grounded in her love of nature and the spiritual implications of walking the earth. Teresa weaves the physical and spiritual universe with a slant that compels the reader to think about life from a different perspective.

This collection includes work from over a 30 year time span. Teresa examines childhood rituals, love, pain, grief and joy and the underlying spiritual aspect tied to all experiences. She is clearly in tune with the intricate web of the natural and spiritual world, as evidenced in the title poem *Chasing Light*. The poem addresses the challenges we all face on the journey of life. The humor in the poem, *This is Your Happy Meal*, is a form of chiding self-respect about humanness. She teases us with the line, *sacred greens and the cornbread of light*.

Never heavy handed, Teresa addresses many social and political issues in her writing without preaching solutions, as exemplified in *Don't Mess with Me*, where she quite literally gives a voice to our living planet.

Sit back, read a few poems at a time and see which ones are likely to strike a previously unacknowledged sore or celebration in your soul, a yearning in your heart, or a beautiful memory of magic.

Debbi Brody
January, 2013

Preface

With each passing year more clarity comes to me and the blessing of more joy and peace. I learned to live in the moment with the light of Spirit providing my circle of protection and guidance. The challenges presented to me this lifetime have led me to this moment.

Chasing Light highlights my journey in verse over many years. This collection gives glimpses of my encounters with the sound and light of the planet that impact me at all levels of life. My primary writing influences meet at the intersection of the natural landscape, the writings of Rumi and Hafiz, two great mystic poets, numerous contemporary poets of the 20th century and my personal spiritual journey.

We each walk our personal journeys on life's road according to the lessons we are here to learn. Experience and growth shed lights of understanding across my brow. The recognition that every lesson revisits with a different slant until learned is a gift. Spirit has no time clock and

continues to provide a myriad of opportunities for enlightenment for as long as one needs them.

The seeker is drawn to the light that may illuminate the essence of what resides deep within us. Every breath, every step, every thought, every utterance is bound to that candle that burns within us. We move forward when we recognize we are spiritual beings in physical bodies on a walkabout to embrace the lessons we must learn to find our way back home to God.

I sit in gratitude for every experience that bends my knees to earth and finds me rising from the dust stronger. May you find something in my journey that touches and uplifts you at some level as you walk life's wilderness.

Teresa E. Gallion

Blessings
January, 2013

*T*able of *C*ontents

Foreword	vi
Preface	vii

The Pulse Of Nature 1

Chasing Light	2
Best Deodorant	5
On Behalf of Mother Nature	6
Day of Gratitude	7
Living Enchantment	8
Warning Signs	9
Desert Motif	10
Wake Up Call	11
Afternoon Imagery	12
Connections	13
Daydreaming	14
Take a Break	15
Morning Express	16
Play Your Flute for Me	17
Morning Tickle	18
It Belongs to Me	19

*T*able of *C*ontents . . . *continued*

Touch of Earth and Memory Pauses	20
If You Can	21
The Cactus Said	22
Pecan Tree	23
Hawk Watch	24
Horny Leaves	25
Cotton Offering	26
Maple Leaf	27
Wild Bird	29
A Crocus Dilemma	30
Rio Jemez	31
Feel the Water	33
Tsunami	34
Close Encounters	35
Edge of Winter	37
Flirting with Spring	38
The Summons	39
Standing at the Feet of Zion	41
Just Below 10K Trailhead	42
Peanut Butter in the Desert	44
Four Wheel Drive Arroyo	46
Ode to my Hiking Boots	47

*T*able of *C*ontents . . . *continued*

La Bajada Hill Tribute	49
Embracing Jemez Mountain	50
Magdalena Baldy	52
Back Road to Work	53
Big Headed Moon	54
Cave of Silence	55
Wandering Around Lost in the City	56

Sailing On The Cosmos 57

Stretch has Left the Playing Field	58
Death is a Stone	59
Random Movements	60
Attitude	62
On Behalf of Thomas	63
I Remember	64
Reflecting on Papa	66
The Gospel Singer	68
Blue Bird Magic	69
Letting Go	70
Contemplating Endings	71
Preparing to Face the Day	72

*T*able of *C*ontents . . . *continued*

Dream Bindings	73
Homeless	74
The Wolf's Side of the Story	75
Refill of Life	76
Love Note	77
Flirtation	78
A Visit with My Sister	79
Lunch Walk in the Neighborhood	81
Public Library	83
Waking Dream	84
Riding Down Lonely Canyons	85
For My Brother	87
Recapitulation	88
Still Fighting	90
Last Gathering	91
A Yearning for Peace	92
A Simple Dream	94
Death by Chocolate	95
An Eagle's Moment	96
Braid of Snow	97
Homage to the Moon	98
Captured Moments	99

*T*able of *C*ontents . . . *continued*

One Morning	101
Tripping on the Clouds	102
A Day in the Life	103
Nursery School	105
Naked in the Desert	106
High Plains Drifter	107
A Virgin Space for Sister Brody	108
Sailing on the Cosmos	109
Sparkling Clear Glass	110
Parallel Universe	111
At the Very Large Array (VLA)	113
Spell of Resistance	114
Wandering in the Clouds	115
A Hobo on the Tracks	117
Running With the Wolves	118
Wedding Picture	119

Traveling The Far Country 120

This is Your Happy Meal	121
Sometimes	122
Love is A Hiking Trail	123

*T*able of *C*ontents . . . *continued*

Feast Day	124
Backward Reflection	125
Messenger	127
Step into Enlightenment	128
Just Breathe	129
McCauley Springs Meditation	130
Will Not Be Denied	131
Blackbirds	132
Burnt Offering	133
The Rescue	134
Destiny—Do I Have One	135
Bondage	137
The Last Surrender	138
Love at the Edge of Night	139
The New Eden	140
My Beloved	143
Your Beautiful Petals	144
Light Beyond the Window	145
Inner Child	146
The Promise	147
Celebration of A Blessed Soul	148
Awakening Spirit	150

*T*able of *C*ontents . . . *continued*

Two Souls Meet	151
Mending	152
Spiritual Nutrition	153
Come Play with the Beloved	154
I Want To	155
The Gentle Master	157
Blessings	158
Monkey Mind Be Gone	160
The Beloved's Glance	161
Morning Stew	162
Outstretched Hand	163
A Serious Chat with God	164
The Light Trail	166
Love Waits Patiently	167
Here Lies Pain	168
Soft Landing	169
Don't Mess With Me	170
Recipe for Enlightenment	172
Traffic Jam	173
A Smile	174
Going Home	175
Failing the Lesson	176

*T*able of *C*ontents . . . *continued*

Brief Encounter	177
Looking for You	178
Graveyard of Dreams	179
Tracking the Beloved	180
The Soul's Hunger	181
Amber Glow	182
Out of Dust	183
Sounding out the Universe	184
Invitation from the Beloved	185
Flashbacks at Midnight with Hafiz	186
Slow Rising	188
Bold Interlude	189

Epilogue 191

about the Author	193
Endorsements	195
Acknowledgements	199



Teresa E. Gillion

Chasing Light

Poems by

Teresa E. Gassion

inner child press, ltd.

The Beloved sits at the river bank
Relieving hearts of pain and sorrow
I think I will sit at the river
Wait for my turn to surrender

Teresa E. Gallion

*The Pulse
Of
Nature*

Chasing Light

The river walk calls forth the memory
of the deep emotional revolution
within the depths of my soul.
The water ripples and flows
on its endless journey as my soul
ripples and flows in the battle within.
Mind twists create obstacles to the
flow of spirit as it reaches for me.
And I chase light

for the intricate need to be
and yet, what I cannot tell.
My mind bends with the battle inside
and all moves are downstream
into the infinite void within me.
How deep it goes I shudder to know.
My rage and fears block entry
into the inner void
and I chase light.

Fear has been my intimate partner
for many long years
holding me tight on every turn
to a new experience
limiting, retarding, slowing, holding back
growth and soul expansion
and I chase light.

Chasing Light

The hounds of darkness chase me
but they do not catch me
for I chase that shifting light
out in front of me.
It makes me sway and bend and curve
and contort and laugh and cry
and stretch and grow
and I chase light.

Negative baggage trails
close behind, nips at my heels,
but I move
with the speed of those rays in front of me.
I am reaching for the stars
chasing light.

Inhale the present exhale the past,
let go of the darkness,
release rage and fear, cling to light's heels
to protect me as I approach
the door to my unknowns
chasing light.

Now, in the dawn of my jubilee
eyes open wide, spirit is free,
the hounds of darkness are left behind.
Negative baggage drowns in the river of light,
fear melts on the wings of doves.
My void fills with radiance,
I reach another growth field,
and I chase light.

Teresa E. Gallion

I approach my next learning experience
stronger than ever before
for I touch the glow in front of me
and electrifying strength
streaks through my body and soul,
and I chase light.

Next, a pause in experiences
as the stream flows
into my reflecting pool,
I stand before the water,
gaze at my image
and behold my authentic self.
And I chase light

as I move with the flow
of harmonic energy surrounding me.
I have a long journey ahead,
but touched by the Beloved,
I ride the victory horse, swim
in joy and laughter, protected by his glow,
I know I will reach God realization and still
I chase light.

Best Deodorant

Clouds roll across the Sandias
cruise, scratch, bump,
show off forms.

Yesterday I saw a country bumpkin
blow bubbles on Sandia's throne
five thousand feet above me,
more than 10,000 feet above sea level.
People cheer those raucous clouds.
It simply encourages their behavior.

No one, looking up, complains.
I have endured a thousand mornings
of cloud mischief on the mountain.
Yet each morning, I look for more.
Gratitude is a powerful deodorant
we all need to wear.

On Behalf of Mother Nature

I want to take a walk in beauty
feel the earth rub my feet.
I want to share with a friend
all the beauty the planet gives.

I want to smother adversity
with a burial at sea.
I want to awaken to Spirit
with a blazing sunrise in my hands.

I want to feel the heartbeat of harmony
to Mother's beautiful charms.
Give me a cool drink of water
from Mother's hands.

So I ask mankind to back off
from polluted thoughts and deeds.
I weep when mankind scratches
Mother until she bleeds.

Some of us are asleep,
do not hear her painful cries.
Wake up mankind,
Mother is breaking under your painful hands.

And you wonder why she strikes out.
She bleeds, she hurts, she is stressed out.
Frustration penetrates her core.
Stop the madness Homo Sapiens.

Only love and good stewardship
will calm her down.

Day of Gratitude

The forest gives brilliant light streams today,
floats like a river through the trees,
open for business to all souls.

Air streams strike cords of harmony,
a lullaby for the trees
to soothe the wounds of a harsh winter.

A sky heavy with clouds
rushes to the treetops
to tease the silence of the woods.

A snowball melting between winter and spring
participates in the annual celebration,
precision steps in the changing of the guard.

Birds sing in the trees
somewhere in the branches
dressed in Irish greens.

Wild flowers flirt close to the trail,
check the signals in the breeze
to decide if it is time to strut their colors.

The sacred ritual
catches the heart
in a day of gratitude.

Living Enchantment

We are living enchantment.
Watch us rise as variegated cactus
in the desert zones.
Watch us bloom multicolored blossoms
spring, summer and fall.

We have little rivers like
Chama, Pecos and Rio Grande
that nourish the land.
We are the magnificent kiss
of the high desert.

Surrounded by mountain personalities
naked and boldly rising,
some of us flirt with
giant evergreens, aspen, junipers.

We have so much diversity,
it is flaunted in the face of humankind.
People come to us and never want to leave
the eloquence we possess.
We are the New Mexico landscape.

Warning Signs

The world stretches.
Butterflies leave the planet.
No one notices except the animals
that something is awry.

The population increases, trees are dying,
animals become extinct,
rivers are poisoned,
the sea becomes a garbage dump.

The world stretches.
Butterflies leave the planet.
A nuclear stew is brewing.
You are all invited for dinner.

The world stretches.
Butterflies leave the planet.
The water is high. The fires run wild.
A violent fight smothers the earth.

And when the battle is over,
all living matter lies in rigor mortis
and the earth,
the earth is at peace.

Desert Motif

We sit on the ridge as a mist of tears
mix with mustard, red orange, purple
and bronze in the arroyo.

An orchestra of boulders in rainbow tuxedos
watch the tears soothe the desert sand.

God's holy light threatens
to kiss us in its dance across the sky.

The distant horizon exposes
Pedernal draped in gray clouds.
Light and shadow sit at her table.
Tea for two to watch the hillsides
run red into the valley.

We wander toward the arroyo,
deserting high ground,
walk respectfully beside the stream.

Our boots step lightly
on this high desert canvas
where the Artist's palate weeps in the sand.

We participate in a desert arts crawl
enhanced by bubbling light
rolling off our eyelids.

Wake Up Call

She stands at the well
holding an empty bucket,
frozen in her sadness, yet
attends to her morning ritual.

She sits the bucket on the ground,
slowly drops the rope
that holds the water bearer
into the well.

She does not notice
the pull of the rope upward,
nor the spill of the water of life
coming forth to greet her.

The innocent landscape
rolls in tears she cannot give,
an ultimate rain of compassion.

Her preoccupation with pain
blinds her to the answers
sunk deep in time
flowing from the well.

The spill of water
into her empty bucket,
a monologue
that offers a new beginning.

A bird investigates secrets
on the ground surrounding the well,
a little gift from the landscape
to startle her into the present moment.

Afternoon Imagery

August heavy laden with black mud,
peppered by the monsoons
blend into horse and donkey manure.
Pecos Wilderness trails prepare
for deep sleep under winter's white blanket.

Hiking boots slip and slide
up and down the mountain
through the heavy strokes of rain.
The river's swell of enthusiasm,
romps through the canyon.
Mushrooms in variable sizes,
shapes and colors of the rainbow
play in their last festival before winter break.

Purple aster paint the grassy meadows
in an ostentatious fashion show.
A hawk suspended in midair,
perfectly still, suddenly dives
like a fighter pilot down into the trees.
What delectable delight
crossed its long line of vision?

We sit in a meadow on a tree fallen from grace
in last winter's cleansing.
360 degrees of majesty circle the meadow.
We share our daily bread,
echo the noise of chatter into the peaceful silence.
Six miles into the forest, six miles from the road
that holds the burdens of daily life.

Connections

I embrace the gift of solitude
that floats on the trail
and watch the pine sentinels
sway in the wind.

I do not covet a watch.
The circle around my wrist
enjoys freedom
and shares a special moment.

The crackle of pine needles
surrenders to my boots,
sings a soothing melody,
give rhythm to my steps.

How wonderful
to make a pact with idleness
and contemplate the essence
of a leaf parting company

with the branch that gives it birth.
The beauty of the forest
is the opportunity
to connect with the simple life.

Daydreaming

I think of dark chocolate,
hearts reflected in the fireplace
on a cold winter night
in my wilderness cabin.
Chocolate drips down your chin.

I think of snow bunnies on the windowsill,
a lonely deer peeps in.
Hot cider cup in your left hand
waits to touch your lips.

I think of last winter
snowed in at this cabin
holding you tight
trying to smother your grief
when you really need to let it go.

I think tonight
of how your eyes sparkle.
After a year smoldering,
you let go of pain and embrace joy.

Take A Break

Ride on the edge of the forest.
Taste the sweetness of trees
that swing in the breeze.

Today is a day for smiling.
Exercise your jaw muscles.
Release life's scratchy wool.

It is an abandoned ritual
to give back to the soul.
Surrender to the silent noise.

Listen to the wind whisper,
birdsong choir practice,
squirrels rustling the leaves.

The woods give nourishment
easy to swallow.
Unlock your gates to receive.

Morning Express

The air sings in whispers,
circumnavigates my face
on the waves of space
I proclaim mine.

One breath responds
to the music of silence.
A gathering convenes
on my patio.

Bold pigeons strut
at a safe distance
past my line of sight.
Without warning

insult the concrete,
discard waste,
tune their sensors
to tidbits in cracks.

Pigeons do what pigeons do
in the first light of morning
on clean swept concrete
oblivious to rules of engagement.

Play Your Flute For Me

Dawn presses upon the soil,
invites footprints to dance
in early light.

A little one presses bread
into an inexperienced mouth,
raises her eyebrows to sound.

Music floats in morning air.
She turns her head east and west
in search of origins.

The flute player plays
a lullaby to sunrise
to honor a new day.

The grass leans toward
the celestial sound
that caresses her heart.

And the little one
gives a big cheese
of innocence

to the flute player
sitting in the maple tree
playing just for her.

Morning Tickle

A sparrow sings to the tip of a leaf.
The leaf flutters in the exhaled lyric
of a little bird's harmony with wind.
A simple exhalation of sound

comes from round belly to tiny throat,
rolls off pointed beak.
A citizen of nature
exposes itself to light.

Finely lit details hop along
the light stream,
catch the listening eye
of the poet who seeks not the poem,

rather the glorious blessing of morning.
Nothing the morning brings is off limits.
Everything looks for a nesting spot
to nurture its need.

A wild bunny steals lettuce in the garden.
Grandma stands at the kitchen window,
smiles as bunny munches away the
little spot she planted just for him.

It Belongs to Me

Sunday morning belongs to me.
I sit in my rocking chair.
Communion with silence is the perfect menu
before takeoff to other galaxies.
Imagination floats like balls across the room.

A room cluttered with paper mountains,
stair step books, reams of white paper,
wait for the imprint of ink.
Smeared at will,
unexpected dances across the page
expose the morning troops.
Who knows what today's special will be.

Light streams slip through cracks.
A less than perfect house
shows off brick and mortar
that hungers for attention.
But Sunday morning belongs to me.

The noisy wall heater kicks in some heat,
the hot water tank belches.
A slow drip makes conversation in the kitchen.
Last night's dishes wait for their rubdown.

Touch of Earth and Memory Pauses

Strained sunlight embraces the patio.
Fluid images make waves in my cup
as I sip morning coffee.
Your special chair glows
in the early earnest light,
missing you as much as I do.

I roll memories on rose petal leaves,
sexy saturated green, like velvet,
draws me to touch your flowers
stored in my grieving garden.
A disconnect between real and illusion
flirts with my emotions.

I wander around
this spacious and sparse landscape
without the melodious movement of your voice.
Grief gathers momentum in my chest,
seeks release to move on.
The live, let go ritual stirs in the soil.

I roam the garden
bestowed by your hand
searching for a standardized release.
Whispers in my ears say,
this is part of the healing process.

If You Can

If you can

sit beside a stream, listen to the water
babble and gurgle and feel joy,

walk in the woods, listen to the pine needles crunch
under boots and hear a symphony,

sit with pain and encounter an
intimate experience with empathy,

dance with joy beyond human boundaries
with childlike imagination without fear,

see beauty in your darkest hour
by simply contemplating a rose,

rise after much grief and despair
and surrender your love,

reach into the fire to lend a supporting hand
and not break under the heat,

strip off your masks and love
what you see in the mirror,

give for the pure joy of giving
with no expectations,

dream dreams that would terrify the average person
and still step on the path that takes you on your journey,

then come sit beside me
and be my friend.

The Cactus Said

She sat in waves of white sand
showcasing spiked hair
and said,
How do you like feisty girls like me?
You know I am deceptively simple,
elegant in my space and always at peace.

Come sit next to me.
I promise not to stick you.
The company of aliens amuses me.
You have that spark of reverence
in the halo around your head
that tells me you are open to growth.

Let me tell you a little story.
When I was born, my needles were very weak.
Water was scarce and the sun always laughed at me.
So I learned to store water internally
and flex my needles in the heat. Water and sun
made me strong, taught me endurance and humility.

Now I am resurrected in the light
to serve my purpose in this life,
to amuse you humans, bite when you get too close
and make you work hard to water your sorrows
when you find yourself loss in the desert.
I like to make contributions to your development.

Pecan Tree

The pecan tree in my backyard, 1953,
age three, my best friend a living giant.
I climb her back, crawl her slanted arms,
bend legs over her branches, hang in
suspension, arms fling.

All pecans that touch ground
inside the fence are mine,
several grocery bags each year.
All outside the fence
the neighbors can have.
I climb the fence often
when I think Mama isn't looking
and throw pecans back over.

When I am not dangling,
I sit on the seat of an upper branch,
sing to my teddy bears,
take journeys to Disneyland, Yosemite, Africa
and rides down the Mississippi River.

The tree is my escape when angry,
a most dangerous time to dangle.
I never fall from her arms.
I accumulate bruises playing in the woods.

My tree provides shade for the playground below
where houses and forts are built to support rubber toys
and the table set for lemonade and cookies.

The only time I do not play in that tree
is when it rains. My worst possible punishment
in childhood, rain separating me from my tree.
There is simply no place in the world
better than that pecan tree.

Hawk Watch

Just above the hawk watch
birds meditate in space
fluid movement in midair,
gracefully sailing on the wind.

Binoculars focus upward
capturing the souls of
eagles, hawks and
other winged wanderers.

An annual migration ritual
that never fails to
win, place and show
on the horizon.

At the center of creation,
we may find the trail
that angles and curves
in the Tijeras desert,

a welcome mat of sand
clings to boots
as a steady flow of souls meander
upward to the hawk watch lookout.

Wind, birds, people, sand,
locked together in the universe,
each drawn to the other
on the playing field—Life.

Horny Leaves

Horny leaves shake on tree branches
looking for spikes of light.
Sunlight raises the forest temperature.
Spring rides in on soft wind.

Leaves smell the scent,
hunger for its touch
to melt frost from under bellies.
They want to make love to spring.

Gather the festival choir,
sing the forest back to life.
Spring, sweet Spring
kiss me please.

Cotton Offering

A spark of light ripples
through the vortex of my mind.
Birds dance on the rim of my reality.
I wander through a maze of clouds

clinging to a turquoise sky.
I want to gather cotton
from the cottonwoods
as they carpet the desert floor.

This is a stingy year,
not enough to go around.
That soft blanket promised
to Aunt Jay will have to wait

for another Spring.
Only the cotton that dances
in the high desert
makes an acceptable love offering.

Maple Leaf

I am leaf emerging in spring
from buds resting on the branches
of my homestead.

I sing green in all my glory
all summer long
giving shade to the forest.

I will fill your soul with the fragrance of my love,
I will love you like a sweet violet,
hold you gently in my arms.

Oh wandering species human,
you may bring heavy steps to my woods,
but come.

Come in my autumn stretch
when my rainbow sings on a carpet
of red yellow orange purple brown.

The lips of my ruffled tips
flirt with the wind.
I sing I flutter I rain on the ground.

I live in the forest of dreams
where tears of reckless love
find soothing relief.

Within my halls you may contemplate
the mysteries of life and death
and your current relationships.

Teresa E. Gallion

I shelter the trail you may walk
in solitude and prayer.
So take off your dark robes of despair.

Break the frozen chain binding your sorrows.
Leave them with me.
I will send them sailing on the skirts of the wind.

Wild Bird

The river inside me flows,
exposes my wildness.
A thousand boats of passion
float downstream.

My mountain smiles,
shoots boulders at the river,
trying to warn you.
Careful, you do not know
what you are playing with.

Take a deep breath,
send your ego home.
Don't take me as a challenge,
I may eat you whole.

Respect my space,
approach with love,
the only thing
to soothe the feathers
of a wild bird.

A Crocus Dilemma

The crocus peek above
last fall's debris.
A menagerie of death
not buried in the compost pile.

Something in a seedling's core
signals Spring's arrival.
Mother Nature plays trickster,
creates confusion, pulls back

and recharges the alarm.
Wait little seedlings,
not yet.
Some listen and retreat

to the warm bed of soil.
Some embrace the death star
with an untimely peek
at a cranky sunrise.

Rio Jemez

The river rolls lyrics through the valley
pulling granules from quiet mesas
engraved in scarlet, burnt orange, yellow and bone.

The river gurgles laughter
as she kisses the rocks watching the spring parade
of twigs and branches float belly up
on an endless journey downstream.

Random surges convene
on the clear step of a miniature waterfall.
To the delight of a boulder,
creamy white frost ripples and hugs.

Stretch marks from man's destruction
do not stop her flow,
her swollen love song, ageless.

She always runs red in spring,
a cleansing ritual that awakens to snow melt,
flows into the crystal fervor of summer,
exposing her green sidelines.

Stones polished to perfection
bask in the sun,
streamers glitter on her face.

I meditate on her edges,
wet my feet in the light and sound
of sacred dewdrops
flowing from her womb.

Teresa E. Gallion

She is the river close to my heart,
sings healing messages to my soul,
steals my grief and pain.

Rio Jemez, Goddess of Loving Waters,
perpetual traveler, always
giving
giving
giving.

Feel the Water

Water molecules breathe
through the waves and ripples
give life to the river.
A packaged gift from the universe

on its preordained destination.
Many travelers picked up
along the way
attach their burdens to the river's flow.

The good, bad and ugly
go for the ride.
Polluted spice and unholy humans
socialize in the river's flow.

The river cringes, gasps for air.
Only a raised consciousness
can stop the abuse.

Humankind daily earns
an overdue spanking.
Time will make the call
for death or redemption.

Tsunami

The sea swells with angry tears,
races to the beach,
smothers all buildings in its path.
Humanity cowers, screams, tries to run.

Too late,
all pleas for help choke
in a tidal rage.
Angels of death walk the land,
guide souls toward the light.

Ships leave the harbor
broken and shattered
swallowed by a flood's wrath.
The tantrum ends, a calm sea approaches,
carries light streams.

One small boat sits
in harbor light
lonely for the touch
of a humble hand.

Close Encounters

The splendor of the waterfall
touches me, excites
like a lover in heat
holds that climax into eternity.
I plunge into the stream, where
a symphony babbles and gurgles
over stone villages and
sand dunes mounted with debris
tickling me on the journey downstream.

The clouds gather for a meeting,
scan the surfaces below
and throw wet bouquets
to the flowers and shrubs.

I emerge from the stream
to the gentle thrashing
of floral droplets on my shoulders,
wind caresses me from head to toe.
Every hair on my body
rises for the dance of ecstasy.

Rain! Rain!
The sweet wicked rain tantalizes me.
The hot breath of the sunstagers in for a visit,
laughs and sports heated muscles,
streams light through the sweet rain
sucks it up like a sumptuous dinner wine
whispering an after taste across
the attic of my belly.

Teresa E. Gallion

My knuckles throb with joy
as I squeeze the trigger of desire,
plunge into its wetness
and float in the liquor of its love.
A symphony of words
rolls down this blank page.

Edge of Winter

Spring is on the horizon,
Jemez Mountains send me a battle cry.
*Come to my spring awakening,
McCauley Springs trailhead
awaits your footprints.*

The trail walks itself parallel to the river.
Sunlight skids on water rushing over boulders,
recent residents after winter's latest charade.

Seasoned veterans tattooed with Mother's tough love
decorate the sidelines in their consecrated spots,
anticipate the arrival of people dressed in diverse flavors.

Cold bliss of winter's end and spring's pre-release party
floats in the river, invites animal tongues to drink.
Humankind dip fingertips in spine tingling snowmelt.

The stream lyrics never change,
play the fifth symphony of bliss
composed in Mother Nature's hand.
Be careful,
you could fall on your face from an overflow of joy.

A little one sprints toward the river.
Baby Daddy yells, *stop this instant.*
The battering ram of youth stops, points.
Daddy look at the bubbles.
Daddy's smile needs no words.

What is it about this piece of earth
that makes you crazy with passion?
An indescribable love spiral squeezes my chest.

Flirting With Spring

The forest's brilliant light streams today,
floats like a river through the trees,
open for business to all souls.

Wind currents strike cords of harmony,
a lullaby for the trees
to soothe the wounds of a harsh winter.

A sky heavy with clouds
rushes to the treetops
to tease the silence of the woods.

A snowball melting between winter and spring
participates in the annual celebration,
precision steps in changing the guard.

Birds sing in trees
somewhere in branches
dressed in Irish greens.

Wild flowers flirt close to the trail
check the signals in the breeze,
decide if it is time to strut their colors.

The sacred ritual catches the heart
pumping with humility
in a day of thanksgiving.

The Summons

This mountain, this river, this tree
surviving a thousand years of broken foundations,
deeply rooted against the bane of a dried up past,
welcomes you.

Greetings friends.

You have not changed much.
You still fight and hate and breathe fire
across the planet.
You have not learned
from your ancestral stream.

But we, the mountain, the river, the tree
still welcome you with hope you will learn.
Destruction is not your answer.
War and hate is not the way.

The mountain rises above ruins,
the river still sings love songs,
the tree gives shade for contemplation.

Today you are called to the river.
Bring open hearts and minds,
cleanse yourselves.
Bathe in this river
below this mountain,
flowing past this tree.
You are in the valley of healing.

Teresa E. Gallion

Step on the path of peace and love.
This mountain, this river, this tree
rolls out a welcome mat for you.

Sit on the throne of your heart,
summon troops of courage.
Then say,
peace and love is
the path I shall walk today.

Standing at the Feet of Zion

(Zion National Park Utah)

The walls of Zion raise their heads toward eternity,
quietly pulling us into its bosom.
They ripple with brown sugar, chocolate heat,
red cinnamon, caramel and orange cream.

Ruby red seeps through amber walls
and mossy greens burst open into floral bouquets
spreading their legs in the sunlight.
Pine needles romp across the foothills
dusting the slick rock with sweet scents.

Tears of the weeping walls nurture colorful posies
hanging and holding tight.
A virgin river works magic in the green valley,
sometimes quietly and sometimes in violent tantrums
that command boulders to leap from cliff sides
and form new communities beside the river.

Rock climbers cling to towering walls
inching their way up like ants with a mission,
marching upward on Zion.

Emerald pools drip one into the other with a melody
that holds memories of a thousand years.
Close your eyes and look into the past,
see the ancient ones, hear ritual drums
play sacrificial lyrics that float in the wind
blessing the earth on which we stand.

A festival for the eyes, ears, feet, heart and soul,
Zion beckons us to come in for an intimate experience.
The energy of this space grabs and holds gently.
What a perfect name—Zion.

Just Below 10K Trailhead

Sandia is a steep ascent
by car, bike or hiking boots.
A worthy climb for all seekers.

Here this powerful masterpiece of nature
protects the Burque landscape
littered with sand and adobe highlights.

Those who never give the mountain
an intimate kiss hold it in reverence
from the valley floor.

The Crest Road embraces immigrants
who come to pay homage
for the gifts from Mother nature.

It is Sunday afternoon at 9,000 feet.
I can only say the smile on every face
that passes me is contagious.

I want to bottle and give it to
every weary soul lost and alone
in the wilderness of pain.

Bless the red, yellow, orange, purple meadow
kissing young Aspen glittering in the light.
Bless the shade of evergreens
standing tall, caressing their space.

Bless every boulder decorating the side hills.
Bless the birds singing in the trees.
Bless the wind that chants in my ears.

Bless the overlook that gives
a panoramic view for a hundred miles.
Bless the butterflies drinking
at the flower wells entertaining me.

Bless the sounds of silence
on this sacred mountain,
giver of inner peace.

Peanut Butter in the Desert

The rocks sit quietly,
bathe in the sun,
snicker at the funny
leather covering my feet.

My breath grows long on the exhale,
water runs down my face
cool against the desert heat,
demands my full attention.

The junipers hold great ideas about tolerance.
A look at their twisted branches,
showcase their character lines.
One wonders why man fails to take notice.

The lichen hold tight to the branches,
know something they do not tell.
A complete history of the landscape
is stored in spiral roots.

Exposed to the philosophy of the desert,
I see a thousand stone eyes waiting
to share the logic of good stewardship.
My boots know we have come home.

I bite down
on my peanut butter sandwich.
My third eye opens
to assimilate the history lesson.

Surrender and acceptance
are bumpy roads,
crunchy like the peanut butter
holding onto my throat.

I reach for my water bottle as a jackrabbit
sprints across the plain on a mission.
The animals play tag in the heat,
I rest in the shadow of the juniper.

Four Wheel Drive Arroyo

The blue expanse above my reach
fights against gray clouds.
Water droplets float in sand.
Wind refuses to be left out,
runs across the landscape.

Dancing dervishes catch droplets,
sink into funnels of delight.
The monsoons approach the desert
with the certainty mud will prevail.

After the water festival down arroyos,
sunshine plays on the canvas.
Dryness emerges in delicate cakes
with knob heads, violin strings,
and clusters of unnamed forms.

You may sit with me,
feel the cool palate
of the Maker's hand.

Ode to My Hiking Boots

Caramel colored boots,
raggedy shoe strings lace you up.
You sink your black rubber in sand.
Through every season you
walk with your trusted companion
and direct her stride.
Your tread grows flat,
still you find strength
to challenge the uneven terrain,
not one cactus conquers you.
Your stride carries us from ridge to valley,
dare those ridges to stop your pleasure.
Your nicks and scratches of wisdom incite envy.
Jagged cliffs
rise above the sand,
stare in awe
as noble footprints
mark wilderness turf.

Boots
faithful boots
carry me across celestial ground,
step lightly, leave only footprints.
Twist on those sharp rocks,
protect delicate ankles,
hold feet tight,
smile at my grunts,
let your worn rubber
kiss the earth,
symbol of your love's sacrifice.

Teresa E. Gallion

Many miles pursued together,
our treasure trove
grows deep in my memory banks.
Your retirement approaches ahead of me.
I hold you in reverence
for the gift of friendship,
and miles and miles
of sacred ground
beholding the spectacle
of light and sound.

La Bajada Hill Tribute

You were a part of that road we call Royal.
Abandoned, left broken and unkempt,
your tears roll down the hill.
Tears of black lava mixed with
patient intermittent trickles of water,
boulder dancing with the wind.

Shuttled aside and forced into retirement,
your everlasting hunger no longer fed
by the successes and failures to reach your peak.
You long for those days of glory
when you were King of the Mountain
and high-spirited youth challenged your territory.

Everyone talks about La Bajada Hill,
but they don't know you, the daily
challenge presented to all who dared
to meet you with rubber to dust,
metal and smoking guns rolling up your steep back.

You have the King's seat now
and the best view of the modern techno
masses racing against the shoulder of I-25,
the common road, that misses the rolling
eloquence of the landscape.

Now only seasoned locals and devout hikers
have a personal acquaintance with your solo
of silence hiding pains of abandonment.

History proclaims
you were a stretch of challenge on the Camino Real,
permanently enshrined in the heart of the landscape.

Embracing Jemez Mountains

Oh Jemez, you beckon me.
You flirt with me in the breeze.
You feed the famine in my heart.

I want to embrace your tenderness,
let it caress me from head to toe,
howl on your mesas in your honor.

No one can touch me with bliss like you.
Your power is embedded
in your ancient volcanic fire.

It flows in your river,
rubs your trees, vines, grasses,
pebbles, boulders, stones.

Every stroke a blessing from the Divine Creator
who granted you beauty and elegance
in this high desert of hard times.

I walk a ponderosa pine trail
embrace your back, eavesdrop on the trees,
a moment of peace among giants.

Wind stirs debris grounded in heavy winter blankets.
A witness to massive preparation
to greet the arrival of new seedlings rising from deep sleep.

Chasing Light

A tree stump moans as a hard freeze releases its tentacles.
Boulders volunteer as miniature waterfalls
for the rush of water spitting from snow melt.

The annual cleansing is in full force.
Clouds float on tree tops,
expose a lapis sky.

I sit in the dry spot reserved for me
in the middle of the trail.
The soft silence hugs me.

I melt into an elusive feather of peace
in a fortress of light and sound.
Jemez smiles.

Magdalena Baldy

We roll up the dirt road
in our late 20th century S.U.V.
biting down hard on the big rocks
and boulders in the road.
Leaning toward the windows,
eyes meet a glorious expanse of distant horizons.
Looking down a stepless stairway,
a few thousand feet below into magnificence,
some of us cringe so close to the edge of freedom.
We are going hiking on Magdalena's baldhead,
10,000 feet in the sky.

She calls herself Baldy Peak,
but her bald head rolls in green braids
inviting us to enter solitude so intense, even
the fallen timbers and boulders do not speak.
They just quietly observe us walking noisily
on the trail, connecting with our energy,
glowing and bubbling, codes of joy.

We walk right into a saddle
where the expanse of distant horizons greet us,
sparkling eyes engage the delectable scene,
hearts beat a deep bass rhythm of gratitude.

So I whisper in Magdalena's ear,
Girl
you have a fine bald head.

Back Road to Work

Cranes and geese go north,
ducks take over the desert grass.
Late Spring, one clan stands out
in dark emerald among the duck families.

They quietly screen the dry grass.
Random take offs in V formation
with fluid orbits between earth and sky,
land in a different spot, all in sync.
They know the code. They are not telling.

Observing them loosens ropes in my neck,
makes me forget morning obligations,
makes me want to fly like a duck.

Cows graze the same grass,
share an unspoken vow.
Spring calves still wearing cuteness
cruise close to mother's leg,
grabbing a nipple of life at random
to nourish a growth need.

Black birds dive in and out,
strut between the cows,
their morning dance to a new day.

A smile stretches my face
on the morning drive to work,
a little envious of such casual freedom.

Big Headed Moon

She rises in the East,
a regal showcase in all her glory
full of herself
as she kisses the sunset goodnight.

Her head swells in her orbit
as she sits in her high perch
teasing the imagination
with her celestial glow.

Her illusory creep up the horizon
dazzles us with mystic light.
Our hands reach out to touch
as she dominates the sky.

We call her Super Moon.
Rare phenomenon to us,
cycle of strut-your-stuff to her
in the universe ritual.

Revelers can't resist
the pull to join her,
they beg for gravity's release.
She's a powerhouse—

Just like a woman.

Cave of Silence

There is a cave of silence
deep within me holding my life map
patiently carved on the bone walls
many lifetimes ago.

The eagle's wings covered
my eyes for many years
blocking my entry to the cave,
protecting me from the things
my eyes were not ready to hold.

But now the eagle flaps its wings,
forces my eyes open to glance.
Each glimpse burns my eyelids
with a challenge that must be faced.

So I don't always look
into the cave.
I am too tired to fly like an eagle
some days.

Wandering Around Lost in the City

1

The sun shines today for lack of anything better to do.
People complain it's not very bright outside.
And the sun shakes its head with a big smile.
Looking at the pollution hanging over the valley,
a question mark hangs over the sun's head.
When humans complain about the weather,
why do they lose sight of the cause?

2

All families have altars and bend knees before the teacher.
Sometimes the bully pulpit gets the desired behavior.
Tragedy is, hearts shut down when abused.
Breathing is very shallow in forced compliance.
The self-absorbed never notice.
They live in the realm of the superficial.

3

Street lights flicker, announce evenings approach.
The 20th century fades on neon.
The 21st century borrows psychedelic lights
to enhance the video games that may drive children
to madness or brilliance.
What will the city streets expose in a 100 years?

4

Deep inside I hear the song of a rock
somewhere in the desert calling my name.
I sit at a stoplight in full lotus,
chanting.
No longer lost in the city, I sit beside the rock
that called me home.

*Sailing
on the Cosmos*

Stretch has Left the Playing Field

I think of age 35
and 135 pounds,
softball, volleyball,
tennis and bicycling,
walking pleasure miles.

I think of Stretch,
my softball name,
as I do a split,
toe holding first base
ball in glove, umpire shouts,
You're out.

With a swan's grace
I rise, articulate
a fluid throw to second,
umpire shouts, *You're out.*
A double play and team
howls, *Go Stretch.*

Now at age 60,
190 pounds,
a split, a call to 9-1-1,
paramedics rake me off the ground.
Stretch has left the playing field.

Death is a Stone

Death is a stone
polished to perfection.
At the bottom of the river
a courtship with sand
does such things.

That's what you tell me
the day you fall off the mountain.
You slide down its ruffled side
bump through stones,
twigs, branches and brush.
Sand moves with your weight.
You hit the arroyo on both knees.
A prayer of pain soaks bloody sand.
My dog snuggles you in warmth
while I run like hell to get help.

Why did you tell me such nonsense?

You raise your eyebrow to salute me.
As we sit on the couch, you say,
*I told you the nonsense to distract
myself from the pain
and to give you the kick in the butt
you needed to calm down.*

I smile, slap him gently upside the head.
Two broken arms and two broken legs,
he cannot swing back.

Random Movements

1

Surrender your breath to the night
in violent eruptions.
Release the fear that binds you.
For daybreak opens
to new adventures
on the open road.
Each a code of wisdom
to tease the taste buds.

2

Some days hang heavy in the axle wheels
crunching new roads, repairing old.
Some of us don't notice,
in our vision's narrow span
like the pot on the stove
gazing only at its lid,
that life is a walk about
we are driven to pursue.

3

Broccoli, cauliflower, zucchini,
separated from their last
earth meal are washed
in the sacred wine of life
over the kitchen sink.
Each a kamikaze pilot
eager to give life
to preserve life.

4

Young blood
runs across the field
destination unknown.
Youthful vigor
sometimes falls into knowledge,
and what a surprise
to awaken to what mom and dad
already know.

5

Rocks climb upon rocks
to make a mountain.
A violent tantrum crosses
your line of sight as boulders
fight for position
on an emergent creation.
Just like the species human,
everything fights for position
on the side of the mountain.

6

Random movements
or so we think.
Life is purposeful.
Everything is tied to
a time and a place,
a season and a reason.
There is
order in the universe.

Attitude

If you are going to read to me,
you better be good entertainment,
a brain stimulate,
a mind soother,
a heart massage.

When you close your mouth,
I better be high on words,
an ethereal smile on my face.

Your tug at my shirt must be hard harmony.
Your challenge to bring me back to earth,
a tug-of-war words that don't let go.

If you are not a master at this task,
please do not read to me.
Give me my space,
I respect yours.
The planet is big enough
for both of us.

On Behalf of Thomas

for Thomas Gallion

My love song to you my dear ones
echoes throughout the universe.
Listen to my voice whisper softly
close to your heart.
I love you. I am with you.

Look inward and see a warm glow
of serenity surround my face.
I found peace beyond mortal perception.
My current journey begins
with warm thoughts of you.

Here I dance in the light
to the rhythm of my own gospel.
My spirit yearned for release
to pursue this lofty journey.
So I left no earthly adieu.

Celebrate my transition
for each flow of love from your eyelids
will evolve into a detached healing
that seals the bond of love we share
through eons of space.

Feel peace in the knowing
that I, Thomas, will receive you
with an armor of love extended
when you approach the crossroad
and step into the light.

I Remember

for Mama

I step onto the planet full of piss and vinegar,
raising hell from the first breath.
You loved me anyway.

I remember quietly fixing my bottle
tugging at your dress tail telling you
to send everybody home
so I could suck my bottle in peace.
You loved me anyway.

I remember hanging from the pecan tree
mad as hell at you, not realizing
you were scared as hell I might fall
and break my neck if you said anything.
You loved me anyway.

I remember bedtime when we raced to
put on our pajamas,
laughter sing throughout the room.

I remember coming in the house
with an owie, crying uncontrollably
and your gentle hug.
Peace filled the house.

I remember when I went to nursery school
in ruffled panties and white high tops,
you had to come and get me
cause they said,
this child has to wear clothes.

I remember when you told me,
don't be unkind to others
but your butt is not a drum.
If someone hits you
knock the hell out of them.

I remember the chicken pox
whining and complaining all night,
competing with your vigilant watch
to keep me from scratching.

I remember coming home from school
waist of dress torn from seam to seam
and you yelling, *get in here.*
How did you tear that dress?
You knew exactly how it happened,
climbing that fence again.
I remember the loving smile
you covered up.

A jewel in ebony
singing above the dust of poverty
giving all that you had to me.

You are my Nubian princess
walking in grace
wearing the garments of mother love
just for me.

I remember.

Reflecting on Papa

The light gathers around the table
awaits his approach as morning comes.
A 10 year ritual filmed in slow motion
rolls on the double rainbow of my dream.

He walks slowly to the patio,
coffee cup in left hand,
Tony-the-Tiger breakfast in the right.
Tony winks, it's great.

You roll across my memory bank Papa
like a deity with a scroll.
The one we were meant to read
together as father and daughter.

I did not understand
your urge to drown pain
in a Budweiser bottle,
your drug of choice.

How could your head hang so low
and still rise
to make a little child laugh
from your tickle banners.

No matter how intoxicated,
that love deep inside you
found its way through
to touch the heart of your child.

No words from your lips,
just you and me
crawling on the floor
playing children's games.

The elixir from your tainted breath
fights with Budweiser.
Those blue gray eyes
spread light to the room.

Neither of us knew
our karmic burden
was a fight for release
to reach our bond of freedom.

We disconnected
in my selfish teens.
I needed to hide
embarrassment —you.

Then I found you again
in my youthful twenties.
You divorced Budweiser,
we became friends again.

The Gospel Singer

I sit in the church pew,
await her voice,
wiggle in my seat
like a typical six year old.

I grab my legs
make them be still.
Mama's third eye watches,
gives a look that would kill

if I don't be still.
I want that preacher man
to hurry and finish that sermon
so I can hear her sing to me.

Not the least bit guilty
for my eager anticipation.
She slowly rises from her seat,
a robust ebony princess

with the voice of a nightingale
blended with the soulful rhythms
of African harmonics.
The church rocks.

Even the pews say amen
at the high point of morning service
when my spirit soars
with the voice of my nightingale.

Blue Bird Magic

Fly away fly away bluebirds.

For 80 years,
that is how she starts her morning prayer.
Today the bluebirds do not fly away.

They hang out on her windowsill,
tough tendrils of feet hold tight,
press feathers against glass as if stuck
in burning rivulets of desert claimed dry earth.

They see her through clear glass
froze in place.
Shock in the blue one's eyes
steams the color from their feathers

Morning commences, she does not move.
Baffled by this irregularity,
the birds begin to screech and scream,
the commotion grabs grandchildren's attention.

The 911 dove arrives just in time
on two wheels of oxygen.
The birds calm down,
know their special lady is okay.

She sings
Fly way fly away bluebirds
at the next sunrise
just for her bluebirds.

Letting Go

I know what I say
loosens the gravel
in your throat
just as the choral
lyrics of bluebirds
soften mornings air.

Today my mood swings
like a pendulum,
watches your stiff movement
toward an escape.
We cannot face the day
in a united frontal assault.

So let divergent pathways
give us an option
to ride our horses
to different fields
to nourish our needs.

Contemplating Endings

She drives parallel to the river
at odds with its flow.
A wish for cleansing
drowns her brain stem.

The capacity for intimacy
left months ago
and she bleeds to end
all experiences of pain.

Committed to earthly duties,
her angel rides the rubber tires.
It knows
the scent of her mind.

Abandon the car,
run from responsibility,
dive into the river's flow,
float in forgetfulness.

She engages the clutch.
The angel resists,
today is not the day
to merge with darkness.

Preparing to Face the Day

She sings to the edges of the flame,
a voice soft like velvet
dances with fire light,
contemplates the scent of a rose's
tranquil opening to the world.

She remembers the exit
from her mother's womb,
a slow glide into the world,
eyes wide open, a primeval howl
trumpets her arrival.

Experiences flutter in her heart
reinvent joy and pain.
Distracted by first light
and the sparrows song,
she opens the wall around her chest,
takes an extended breath,
thanks the air ripples for life.

A new day heavy with fresh challenges
greeted with a contagious smile.

Dream Bindings

He woke up dry mouth
dreaming all night
mouth wide open
unable to speak.

It appears she entered
the window of his dream
maneuvering the darkness,
stole his heart.

Became light as a feather
as love rode the back of his legs,
raced up the slope of his spine
dived into the river of his soul.

His eyes wide open with ecstatic light,
mesmerized by the rainbow
flexing her wings,
he wanders back into dream.

She pulls him into herself,
folds her wings.
His mouth wired shut,
dribbles a scream.

Homeless

The evening sits quietly in twilight,
waits for darkness to crush its chest.
You sit at the bus stop
surrounded by wine bottles,

discarded fragments of paper,
a rainbow of trash
waiting for the world to rescue you.
The wind blows garbage around feet

barely covered in dirty sneakers,
holy like the smallpox.
Inertia still grinds your knees,
you practice release lines every day,

convinced something will happen.
A stream of light
rips the belly of the street,
exposes a face of wisdom.

As your yellow smile grows,
your feet tango in the shadows.
Could that be the reason
you still breathe another day?

The Wolf's Side of the Story

After a hard day's hunt,
a wolf sits in silence
next to a shiny black rock.
His stomach growls
for lack of nourishment.

He knows he must not stay.
The obnoxious little girl in the red hood
always comes at midday
to chastise animals on the open trails.

She declared war on the woods of his father
and the space his mother dropped him at birth.
How can a tiny little girl wear big red horns
and walk with righteous conviction?
She is the only trespasser in the woods
not afraid of the big bad wolf.

Little does she know,
the wolf comes to the black rock everyday
to howl and clear the woods of all danger.

Little does she know,
he has protected her grandma
every since grandpa died.

Little does she know,
a hungry and lonely wolf
has a special place
in grandma's kitchen.

Little does she know,
a lonely grandma embraces a wolf.

Refill of Life

Dried maple leaves rain on the ground,
the mass execution of fall weighs heavy in the air,
a rhythm in the cycle of transformation
carved in the liturgy of falling leaves rejoining the soil.

We lay down to sleep with our winter prayers
close to the flame circling our hearts.
Our night sweat is sweet and aromatic,
erupts around our brains.

We visualize a rush from the womb
as ice breaks winter's back.
Our fever dreams release in a slow drip,
raise the standard of rivers and streams.

We emerge in the early morning chill,
roll out the carpet for Spring's sunrise.
Reincarnation releases a naked body to the world,
tiny leaves flash silky banners to celebrate birth.

We step onto the new road ready to greet
the ups and downs on our journey home.
Heavy baggage slows us down
as we plead with Spring for a refill of life.

Love Note

Our hearts beat in quiet muffled tones
speaking a language known only to them.
Bonding convenes a meeting while
we argue the merits of fish versus red meat.
Our wet palms meet as our bodies
glide toward each other.

Balanced on the thin veil of fear
we hover, struggle to accept air,
merge as one amid the chaos buzzing
around the brain stems we leave at the table
and soar in our translucent bodies.

The flood of passion enthrones us,
we surrender to desire.
The electricity of our union
creates a golden coach
in a shrine of light that
floats in space—destination eternity.

Our light bodies engage in acrobatic bliss
as we journey into each another's realm.
We land on a pure white sandy beach
somewhere in the heart of nirvana
totally consumed in exhausted ecstasy
and give ourselves to deep sleep.

Flirtation

The thunder claps its hands
as lightning dances across
the naked peaks of the mountains.
I clap my hands
and dance across the valley floor,
moon walking across the sand.

A colored girl winks
at the winged peaks of the mountains.
Mars and Venus smile
knowing the mountains have never seen
a colored girl's stride on the valley floor.

Shadows sculpted in the moonlight
engage the mountains.
Ancient virgin eyes rise from a sea
that ran away
and peaks uplifted with curiosity
shout, *Come closer my dear.*
I want to touch you intimately.

And the colored girl says,
Not until I'm ready sir.

A Visit With My Sister

I. Infancy

Every Night you sucked my bottle
then told Mama, the biddy has no milk.
Mama said you were tall and slender
with blue eyes and black hair like Papa
and you were the busiest little girl on the planet.
Mama said she understood why,
when you lay down to sleep at 18 months
when I was only 12 weeks present.

II. Childhood

I grew up thinking the cemetery
was a big green park for running and climbing trees
with a little girl that matched your description.
Mama and Papa could not see her.
The little girl said she only came out to play
when I came to visit. Now I know,
looking at your smile and the apricot rose
in your hair, it was you running, free of the body
Mama said was below the ground.
Now, I understand death and resurrection.

III. Adolescence

The genius of adolescence
springs from the well of growth.
Even when you know it all,
hunger drives you like a wolf sometimes.
I was preoccupied in the search for adventure.
I stored created memories of you
in the garden of my heart.

IV. Middle Age

I am now at the crossroad of detachment.
You must go and I must move forward,
but I have one last request,
Will you take a trip with me?
We hitch a ride with a princess
on the high sea and sail
to the blue-green waters of the Caribbean.
We jump ship at a white sand beach
and run naked across the landscape.
We dive into the white caps of the waves and frolic,
until the first light of morning appears.
I wake up and hear the echo of my sister's voice.
*I love you, and Papa says you are a mischievous
little girl.*

Lunch Walk in the Neighborhood

Four-legged Toms case the neighborhood
scouting among the bushes and shrubs
seeking four-legged furry starlets
in pursuit of love, carefully observing
the intrusion of human pads
beating the sidewalk.

Black birds howl in my ears
but sing sweet melodies to the lady
sitting on a branch in the yard next door.
It has been a long—warm—winter, no need to
go south when there are so many ladies
to pursue in the neighborhood.

Little doggies walk their masters,
check out the sensual domain,
inhale the exciting smells,
and what a treat
to mark turf as they strut along.

Elder ladies carry the folds of wisdom
on the forehead
stroll along the buckling sidewalks
stressed by years of use and neglect.
The ladies have acquired the skill
of gratitude.
Each day, each breath is a blessing
and a walk is divine.

Teresa E. Gallion

Youth pass by, exceeding the speed limit
justified in the disguise of better health.
A motley crew decked out in tights, baggy
shorts, cut off tees and brand name foot
dressings, pound the cracks in the street
looping their way back to work
in time for the one o'clock bell.

All the animals walking the noon shift
maintain a respectful distance
and the flowers and trees are entertained
by the diversity passing through
the neighborhood.

Public Library

I want to touch the books
and feel words rolling across pages.

I want to go inside,
sit in the big chair and read.

The sign on the door says,
White only.

I walk slowly past the windows,
scroll a question on the glass,

Tell me Mister Crow,
what ransom must I pay
to read the books in the public library?

Teresa E. Gallion

Waking Dream

for Papa

I stand in the shadow of my third eye
hold my cup of tears
overflowing with the grief of your leave.

You put out your hands
take my cup and embrace me with your smile.
Your one lock curl teases my face.

You speak to my heart
as you raise the cup and bless it with a kiss.
You turn it 90 degrees,
crystal dewdrops flood the ground.

You hand the cup back filled with light.
A prayer hangs on the wings of a dove,
the parchment holds your smile Papa,
inscribed with the words,

I love you baby girl.

Riding Down Lonely Canyons

Legs dangle from my pecan tree.
A gentle breeze runs past my face.
I prepare for flight on my magic carpet
from the perspective of an eight year olds dreams.

Such dreams are honest, limitless and real,
unfold a reality only in the heart of a child.
I ride my magic carpet with my teddies,
we reach a temple filled with light.

A towering wall exposes a little girl smiling at me,
a halo around her head, a mirrored image of me.
I reach for her. She dissolves into infinity.

We come to a gate with a gold lock.
A street embellished with
emerald, sapphire, ruby, diamond
sparkle in my eyes.

My thumb touches the lock,
the gate opens to the golden city.
I feel the energy of a familiar place,
reach out and everything disappears.

Double dimples catch the tears of rejection.
My teddies smile and hug me gently,
pull me back onto the carpet.

Why is everything disappearing?
My teddies say, *it is not your time.*
You are in the forbidden zone.
Only souls graduated from earth school
may enter this space.

Teresa E. Gallion

So why am I wandering here?
*Because you are a child
with imagination and remembrance
of past lives riding down lonely canyons
to avoid your studies in earth school.
You cannot stay until you earn your wings.*

And Mom yells out the kitchen window,
*Little Girl get out of that tree
before you fall.*

For My Brother

My brother came to me,
tears in his eyes.
Trees around the homestead
gave up branches that
burrowed and crawled
in the black dirt.

He said, I feel empty inside.
Crocus, daffodil and iris
wept for him
in the womb of winters grip.

My brother came to me,
tears in his eyes.
The wolves cried all night.

He said, I need safe haven from pain.
A crowd of wild geese flew across the sky,
kissing the clouds,
mourning for a brother in pain.

My brother came to me,
tears in his eyes.
I invited him to sit
in a grove of cottonwoods.

We joined hands
to catch yellow tear drops
falling from trees.

Recapitulation

The morning bell played a different tune,
an unrecognizable boom.
Chaos, confusion, disbelief reached for the ground.
Light bodies reached for heaven sheltering
thousands of souls released from the gravity of earth space.

The hand of the negative power
desecrated, mutilated, and blew ash from broken bodies.
Love ran toward salvation from fire engines.
Terror howled in the wind.
Technology screamed across the screens of the planet.
The species human gazed in disbelief.

The morning bell played a different tune,
the wake-up call was severe.
Numbness rose up, bloomed into empathy.
Blood flowed from veins.
Money leaped from pockets to Red Cross canisters.
Red white blue painted the land.
A posture of war reared its head,
destroyers positioned themselves,
soldiers packed their bags.

Prayers and tears built a bridge.
Wild geese stood guard breathing on silent air space.
An eagle perched in midair
shed a drop of water from its eyelid.
A symbol of freedom mourned
as buildings raced to the ground.

The negative power smiled, well pleased.
It brought the earthlings to its table, demanded an audience,
grief, anger, rage, hatred on which it thrives.
Where love is not welcome, charity is not welcome,
compassion is not welcome.

The morning bell played a different tune.
Harsh reality spoke in tears of smoke.
Assistants to the negative power shook hands,
drank their coffee and said mission accomplished.

How many, how many generations
must depart earth before we learn.
Will the species ever learn?
Will the species ever learn?

They climbed toward the heavenly gates
and wandered through a white fog.
As the fog lifted, white light encircled them.
Each soul entered a golden temple,
sat before the books of wisdom, assimilated knowledge
to take back to planet earth.

Many souls screamed in dismay.
The species is not ready.
The species is not ready.
And Spirit said,
plant seeds, plant seeds for the 22nd century.

The answer is peace, forgiveness, love.
The answer is peace, forgiveness, love.

Still Fighting

She fights valiantly throughout the night.
Determination grinding her bones
creates the mush that weakens the spirit.

Her lack of knowledge about the quest
is her rod and staff of defense against the odds.
She does not know she is handicapped.

A weak element does not exist
in her psyche domain,
a fighter never quits.

And so it is written in time,
daybreak finds her on her knees
still fighting with her last ounce of exhale.

Last Gathering

for Jessie

We gather our youth over coffee
after eight hours pushing paper
to earn our daily bread.
Happy hour always between two endings.

We are accustomed to sitting
in the bowl between
the end of work and end of the day
sharing our philosophy of the moment.

Your energy softens the harsh light of the workday.
A cup of Baileys is privileged to share our table.

The Midwest landscape is naked
since you reclaimed your southern roots.
I am a traveling woman
who plants her feet in the desert.

The day you call me and talk for hours
teasing and being silly, encouraging
me to go forward, stretch my wings across the sky,
reminds me of happy hour.

Six months later, another friend calls
tells me in spite of the cancer,
you translated peacefully in your sleep.

Thank you for that last gathering of our youth.

A Yearning for Peace

I have lived many lives,
lived and died in many battles.
I fought in the Peloponnesian Wars
with Genghis Khan, the Crusades,
the Hundred Years War, the Napoleonic Wars,
the Revolutionary war, World War II.

Always a mighty soldier in battle, dedicated
to the cause of death and destruction,
recycling the violence, bringing to each
reincarnation another cloud of devastation.

I have lived many lives,
lived and died in many battles.
Now I face the 21st century
filled with the stench of blood, murder
and unspeakable crimes to humanity,
tired and ready for a truce. I challenge mankind
to embrace the most difficult task ever,
to sit at the table of peace.

Is anybody listening? Is anybody ready to join me?
Since my last rebirth there has been
a Korean War, a Vietnam War, a Gulf War,
an Iraqi War and numerous conflicts across the earth.

My consciousness is rising. I see peace
in a distant star far out in the universe waiting.
A blue light encircles that star, calls my name
every time I go to the top of the mountains.
I want to fly away in the arms of my spiritual guide.

But I still have hope that the children of the earth
will sit in a peaceful conclave and say no to war.
If they do not, I see a planet devoid of flesh
destroyed by a human tsunami.

I have lived many lives,
lived and died in many battles.
I don't want to war no more.

A Simple Dream

She is the Mother Goddess
of the universe reaching for heaven.
I am a mouse with ears raised like Mickey's,
listening to the wind race down her back.
A blessing flows over me
as I gaze the base of her empire.

I long to catch a ride on her hip,
slowly work my way to heaven.
The sherpas carry heavy loads,
breathe easy in this sanctioned walk.
Their lungs are connected to her breath
as honored children.
My breath is labored at 18,000 feet
with nothing on my back.

Determined to make Khumbra Valley
for the visual feast, a glimpse at 29,000 feet
above my line of sight, I ask
for the Sherpas blessings to breathe easy.
The trip of a lifetime must not be quenched
by the simple task of breathing.

I wake up smiling. The dream is palatable.
Reality could be deadly.
This body is not conditioned
to reach heights the journey entails.
Only time stewed with practice
could give this dream physical reality.

I will continue to dream, Lady Everest,
of sitting on your shoulder,
looking out on the universe,
reaching for the heavenly lights.

Death by Chocolate

Give me a double-chocolate layer cake
infused with mint, mousse and pudding.
I want to sleep in heavenly hash
and cover my body in chocolate frosting.

Infused with mint, mousse and pudding,
crown me with fudge brownies
and cover my body in chocolate frosting.
I plead guilty to the crime of chocolate.

Crown me with fudge brownies.
Take me to court with my dark treats.
The verdict is guilty for the crime of chocolate.
Sentence, a mocha latte bath.

Take me to jail with my dark treats.
Paste the ceiling with chocolate chips.
Execute me in a mocha latte bath
and let me drown to death by chocolate.

Paste the ceiling with chocolate chips.
As I sleep in heavenly hash,
let me drown to death by chocolate,
and bury me in a double-chocolate layer cake.

Teresa E. Gallion

An Eagle's Moment

An eagle in flight flaps its wings
and in a brief moment hovers
in its outstretched wing span.

A prescriptive eye targets the day's catch.
With a swans grace it dives to the water's ripple edge,
gently lifts dinner in its talons.

In one fluid movement,
it soars skyward,
a pure display of survival and elegance.

Braid of Snow

A braid of snow lies across the balcony,
reveals the whiplash of winter's tantrums.
Words melt on the porch,
a slow drip touches the laundry basket.

It is the last evening they will spend together
secluded in deep woods, fears, secrets, dreams.
His flight back to the city is seven a.m.,
hers is noon. Neither wants to leave the shelter

of 100 year old brick and mortar
swimming in deep secrets
protecting the spirit from lethal stings,
soothing the bruises of time.

A braid of snow lies across the balcony,
reveals the whiplash of broken hearts.
Words melt on the porch,
tilting the laundry basket toward the river.

Homage to the Moon

Take away the food, the clothes, the shelter,
but not the light of your smile.

Do not throw the jackrabbit
from your slivered side.
I could not bare to lose his gaze.

Earth school is hard,
unforgiving in its demands,
but when your smile
welcomes the night,
it opens the doors to fantasy,
the rewards of imagination.

Many days I sink in darkness,
bite my lip until it bleeds,
struggle to be patient
for your smile to welcome the night.

A gaze into the winter night
stimulates rest and peaceful dreams.
Your frosty smile lowers its wattage
until the slow drip of Spring
announces your increase in brilliance.

I smile in response to the light
as earth comes to life
and the jackrabbit sits again,
legs crossed in the sliver of your back, gazing.

Take away the food, the clothes, the shelter,
but when my eyes look upon the night sky,
show me the jackrabbit and your smile.
It keeps my spirit alive.

Captured Moments

Morning comes in quick notes.
Birds gather on the windowsill to brag
whose shadow
is the biggest in the light stream.

The lizard does not care.
He chases light in the flowerbed.
My dog cuddles his blanket on the porch,
one eye tuned to the bustle
of activity in the yard.

The sky sponsors a conference for clouds.
They all prepare for the afternoon pageant,
bears, dragons, piglets and flowers bursting
from tree heads. No one
wants to miss the show that only
the Beloved's hand can produce.

Fleeting moments pour images
in my memory bank.
I like to make deposits to my account.

The hum of motors two blocks away
sing their way to school,
jobs and domestic pursuits.
Neighbors wave as they open car doors
to ride the magic of rubber tires.

Teresa E. Gallion

Little ones stroll down the sidewalk
bent over the weight of words
in a rainbow of backpacks
exposed to the world.

And there in the middle of the street,
a road runner struts oblivious to morning.
The morning comes
just for him to wander
through the neighborhood.

One Morning

Daybreak waits outside,
assembles in the moment
light greets an open doorway.

Morning carries the chill
of night dreams that
slip through the cracks of windows.

The coat draped like curtains
waits patiently on the rack,
shares space with hat and mittens.

A braided rug lies gentle on the floor
ready to receive the imprint
of your feet greeting sunrise.

You step through the doorway
reaching for escaped dreams
surfing the landscape.

Tripping on the Clouds

The sky hangs over him,
an inverted blanket
decorated with dragons,
bears, running wolves,
straight-laced swans
and perky birds.

He makes angels on the ground,
grass bends to his flapping arms.
His eyes cannot let go
of the canvas he gazes.

It is the nature of six year olds
to see visions hidden
from an adult's line of sight.

The untainted ritual of child's play
is but a moment in time.
The bell ringer makes the call to adulthood.
Reality slaps hard.

A Day in the Life

I have become accustomed to sun
and wind stirring the desert sand.
An overcast day invites laughter,
the need to step off my pedestal,
lie in bed, open windows,
savor the scent of rain's approach
while the world sharpens its knives
with war and rhetoric.

I lie in bed reading
to escape the hum of life
trying to invade my space.
The halls of justice drop rules
like pigeon droppings.
Someone donates blood.
Another transfusion breathes life
into a broken body.

Then comes the tap on the window,
the official announcement of rain.
A child wails under the pain of abuse,
a woman bends over the blood of her last beating.

I lay my book aside, hug my pillow,
close my eyes and listen to the rain.
A bell rings on Wall Street,
a day of trading begins
with shrill cries riding wind currents
back and forth across the trading floor.

Teresa E. Gallion

People of the desert hold out hands,
expose their smiles to delight.
The desert monsoons arrive.
A soldier moves in perfect rhythm
past the white marble of a man with no name.

A delicate rain plays music on glass
cleansing my mirror on the world.
Another cow, another sow
gives up life to give us our daily bread.

Rolling thunder howls through dark clouds,
calling forth lightning.
The natural occurrence of light and sound,
a perfect rhythm to embrace.
Children stoop to the ground,
stomachs bloated, eyes bulging in distant lands.

The drip of trees touch earth.
Flowers rise in a slow dance from the soil.
Fires rage in the western forests.
Sagging eyes and ash covered faces
crash in the dirt to instant sleep.

The clouds offer no apologies
for this one act play.
The monsoons are an annual affair.
And you,
you invade the landscape of my mind.

Nursery School

She walks to school
holding Mama's hand,
three long braids,
ruffled panties,
white high tops with ruffled socks,
September warming her back.
She is three
and going to nursery school.
Mama abandons her
on the doorstep of higher learning.

The teacher smiles,
Mama is gone,
but the teacher calls her and says,
this child has to wear clothes.
The next day of school
Mama adds a bobtail dress
to showcase those ruffled panties
and a big sash tied in the perfect bow
emphasizes a tummy filled
with chocolate milk,
grits and scrambled eggs.

Mama knows
what the teacher will learn.
This child will never be dainty
and that dress ends the day
torn from seam to seam,
sash dragging mud,
ruffled panties perfectly clean.
The child plays hard
and her butt never touches the ground.
It is the 50's and little girls wear dresses
when they need to wear pants.

Naked in the Desert

You have detached from your spine.
You are dried wood, aged by weather,
naked with no juicy greens to cover
your breast, spine or ribs. You like to hang out
in the desert, be adventurous like Semba in
the Lion King thundering through the jungle brush
tasting, smelling, touching, giggling
with sounds of music that beat the rhythmic
chords of pure innocence.

I see you as a natural sculpture
intertwined with age showcasing
your magnificent muscles like my father's
muscles at middle age, still strong and
holding his physical beauty intact
while wisdom climbed his back.

You have successfully shed your spiky
skin and stand strong against the hard
bites of life. I long to be free and unadorned,
able to surrender to the universe,
to hang out in the desert with you.

High Plains Drifter

Headed west on highway 60,
cruising through Magdalena,
home on the range exposes itself.
I look for entertainment
where *the deer and antelope play*
and the sky is not cloudy all day.
Antelope run out on the plains.
I engage in random scans
that cause drunk driver weaving down the road.

How can I not be distracted by 30 or 40 antelope
running across the desert calling forth a magnetic
turquoise sky, a backdrop for Magdalena,
Crosby, Sugarloaf and other mountain ranges.
I mute the gospel blaring from my music box,
listen to the hooves of antelope riding the wind.

Bound for Sugarloaf Mountain
where I staked claim to 5 acres
through a 21st century paper exchange deal
with a promise to pay in green.
The rancher releases his claim and gives me the title.
I like to call it mine, but it is leased to me
by natural design with an unwritten promise
to be a good Steward of the land.

I always bend my knees to earth and thank Spirit
for allowing me to be here, dig my hands in the sand,
sing *Home on the Range* to the Indian paintbrush
and the ancient juniper claiming turf in the front yard.

A Virgin Space for Sister Brody

for Debbi

Loretto Heights College gives her a room
in A Wing of Learning (AWOL) dormitory
overlooking the Sisters of Loretto cemetery
where devoted Carmelite nuns are laid to rest
after years of faithful service.

A manicured lawn strewn with crosses,
grave stones and polished perennials
create serene solitude,
invite prayerful meditation.

The AWOL dorm room has one orange fabric wall
and three blue-gray cinder block walls.

She hangs a good-witch painting
from her girlfriend on the wall,
a one page xoxoxo letter from her boyfriend
and her personal paisley silk scarf.

This is the first time in her life she has her own room,
her own walls to decorate and even her own sink
in the room with a fluorescent light.
Her whole life has been consumed
in chaotic disorderly array of family,
friends and artistic hobos
passing through her parent's house.
She has so much freedom
trouble becomes her surname.

Looking out her dorm window,
feeling the energy of the nuns resting in peace,
she realizes she is a personal space virgin.
For the first time in her life,
she can give structure to her own place,
control the energy flow into that space
and renew her connection to the sacred within.

Sailing on the Cosmos

Here in the shadow of the road,
I look in the window of childhood.

The Sunday kitchen is hot with fried chicken and biscuits,
greens and cornbread and granny's blackberry pie.

The Sunday outing to Cross Lake is surrounded by woods
and elders casting lines from the shore.

Wind stirred ripples roll across the water draw me
secure in Daddy's grip on the rope around my waist.

Yale Street, my universe of black tar, hot to naked feet
calls me to summer adventures.

Days are filled with softball and dust, hide and seek,
shooting marbles under the acorn tree.

Epic battles in woods compete with stealing milk bottles
from neighbor's porches to exchange at the candy store.

A block away eight metal wheels held with black rubber
race on Murphy Street's two lanes of concrete.

A hard day of play is a special invitation to the bathtub
in the shared company of rubber ducks.

A petition on bended knees, Mama's delicate hands
tucking covers, a kiss and lights retreating.

Sparkling Clear Glass

I am 6 years old and filthy rich December 1956,
five dollars in quarters, dimes and nickels
from my toy box where my allowance
is stashed every week,
plus every dime I do not use for bus fare
when I walk to school
and the extra nickels Daddy throws
in from pocket change.

I must to go shopping for Mama.
I get scrubbed, hair combed,
vaseline on legs and arms
and ten cent for bus fare.
I go to town
with five one dollar bills in my pocketbook.
Mama converted my change to greenbacks.

Kreses, H L Green, Woolworth, J C Penney
compete for my dollars.
I know exactly what I want.
J C Penney has sparkling earrings.
I pick a pair that match what would hang
from a chandelier and sparkle in the light.
They cost me a small fortune,
\$3.59 and a nickel for a gift box.
Just what Mama needs.

I still remember the look on Mama's face
when she opens those ugly glass earrings
on Christmas Eve.
She says, *Mommy loves you, you did a good job.*
I smile and open my presents.

Parallel Universe

1

The rubber ducks cried for me last night.
I could not remember my Nursery Rhymes,
intimate friends in childhood.
Where have they gone?
I press lips against stone,
neither see nor hear my past.

Something within is leaving
me naked and bare. A suppressed scream,
disguised denial, I could become my mother.
Sudoku, scrabble, the daily crossword,
will any of them come to save me?
Learn to play an instrument,
learn a new language.

Everyone has a piece of advice, no one an answer.
Why can't I fade into the universe
and take jackrabbit with me?
His big floppy ears my alarm,
his speed my getaway car.
Running and hiding does not work.
Karma bites no matter where you hide.

2

Mama's head told her she took a bath today.
Mama's head told her she took her medicine today.
Mama's head told her the lady stole her bedspread.
Mama's head told her she had 4 roommates and they left.
None of these things are true. How do you compete with
Mama's head when all the synapses that define reason
retired and abandoned her at the bus stop.
Mama still gives orders as if perfectly normal.

3

Mama left a few years ago,
don't know where she went.
She tries to visit her body sometimes
and you always turn her away.
You took over and nobody can get through,
you have stolen the deeds to her temple.
Mama and I would like to know your plans.

4

The doctors place chips on the roulette wheel
at name brand locations: Aricept and Namenda.
Scientists released only the short report. The final verdict
still rides the waves. Mama and I don't have much time.
Perhaps a future generation will catch a healing wave
and drown you at sea, wicked Alzheimer's.

At the Very Large Array (VLA)

Pictures in the gift shop, match the super nova
caught in the very large array in the desert.
Contact made, radio waves shout out to the universe,
bounce back in a rainbow shower.
From the milky way of dreams,
colors compete at the dream catcher's gate.

Only a soul with childlike innocence
catches the magic stream.
Her four year old eyes spellbound
in a dream tunnel touch harmony
with stars through telescopic display.
She tremors and shouts, *look Daddy look
at the rainbow in my house.*

Spell of Resistance

Shadow flames dance around his head,
the night silence nips at his veins,
agony wants to run from his mouth.

Comfortable with his misery, his mouth
locks shut. What will be left
if he surrenders?

The obsession in his feet
hungers for release.
He binds them to earth.

An obstinate bone
stops all assailants
that threaten his anguish.

The word-knife cuts
three powerful words
in his chest.

I love you.
He buckles
under the weight of that energy.

Wandering in the Clouds

Rain taps my shoulders,
wants to tell my heart,
emotions trapped in desire's countryside
declare independence
from the burdens of pain.

Tag me with love and devotion
to heal my wings
so freedom's flight may
grant me a first class seat
to watch Spirit walk in clouds.

Time is ripe
for strolls with the Beloved.
Untie the string that binds me
to desolate scenery,
give me back my wings
to soar in divine light.

Do not tell me
life is impossible to embrace.
I know challenges flood the planet.
The pulse of the ages
beats under my skin,
a life signal, a chance to grow.

The soul's substance
hangs out with the swans,
gives my body time
to join the universe in prayer.
Sensory emptiness prowls the landscape,
waits for the catch of the day.
Only awakened souls avoid the clutch.

Teresa E. Gallion

The cities raw with anger
hang around to choke your fear.
Move carefully through the isles
of greed's supermarket.
You may be thrown out
with the trash and
the pick-up van is a crusher.

A Hobo on the Tracks

He holds hands with his memories,
walks with a casual gait
on the first street tracks.

The grooves and liver spots
painted on his face
tell a heavy heartfelt story.

He does not notice
the rails creep in pain
from the weight of life
littered on miles of track.

He has an intimate connection
with the railroad,
knows the history of every boxcar
filled with slush and slander.

The hobos life is tattooed
in every empty car.
Jumping on and off the train,
the signature of his life.

The only relief for a career hobo
is thousands of miles of memories.

He could smile for days.
He could cry for days.
He could alternate for days.
And never reach the bottom of his bank.

Running With the Wolves

I see myself running with the wolves
in the parallel light of the full moon.
One curves her head to expose a left eye,
a penetrating amber stare of approval.
She runs faster to test my meddle.

I run on two legs, arms pumping wind,
a tail's length behind.
She looks back, smiles, lowers her voltage.
We connect from a past life
as mother and child ripping the wind.

Tonight I clutch an ode to joy,
a breast swollen with pride.
My heart about to explode in this reunion,
a recognition of her love through time.

I run with the wolves tonight,
imagination gone ballistic,
my legs a force of nature,
stolen back from the thief of sleep.

An echo consumes itself
as she licks my face
snuggled in the warmth of a sleeping bag.
She disappears in the forest of my dreams.

Wedding Picture

Mama, Papa
I look at your wedding picture,
serious, full of youth.
I wonder what you were like
before my emergence in your life.

Were you filled with hopes and dreams?
Were you happy simply to break bread together?
What was the subject that brought you to this pose?
The 1940s would not embrace your union.

Your prescription was not released to the public.
Mama, a Nubian princess and Papa, a French Prince
riding a white stallion into the forest
of Jim Crow with a stringent land policy.

Colors do not mix, must remain separate.
I look at your picture. It does not tell
the agony and ecstasy of blending colors
on your life canvas.

Here I stand three score and some change
settling into my twilight years,
looking at your wedding picture.
And I wonder.

Teresa E. Gallion

*Traveling
The Far Country*

This is Your Happy Meal

This is your happy meal,
the light and sound of Spirit
circling your heart.

Reach out and taste the fruit.
It ripens in your garden.
The one blessed with
sacred greens and the cornbread of light.
The lyrics of chai tea embrace your table.

Take a cool drink of purity,
raise your head toward the sun,
expose the glitter in your eyes.

This is the only meal you need.
Bathe in that stream of love.
This is your happy meal.

Sometimes

Sometimes
it takes a long time
to grasp meaning.

A life filtering
over the dark side
gets caught
in the clutches of living.

Sometimes
it is hard
to let go of ugliness
that clings like a fungus.

A life filtering
through a mask
needs time.

Sometimes
the darkness
shields painful light.

A life filtering
through experiences
stalls at the reality base.

Sometimes
a life filtering
through exposure,

meets surrender
and freedom's light
floods in.

Love is A Hiking Trail

Love is the trail in front of me
where footprints are made in the sand.

Love is the sculptured stones
dripping with color.

Love is the black Apache tears
buckling under the weight of boots.

Love is the pine tree barely hanging on,
yet clinging to that magnificent boulder.

Love is this cloudy day,
a blessing in the land of enchantment.

Love is the tender breeze
caressing my face, telling me,

Love is God everywhere on the trail.

Feast Day

A mystic wind sings in your face,
draws others to your table.

A scent of sage tickles the nose
of each soul at your gathering.

A love blossom glows
around your essence,
hooks the gaze
of each eye that beholds you.

A blanket of silence
is your cape of hope.
You share freely
the wisdom of your heart.

Ready recipients
touch your garments,
and they glow
with your expression of love.

Backward Reflection

I look into the portal of stranded time.
A flashback of a past life with you
walking and holding hands in Atlantis.
You a prince, tall, brown velvet skin,
muscles smooth as silk.

I am a shapely princess, delicate to your eyes.
You lock my gaze in your royal purple.
A gold blade weaved in your royal braid
embraces your back.
We are chosen for each other.

Neither of us is attracted to the other
beyond the physical slices of beauty we possess.
We stand between the temple walls,
feel each other's presence.

Sacred flames encircle us as we are joined.
All of Atlantis witnesses this union.
It is destined we must bear fruit
to give to the universe.

We fulfill our obligation in lust,
to bring forth the required fruit.
We know not Love. That comes later.

We raise a prince and princess, discover
love in the mix of duty, transfer the rites
and rituals to our seed.
We make a commitment
to love each other into eternity.

Teresa E. Gallion

When Atlantis begins its decent into the sea,
I know not where our children go. I only see
your guardian rowing you out to sea
and my last sighting, the tsunami swallows you
as my guardian pulls me skyward into the clouds.

I weep for a thousand days for you,
flood every dry bed of land across the universe.
My guardian patiently waits
for me to surrender all my grief.
Then I am ready to engage
my cycles of rebirth.

I find myself in the present moment
resonating with your words
as you speed down the super-highway.

We have been cycling through many lifetimes.
And now, I ponder the question deep inside me,
where in the hell have you been Dear One.

Messenger

There is a concert
in the sky tonight,
you are invited
to this cosmic symphony.

Rest in the light of Spirit,
hear lyrics echo in rolled joints,
smoke the music of the spheres.

Inhale deeply,
bask in the swell of your chest.
This is your last offer
to dance in the ballroom,
where peace reigns
and love flows like a river.

If you miss the concert,
you must swim
in the killing fields alone.
Take your time, savor the lessons.
Angels wait on the sidelines
to carry broken souls.

Reach out,
when you are ready to come home.

Step into Enlightenment

We walk in the clouds,
search for answers,
look for the key
that opens the eyes
where layers fall away.

Hearts hesitate
froze in one droplet of fear,
crave the comfort zone
fenced in darkness.

Voices echo in cumulus waves,
whisper come to me.
Give me those tufts of illusion.
Step into enlightenment.

The universe is armed with love
no army may penetrate.
The embrace of the sacred
is ready to receive you.

You and I hold hands,
step into the wave
simply,
because we are ready.

Just Breathe

I am everything
I need to be today,
washing dishes, smiling,
at peace with myself.

I turn toward the light,
sacred air fills my lungs,
a higher vibration cradles my heart.

I cannot describe the orgasm
running up my spine.
I just breathe.

McCauley Springs Meditation

I meditate beside the sacred stream,
stake claim on the rush of healing waters.
Bathe my heart in the water's mystic steam.

The sun's fragrant light is my balance beam.
It kisses the dawn that precedes the night.
I meditate beside the sacred stream.

A hot spring carries chunks of love's daydreams,
waits patiently for me to roll over.
Bathe my heart in the water's mystic steam.

Day approaches and all is well it seems.
I hold on tight to my wonderful claim.
I meditate beside the sacred stream.

Days pass in silence as I become clean.
Gratitude swells as I shed painful skin
Bathe my heart in the water's mystic steam.

Complete surrender leaves my soul serene,
now naked in the grip of life's demands,
I meditate beside the sacred stream.
Bathe my heart in the water's mystic steam.

Will Not Be Denied

I wipe the tears from his cheeks,
feel the pain of a thousand weights
crush his chest.

Still he rises,
eyes gleaming,
fist clenched.

Nothing on this earth plane
can hold him down.
He will not be denied
a date with the Master

whose outstretched hands
hold the lotus blossom
dripping love in his path.

Blackbirds

A blackbird sits on a chimney top,
makes his call to worship.
God hears pleas of everything
set forth on the planet.

I smile as I listen
to what is noise to my ear,
a humble call to prayer
from one of God's creatures

who ride on winds of grace.
All birds gather at the chimney
obedient to the ritual
imprinted in their bones.

They make circles on the wind,
land on a rooftop in sync.
God smiles
at his graceful creations.

Burnt Offering

An ambush of need
sits in the shadows
of her heart,
waits to be noticed.

Yesterday's memories
hold the vocal cords hostage.
Old seedlings cling
to the weak spots

around her edges.
A stubborn mind exposes cracks
of resistance to the fungus
that holds her back.

Some days even the sunshine
threatens abandonment.
A desire to embrace the morning
struggles to touch the light stream

that holds the present moment.
The only one
with a burnt offering
of today's truth.

The Rescue

The ebony night
boldly tastes my fears,
eats away the hunger
in my tears.

The flash flood I created
slowly backs away.
Demented thoughts choke me
release to the night sage.

An angel on every star
sings praises in my name.
The elysian fields blossom.
Another soul rescued from dark flames.

Destiny—Do I Have One

The heart's ears listen to the earned lyrics
move you like a tornado,
eating everything in its path,
while the brain stokes the fires of passion.

That is destiny.

The mind sprints through time and space
shuffles the cards dealt at its table.
The wait for Spirit's hand
lurks in the dealer's cut.

That is destiny.

The body walks, skips, runs, tries to avoid
the daily lessons
that flow from the ocean of love and mercy,
often stumble into divine presence.

That is destiny.

But the soul watches and waits
for a balance beam
to ride the waves of the wind,
checks the status of heart, mind and body,

assesses readiness to make a pact
with harmony
and if the light and sound dance
with passion,
Soul catches a wave,
pulls heart, mind and body along.

Teresa E. Gallion

And you ask the question,
Do I have a destiny?
Spirit answers,
you are on the way home.

That is destiny.

When I reflect on all the places
my boots have touched this lifetime,
I feel the steam of gratitude
in the dampness of my shirt.

The rain falls in bouquets,
a healing tap against my face.
A howl of wildness invokes my
vocal cords with freedom's cry.

That is destiny.

When the cranes
scope the landscape
against a turquoise sky
vaulted by muscular clouds,
I know a rhythm greater than myself
leads me on the pathway.

I write down the walls
the story
that is
my destiny.

Bondage

I bite down on a star.
A super nova bursts from my mouth.
I like to show off
just for you.

You try to hide that smile.
I know you like what you see.
Perhaps we should go for a walk.
I will tell you my secrets.

Your laughter blooms like a lotus blossom.
I offer you my hand.
You touch the tips of my fingers.
Lightening spirals across the sky.

The smile radiating your face
is all I need
to hook you
in the bondage of love.

The Last Surrender

Two curved pieces of maple
rock back and forth
cradling the muse's ear.
Thunder rolls out the bass rhythms
that accompany the rain
gently tapping the gutters
surrounding the cottage.
Dim light peeps out the window.
A candle bends
to the demands of oxygen in the den.

The muse rocks and remembers
the last time you dragged that left leg
across the room,
sucking in the arthritic pain
latched onto your body
like a fungus in a feeding frenzy.

Undaunted by agony,
you refuse to answer the pain.
Life's siren call upon your muscles
and joints receive a busy signal.

The muse smiles at your courage and stamina,
invites you to sit in your chair,
places a pen and paper in your hand.

The pen dances and dances across the page
as you reflect on all the years of jeweled memories
sitting with you. Finally, you drop the pen,
your head bends forward.
Golden words stain the carpet
as your spirit steps into the light.

Love at the Edge of Night

When the hour approaches the edge of night,
the moon walks to her throne.
Milky waves stampede across the sky,
the thick platform of night emerges.

Moon always walks to her throne
as sun departs in raspberry showers.
The thick platform of night emerges.
We cruise past a million lanterns burning bright.

The sun departs in raspberry showers.
You hold me close at the waist.
We cruise past a million lanterns burning bright.
My spirit melts in your darkness.

You hold me close at the waist
in your bold signature of love.
My spirit melts in your darkness,
feels the heat of your arms.

In your bold signature of love,
I want to cruise to nirvana,
feel the heat of your arms
enfold me in protective bliss.

I want to cruise to nirvana
as milky waves stampede across the sky.
Enfold me in protective bliss
when the hour approaches the edge of night.

The New Eden

I. Reflection

Let me rediscover myself
in the space of my brother,
wandering through the garden
of his heart.

When I turn toward the light
I must acknowledge his garden
is as precious as mine.
Both blossom in the same rhythm.

If I take his hand, my skin and his breathe homo sapien.
Why oh why dearest ones do we fear
the miracle of existence—our humanity.

II. Witness

Seated on a sacred cloud, I see a broken globe.
Humankind caught in ceaseless bickering,
bloodletting and turmoil does not see
the geography of rage from the deep,
dressed in power, greed, vanity, lust.

Wave after wave of these negative passions
claim the lifeblood of everything that inhales.
Earth swallows this darkness in her abyss
in a stream of fiery orange light.

It is the last war on the planet,
nature declares an end to negligence.
Our mothers and fathers burn to ash.
A last breath of love is given to each child.

III. Hope

The parched terrain cannot touch the children,
Spirit shelters them from the storm.
The ground hears the chanting.
They march in unison across the landscape.

Peace beckons them to repentance at the river of surrender.
Each child carries a virgin olive branch,
a request for forgiveness reaches for the light giver.

The flame of rage
succumbs to the cry of innocence,
spreads a wave of harmony on every face.

IV. Eden

Oh Master of the universe
heal our souls, grant us peace.
From the love of God,
a second breath given.

A new Eden begins a slow rise from the light.
Seeds from the ash are spared.
A little one offers her hand in peace.
She is the way shower,
to her the light is given.

Teresa E. Gallion

V. Peace

The blue light of Spirit glows
from the Arctic Circle to Patagonia
from Sudan to Russia
from the Himalayas to the United Kingdom
from the Canadian Rockies to the Hawaiian Islands
with a message to every child.

Come little ones,
you stand upon the new earth.
Bring your lights of love
and join in a mantra of peace.

My Beloved

I sit in the reflection of your light,
bow my head in reverence.
The soft breeze kisses me,
calms my impatient heart.

I open my eyes,
your light glows all around me.
Your circle of love
smiles, well pleased.

My heart swells in your light
as you step towards me.
In the stillness of night,
you take me completely.

I surrender to you,
step into your footprints.
In this moment of awakening,
I am yours forever, my Beloved.

Your Beautiful Petals

I am the blueprint of infinity.
Serenity is my name.
When I connect with Spirit,
nothing on the physical plane touches me.

I am protected by the signature of the Master,
I float above the realm of physical gravity.
Light streams through the harmonics
of the heavenly planes.

Waterfalls dance to the flute of God,
swells the river of my heart,
nourishes my inner garden.
I surrender to the universe of love.

So I say, be like a rose
and only your beautiful petals
will touch the ground
when you land on the earth plane.

Light Beyond the Window

Feisty Bucks carry lantern lights on their antlers
to illuminate the path reflected in your window.
They ask the sparrows to drop lyrics along the trail for you.

A nightingale sits on top of the moon,
serenades the sky lights so they dance for you,
as wolves howl under the moon's watchful eye.

They know my angel wings are hidden,
see us coming as they call us home.
Come Dear One, don't be afraid.

Let's embrace the light.
Touch the tips of my fingers.
Let your feet touch the path.

Feel the sparrow's song run up your legs.
Do not fear my Dear One,
my touch is holy.

You are a divine spark of Spirit's love.
Let us walk home together.
The Beloved is waiting.

Inner Child

Will you sit with me for a spell?
Let me breathe love into your garden,
touch your roses

and watch the petals float around your heart.
Give me your hand,
let me walk beside your inner child.

We can play hopscotch on the milky way
all night long and sneak back home
when first light tickles the horizon.

Come play with me
and watch my wings flutter in the breeze.
We can entertain the velvet night

and just be
in the moment,
a little star in the vast universe.

The Promise

Do you want to dance with me?

I will whisper sweet fragrances in your ears,
kiss laughter into your belly.

I will rub lyrics on your legs,
give you my heart,

I will bend knees before the light with you,
walk with you until the earthly music ends.

We will continue our dance in the heavenly planes
surrounded by the light of Spirit.

Then, I will give you my divine gift,
a smile in honor of your presence.

Do you want to dance, do you?
Here's my dance card,

filling up fast.
Do you want to dance, do you?

Teresa E. Gallion

Celebration of a Blessed Soul

for Richie Marquez

My wolf pack went out today
on the hunt for that perfect space.
They found a secret garden
in the middle of the forest.

Lotus blossoms line the crystal waterfall.
Reflected light joins hands with sunlight
streaming through majestic ponderosa.
Birds hang out on the arms of trees,

sing with the energy of a mass choir.
And the Lady of the Woods speaks to the wolf pack.
Bring your friend to this place.
We will celebrate the beauty of his soul.

The lead wolf says, *we will bring him.*
Under the light of the full moon
on the eve of his rebirth, all the wolf clans
in the forest howl all night in his honor.

At first light, the wolves assemble the coach,
invite him to sit on the red velvet pillar.
The wolves pull the coach down the forest trail
lined with an honor guard of love doves.

And when they arrive, the Lady of the Woods
touches the ground. A red velvet carpet opens.
She locks his gaze as he steps from the coach,
no words exchanged. His heart beats ecstatic joy.

She leads him to the waterfall to sit
in the place of honor reserved for the blessed.
The birds sing his soul into perfect bliss.
Sadness will never touch his heart again.

The Lady of the Woods smiles
and disappears in the light mist.

Awakening Spirit

Flowers sing on the edges of the trail,
a chilly breeze echoes back a lullaby,
trees hum a prayer to the leaves.

Boulders broken by winter's will
tumble over exposed lyrics.
Birds chatter on tree branches,
yell at each other

down the lane of tree trunks
standing tall,
proud to survive
winter's strong grip.

The flourish of activity in the forest,
an awakened breath
that calms a wandering soul's
creep through enlightenment.

Hikers climb to an overlook
to behold the handiwork of God.
No one on the planet skilled
in choreography excites the senses
like the hand of the Beloved.

Two Souls Meet

Both of us
can fit in this boat
bound for eternity.

Our music
will announce
the sunrise.

The sweetness
of our harmony
will impress God.

Then
the wave of Spirit
will carry us.

Our hearts were born to sing.
Our souls were destined to meet
and touch one another.

So let us sail
into the morning light
and join hands with the Beloved.

Mending

She rips open her chest,
the howl of her pain
sounds like glass breaking.
Hope lingers in the light stream.

It is not the end of the world,
that comes later.
Today she must wait
for the Beloved's rescue team.

And while the trees
block her view
of first responders,
help is on the way.

If she just holds on,
an eagle's wings will lift her
into arms of love,
mend the rip in her heart.

Spiritual Nutrition

I am hungry today,
craving deep within me.
The garden of love is sparse,
greed has picked it bare.

Lust stole the fall seedlings,
left nothing for winter to hold,
slapped anger in spring's face,
shot vanity's rifle in the air.

I am hungry today.
If I become sky,
I can eat clouds
or eat color out of the rainbow.

Give me healing water
to cleanse my palate.
Give me divine fruit
to nourish my soul.

I am hungry today,
for sound and light
to awaken all of me,
make me surrender to the dance.

Come Play with the Beloved

She said, *Your head is in the clouds.*

I said, *Pure joy, wonderful pillows.*

She said, *Don't play with me.*

I said, *I'd rather dance.*

She said, *Don't tease me.*

I said, *Look at the clouds.*

She said, *You are persistent.*

I said, *The whole world is awake.*

She said, *You speak nonsense.*

I said, *God is watching us.*

She said, *This has nothing to do with God.*

I said, *Everything has the touch of God.*

She said, *Don't mock me.*

I said, *Come play with the Beloved and me*

I Want To

Language cannot touch your essence
and I want to touch your essence,

to be one with you in the valley of fire
and stretch my love to the sky for you.

I want to stand above my head
and order the stars to light your way
and watch you walk into me.

I want to hear the drumbeat of your heart
and belly dance with the moon.

I want to touch your joy and pain
and feel the presence within you.

I want to skate on whitecaps of waves
to showcase my ability for you.

I want to dive into the sea, challenge a shark
to see fear in your face.

I want to bicycle across the planet
and make rose petal trails in your name.

I want to sit on your eyelids
and feel the caress of your lashes.

I want to lay on your palms
and feel the warmth of your hands.

Teresa E. Gallion

I want to speak to you without words
and see your heart swell in my arms.

I want to stand on the crown of your head
and test your endurance as you reach for eternity.

I want to sit with you in my next lifetime
taste your love, listen to you breathe,

touch your fingernails and experience the
ecstasy running down my spine.

The Gentle Master

The heat of my love
slowly melts your ice wall.
Now you fall over
knees weak from a thousand
years of frost, I am here
to catch you in loving arms.

I am the gentle Master
you have outrun many life times.
Today I stand in your path,
the welcome mat you
must cross on your way home.

A slice of devoted moon
lights the trail
many lifetimes just for you.

Now the Ocean of Love
and Mercy opens its arms
to receive you.

Blessings

She looks down on the planet
and shakes her plump little tush,
bubbling all over, she looks up at Gabriel and says,
I'm ready to take the plunge.

Gabriel looks down at his precious little charge
and says, *My dear one you have a few more days
in Spirit's nursery to prepare for your sacred journey.*
She stomps her plump little foot on the clouds
in defiant Shirley Temple style and says,
Oh well—okay—and runs down the nursery in the clouds.

Much preparation ensues for a precious new soul
is about to step onto the planet. The master list
is checked and the Ocean of Love and Mercy
releases the final instructions. Gabriel studies them
carefully, then makes a call on his precious little charge.
My dear one, always remember you are homeward bound.
He kneels before her
and kisses the memory into her plump little feet.

Their eyes meet in a mystic gaze,
tears of innocence roll down each face.
And he says, *Go my dear one,
you have the stamp of love on your heart.*

She turns away from Gabriel, steps to the edge
of the clouds and enters the earth bound jetty.
As it zooms toward earth, she feels the tensions of change
as her light body takes on the human uniform.

As the jetty enters earth space, she evolves
into a full blown individual. She reaches the gate
of the parents chosen and steps into her mother's womb.
When she takes the first breath of life,
Gabriel closes the veil of memory as instructed.

It is a long journey to today. Gabriel's precious charge
storms the tides of learning, struggles with the dust of earth,
feels the pains of fire, swims the waters of the seeker
and now finds herself inhaling the air of sacred light.
Gabriel sends a messenger. *My dear one,*
open your heart and let your memory speak to you.

Monkey Mind Be Gone

She sits in a blaze of thoughts,
wrings her hands in obsessive moves,
a desire to scream on the edge of her throat.
A fighting resistance swells inside her body.

She wandered for months
looking for answers to her pain.
And today she greets a hobo
with a dazzling glow on his face.

She freezes in her steps,
the question rolls off her tongue,
Why do you look so peaceful?
He smiles the smile of a master,

invites her to sit next to him.
Her gaze, so focused,
all thoughts run down the road.
She is primed to hear what he has to say.

He tells her he traveled this road
many years looking for answers
and found none. One day, he sat
and just listened to his heartbeat.

The exercise put him to sleep
and when he awoke,
he embraced something beyond words.
He named it peace.

He stood up, wished her well,
then he walked away,
leaving the golden tongue wisdom
in the palm of her perfectly calm hands.

The Beloved's Glance

She drinks, as if it is her last
sweet flowing water,
from the Beloved's hands,
A ravenous thirst quenched,
she raises her head, their eyes meet.
Her radiant smile stretches across the sea.
Every surfer on the waves receives a shot of love
from the string that binds her to the Beloved's glance.

A bowl of rice is placed before her.
She eats as if it is her last meal.
The Beloved smiles
as she takes a deep breath.
One breath touches the feet of every runner in the woods.
Each receives a grain of love
from the string that binds her to the Beloved's glance.

A fire glows in the bush.
She draws near, lies on the ground.
A soothing choir of birds serenades her to sleep.
The Beloved's fire warms the cold regions of her soul.
She steps into her dreams, looks in the Beloved's face.
Every soul, dreaming that night, floats in a cloud of love
from the string that binds her to the Beloved's glance.

She awakens at dawn refreshed and renewed
looking for the Beloved.
The water of gratitude rolls down her face.
A voice whispers in her ear,

You are welcome.

Morning Stew

She awakens unbroken
shakes off the night dreams
clinging to her robe.

Another night at the wisdom temples,
an emerald of truth in her palm.
The teacher always gives a gift
when she is ready to receive.

Morning flirts in her eyes
as she stands on the patio
listening to the blue jays morning prayers,
the chant on the breeze,
the deep bass of cars caressing the pavement.

A morning stew caresses a face
glowing with gratitude.

Outstretched Hand

I run to the edge of the forest,
bind my heart to yours.
I sing a thousand songs,
take you into my arms.
Golden hugs and silver kisses
ride orange streamers,
down the landscape of your spine.
I give you my hand
to share this journey
back to the heart of God.

A Serious Chat with God

Lord you know we need to talk.
Thank you for the rent money and I apologize
for calling the boss a witch. You know my
thoughts. I better confess.
You gave me the capacity to choose. I'd rather
be hiking with a journal in my right hand,
a pen in the left, stopping along the trail
writing down my pain.

The wind howls through the trees,
lightning dances around the trunks,
clunks of ice hit me on the head.

Couldn't we have a quiet, peaceful chat?
The last time I came to these woods,
you seemed a little upset. Hitting me on the head
with hail balls is a little rough, don't you think?
I got the message. What did Mama used to say?
A hard head carries—you know the rest.

A gentle breeze kisses my face,
a gray curtain opens, exposes blue sky,
white fluffy angels swim to the east,
streams of light streak the trees.

Thank you for getting my attention.
I need to leave all the excess baggage
at the trailhead when we go for a chat.
Of course our little secret is—I pick them back up
when you send me down the trail.
The last time I took only one bag, I saw you smiling
when I opened the car trunk.

Gray clouds burst into laughter,
roll across the mountain peak.
Water blossoms fall one by one.

Thank you, Lord. I hear you.
It's okay to work on one issue at a time.
When I am ready to give up that suitcase,
you will be waiting at the trailhead.

I heard God laughing as I drove down the road.

The Light Trail

Today I stride up La Luz,
say hello to familiar rocks and cacti.
We became intimately acquainted
over the years meeting on the trail.

Gratitude and respect, my gift to each,
I honor them with secret names.
They greet me with frost and heat,
sharp needles and bursting blooms,
let me know everything changes in season,
yet remains the same beneath the skin.

I too dress for the seasons
and change with the wind.
Like my intimate friends,
I remain the same,
a loyal servant to this trail.

It knows my true name,
Child of Spirit Journeying Home.

Love Waits Patiently

Love waits patiently for your soul
to taste the fruit of the vines.
Grapes fermented in season
drop the blood of life on your palate
to awaken your season of growth.

The temperature rises around
the frost bitten shutters of your heart.
The candles burning within you
hang prayers in the flames
to calm your shivers and
comfort your pain.

You march on making a living,
the work that spreads the bread
on your table is the lover taken.
A demanding lover, an unforgiving lover
sucking your dry particles of loneliness.

You are pregnant with righteous anger
refusing to give birth to the pain
that stalemates you.
You hide in your nest peeping
around your broken heart.

You want to abandon the love
connected to your pain
but forgiveness has yet to visit
your orderly palace of paid servants.

But love waits patiently.
It has no timeframe.
Lifetime after lifetime
it will wait for you
with outstretched hands.

Teresa E. Gallion

Here Lies Pain

She left the door open to her heart,
an invitation to infection.

He pulled pain from her grasp,
folded it up,
buried it in the sand,
pulled a rock over the grave,
slit his finger,
wrote in red.

Here lies pain smothered in love.

Soft Landing

The moon lamp
lights the night sky.

A love bird
sings to his mistress.

My heart feels the melody
echoing in the light.

My soul floats in gratitude
to a soft landing

on the lotus blossom
at the Beloved's feet.

Don't Mess With Me

I breathe the fire of Spirit.
Nothing may touch me.
I am the Law of Karma
licensed by God.
Don't mess with me.

My wolf pack is a sacred force.
Their gaze will lock you down,
eat all your negatives,
howl a prayer for you.
Don't mess with me.

I can hold you on the tip of my finger
and eat God's love at the same time.
I walk in the jungle,
all the animals bow.
Don't mess with me.

I can make the sand dance
on your eyelids,
balance cherry blossoms
on a single strand of hair.
Don't mess with me.

I can spit dragon fire across the sky,
fold out a red carpet between the flames.
My fire is the fire of love.
You cannot stop me.
Don't mess with me.

I rule the universe,
ride the wings of eagles
who wear my certificate of loyalty,
a commitment to death.
Don't mess with me.

I am the royal whip
that may paralyze your heart,
bring you to your knees
to perfect obedience.
Don't mess with me.

I can tango with a tsunami,
slap it in the face,
watch it purr at my feet,
dissipate into nothingness.
Don't mess with me.

Tornadoes request permission
to wreck-havoc across the plains
and do not move
without my blessing.
Don't mess with me.

The light giver cometh,
brings candles of peace.
Give one to your brother and your sister.
Your time is running out.
Don't mess with me.

Recipe for Enlightenment

Look into your third eye,
tell me what you see.
If you feel loss,
you do not know me.
Walk away quietly.
Come back when you are ready
to see with your heart.
You will know who I am.

There is no timeframe on readiness,
my door is always open.
I am the love that follows you
lifetime after lifetime.

I have no beginning and no end,
I am the circle of infinite love.
I have no words to give.
When your heart feels that wordless love,
you will fold clothes in your laundry
as if there is no tomorrow.
The moment radiates your light circle.

I say again, look into your third eye.
Embrace the silent wave that rolls over you,
wash your face in the light stream,
feel the illusions dissolve.
Soar in the light of spirit.

Traffic Jam

There is a traffic jam at the well of love,
many come to fill their jugs.
This is a daily ritual ballet finely tuned
on sharpened scissors of practice.

There is no pushing or shoving at the well,
patience is an honorary degree,
for it is known, love never runs dry
when it flows from the river of the Beloved.

One day a little one walks beside his Dad
and asks, *why are there so many people at this well?*
Dad says, *all souls need love.*
And the little one says, *I understand.*

A Smile

A smile is like nutritious food,
it gently feeds the soul.
Each time a smile is given and received
a new seedling buds in the garden
of your heart and soul
takes another growth leap.
The illusions of earth time
cannot destroy a smile.
It is Miracle Grow from God.

Going Home

Walk on the water with me dear one,
I am here for you.
We can ride a wave together
back home to God.

Drop your baggage,
the ripples will swallow them.
And I,
I will hold your hand

as we reach for eternity.
My love for you is more powerful
than a dragon spitting fire.
Watch my breath float on the wind

and just dance.
We are going home
together
holding hands.

Failing the Lesson

I walk on the edge of life
looking for an elusive feather
to calm my soul.

My boots are worn,
the tread is in the danger zone,
not available for maximum skid.

Life gives me a bowl of challenges,
pushes me out on the road.
Be creative and turn your bowl to gold.

Self-righteous indignation
fills my chest.
What can I do with this bounty?

I walk the road dragging my feet.
A trail of spiteful dust nips at my heels,
erases the trail behind me.

Totally absorbed in my own misery,
I fail to see the guiding light
stroll in front of me.

Brief Encounter

She gives him her bowl of tears.
He drinks to soothe his thirst.
Dry eyed, her tears fade in his flesh.
Compassion's subtle ring rubs his skin,
causes humble lyrics to roll off his tongue.
A brown goddess dances around
his dirty shoe laces,
her skirt slapping his legs.
Yellow uneven teeth spread
in front of her halo.
The kingdom of birds
leads its army across the sky
to the beat, the beat of his words.
They flap in unison
saluting the compassionate woman,
the humble man.

Looking for You

A midnight sky overflows with light,
cast shadows on the sand.
My evening star gazing ritual
begins with a walk in silence
wrapped in thoughts of you.

I feel alone among a billion lanterns in the sky.
The cry of the wind massages my ears.
Light shadows dance all around me,
none in the image of you.

I drag my feet in the sand, stop,
look across the universe,
searching for answers.

Are you a star running across the sky?
Are you a cluster in the Milky Way?

The pictures I took of you produced
negatives impossible to print.
If I find you, I will take those pictures again,
focus on positive angles
and fine tune development.

Graveyard of Dreams

Come to the graveyard of dreams.
Tonight is a free dig
given once a year on the day
you pushed your way into the world.

Tonight you must surrender all baggage
at the entry gate: material, mental, emotional.
Come as you were born.

The graveyard raises dreams for those
ready to hold visions in respectful arms.
On battered knees, request insight.

Let your fingers play with the grave index
of the light and dark side of life.
Spirit recommends light choices as the dark
may sentence you to its bone yard.

Tracking the Beloved

Your eyes drink the nectar
of love's light,
hands touch sight,
heart floats in lotus blossoms.
Your scream is heard
across the universe.

Your legs freeze in place
unable to break
the map of fear around you.
Taste the scent of violets
opening their wings for you.

Ride with ecstatic joy
as a warm-blooded wind
loosens the terrorist hold
on your awakened soul.

Your ears are called home
to the naked kiss
of the Beloved's arms.
Listen.

Follow your heart
down the trail blazed path.
It knows the way
to the Beloved's cabin.

The Soul's Hunger

When you know the soul's hunger,
you know you are awake.
The night bandits release you
from your personal prison
to wander the streets naked.

Your quest to run from
an ambush of silence,
is lost in darkness.
Your hands cannot feel the air,
your skin sticks in the breeze.

Thirst drives you down isles of experience
where form changes scenery in prescribed doses.
Still you hunt for who you are.
The soul filters its way through sensation,
silence attempts to smother you.

Out of nothing
new beginnings emerge.
Where is yours? The question
haunts you as you run into the void.
The flame of night threatens to burn you.

A death star bursts into a super nova
momentarily mesmerizes the ebony sky
in artistic expression.
You reach for the color burst
and fall on your face.

Radio waves from Spirit signal
a rescue alarm.
Your heart jubilates,
you know your hunger will be satisfied.

Amber Glow

I weave words on the blank page
to tease your taste buds.
An amber glow forms a circle
around your heart.

Sit in the protective light of Spirit,
read your senses into satisfaction.
When you rise up from your chair,
a transformation waits on your nightstand.

Take it to bed. Open it slowly.
Watch the golden stars penetrate
the amber circle.
Each a word of wisdom,

an offering from God's mountain
given from a woven sack of love.
Let them lie in bed with you,
massage the miseries of your mind.

Surrender

for every muscle in your body
aches for the touch of the Beloved.

Out of Dust

I tell my story
beneath the dust.
Rise up, ears wide open,
watch determination
drip in my hands.

Hold fast my heart.
The mask is broken,
I see the wings of reality.
I am ready for lift off.

Sounding out the Universe

I want to race
with a shooting star,
burst into a super nova,
kiss the earth goodbye.

I want to float in space,
sit on the brightest star
and just listen
to the harmonics of planets.

I want to snuggle in the clouds,
watch the gift of a sunset
cast its shadow on earthlings
and watch them glow.

I want to sleep on the Milky Way
in a star bed of love,
wake up recharged,
throw peace bouquets across planet earth.

I want to climb
to the top of a mountain,
look out at the universe,
scream at the distant horizon.

I want to sit on a lily pad
float in still water
sing praises and lullabies
to a perfect union.

I want to kneel in solitude
next to a flowing stream,
listen to the gurgle,
surrender to the sacred flow.

Invitation from the Beloved

She soaks in divine light.
Her footprints linger in gold dust
raining from the sky.

He points toward Salvation Bridge,
extends his arms to her.
Come my child and break bread
with me at Hope River.

We must toast with healing wine
the gifts mother earth gives.
Be not a vagabond upon the earth,
join the humanity of souls
planting peace gardens.

We are in the spring of renewal.
Water your garden with love,
the promise of color in the meadows
is tied to the Beloved's stream.

The soft touch of brother wind
massages the fragrant blossoms
rising in holy pastures.
Father sky showcases the clouds
shape shifting against vaulted blue.

Life never ceases with opportunities
to touch the essence of God.
Come float in light and sound.

Flashbacks at Midnight with Hafiz

My mind wanders back to childhood,
hopscotch and popsicle sticks,
nickel deals and red suckers, four metal wheels
holding onto black rubber, concrete kissing
skinned knees, showers pouring from gray clouds,
the scent of red clay dirt luring the taste buds.

Last night Hafiz told me, *God has written a thousand
promises all over your heart.* I place my hand
over my heart and listen to its message. The flutter
in my ears golden, the light in my eyes sparkle.
I float in ecstasy unable to express
the sensation flowing in my veins.

My mind wanders back to childhood,
hide and seek, marbles and spinning tops,
playing jacks on the front porch,
baseball in the heat of afternoon,
skinned arms and legs sliding into first base.

Last night Hafiz told me, *Your soul and my soul
once sat together in the beloved's womb playing
footsie.* I look at my feet and his. The gleam
around his smile is pure crystal.

My mind wanders back to childhood,
stick horses, two cap guns and a cowboy hat,
bolo bats, picking blackberries, bleeding hands,
sitting on the steps waiting for granny's blackberry pie,
Sunday sharing with the neighbor's dog, Tippie,
fried chicken and biscuits, syrup running down his nose.

Last night Hafiz told me, *I can help you write
a letter of resignation to all your fears and sadness.*
My heart flutters in the heat of those words,
jubilant tears roll over red cheeks.
The teacher bows and walks away.

My mind wanders back to childhood.
Pop's call to *come inside the sun has gone down,*
primping for tears filled with I don't wanna.
Mama says, *zip it, been playing all day.*
Nightly bath, racing with Mom to get
my pajamas on, a prayer on bent knees,
a tuck in covers and a kiss,
I love you, I love you too.

Last night Hafiz told me, *I have wrapped
my laughter like a birthday gift and left
it beside your bed.* My gratitude flows
to a loving Mom and Pops. I was a happy child.

~

quotes from The Gift
poems by Hafiz
translated by Daniel Ladinsky

Slow Rising

When the day folds
into the womb of the night
grant me peace, sweet peace
and ruffled dreams.

Connect me to the videotape
that plays my hopes and dreams.
Let me lie beside my favored posies,
the daffodils flowing from winter's dust.

Let me slowly rise
damp with the lament
of dreams departed,
filled with flames of hope.

Let me scatter my energy
across the heads of mountains,
brush against their tundra coats,
and engrave my footprints of love.

May those who trek behind me
not lose their way,
but touch the flames of hope
where my footprints of love will guide.

Bold Interlude

Even in my darkness
your light glows on my edges
uneven as the mountain ridges.
You hover above me
to keep my goal in perspective.

You light the road I travel.
You are my beloved. In gratitude,
I declare you under arrest.
You have the right to remain silent.
But don't turn off the light,
I may get lost in the darkness.

Teresa E. Gallion

Some days it is enough
To simply look up
Take a deep breath
Savor the deep blue sky.

Teresa E. Gallion

epilogue

Teresa E. Gallion



Teresa E. Gallion

about the Author

Teresa E. Gallion moved to New Mexico in 1987. She completed her undergraduate work at University of Illinois Chicago and her Masters Degree in Psychology from Bowling Green State University in Ohio. She recently retired from New Mexico state government.

She has been writing sporadically since the 1970s. She started reading her work in the New Mexico poetry community in 1998. She has been a featured reader at local coffee houses, art galleries, museums, libraries, Outpost Performance Space, the Route 66 Festival in 2001 and National Poetry Month at Rook Theatre in Cheyenne, Oklahoma 2004. She occasionally hosts an open mic.

Teresa's work is published in numerous Journals and Anthologies. She has published two books, *Walking Sacred Ground* and *Contemplation in the High Desert (quatrains inspired by the poetry of Rumi)* and a CD, *On the Wings of the Wind*. The surreal high desert landscape and her personal spiritual journey influence the writing. When she is not writing, she is committed to hiking the enchanted landscapes of New Mexico.

You may preview her work at . . .

<http://teresagallion.yolasite.com>

&

<http://www.cdbaby.com/cd/gallionhall>.

Teresa E. Gallion

I cannot tell you how to live your life
I can only tell you how I live mine
Is there something from my dinner plate you need
Take a spoonful please

Teresa E. Gallion

*E*ndorsements

Like a modern day Rumi, Teresa Gallion uses poetry to see through the surfaces of the familiar and get at the spiritual essence of what is right before our eyes. She has the eye of a lover, both tender and humorous, sometimes chiding, trained on a landscape of human foibles in a natural world that is our origin and still our teacher. For the reader of these poems the experience is one of revelation, of a world we thought we knew, transformed.

Mitch Rayes
Poet and Musician

Teresa Gallion's poems reveal a deep sensitivity to nature's complex beauties, to everything green and flowering, and to the necessity of water, its cleansing and healing powers, metaphorical and actual.

Among several important recurring tropes are wolves, emblems of a wildness and hunger in her, "my wolf pack went out today," "the wolves cried all night."

Her poems," lonely for the touch of a humble hand," are filled with yearning for communion, for loss of self in love, in nature, and in spirituality.

Elizabeth Raby
Poet and Writer

Teresa E. Gallion

Chasing Light is a big book in every sense of the term “big.” It is big in number of poems, big in its scope of vision, and, above all big in heart. These are poems that reaffirm faith and human dignity. Nature looms large in many of these poems and it is a nature that we need to embrace, in which we need to participate not as masters but as loving members of a global community. If you are ever feeling down and out, and who doesn’t feel that way in these times, you need to read these poems. These poems are honest and life affirming. These poems are not “uplifting” in the clichéd and corny sense of the term. Teresa doesn’t preach. She develops her poems with clarity and captivating imagery. They will not make you a better person but they will inform you of the potential for a good life, a better life, a loving life, that you carry within yourself.

Tony Mares

Author of *astonishing light*.

Ms. Gallion touches on many subjects that we may all embrace. The poetry projects enlightening threads throughout to be devoured and enjoyed. *Chasing Light* contains a stunning collision between language, reality, memory and desire.

Her fiery and enlightened verse reveals the Divine within us all and transports the reader in a very earthy and yet sensual means which ushers forth a Spiritual Transformation. I invite you the reader to take the journey with her. I did and I recommend that you do as well.

Janet P. Caldwell

Author of *Passages & 5 degrees to separation*

Chasing Light is a beautiful testament to Teresa's personal journey towards self-discovery and spiritual enlightenment. Gentle, loving and encouraging words flow from her pen and take flight reminding the reader to "just be in the moment, a little star in the vast universe."

Patti Littlefield
Jazz Singer and Songwriter

There is something *Divine* and yet *Quite Unique* about Teresa's writing that resonates within my Soul. As a Writer, Poet and Publisher, i find her *Construct* and *Message* hard to not stop and contemplate what is being spoken by way of her spiritual musings in verse. I so thoroughly enjoy all aspects of what she offers to such a wayward soul as i. Just love her !

William S. Peters, Sr.
Inner Child

Teresa E. Gallion

A thought of you so powerful
It breaks my wine glass
I cannot afford such thoughts
Crystal is too expensive

Teresa E. Gallion

Aknowledgements

Grateful acknowledgement is made to the following Journals and Anthologies in which many of the poems in this collection first appeared.

Broomweed Journal

Adobe Walls

El Malpais Review

The Harwood Review

New Mirage Journal

Cherry Blossom Review

200 New Mexico Poems

World Healing, World Peace (Volume 2)

Earthships: A New Mecca Poetry Collection

Sunrise of the Spirit

Turtle Music

Along the Rio Grande: Poetry from New Mexico

Teresa E. Gallion

Fixed and Free Poetry Anthology

the Rag

Central Avenue

Synchronized Ink

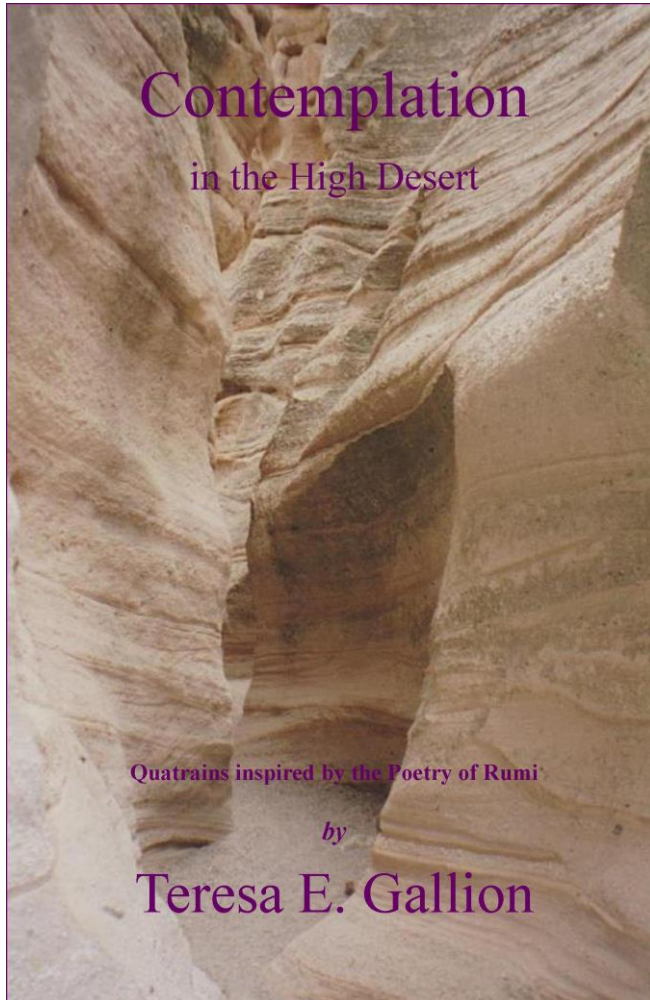
The Poetry of War & Peace

World Trade 911 Tribute

Thanal Online Magazine

Aquillrelle Magazine – Issue 8

Also Available



<http://www.innerchildpress.com/teresa-e-gallion>

Inner Child Press

Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative “Written Work”.

For more Information

Inner Child Press

www.innerchildpress.com

intouch@innerchildpress.com



"Chasing Light" highlights my journey in verse over many years. This collection gives glimpses of my encounters with the sound and light of the planet that impact me at all levels of life.

Teresa E. Gallion



Like a modern day Rumi, Teresa Gallion uses poetry to see through the surfaces of the familiar and get at the spiritual essence of what is right before our eyes.

Mitch Rayes

Chasing Light is a beautiful testament to Teresa's personal journey towards self-discovery and spiritual enlightenment.

Patti Littlefield

Teresa Gallion's poems reveal a deep sensitivity to nature's complex beauties.

Elizabeth Raby

These are poems that reaffirm faith and human dignity. Nature looms large in many of these poems and it is a nature that we need to embrace, in which we need to participate not as masters but as loving members of a global community.

Tony Mares

The poetry projects enlightening threads throughout to be devoured and enjoyed.

Janet P. Caldwell



www.innerchildpress.com