

PILGRIMS

We are all pilgrims
There's a new kind of awakening that happens
inside
It does not feel familiar
yet it feels like coming Home
It is finding that we are all
odds and ends and bits and pieces
connected perfectly
Like a painting that suddenly takes shape
or melody becoming unforgettable
It is having grace even while the tears roll
Realizing that no grief is ever the same as this one.
It is remembering that all things,
even those that are dark
come from above.
It is how we
dance, dream, cry, and create
that makes us a tangible gift
to the One
who sees what tomorrow will bring.
It is in the deep knowing that
there is no such thing as
total darkness
nor standing still
We can only learn to bend and roll
Paying homage to the lessons and their wounds
They say that time will tell, but I have never heard it's whispers
There will always be a next time
Until we stop fighting and just stand
Wide
Open
Now