



The Open Door

A door opens. Maybe I've
been standing here shuffling
my weight from foot to foot
for decades, or maybe I only
knocked once. In truth, it
doesn't matter. A door opens
and I walk through without a
backward glance. This is it,
then, the moment of truth in
a lifetime of truth: a choice
made, a path taken, the
gravitational pull of Spirit
too compelling to ignore any
longer. I am received by
something far too vast to see.
It has roots in antiquity but
speaks clearly in the present
tense. "Be" the vastness says.
"Be without adverbs, descriptors,
or qualities." Be so alive that
awareness bares itself
uncloaked and unadorned.
Then go forth to give what you
alone can give, awake to love
and suffering, unburdened by
the weight of expectations.
go forth to see and be seen,
blossoming, always blossoming
into your magnificence."

-Danna Faulds, from *Root to Bloom*