Poetry from Anne Martin Robonie, OSF

Me Alive!

It awakened me.

"I want to be alive!" "I want to be me."

I AM "ME ALIVE"

I am free, I am sparkling.

I am dance and color, I am plenty.

I am community, I am alone.

I am God's "BELOVED ONE."

My strength, my purpose, my acceptance,

I find in the center of my being.

God's love fully embracing

the "ME ALIVE."

I carry wounds, barrenness,

joys, promises, disappointments.

Life lived fully in successes, sacrifices,

fears, reluctances.

All part of "ME ALIVE."

I can always return to the source of my power.

God is always there.

I bask in God's love and forgiveness.

I am "ME ALIVE."

(Anne Martine wrote the following untitled poem while she was on Sabbatical.)

I awoke and there I was.
A tiny pine standing
Amidst the tall majestic trees.
I grew and faced
The winds and storms of time.
For a while my limp body
Pulled by the winds of travel
Of going where I knew not.
Would I ever come home?

Some moves were painful
Like branches torn off.
Some winds brought newness
Another branch I grew.
I look to the strength
And wisdom of those around.
The sun and rain pulled
Life and growth anew.
And the eyes of God
With power and love are always there.
God wasn't finished yet.
I will go home.