THRIVE EMERGE

PRECISELY THE PROCESS OF BECOMING

By Rick Silver

You are looking
For a new love -
Having just lost the old one,
Having just let the scaffolding buckle -
Without allowing yourself
Time to grieve.

Commit yourself to grief.
Let your heart ache
For all that you have
Dreamed,
Built
And lost.

Feel what fills
The empty space left behind -
The constant
Dark
Questioning
Of worth.

Engage the demon
Of self-doubt.
Enter the darkness.
Let it own you
Till you find
That these stories too
Are untrue.

Let your dying unfold
Murky and slow.
Let confusion reign.
Expect to muddle.

The DNA
Of your dreams
Lies coiled and tight,
Indecipherable,
Awaiting release.

Clarity returns
As the heart
Sets free

What was clutched
To the chest
For safety:
Old stories,
Faded ghosts
And shells
Of former selves,
Soldiers armor clad,
Steeled
Against the world,
Mask after mask
Marching back
Through time
To the single moment
Of your conception.

Only time
Can birth
Your next world.

Rest now
Still and quiet
Inside this chrysalis.
Respect the rhythm of grief.

What pieces
Of the past
May travel with you
To the future
Is unknown.
Rivulets
Split and merge,
Streams upon sand,
Joining
A distant river
As great and powerful
As the one
That carried you
To this day.

Hold no answer
As final.
Let each one slip,
As water,
Through your fingers -
Outstretched

Eager
Awaiting
Awash
With all possibility.

This is
Precisely
Exquisitely
The process
Of becoming.