

All this Love

All this Love pumping out from the soil through roost into foliage, bird song and river rumble.

Dark grey houses, buildings lit at 2am, sirens, sirens, sirens
constantly

and people behind walls of our own doing.

The cold hand of fear on my heart

clenching jaws and veiling the face with estrangement, an involuntary statement of other-ness.

Tall grey buildings and the sense there is never enough

and that I haven't done enough

and the confusion of anxiety for care and care for anxiety and how to know what is what in the
filthy streets of guilt?

How to breathe a gulp of fresh air when the atmosphere is filled with toxic fumes?

Built in callousness – we learn fast

Silence in the wrong places

Built in shame that keeps one in its place: a semi comfortable spot one becomes protective of

It is never safe

If you have to sacrifice your humanness for it.

Tall grey buildings and astonishment and cynicism and infinite sadness

Black blood

White greed

Wealthy, fanatical domination

raw hurt.

Giving birth

Is a long Wail.

And yet?

All this Love.

All this Love pumping out from the ground into branches, into children's dancing legs, into
laughter and even

into the flesh

of that magnificent whale

stranded

dead,

on the beach.

- Carmen Béatrice

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Watching the levels rise in the river
Rain pouring over a ground that can't take no more
Torrents move boulders taking slices of earth
with them
Watching diseases spawn in intense humidity
Waves, blackened depths, murmurs
Morph into rumble and
screeches
Yet a single drop of water
nurtures a seed
Placenta is swollen with it
Communication is a stream
Prayers flock to the ocean
Where mystery and infinity meet
in perspective
Molecules in smelly swamps
Mud on forest floors
Salmons jump up river to their fates
Vulnerability is wet
and salty
Us here, contemplating light or dark and
drawing agitated conclusions
Yet
Water does not care
Blood flows in the veins
Steam rises out of the cup
Fog is poetry without any words
Music is the silence
of everything
that has been merged.

- Carmen Béatrice

Loss cannot be avoided
Everything is coming
And going
It is the Nature of this World
May there be Joy
As we are being devoured
Alive
By God
And let what isn't ours
Exist without judgements
or control
If I cannot claim death's work
How do I pretend to claim Love's work?
Two faces of the same coin
Wild energy moves bodies
Without distinction.

Remember that
particularly
if you think
you are immune to change.

- Carmen Béatrice