

Unearthing My Timbre

By Aviva Derenowski

Friends

“Hey, you!

Come play with me.”

“I can’t see you.

Can you see me?”

“I see a blob.

Is that you?”

“I’m a blob.

What form are you?”

“I’m formless

But I’m dense.

I’m all around you, Blob.”

“I feel you, Dense.

What can we play?”

“Hide and Seek?” asked Dense

“You’re everywhere,” said Blob

“What about ‘Ask Me Anything’?”

“Great!” said Dense,

“Where are you from, Dense?”

“I don’t know, Blob, but I’m here.

Who’s your creator, Blob?”

“I don’t know, Dense, but I’m here!”

Let’s meditate, Blob!”

“Let’s meditate, Dense.”

“So glad we’re together.”

Aloha

Branches beam
in delight
of the light.

Birds chirp
lyric tweets
early morn.

Wake up
to trees, birds
people.

Magic revealed
to tuned ears
unearthing one's timbre.

One

Two and three,
what do they have in common?

One

We all have One.

No matter what we are

How we are

When we were born

We all have One.

Isn't it great?

Urgency?

embracing my anger

I ask her to breathe

she gets confused

i can't wait

don't you see

they don't know what they're doing

I sing-song my anger; there's no urgency

they don't know what they're doing

talk to them calmly

my anger stomps her cute little feet

shakes her long, curly hair

and stabs me with a glare

if i don't tell them to fix it right now

something awful is going to happen

they may kill each other or get lost in some other way

yelling at them will not bring them back

they don't know they're lost, and until they find out

no external voice will bring them to peace and harmony

my anger calms down

sucks air, exhales slowly

learns that urgency is not a good teacher

Forgiving Chain

Forgiving heals me
no matter who I forgive

They keep trying to abuse me
forgiving them shields me

I'm immune to their abuse
their words cannot harm me

When I hurt, I send them love
their venom strengthens me

In time, they will learn to forgive
the ones who abused them.

Disrespected

I don't know how to say it
I don't know how to sing it
I do know and feel deeply
my urgent love for you.

I don't know how to screen it
and less how to avoid it
but when you disrespect me
I feel shut down, kept out.

And you don't even mean it
my suffering is real
Cheeks burning deep crimson
voices from within.

and I can't say a thing
because I drown in anger
self afflicted torture
of what I heard you said

Then you whisper, "Tell me,"
and stroke me with your eyes
I tell you all I heard
you smile - "Didn't say that."

"I'd never disrespect you
it's input from the past
deep hurts surface
our safety net of love."

A Proposal

What's the act of
not knowing?
Keeping a secret.

A secret in the unknown
waiting to be
disclosed and shared.

Ignorance up-front
Fear of disclosure
in the back-hiding.

When I shed light on
a palpitating secret
there's more of me.

Let's share a secret,
remove the shackles
of 'what if she knew.'

Celebrate awareness
raw, fresh, and loud
right now, together.

Itching and Monsters

When I itch
I turn into a
monster
not really
Monsters exist only
in my mind
There are no monsters
in reality
When I itch
I turn into an irritated
old woman
who scratches —
my face crumbles
the skin reddens
and patience is
gone
monsters exist
only in fiction
Even bullies are
just angry humans with an itch
Bullies and I
differ on one point
I put a balm
on my itch
They turn the itch
in their mind
to something caused by others
inflicting pain
Then
lash out
impulsively
i don't judge them
all can be redeemed
with love and
understanding

Recognition

I thought I was a butterfly

I was a caterpillar

I still am

We Are One

Together we stand
then we fall
rise up
smiling
smarter
stronger

Nothing can stop us
The path is clear
bright
pulling us forward
towards the goal

The ones there
cheer
sending us
loving-kindness, metta
visualize us on the finish line
and beyond
we are home

Thank you

Dhamma