

**Thousand Pieces of Soul: Poetry from the lifeline  
Christina Bethell  
Poem Excerpts for the Celebrate Life Festival  
July 26-August 4, 2019**

**Transfixed (July, 2011)**

One day

The glacier said

Quite kindly

To the sea....

I would never want to be like thee...

Like this I can be

My own earth

My own sky

Were I to melt

Surely I'd die

Such powers you have

The sea answered back

And she meant every word

For there was nothing

He lacked

Rather he had

Just one thing to shed

The fear of the melting

The mistaken dread

*For the sea she had traveled*

*The journey he'd make*

*She knew of the melting*

*From the tree all ablaze*

No way around it

The burning tree told her

That day

As he fell into her bosom

And she evaporated away

Into the sky

Her steam took its flight

Coming down soon as rain

Onto the mountain's great mite

The mountain just stood

Long surrendered she was

To this cycle of life

And the truth of the love

The love that creates

And then burns

All form

Into light

And back and back

Into the sky

Where the stars twinkle far

Like gems

They dance

Pulsing formed and formless

Into the palm of God's hand

So you see the illusion?

The sea hoped he saw

Transfixed by her story

He hardly felt the great fall

As the glacier leaned in

With faith he gave way

And in love

They flowed sweetly

As one

That one day



**Improbable Few**  
(January, 2011, Christina Bethell)

Improbable people  
Always lay low  
They take short sips  
And never throw fits  
There are things  
That only they know

Like, love is real  
Yet hard to feel  
When the screen was so blank  
And only God to thank  
For that night light hung on the soul

Research would say  
They shouldn't be this way  
Love sprung out  
Their improbable out-spout  
Until eventually, even they run dry

Improbably then  
The real journey begins  
Held down with a howl  
An in-spout installed  
Pain rising up to be skimmed

So they start having fits  
And taking long sips  
And people smile wide  
God beams with pride

Held strong in the love  
That they grew  
From that place  
That already knew  
These, the improbable few

(May the improbable few become the improbable many)

**Only Begins**  
**(AKA: My Trauma Informed Ode to Epigenetics and the Microbiome)**

**April 2016**

I am in the world  
And the world is in me  
From my toes  
To my nose  
To my belly  
To my knees

What's in is out  
What's out is in  
Endings can't be endings  
'Cause there's only begins

Begins are like flowers  
That lean toward the light  
When I am aware of what is there  
It's never really night

The scariest of scaries  
Are just frights from before  
I'm almost never afraid  
Of what's actually at my door

**Slam Dunked Into Faith (April, 2011; Christina Bethell)**

That split in the soul  
When you finally let go  
And something in you died  
Could it have been a portal  
A divine worm hole  
Bee line release of the lies?

In this luminal space  
There is a fierce grace  
Called forth from the desperate cry  
The cry we all give  
When we're ready to live  
And meet what has been denied

As the lies fall away  
With the meanings you made  
The conclusions you drew  
About life, about you

Incapable of further disguise  
What's natural begins to arise

What's natural is this  
There is an inherent bliss  
In meeting what is yours to feel  
Slam dunked into faith  
You show your true face  
And are met with a love surreal

Love is your home  
You were never alone  
What you have longed for has missed you so  
You are more worthy than this  
That Judas kiss  
That issued the final blow....

Allowing the split  
    And this precious gift  
        The resurrection of your soul