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