

...let stars caress the braids of your hair...

“Where do unlived lives go?”

Take off your mask and find that place.

The saltwater pearls that long to fall on the curve
of your cheek are a clue. Follow their trail.

They will lead you through deserts to the Ocean of the Heart.

Dust off your ghosts and howl at the moon, let stars caress
the braids of your hair. Bring your dreams out of shadow and
dance in your red shoes - for the hounds of freedom are
baying, their shackles are straining.

Take off your mask and find that place - that authentic place,
that discarded womb and seek out your soul skin,
for life is still waiting, there are seeds to be sown,
blossoms to pick - and time is short.

Lorraine Muir 2.5.2019