

She Makes A Wish & Bows To The Vivid Color Of Awake She Feels

BY LESLIE CAPLAN

She presses her bare knees into the cool morning earth
moist with last night's rain
and bows to the vivid color of awake she feels
Soft rolling shades of gratitude
filling the sky
and the roots
and soul of her
with a heartbeat so umbilical
it pulses indigo
into her marrow

She drops deeper into the soil

So giving, it reaches up to meet her lowering brow
as it touches the ground
A holy sound of a bird's wing
flapping against the white billowy cloud
resounds
She has a leaf in her hand
echoing the shape of her fingers
stretched out like a starfish

She makes a wish

A wish that is a wish to blow a candle with
A wish that holds the heart of spring
and rebirthing
and surrendering to the gift
that being and breathing oneself
into full fruition brings

She sits up against the trunk of an apple tree
plump crimson juice pours down from its branch
and lands inside her thirst
She rises to its invitation to keep her fertile
and flowing in her blood-red
womanhood
glowing white inside a sliver of moon
reflecting in her dark eyes
sheened like onyx

Deep breath, another bow
moves her to press her body against
the soft black earth
wet with ancient
wet with morning's rise
wet with the wisdom
that falls down from the sky
and absorbs into
the veins of her

She is a walking bountiful cauldron
of gratitude today
and the soles of her bare feet
press up against the sun
and dew
and green so golden
it shines like a star

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[Poetry & I Grew](#)

[Let Go And Let Be](#)

"Speak your bone truth. Discover
the root of your endless
compassion. Un-learn lessons that
have kept your heart on lockdown.
Embrace what you need. Discard
what does not serve. Bless your
tender kneecaps. Bless your holy
longing. Bless your wild soul."

JEANNETTE LEBLANC

Bless Your Holy Longing — A Love Letter To Women In Transition

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