

I Slept Inside The Rain, My Dreams Birthed Poetry & I Grew

[BY LESLIE CAPLAN](#)

(Grain Of Sand)

I let myself slide into
the silky gray cashmere cloak
that clung to the skin of my grief,
and love, and blessing to be alive for today.
I am in the embrace of death
and celebrating life
in the wake of tears so salty,
oceans pour out from my eyes.

I slept inside the rain
soft and steady and dripping
off the tips of leaves
veined with life and breath
and I sipped
from the thirst of its longing for itself.

My dreams birthed poetry
and song and sway of movement
in and outside of body
voluptuous like wind
rolling through hills
draping feather-soft love
over landscapes of mourning
and morning.

Oh the inevitable ending of life
as the curtain draws
and the final bow bends

into a deep red wine backdrop
applauding such generosity of heart
in the life of one gorgeous growing being
who reaches out with her life force
and throws seeds of her own to be sown.

And with my amethyst crystal watering can,
I pour water on the earth her feet dance upon
and I grow.

I grow from the path she walks.

I grow from the soles of her solid bare footprints
in the white sand of our destiny
to meet at the confluence of tourmaline rivers
of human tears pure enough to drink and cleanse from.

And in the end
there is only the beginning.

And in the end,
there is only
the speck of a grain of sand
left with the world of us
inside it.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Awakening Shakti: The Transformative Power of the Goddesses of Yoga](#) .

Sip a little more:

Let Go And Let Be

Forget not that the earth
delights to feel your bare
feet and the winds long to
play with your hair.

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