

How I Tend To The Slivers Of Moonlight Assigned To Me

BY KERRIE WORKMAN

I want
to go
about
life-things
with as much
Beauty and
Tenderness
as can
be.

With what a beloved
friend of mine calls
quiet joy.

Merciful now,
I feel for all the fearful
resistance
and
karmic residue
that's built-up
inside of
me,
over God only
knows how long
(eternity is).

For everything
that keeps
me asleep,
self-estranged/God-estranged,
deserves to be treated only

with courage

and respect.

As my witness,

I believe it's up to me to gather-up the suffering

in the same gorgeous way Diego Rivera

once painted brown women

tending to the light

in the marketplace

by holding baskets

full of calla lilies

in their arms

and on their

unbreakable backs.

Last year, I admitted,

to a lived point

(one where there is no

turning back to the old life),

the radical and most real prospect

of my own soul's freedom.

That *is* what we mean by destiny, right?

And, sometimes,

how I am to tend the slivers

of moonlight assigned to me

feels way too terrifying,

and even,

bewildering.

That's the power of conditioning, right?

But if there is one thing

I have come to trust in midlife,

it is the holy gospel of my own

deeply felt perceptions.

Recently, I get the sense

that someone

kindred
is moving towards me,
as naturally
as the prayer
that gets offered
at first light,
from heart to sunrise,
in the quiet
of a broken
miraculously
unbroken morning.

Life and love
are being remade now –
I believe, for all of us,
everywhere –
in our own private ways.

In the one life
I can call mine,
a more real,
mature joy
is being sprinkled
and allowed into
the potting mix,
and what I honestly
hope for is to find the words
it does not get any better than this
running up and down
my thankful pink lips
in far more
moments
than
can
be
counted.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Universe](#)

[Has Your Back: Transform Fear to Faith](#) .

Sip a little more:

The Spirituality Of Humanness

*Enheartened On The Wings Of Our Love, Show Me
God*

Girls like her were born in a
storm. They have lightning in
their souls. Thunder in their
hearts. And chaos in their bones.

Nikita Gill

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