

For You Who Have Known Hope And Grace, Let Go For Dear Life

BY JENNI WEATHERLY

if there are end times, well, they may
as well have been yesterday,
and the way
you walk out your front door
ought to be more examined, friend,
even if this lady Terra Firma
actually has no end.

the evidence of loss is woven through and sewn into
her superficial cracks; likewise, into
yours.
they could be beautiful, if only you dared to look
at their curves,
their softer turns, and
their sharpness.

these are the kinds of thoughts that arrive
whenever someone leaves the world.

yesterday, a voice was lost
to what some would yet call The Void –
but then, what is a Void except
another opening, another space?
a presence chaos dared to try erase?

is it something we can face? i'll dare.
even, yes, if there is nothing there.

yesterday, a voice was drowned;
today, it echoes. what will follow? more of the

same noise?

a swarm of every other shouting voice?

wish i knew. i stare

out my window at the calmer passers-by, and wish
i, too, cared not to know.

one day your heart is beating; then, it slows –

it's beautiful and stark.

those prose words on missing a stair in the dark
ring awfully thick-bellied tonight.

yet i burn here on earth

for those who, too, still want a

better

fight.

for all of you who have known grace,

that silvery bird that darts through life

like moonlight does on water;

for you who have known hope,

that wellspring that still bubbles up in drought;

and for you who have sought both,

even when your candle was snuffed out.

i burn and channel words for you,

for i am you, and yours is mine.

the breath we share is life divine.

you have distilled the love you have been shown.

you need not be afraid of anything.

or, if you are – as i have been – i hope you choose
to say, move forward anyway, and sing.

pour water on a dry and thirsty land.

let go of comfort you've gripped in your hand.

and know that even when you do –
others may still try to step on you.
somewhere, someone will believe
they are goliath enough to try and crush you underfoot.

they will be blind to the reality –
the fact that

your spirit is immaterial, transcendent –
more –

and you are like the phoenix, but
better, because

you are no myth.
you are no mystery.

they will fail to understand that
you have died one thousand times
by others' hands – the hands of those
who cared not for the raw nerves of your heart.
they will not see – but how you will! – that
every time
you have revived.

now you are again reborn. in spite of spite, in spite of
scorn.

now you grow tall – won't turn away from what you have most
longed to say.

now you are made braver, and made wise.
now there it is: the wherewithal to rise.

Photo by [Gabriel Benois](#) on [Unsplash](#)

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

Sip a little more:

*Rise Up Now & Go Boldly In The Direction That
Calls To Your Soul*

*Rise With Me: Make Sure Our Voices Are Heard &
Acted Upon*

"Like the phoenix, I embrace endings
as beginnings. I stumble and I soar,
living and loving in the glow of my
authenticity. I believe endings are not
an impasse but instead an
intersection of hope and limitless
possibility. Self-love is the wellspring
of happiness and wholehearted
living."

LAURA PHOENIX POWER

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