

# Jill's Journey



Poems and Photographs by Jill Marie Maier

# From Jill with Love and Hope



To me this Lake Michigan beach and the Nolichucky River shore symbolize a vast eternity full of light, possibility, and the majesty of God's creation and love. I chose them to scatter my beloved daughter Jill's ashes and wish her Godspeed on her journey.

Last August, my daughter Jill drowned in a kayaking accident on the Nolichucky River in Erwin, Tennessee. She grew up in Milwaukee along the shores of Lake Michigan, and she loved nature, lakes, rivers, kayaking, the Earth. In her will she directed that her ashes be scattered in water, so I left some of them in the Nolichucky River and some in Lake Michigan. Besides a legacy of kindness, friends, and compassion, she left her poetry and other writing. I have been posting her poems on Facebook, on the Memorial site that her friend Sue created to honor and remember her. It seemed appropriate to collect her poems in book form as a part of her legacy to family and friends. She took or drew all of the accompanying pictures and the pictures of her were taken by the people who love her. I hope you read, ponder, and appreciate her poetry.

Kathy Warnes

# Work in Progress: 70's child, 60's Soul's Poetic Autobiography



Heart wide open, veins filled with green growing hope,  
Toes in earth, head in clouds, hands in work.  
I dance with dandelions, walk in wilderness, dig soul gardening,  
Sun, fun, and water loving. Entranced by quietly falling rain,  
Lakes, rivers, streams, oceans, nature's quiet beauty,  
Changing light and star splashed moonlit nights.  
Find it easier to write than speak. Love to adventure seek.

Nurse to survive, heal the bruises and wounds in life.  
Music and instruments my living.  
In this universe of creative brilliance  
Want to shine in my place, beautify my space,  
Maintain balance without knocking others out of place.  
Know the world can turn without me.  
Red carpets, limos, fame---things I don't need.  
Will know I made some mark  
If I light a fire inside of someone  
And never quench the spark,  
Am mostly sunny, Sometimes funny,  
Want to grow love and hope  
Like flowers in February snow  
To spread happiness and joy  
To make people smile  
Help them cope.  
Don't like conflict but will stand for rectitude.  
A gentle warrior for my truth,  
I straight shoot, crapshoot,  
Am Soft. Am Strong. Am Tough,  
I'm a calico quilt---  
Flannel, worn denim, satin and silk.  
Peace love and harmony priority with me—  
For people to be able to read,



Sleep safely, have enough to eat  
Receive high quality medical care at need.  
Like strands in a rope, I believe  
Far stronger together than apart are we,  
Though no one else can find your meaning—  
Your passion and reason for living.  
Wandering, wondering what it means  
To love, to be smart, to succeed  
Answer carefully—we all think differently.  
Take me or leave me,  
Be direct,  
Be kind, Respect,  
Wishing you blessings,  
Hoping  
You enjoy the journey  
With Me.

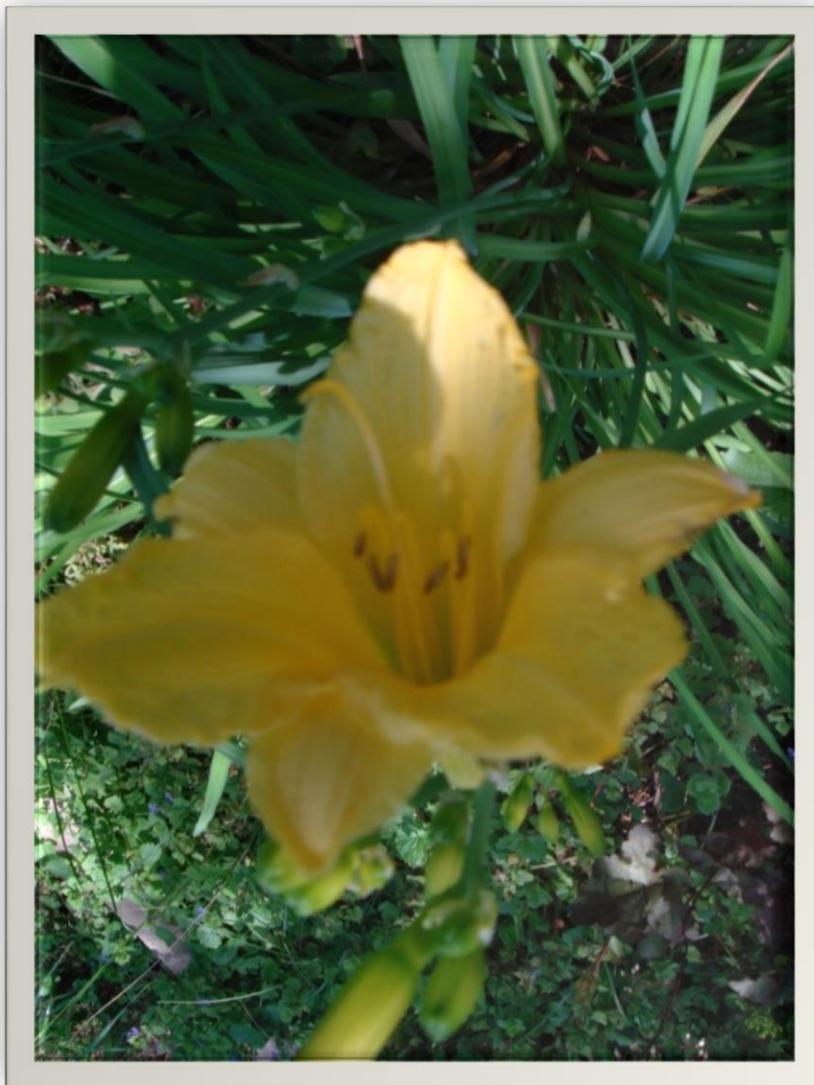
# Blooming

Petals Unfurl...

Fragile splendor

Newfound freedom

Awesome world



Grow!

# Beyond Hope

I will meet my Maker



Survive

Dressed in my best

Outside and Inside



Even though I have no Control  
I see the world and I know  
I am of this life but made for More  
Potential and Goodness Beyond  
What shows—Stored, restored, reborn—  
Moonlight through dark clouds  
Buoyancy and foam.

# Bang Your Head

When she was small

Insubstantial

She played upon the shore

Imagination soared

Far from the ravenous world

Woman grown

Banged head against walls

Till she became part of them

A see-through ghost in fashionable tatters

Beauty matters

But destroys

Shocking mood

Flight arrested

Whose is the sword

That dealt death blow

To grown-up child  
ignored?



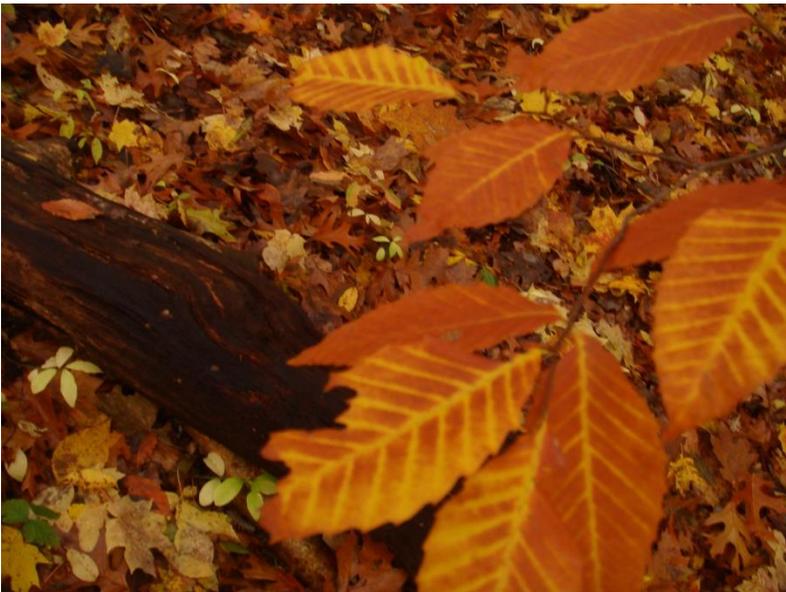
# Autumn

Breathless with excitement

Milkweed pod groupings



Waiting....waiting....POP!



Ripened stalks, golden  
grasses tall

Seeds rustle

Leaves yellow and  
brown

Wither and fall

Silky seeds dance on  
brisk offshore breeze  
blown

Bumblebee harvest – hurry! hurry!  
Clinging to wind—tossed golden rod seas  
Spot of orange on purple aster--  
Majestic monarch migration southward  
Big surf foams  
Sound of World  
Breath of Fall.



# Perennial



Still pretty

Even deep at the core of me

Ready to reseed!

# Who Masters Our Fate?



Why requires it

Dark apocalypse

To change inner climate

External forces

Care naught for us

Be we minions to their whims?

Or will we master

Our own beings?

Our own ways of living?

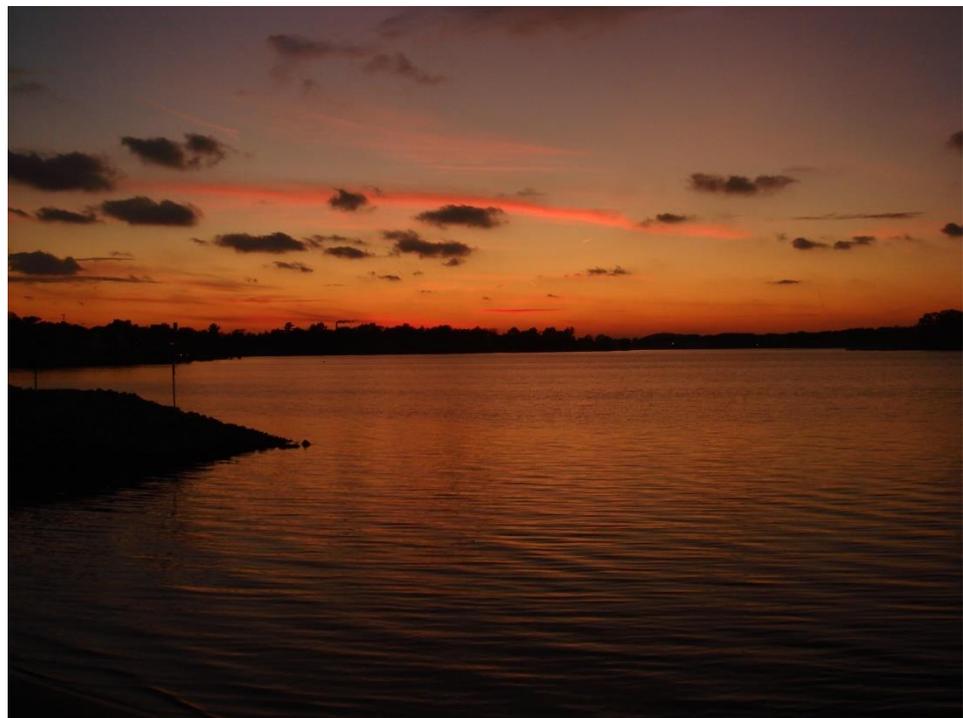
# Blooming

Peaceful strength

Open blossoms

Nature's healing

Divine intervention.



# Dirt Roads

Gentle pace, gentled thoughts  
Green growing and immediate  
Bark of fox, call of thrush

Smell of loam, water's rush  
Rebirth inside of peace and love  
Aware of time but unappalled  
Rising in air before it falls  
No despair at dust to dust\*



Like me, all part of a cycle  
Years and life going on well  
Neighbors in a pickup truck  
Picking strawberries growing  
wild  
At the end of this dirt road  
Life sweet, sufficient in itself

Beautiful fullness of present moments  
Live Now – No time to be lost!

\*Genesis 3: 19 (King James Version)

# Dream with Me

Dream with me!

Glorious possibilities



Dream with me!

Love eternally

Deeply, certainty

Expelled  
musically

Touched  
spectrally

Oh, so tenderly

Defy cleft  
destiny

Lover, prithee

# Tree Teachers



Vivid light

Air I breathe

Approaching night

Immersing me

Sound and color

Without fury



Warm  
fragrant  
air

Dark  
shadows  
of trees

Reaching  
for sky

Rooted  
beneath

Reminded now forcefully

Of sap rising

In all things green

Growing wild

Life's immediacy!

# Favorite Things



If heaven doesn't have ...  
lovely old trees  
flowers in countless varieties  
...Laughter  
...Clouds, lakes, and streams  
...Oceans and rivers...  
Flannel sheets and shirts  
Chocolates... cuddly pets... and  
hugs  
I'll be coming back to earth!  
Our Maker laughs at my obstinacy...



...Creator of all my favorite good things...  
To suppose they'd be denied me is just silly.



I work now to be worthy, knowing...  
Eventually we find our wings  
And the delight and the wisdom we need  
To fly free!

# Visions

Do you see

Illuminating



Shading

Mingling

Possibilities?

Two way

Roads

Many-faceted

Souls

Celebration

Sell-abrasion

Dark... light... shadow

Unknowable

Life muddled

Struggling or peaceful



We shall  
go

Where we  
must

Become

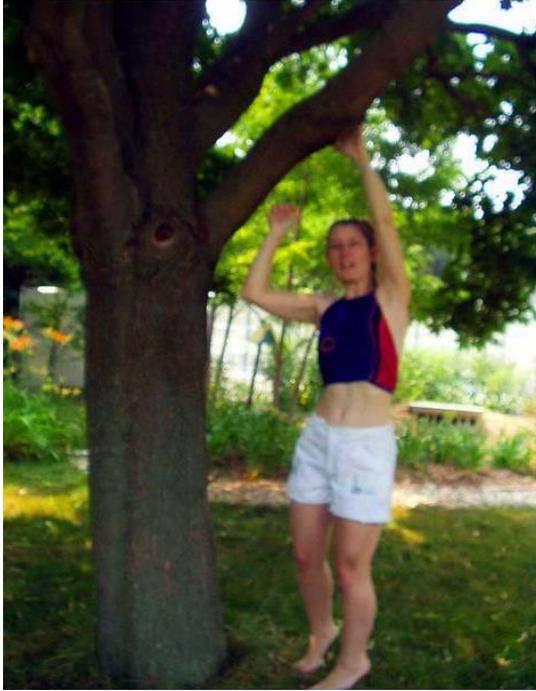
Who we  
are

In light  
and in  
dark.

# Time, the Teacher

The moon is not enough!  
We reach for all the stars  
Consume them one by one  
Ever-hungry hearts  
Time wrapped upon itself  
Sometimes does stand still.  
It knows all there is to know  
Far more than we do or ever will  
Perhaps we would be wise  
To follow its example  
Learn to progress all in good time  
Learn to cycle, learn to flow  
Then space races would be run  
Upon a peaceful course.





## Perfect Song

Exhortations to practice

Shrugged off or ignored

Frightened music would become work

Another crisp-burnt disappointment

In my painfully imperfect world.

Terror hidden behind a cocky façade

Natural knack, some talent and much  
bravado

Carrying through performances

Mozart, Beethoven, Bach

Melodies in languages I never fluently spoke

Music, solace, challenge and fathomless whirlpool

Competition, politics seats orchestra

Coveted or fled from

Simple sensory joy pursued

Found alone, high, in leafy green chapels

And Forest awe

Outdoor silence and song profound

Only approximated by one unsurpassed performance—

Private teacher's group recital

Resentment over prompts to push myself and grow

Washed away bathed in jewel-tones



God spoke.

Of sun-splashed  
notes 'neath stained  
glass windows

Vibrato and soul

Far beyond humble  
abilities I had to  
compose

I played what I felt

Experienced one  
piercing moment

Of unsurpassed  
wholeness

Fingers shaking as

# Patience

Bemoaning life's Snail's pace

Or rat race

Slow and steady wins they say

I wouldn't  
take that bet

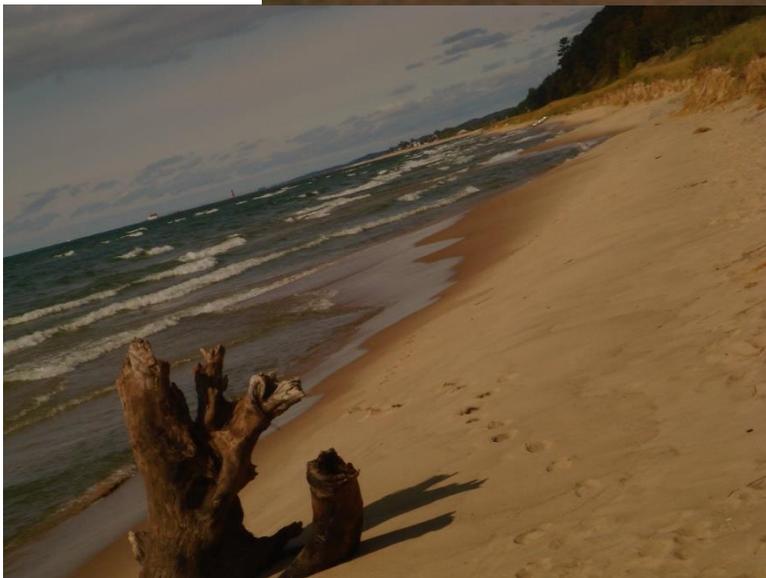
Rather place  
my faith

On creatures  
and Maker

Wise enough  
to mark time,

Not in  
minutes

But  
overlapping  
waves.



## ~ Peaceful ~

I do not dream in Technicolor

Any more

Quiet and slow

Rhythms

Faces and  
music

With full plot

Though  
implausible

Have I  
learned to  
forgive

And let go?

Go with the  
flow?

Love life for

its all  
rather

than just the good?

softer focused

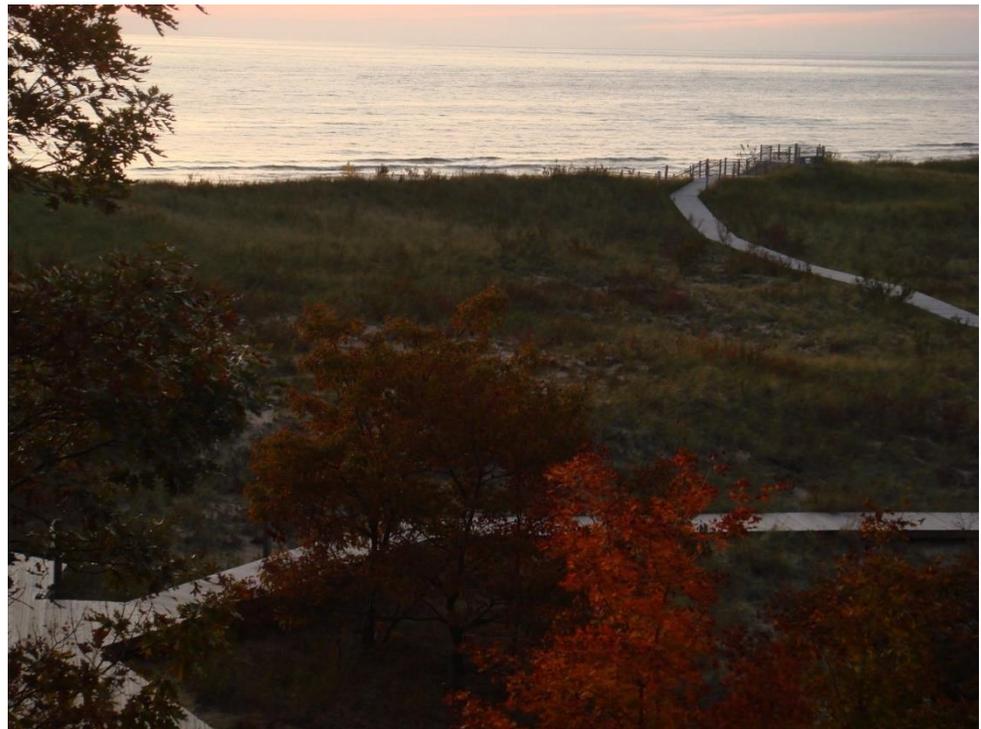
The microscope

broke

backlit

no glare spotlight

I like the world



In this perspective

Unmagnified

Unreduced

Unreproached

Overall overview

Enjoyable

WHOLE

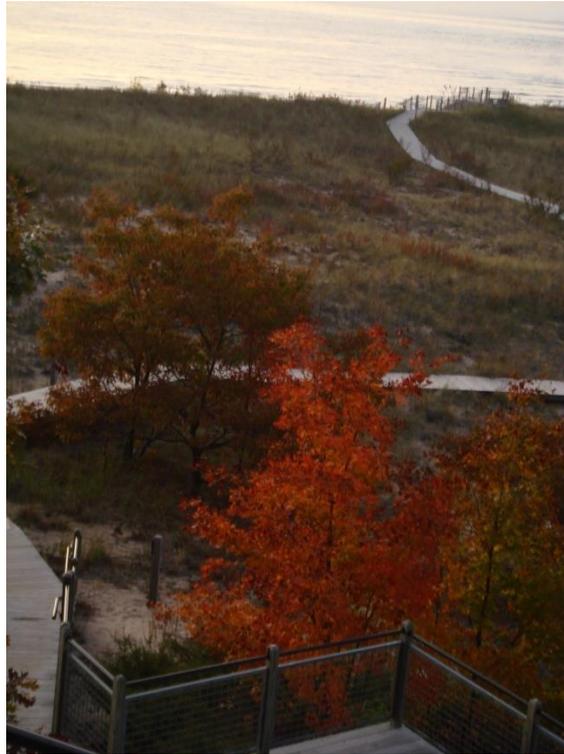
Even with pimples

and holes

pain welded to joy

The glass is still

Half full!



# Rainbow Show

When I see life  
In black and white  
Or endless shades of gray—  
All colors run together  
Or too few show,  
I pray for balance, comfort and



The  
courage I  
need to  
grow  
Then  
look to  
heaven  
For hope  
And see  
the

Rainbow.

# Well-Earned Rest

Here softness dwells and peace reigns

At close of hard and long work day

Filling meal, harmonious conversation

Bathing in beauty and relaxation



May sun go to sleep each night

Content with effort, satisfied.

As I with my place in life!

Setting fills me with delight.

# Roads to Realization



Mysterious  
roads into the  
unknown,

Adventure,  
danger,  
wonder,

Which to  
take?

Unsure?

Insecure?

Tap the brakes

Make mistakes

Lucky two-lane

Try again

Way found

To turn around



Or another

To turn down.

# Sculpted

What is beautiful?

Making the most of what you were born with.

What is sensual?

At home in your own skin



At peace with yourself

Confident

Comfortable.

# Secret Garden



Sun slants through leaves

Bright gold gifts through the shadows

Dappled we lie

Contentedly below.



# Shifts



Crystalline overlay

On deep world of wave

Moon and outer space invade

Inner terrain of calm water.

Sun blazes path

Through snowflake landscape

Fighting off moon

Crystal freeze meets heat

Dawn  
kayaking in  
early spring.



# Stewards

At Earth's fiery heart

A core of life,

A phoenix rising.

Human occupation of her crust

So very recent-

In planetary time, a blink of the eyes.



Sun worshipers beneath fragile skies,

We live only on the surface,

A thin layer between magma and void.

We are guests in this house

Those too rude she'll cast out.

Trust we so greatly

In solar hospitality?

It is good to breathe—  
To explore inner and outer spaces  
In the comforts of home.  
Neither rented nor purchased,  
This place is ours on loan.



# Anger Management

Flashing Crashing



Never could find release in rage

Love the power of nature on the rampage

Ozone mystic

Air ballistic

Burned clean by lightning

Flashing, frightening

But free and unappeased

A relief from the me

Who cannot release those storms  
Except in carefully chosen words  
No surprise, then, that I love a tempest  
Unfettered  
No longer caught  
In the net of my promise  
To do no harm  
Let rain wash away my pain  
And lightning flash its honest message  
Beyond kindness, beyond vengeance  
Majestic  
Empowering.

# Personal Power

Dear Divine

Wishing you laughter

Hope

Strength

Courage

Endurance

Freedom from pain

Openness to

the love we send

across to

boundless

Living energy

And the peaceful light within

And peaceful refreshing rest.

You are loved by many—

You are not alone

We can hold the plank while you

Keep your balance in the middle

It is okay to ask for help,

To tell us what you feel

To ask for what you need,

And to say “no”.

To things that are sometimes difficult.





When all energy is  
tied up in the struggle

May you be buoyed  
by thoughts and  
prayers

And by God and  
human love

And pet therapy  
rocks, if it's an  
option!

# Discovery



She's in there

Somewhere...

That woman who rides bareback

Fearlessly free

Yodeling for joy

Clothes worn to perfection

Body

Seamless,

Blending of use and beauty.

Nothing shading steady eyes

That clearly see reality

And face it bravely.

Years and tears

Weathered, unbending

Smiling, loving,

Working, playing

In this wild place of her choosing.

Not just some honkey tonk dream

Y'all come to see there in the bathroom mirror

Yes ma'am, she's in there somewhere!

# Fly Me to the Moon

Savior,

Upon mighty wings!

I entreat you

Witness fierce hope

Sharp struggle

Carry me above myself

Out of limited world

open possibilities door!



Beloved!

Do you think flight  
simple?

You have wings of your  
own

Unfold, test, take off

Struggle, but become  
upward bound!



# Spirit



Unfettered  
Fire  
Dreams of air  
Bursts from earth  
Demon  
Or creative force?  
Depends—

Are you rock



Or clay  
Or wood?



# Cataracts



Such fearlessness

Needed to take on

Challenges

Posed by this world

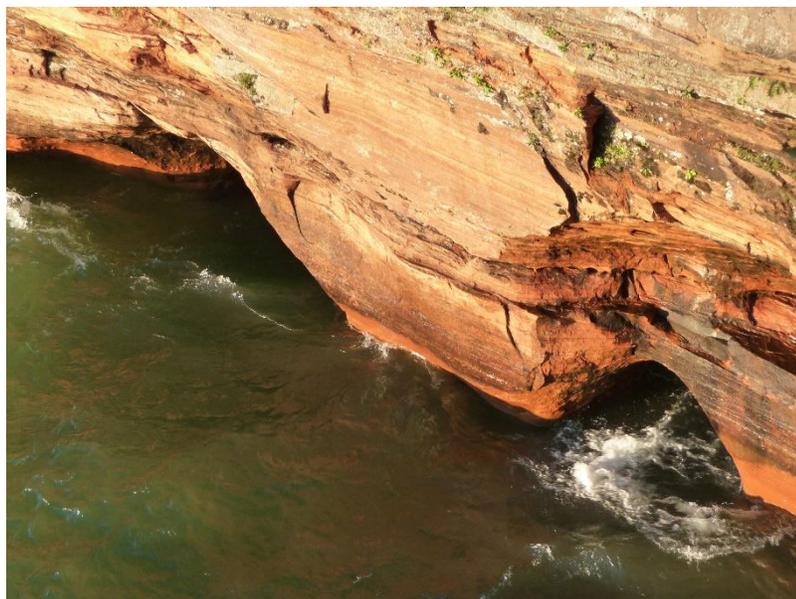
Unavoidable facts

Must find our path

Even when  
obstructed

Or sight misted

By cataracts.



# Hindsight/Foresight

Lovely Bygones

Dreams and days gone away

Sparkle in my memory

Funny how looking back we see

Things so very differently

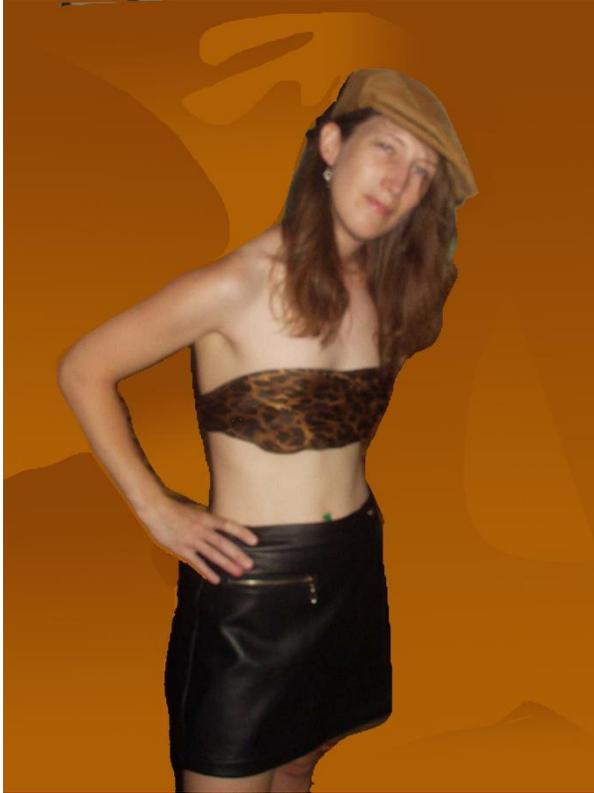
Comedy  
and  
travesty

Looking  
forward I  
can dream

And  
believe in  
things  
unseen

Lovely  
Yet-to-  
Be's!





## Hot Parts

Scoping out guys is like shopping for cars

Beware of smooth lines and interchangeable parts

Always plenty of room for questions and doubt

Cause you need a grease monkey and a lie detector to figure out.

How fast will it go? How much will it cost? Will the thrill of newness last?

Will it fit into my daily life—is it up to the task?

How safe is it? How reliable? How many miles on that odometer?

And, if I keep it will I be proud to take it home to meet my mother?

Does it overcome rough spots like an SUV, sport car, or minivan?

Is it temperamental? Low maintenance? A little boy or a grown man?

Does it make me feel lucky with handling and moves that simply leave  
me in awe?

Or will it just leave me crazy and wanting to invoke the lemon law?

Will I be taking care of it or will it take care of me?

And is what I'm getting actually anything like what I think I see?

Well, baby, you know I do enjoy the parts of you I can see,

And I really love the way you ride and the show you put on for me

But I know just like that new car smell, you'll soon be long, long gone

And I enjoyed the test drive, but now it's time to be movin' on

I'm looking for a classic—proven, but not too worn out to speed

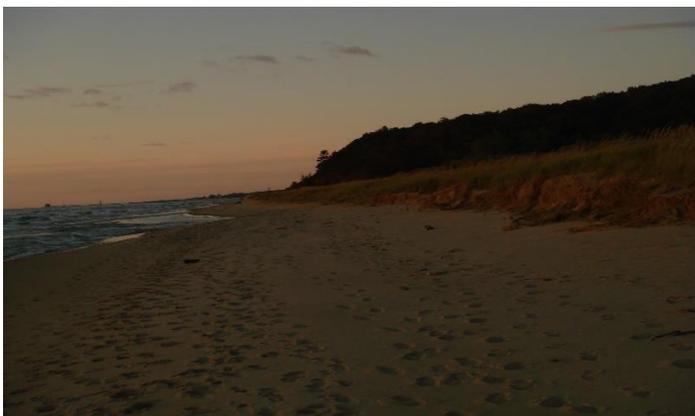
And you surely look like what I want, but you aren't what I need!

# Inner Peace



Bebopping through my head  
I poke my nose into closets  
And nooks long overlooked  
Thinking to clean them out  
But cobweb free and sans old bones  
It's starting to feel like home  
When did I begin  
To love the skin I'm in?

When did I abandon pain  
And just accept my brain?  
I put down the broom  
Sit and enjoy the room  
It architecture fine  
Through arched windows watch sun shine  
Hear those I've loved and lost  
Living behind the doors  
Marked "Treasured Memories"  
What riches they gave me!  
Down an airy hallway  
I quietly stray  
Pausing to visit living friends  
Up for vacation from Heartland  
Then take my first step forward  
Towards those open doors  
Marked "Possibility"  
Which one will I be?



# Past Heartache



Love cut the  
living heart out  
of her chest

And took it  
beating, as a  
souvenir.

It mattered not.  
Her body  
carried on—

Gray,  
insubstantial,  
ashes drained of  
cheer.

A testament to  
love's eternal

flame

That scorched the joy from life and killed the lover  
While loved one danced merrily upon the way  
And found joy and ease and passion with another.  
Red—color of hearts and passion, blood and death—  
She would not choose to wear that one again.

Instead, she wrapped herself around with green—  
And healing happened, growth and Life remained



Then faded into mist her dreary gray,  
New colors gently crept into her life.  
Love went with memory far and far away.  
And she buried deep at last the bloody knife.  
“I don’t believe in Love,” she softly said  
And laid a lush green leaf upon the grave.

# Puppy Love



Before my racing, platter-sized paws  
Endless smells and adventures await  
The world is full of bounding joy!  
And I shall kiss its face!

# Realized Dream



I was limited to swimming with dolphins on Earth,  
Now I look up at her  
From my serene seat below a satellite,  
Gazing through portals across endless space and time.

Here I can  
BE a  
dolphin.



# Realistic Dream or Dreamy Reality?

Yon beastie from the silent realms  
Of flickering dreams and fancy's flight  
He haunts the otherworldly planes  
That fill the spaces of my nights.  
The cloak of eyelids fallen down

Unveils  
a world  
of  
shadow  
things  
That  
walk and  
live and  
talk and  
play  
Until the  
light the  
morning  
brings.



I wake sometimes to darkened rooms  
And shadows long, quite real it seems  
And wonder then, before the dawn,  
Just what is real and what are dreams?

# Reverb

Vibrations inside of me

Single string

I sing

Reverb

Constantly touching

Notes melding



Harmonies

Not lonely

Reverb

Synergy

Creative  
energy

Symphonies

Glorious  
We!

# Running Wild



The vet is tired and underpaid;  
Saturday operations,  
bathtub ICUs,  
Cat IV's that beep  
In hours wee,  
And fleas,  
Practical results of ideals—  
Saving the strays  
that  
Others throw away:  
Soft cuddly balls of  
meow and play.  
Ofrostbite and  
gangrene,  
Unnoticed suffering:  
Starvation—times  
are lean.

Kitten farms made  
By unneutered toms, and  
Barely adolescent furry moms.  
I hope Heaven doles out

Justice to those  
Who throw cats from their homes.  
“Oh, they’ll just eat mice.”  
Send these folks back, Lord,  
Four-footed and tailed,  
Or two-footed with fate  
On the wrong end of the sharp-edged stake,  
And some aristocratic queen saying,  
“Let them eat cake.”

# Snow Below

Downhill was a  
trip—

And a few broken  
bones,

Guess I'm just not  
cut out

For the Arctic zones.

I tried swishing to a  
standstill

And butt, braking,  
too,

But the score stands  
at three hill,

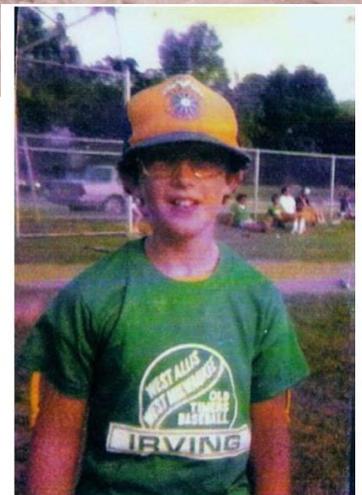
Nothing novice ski-  
do!

Perhaps I'll try baseball—

Once I get out of traction,

There's a short maximum fall

And quite enough action!



# Was It Good For You?

You speak of life and loving  
Like everything is black and white  
And there's no value in the struggle  
If you don't win the fight,

And you  
feel worth  
less than  
nothing

Because you  
can't do all  
you thought  
you'd do

Well, my  
friend,  
there's still  
some road

To walk  
before  
you're  
through!



In life you've done what you have done  
And you'll do what you will do  
And these questions will ring out at the end of your time  
When you talk with the one who made you:  
Did you drink less and dream more?  
Make more love and less war?

Did you find what you were looking for?

Was it good for you?

Did you manipulate to get your way?

Run fast enough from yourself to get away?

Work hard enough to forget your pain?

Hey, was it good for you?

Did you share a smile on parting?

Help someone along the way?

Fall asleep contented?

At the end of the long days?

Did you share yourself with someone?

Did you give and did you take?

Did you make your mark, keep your promises?

Do your thing and say your say?

Did you show someone you loved them?

Did the words you said ring true?

Did you feel love enfold you?

Was it good for you?

Did you live your life completely?

And was it good for you?

# A Good Goodbye- a Lullaby to Lay Fears to Rest

**Sung by the dying person**



I planned to die in my sleep, not in painful inches  
So what happens now that I cannot go gently into that good night  
And I have no will or strength to rage against the fading light?  
Please don't back away from me now—I don't want to be alone.  
I was wise in the ways of this world, but now I just don't know.  
How best to say goodbye, how to let life go.

## **Sung to the dying person**



Eternity is too big for me, too.

All I know is here and now.

But I will help you as much as I can, in any way that I know how. We may not have much time, but we have a lot to

share.

Just tell me what you want. When you need me, I'll be there.

## **Sung by the dying person**

So is life a struggling flame? A candle in the wind?

I dream of rest and pray for ease, yet wake wearily again.

Suffering and pain will go from me with the coming of the night.

So out out brief candle, out. I can no longer stand the light.

I will not cling to what I know or cry for battles lost.

The fight to beat back impending death comes at too high a cost.

Warriors don't always go to glory screaming defiantly

I want a peaceful resolution. I've laid down my weaponry.

Now it is time for remembering—a time of life review.

I forgive those who caused me pain and I ask forgiveness, too.

I am human and imperfect. I have often been unwise.  
If I admit my limitations, will it redeem me in your eyes?

### **Sung to the dying person**

Why did this happen and what's next? I'm uncertain what to do.  
The one thing that I do know is I'm here to help, not judge, you.  
There is only one you in this world. No one else can take your place  
And there is no substitute for the smile on your face.  
No one else does what you do. No one else says what you say.  
No one sees the world like you. No one cares quite the same way.  
There is only one you in this world. How I wish that you could stay.

### **Sung by the dying person**

I'm a traveler seeking answers in an unfamiliar land.  
Are death and life a cycle? An unbroken circle? All part of a master  
plan?  
Where did I come from? Where am I going? Who made me, and how?  
What was important to me before? What is important now?  
Will you still care for me even though achievements are replaced by  
needs?  
I grieve for things I left too late-- undone, unsaid, unseen.  
Was life meaningful? Did I plan and dream? Did I leave a legacy?  
Will those left behind forget my faults without forgetting me?  
When I lose the race with time and death, will my soul come through  
alright?  
Will I walk through the valley of the shadow of death into the heavenly  
light?

### **Sung to the dying person**

Some questions have no answers or they change with person, place or time.

I've been blessed to be part of your life and to have you sharing mine.

Now you're going through another change, to another destination

I feel loss and helplessness, sadness, and desolation.

How I respect your bravery. You have my admiration.

Maybe life and death are a grand adventure. Why not a celebration?

### **Sung by the dying person**

Yes, smile and laugh and feel joy with me! Make merry while we can.

I have so little energy, such brief concentration

Though my body fails me often, I long for conversation

Sometimes you're shocked by things I say or do or think or feel.

But time is short. What do I have to lose if I choose to just be real?

I may wish only to be alone or want someone to hold my hand.

These things change as my body does. I hope you'll understand.

I need comfort, compassion, honesty, to be accepted for who I am.

I'm glad you choose to be here, listening, and are not afraid to care.

And when I am beyond responding, I'll still need somebody near.

### **Sung to the dying person**

When we were born guardian angels held us close

And gave us their bright blessings and their love

As we live, they rescue us from perils and a million foolish acts

And, as we die, they lift our shining souls

Gently from tired bodies

Do not fear. Angels are near.

### **Sung by the dying person**

I will not fear, because angels are near.

I will not fear, because you are with me.

Life's a journey we're all on. No one knows how long it will last  
One day it's here, the next it's gone. It always goes too fast.  
We cannot see the journey's end or know when it will be.  
The only things that we can do are live and die graciously.  
And I am not a wounded bird who has forgotten how to sing  
Even though weariness has grounded me and illness crippled both my  
wings  
Suffering, grief, anger and fear are not who I am or want to be  
There's more to a life than meets the eye-- my body isn't me.  
So please don't cry for the sick, wrecked shell that's left for the world to  
see  
Remember that my spirit lives on, and my soul flies free.



# Good and Evil

Legend speaks of Kelpies, horses of the deep  
That lure mortals to mount on land, then plunge to watery doom  
And of a gentle pony with frost upon her muzzle  
Ridden across the snowy steppes to a peaceful numbing end.  
Does it matter if I drown in the deep or freeze? Am I not still dead?



Dark or light,  
white or black,  
regardless of  
look,

I still have been  
Unmade.

Good and Evil—  
Choices in Life—

Chaotic shades of  
pink and green  
and all hues in  
between.

To Live is to  
walk winding

roads between Extremes

Wandering and wondering if I'm wrong or right

Without answer, yet won't give up the fight.

I choose to Live, mostly choose the Light.

Because it matters to Me.

# Heretic

I ponder the crux of this dilemma:

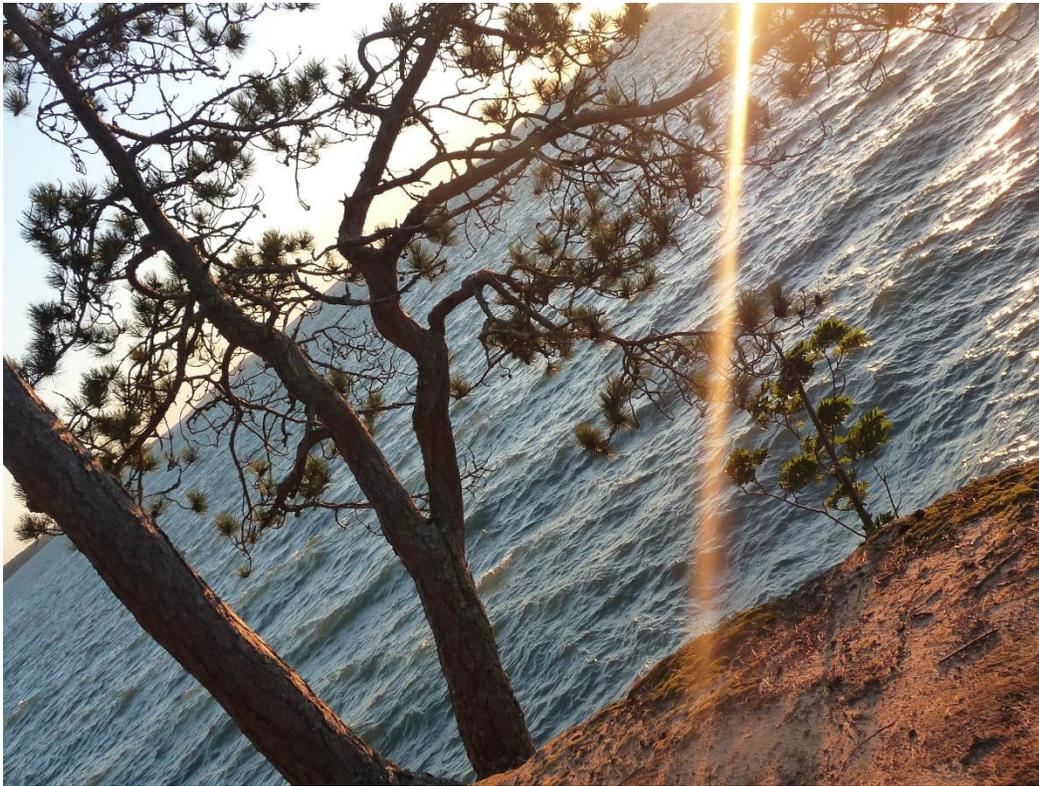
If dualities of good and evil, heaven and hell,

Are realities in our sphere,?

Then they must also exist

Within Us.

Yet.



We insist

On  
behaving  
as if

Each  
other and  
ourselves

Dwell in  
and  
inherently

Are one  
or the  
other

Rather than mixed impulses

Struggling for Balance.

# Hope

Hope  
Flutters,  
Magic  
born,  
Borne  
upward  
On wings  
of light.



# Human Nature

Even in the clear checkerboard

Of a black and white world

Does shimmering potential

Live in gray areas?

Marshmallow swirl

Clouds whirl,



Do we live cut and  
dried,?

Predictable design,

Patterns and lines,

Or thrive in  
undefined

Chaotic storms.

# Immortal Lies

Call me Marilyn or Helen to match my skin and origin

I'll embody your twisted idols and ideals

Come to me for  
comfort, help,  
encouragement,  
release,

Once victorious,  
You ignore or  
vilify

Oh no! You cannot  
justify.

Ships are launched  
by hatred, not faces

It is not for me that  
cities tumble down



You fight for booty, glory, power, Dominance of races

It's not for me men lie buried in the ground.

Pawn, shield, or tool, to further your cause,

An extra stage hand in the movie of your life

I clean up the blood once you've fallen on your sword—

Brash courage immortalized while your children starve.

You will not be controlled, Yet you seek control

Branding your conquest, rings band identity

A cage of golden bars is still a cage

What bars cannot hold, you destroy in rage

Yet love is a grasping thing from which *You* flee in horror!

Oh no, *You* cannot justify.

Ships are launched by hatred, not faces



It is not for me that cities tumble down

You fight for booty, glory, power, dominance of races

It's not for me men lie buried in the ground.

It is not for me that cities tumble down

Not for me men lie buried beneath the ground.

# Inner Beauty



We shine signs  
Of times  
Reflecting  
By decorating  
Our bodies  
With piercings  
Hair dyes  
Perms

Enhancements

And straightening

Let's make it trendy

To let others see

Our inner ink!

# New Year

This year no castles in the sky

Only foundations

Brick by brick laid

For dreams to rise

And grow upon-

Parapets of poem



Old load stones  
thrown down

Leagues  
traveled

Words spoken

And songs sung

Before the court

Or upon waves  
of clear air

Faced  
frightening

freedoms

Meeting of enchantress, angel

Dream, and practical work

Envisioned for year to come.

# Positively Nuts



Highway robbery  
Gotta shake dat tree  
Crunchy holiday treats  
Working' for dese eats  
Havin' us a ball  
Cashew pistachio and wall  
Happy Holidays to all!

# Seraph Angelic



What does Angelic mean?

Kind, beautiful, well-behaved, we define

Yet, perceptions contrast-

Guides, messengers, envoys, heralds,

Ageless, tireless, Gofers of God?

Avenging, war-like, peaceful, merciful

Spiritual beings or desirous objects?

Risen or fallen spirits?

Cherub mischievous or compassionate?

Full realizations or renunciations of potential?

Nearer than God, more tangible, accessible?

Good or evil, untroubled, devout?

Human form judicious, guardians powerful?

Victoriously opposed to demon devil?  
Did the angel wear black leather or denim  
On the Highway to Heaven?  
Or robes aflow? Or nothing at all?  
And how do you know?

# Snow Kissed

Still air

Cold

Snow

Glides

Banks

Twirls

Shimmers

Glitters

Swirls

Cool kiss

Warm lips

Winter magic.



# Blessings

## Smiles



## Color

The World Happy!



# Twist Tie

If all we need is love  
Why is it so hard to give  
To receive  
To believe  
To entrust  
Our hearts?  
Why do we become so  
twisted up?



# Underwater View

Wet and green

Favorite things

Fins Flipping

Fine fish dreams!



# Roots



Shy and wary  
Rooted deep  
Soft and sturdy  
Growing me.

# Blue

Sometimes outer like  
inner

Light is dusky

Like the light,

I will change

And turn green.



# Biological Family

Pain is inevitable, suffering is optional – Unknown-

*Inside every adult survivor lives a crying child.*

*We can do better for the children of this world.*



*Stop the Abuse!*

Should I feel sorry that I  
will not devolve

Injustices visited upon me

Unwelcome impositions?

Shall I simply pass them on  
and pretend not to see

Truth, although unpalatable,  
uncanny?

My other self, a gentle soul,

Would wish you well, dispel  
the evil.

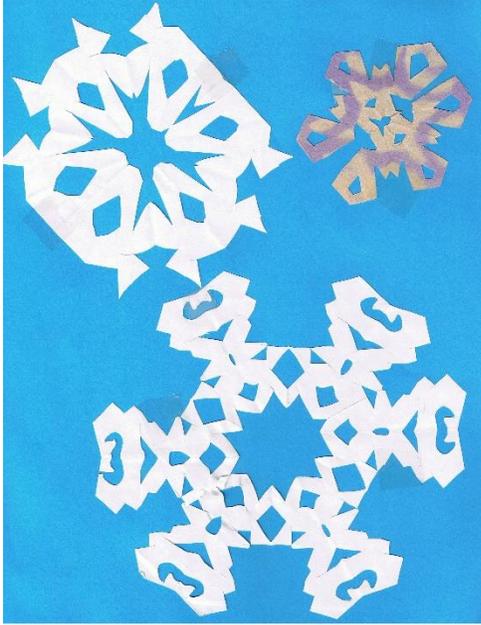
This me, a vortex of feeling,

Prevails.

They think you wonderful  
Surreptitious this sorrow I have carried,  
Shame and disgust in endless waves



Shackled to this attached animosity  
You have thrust upon me.  
Given opportunity you created  
Such scenes of disarray,



It was not supposed to be this way.  
But what matters a girlchild's individuality  
Compared to a man's needs?  
This my evil twin's disaffected recitation.  
In the winter of life they ask for sympathy  
And forgiveness of past sins,  
My joy in life's manifold wonders  
Is not squelched by their resolve "to do  
the right thing,"

No matter how belatedly.

There is growth in such simplicity-

The ability to forgive

The knowledge that we are not here to judge

And all must be forgiven in our turn.

Yet I cannot accept their generic methodology

So trite, so easy,

So lacking in personal accountability,

Cannot condone their pincushion mentality—

Push the pain in deep

Piercing to the heart of me

While they withdraw screaming from the slightest prick.

I cannot forgive you obstructionists

Or accept as recompense a nebulous specificity

Half-acknowledged truth,  
Covertly sought apology,  
Justice mockingly just out of reach.

I will no longer bleed.

Truthfully,

You saw what you chose to see,

As do many-

These random preponderances

who live in their glass houses

as they hurl stones.

Ironic how their  
lives lack  
transparency.

The last time we  
talked it ended in  
screams,

Meaningless  
concretions—

The accuracy of  
hurled names

Who deserves the blame...

It is a precise obstruction

A never-ending question...

Just whom should be killed

Before they multiply?



Not even the thrown stones know.

I would break this cycle,

So let us move on.

Do what must be done.

Why should I continue

To swim upstream against your opposing current?

I have built a raft of friends and hopes and dreams

And a good life independent of your means



Just leave me alone to heal and grow.

Lose yourselves and atone for your lies

In your children's lives

Care for them better than you care for  
me,

And keep them safe.

I have found my own fortuitous  
fecundity...

My Creativity

# Singing the Blues

Singing sweet

Notes bluesy

Pain's lights flash  
free

Heart's moans  
released

As strings weep

And reeds shriek

Accompanying  
rhapsody

Midnight symphony

Soul-sustaining

Human, weak kneed

Comfort within reach

Beautifully blues speak

Of loneliness, of solidarity

Wholly being, fully feeling.



# Hope



Hope's sails and infinite possibilities

Unfurl

Unlimited

Horizons stretching away

Winds prevail

Before change's arrival

No longer becalmed.

# Cat Cold



Winter chills  
Cat sleeping  
Grin blissful  
Sun sinks in  
In sinks sun

Blissful grin



Sleeping cat  
Chills winter.

# Daydream/nightmare

They say...

The devil rides a coal black horse...

Pegasus rules the clouds...

And magic realms

Are guarded by unicorns.

I sleep  
deeply,  
dream  
vividly,

And wake

With the  
warm  
wuffle

Of a  
horses'  
velvet nose

Caressing  
my palm.

Gentle you

Sweeping  
through

Cobwebs cleared

No more fear.



# Autumn Art



Deco light streaks

Glamorous

Shape texture

Color vibrant

Fall art Magic!

# Blue and White Dreams



Rare moment

Of fascination

Tremendous brightness

Darkness turning day

Your dreamed fancy

I, deemed wise

Illustrious

By sleep-glassy eyes

And whiter lies

Smile silence.



# Prayer

Let the way I live and work today reflect my gratitude and respect for those who have contributed positively to my personal and professional growth.

Give me the grace to feel and also make others feel...

...emotionally, physically and spiritually good to be around

...welcomed and sought after

...relaxed, contented and happy

...intelligent, capable and self-sufficient

...responsible, reasonable and relied upon

...worthy of time, effort and compromise

...possessed of good judgement, common sense and valuable insights

...capable of both giving and receiving comfort, support and help

...accepted, appreciated, approved of and enjoyed

...shared with, listened to and trusted

...allowed to take risks, make mistakes and learn as we go

...practical, proactive and positively focused on what's important, where we're going, and how best to get there.

# Old Soul Prayer



Creator

I pray thee

On this, my rebirth day

Make me what I need to be

To learn what you would teach me

Give me form that suits your end

And the wit to use it well

So one day I may return

To mist and magic

Peace and You.



Footprints of all the people whose lives Jill touched would cover many beaches, but she prayed that they all lead to growth, freedom, and God.

