

In Between Things

In between things is the silence that holds everything together.
Enter the silence and return to the root, the place where you are held together.
The substance of the divine, perfectly clear and transparent.
The silence in which the Virtuoso sings you into being.
The blank page where the Beloved is drawing you.
The darkness in which God says "Let there be light."
Enter the holy temple and sing that hymn.

Steve Garnass-Holmes: In *Unfolding Light*

I Will Not Die an Unlived Life.

I will not die an unlived life.
I will not live in fear
Of falling or catching fire.
I choose to inhabit my days,
To allow my living to open me,
To make me less afraid,
More accessible;
To loosen my heart
Until it becomes a wing,
A torch, a promise.
I choose to risk my significance,
To live so that which came to me as seed
goes to the next as blossom,
And that which came to me as blossom,
Goes on as fruit.

Dawna Markova