Sharon's Bud

As our world faces multiple difficulties, We are being pushed into experiencing Deeper levels of our Hearts...

Come. . .walk with me,
Into my Heart and yoursInto the places we usually avoid,
As we rush through our lives
In a world that s crying,
Louder than ever,
For us to slow down,
Be still,
Embrace our own Hearts
W ith one hand,
And hold the other out
To our fellow human beings. . .



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About The Author

Sharon Rose Poet



You 11 learn a lot about me as you read my writing. Every article and poem in this paper contains a part of my heart a part of my soul - a part of my life - a part of my past and a part of my hope for the future. . .

I like relating the opening of a Heart to the blossoming of a rose. And I m just a struggling bud. . . trying to write from the Rose in me, W ith the hope of touching the Heart of humanity.

I d like to touch the Heart of those Who usually turn the other cheek. I'd like to empower the voice That rarely dares to speak. I'd like to reach the numb Who never really weep. I'd like to open our Hearts-Let tears wake our sleep.



"Just the way the world is?

When I express the problems I see in humanity - the greed, the cruelties, the woundedness, the quests for power and money over Heart. . ., more times than not, people reply with, "This is just the way the world is!" But I can't accept this. I just can't!

I don't want to offend anyone. But deep in my heart I can feel that this is NOT the way the world was meant to be - that this is NOT the way the world is supposed to be. And I wonder...how can the world heal or improve if we can't hold a vision of how it could be. If we can't notice how bad things are getting and wish for something better, things will just keep getting worse. I can t accept that, "This is just the way the world is," because. . .

The only way we are ever going to set our world in peace Is if we stop accepting the way it is and start aiming for some. thing better.

Juggling

Iam nothing but a tiny human being, Letting courage show some of what I m Seeing. Juggling one big world in each small hand -Stumbling through pools of dark quicksand. Can t walk on water like we did once before. Just skimming the mud to reach the other shore.

oes our war against aging pre vent us from enjoying the

As I turned forty in a world that drools over youth, I was forced to step back and take a deeper look at myself, at my relationship and at the rest of humanity, on the subject of aging. I looked at the way I d started streaking my hair, in order to hide rapidly increasing numbers of grey hairs. I looked at the way I frowned every time I glanced in a mirror and saw wrinkles peeking through the makeup I d just started wearing again. I looked at how painfully degrading it was to feel like I was not 'young enough', 'not attractive enough' and not desirable enough for the man I loved. I looked at how this dread of getting older cast a dark shadow over my whole life. And I looked at how this feeling was being fueled by the opinions and behaviors of most of the world around me. The LOUD and clear messages, were, Growing older means becoming unattractive, unlovable and undesirable and We must hide our age!

As this message seeped into my breaking Heart, I felt the core of how horribly dysfunctional we are, in this area. Most of humanity seems so ashamed of aging, and so hung up on youth and what we LOOK like, that it no longer seems to matter what we ARE like.

W isdom seems to be taking a back seat to vanity. And as I fully realized this, I felt ashamed of being part of such a shallow existence. It suddenly seemed horribly damaging and completely ridiculous for me to waste so much time, energy, money, joy and contentment while fighting the natural process of aging, EVEN THOUGH IT S GOING TO CONTINUE HAPPENING ANY-W AY!!! This was a real turning point for me. I literally chapped of fALL my highlighted hair and started honoring my age by letting my grays freely grow.

Now, several years later, as I look at the two long, grey stripes in the sides of my hair, I smile far more times than not. I ve not cut my hair since then. And I strive to be proud of my lengthening streaks of Wisdom. I m starting to actually feel good about this dovious proof of the time I ve served here on Earth. Sametimes my grey hairs even seem to glow. Sametimes it seems like, the more I genuinely enjoy them, the more enlightened I feel. This may sound like a joke. But Im not kidding! Yes. I have days when my confidence staggers and I foolishly aim for a bit of make up, like when I prepare to have a photo taken and want to be accepted by my readers. But, most of the time, I m enjoying growing older and letting it show. I m finding it empowering.

I'm sure the fact that I'm no longer in a relationship, helps me to accept my age more completely, because I'm not concerned about how anyone else will feel about the way I look. But even if I were to decide to open my door to a new relationship, at some point in the future, I don't want to, EVER AGAIN, get stuck in that ridiculous ditch of trying to LOOK younger, or of being with a man who prefers youth or anything but me. . . the way I naturally am. No matter who is or isn't in my life, I want to look the way I look, and feel OK with it. I want to reach the point where I can feel good about growing older and wiser 100% of the time. I want to be showing off my grey hairs everywhere I go.

W aulch't it be wonderful if it were Truly OK to age? No more hair coloring! No more bald spot hiding! No more wrinkle removals or droop lifting! No more shame of what s going to happen to all of us anyway.

Can you imagine the extra joy and contentment, Which will settle into our Hearts, When we let go of our foolish concerns about aging?

I think that any man or woman, who can PROUDLY wear wrinkles, sags, bald spots and gray hair, in today's world, deserves a huge pat on the back. And I'm looking for mine.

Aging

I stood in the lines Where every body goes To fix the aging form Of skin, hair or nose. But strong as stone, I stood As I studied my reflection, And found these words I felt, In my body's deep rejection, Each crevice built for tears-These wrinkles on my face, Are proof of precious years That NOTHING can erase. In the grey of my fine hair, I sometimes see a glow. Please handle it with care And let this magic show. The sparkle in my eyes Grows brighter every day. Please don't cover it up. Don't take that away. Every blemish, bump or sag, In the eyes of the weak, May make me a hag. But HEAR these words I speak I want to remain human, The Truest kind of all. Don't stretch, tweak or fix me. I don t want to be a doll. I may not fit in, Because of how I feel. But I don't want to change. So, let me just be REAL.



Hidden Epidemic

Though most of us have heard that it s good to let ourselves cry out our pain, we don't seem to fully realize how incredibly important it is for us to cry more freely. We don't seem to realize that crying is what washes the pain out of our Hearts and keeps them open to deeper feelings of love, joy, peace and happiness. We don't seem to realize that suppressing our tears also suppresses our hearts.

We close our Hearts, in order to avoid feeling emotional pain. Yet, this closing of our hearts, no matter how much or how little, is causing us even more pain.

What I call, the Hidden Epidemic, grows and spreads each time we suppress our sadness and push others to do the same. I know this may sound a bit strange. But if you read the rest of this, and then listen to the Wisdom in your own Heart, I m sure you ll feel the Truths in what I m saying.

Some say that sadness is "negative" or depressing. Some go so far as to say that it's "un-spiritual" or "dark" to feel, release or express sadness. Some even think that all we have to do is use our minds and choose to feel joy instead. Yet, my experiences show me that this suppression of our sadness is THE very thing that actually CREATES the "negative" stuff in our world; and that allowing ourselves to fully feel our sadness, so that our pain is released, actually opens our Hearts to deeper levels of Love, of compassion, of peace and Joy, in ourselves and in the world around us.

We suppress our sadness, because feeling it can be uncomfortable and sametimes overwhelming, especially when it s not supported by those who are closest to us. Even in the most supportive environments, it sdifficult to completely embrace grief. Suppression sure is the <u>easiest</u> route to take, but certainly not the healthy one.

Most of us were taught, from the day we were born, to stuff down our feelings of sachess; to get over it, to pretend it s not there, and put it behind us as quickly as possible. (Most of us are very good at suppressing tears instead of letting them flow.) We often even feel ashamed to go out in public during, or shortly after, those rare times when we velet ourselves deeply cry. We tend to act as if crying is doing something wrong and shameful! And we waste a lot of time, money and energy trying to avoid feeling anything but joy. We stuff down our sachess with overdoses of caffeine, nicotine, alcohol, food, drugs, TV, over-sleeping, excessive thinking, excessive working etc. We tend to keep ourselves so busy and so distracted that there s no time to feel our pain.

And we often try to stop others from crying, because their sadness triggers our own. We push ourselves and others into suppressing tears without realizing how much it hurts all of us and the world we live in. You may think I m catastrophizing here. But I m sure that I m not. . . I feel 100% certain that deeper levels of crying is an absolute necessity for the health of our own hearts our families, our communities, our countries, our world. . .

Healing the World
begins and finishes
W ith the healing of
our own individual Hearts

I ve NEEDED my tears to be OK. I ve needed my sadness to be accepted as a part of being human, a part of healing, growing and evolving. I ve needed comfort and validation during my times of deepest grief. I ve needed someone to be there for me through these deeper levels of healing. I ve needed it to be OK for me to feel sad and/or cry for however long it takes to completely release my pain.

But over and over again I was, and STILL am, faced with situations where people label sadness as "negative" or depressing. Over and over again I ve been faced with situations where people have tried to pull me out of my grieving process, or push me to choose joy instead or to "move beyond it, before I'd really had a chance to move into it and finish with it. This has been extremely difficult for me. It seven added to my grief and left me feeling too painfully alone. And I feel sure that my experiences with this are extremely common. I m sure that many of us have felt this kind of aloneness with our grief. But I don't blame any individual for not being there for me in the ways that I ve needed them to be. I know that most people just don't fully realize that we NEED to get ALL THE W AY THROUGH our grief, in order to even begin to Truly "move beyond it" or get over it.

These types of situations, along with the spiritual experiences I've had in conjunction with fully embracing my own sadness, have brought me to a deep awareness of what I see as the widest spread, most dangerous epidemic in existence. I call it Hidden because of the way we fight to hide our sadness. And I call it an Epidemic, because, the more we hide our sadness and push others to hide theirs, the more closed up our Hearts become, which creates extremely serious problems. And every individual, that I know of, is spreading this Hidden Epidemic to some degree, myself included.

From my view point, humanity is at a serious crisis point with this issue. And this shows in how we relate to each other, to our family members, to our neighbors, to our fellow religions, to our fellow towns, cultures and countries...and to our environment. We tend to see the outcome of the suppression of our sadness, but fail to recognize the core cause of the devastation that s happening, on EVERY level, throughout our world. Please think about this, for all our sakes.

Suppressing sadness (closing our hearts) is the root cause of the vast majority, if not ALL, of the problems we face, on personal and global levels. When we ve not let ourselves cry out extremely large doses of pain, or small doses over a long period of time, it either depresses us, makes us ill or becomes anger that yearns to strike out.

On the larger scales. . .the severe suppression of sadness, causes Hearts to become so blocked that they begin filling up with a warped sense of spirituality, deep greed, uncontrolled anger, and a thirst for power over others; which is THE root cause of the destructive wars that our world is experiencing, on EVERY level, between family members, between religions, between cultures, and between countries.

On the smaller scales. . .suppressing our feelings of sadness causes our Hearts to start blocking to the point where what we value most starts shifting toward money and obtaining possessions. We start to lose our ability to feel compassion toward our fellow beings. Depression creeps in. Our ability to feel peace, joy and Love diminishes. And our connection to the deeper, wiser parts of our Selves, and to the Higher Powers, becomes more and more blocked. Is any of this sounding familiar to you? It does to me! This sounds painfully familiar! When I look at my life and out into the rest of the world, I see this so much that it s scarry. There have been times when I ve literally cried for all of us.

Sadness is not depressing! It s this suppression Of it that depresses us.

Now, I m not suggesting that we walk around trying to cry all the time. But I AM saying that we should let our tears freely flow each time we feel the need to, rather than trying to hide them and/or stuff them back down. And I m praying for ALL of us to take a deeper look at the damaging effects of the loud NO CRYING ALLOWED messages, which we pass on to our loved ones.

I cringe every time I hear the popular Christmas songs, which we STILL play for our children, says, You better be good. ... you better not cry. ..Im telling you why. ... Santa Clause is coming to town...!!! I KNOW that we would NOT even think of playing songs like this for our children, if we KNEW how damaging it is to them, to our world and to our future. Every time I hear this song, I sing along and loudly change the words to, You d better cry.

I feel that humanity NEEDS to become more aware of this problem so that we can start allowing our Heart's natural cleansing process to happen far more than it does. This epidemic needs to be healed, in order for us to heal our troubled world.

It is!
It really is.
We NEED to cry
Far more
Than we do!

In my vision of a world that son it s way to being healed, it would be as OK to walk down a street crying as it is to do it smiling. When we freely allow our tears to wash the pain out of our Hearts, our Hearts will open to increasingly deeper levels of Love. When our Hearts are more open to Love, Compassion, sharing and giving. . .greed and vengeance will diminish. And there ll be more acceptance of the differences in other people, cultures, religions and countries. This will prevent hammful behaviors and wars, on ALL levels.

When Hearts fully open There 11 be no need to harm, Or yearn for love, that s not there.

Tears

My tears reflect Joy, Sadness,
Love and Inspiration.
Each of these Feelings
Bring Tears to my eyes.
Each of these feelings
Are connected
Deep inside my Heart,
In some magical way.
When freedom denies,
Just a part of one,
The others weaken.

Feel Our Walk

Feel our walk and walk our talk
That s what we have to do.
Feel our walk and walk our talk
So we can make it through.

We need to pull our Hearts back in place Let our tears wash our face.

Open up our Hearts to Love Learn to give - hold the shove.

We need to reach out giving hands
Do our best to understand
Throw greed down the drain
And let Love feel again.

We must let our hearts open a door To those who can t be hurt anymore -Let our tears wash our face So we can save the human race.

Feel our walk and walk our talk
That s what we have to do.
Feel our walk and walk our talk
So we can make it through.

The Heart Of sadness Is Love



Homeless

In and around the year 2001, as I watched most of my world go up in smoke, in an uninsured fire, I felt numb with shock. Deep down in the core of my Heart existed a frightened child who was surrounded by a well of unshed tears. I needed to cry, but I held it back for fear of becoming completely unglued. I feared that I d get lost in my pain; that I d never be able to stop crying and screaming if I let myself get started. I feared that I d completely fall apart while I had no place to live and no place to go. I felt trapped, lost and more alone than alone can imagine. I needed to cry. I needed to let it out. But it felt far too deep and far too painful for me to face alone. I needed someone to hold me. I needed someone to be there for me. I needed to be reassured that everything was going to be OK. But I d also lost the people I d been closest to, in the months around this fire. There was no one left in my life who could be there for me on the levels I needed. So I did what most of us do. I stuffed my pain into the dark corners of my Heart and strove to put it behind me and survive it, instead of facing it and working my way THROUGH it. And the weight of my pain was so heavy that I began to crumble, as I carried it into my future.

Icried out a pretty big batch of it while I lived for one and a half years in a hunter s cabin in the Adirondack wildemess. I yelled out more of it when I was living on BIM land in the South Western deserts. And I let loose many deep layers of tears in the year 2005, as I struggled to climb back up onto my feet, before a flash flood raged in to knock me back down.

All of this has been far more difficult than I can express here, especially since I d also struggled with the effects of Lupus, menopause and empty nest syndrome through this time. But I m realizing that, as I face the depths of my pain, I also connect with deeper levels of care for myself and the rest of humanity. Through my losses, my homeless situation, and the severe lack of unconditional help in the people whom I d been close to, I ve come face to face with the depths of what matters most in life. I ve come face to face with how incredibly important it is to find the Heart to be here for each other during difficult times. I ve come face to face with how important it is to embrace each other's pain and lend a free hand or shoulder when it s needed.

Even before the flood left me homeless and killed four of my neighbors, I didn t know how I was going to fully recover on a personal level. I didn t know how I was going to survive the pain, which continued to overwhelm my Heart.

In the years following the fire, I d grown scared of what would happen next. And I grew scared of becoming, and remaining, completely homeless. But as I now face the cold reality of homelessness, I feel that this is not the worst form of existence. The worse form of existence was what I d been experiencing when I was carelessly living in a five-bedroom house with two cars, a motorcycle, a half-empty barn, a two car garage and food wasting away in my new fridge, when there were thousands of people in deep need of a safe place to go and a kind Heart to lean on as they recover from the pain of deep losses.

I ll never be able to live with abundance in the same way as I once did. I wouldn t be able to enjoy having too much when so many of my fellow human beings struggle with having so little, on so many levels.

As my tears heavily flowed around my need for a kind, safe place to recover in, I realized how empty our crowded world can be. I began to feel that no person on our crowded Earth should ever have to feel as alone with their grief as I have.

I long to create the safe, healing place That I ve desperately needed, and never had.

I now long to create safe places, where we can go, when there s a need to take time to heal our Hearts. Im not talking about housing for the homeless or a mental health facility or rehab or any other type of service that s already in existence. Im talking about simple, homey places where there s an abundance of kindness, people to talk to, hands

to hold and comforting shoulders to cry on; places that are like having a functional family who wants to be there for us, as we heal our hearts from painful losses; places where it s OK to feel sad and its OK to cry for as long as we need to; places where we don t have to paste on smiles or pretend to be feeling anything but what we genuinely feel; places where healing is the priority, and Heart is what matters most.

Ifeel incredibly sad that money is all that prevents me from doing this, even though money is the most insignificant part of it. I feel sad that there are so many pieces of unused land and so many abandoned houses that could be put to good use for countless people who deeply need a safe place to turn to during times of need.

Throughout my life, I ve always thought and said that, Heart is more important than money and possessions. But I d never really lived it. It s not until these past few years that I ve grown to more fully understand the depths of this Truth. Yes, there are days when I miss some of the THINGS I had. But what I want and need, more than anything else, is more Heart in myself and the world around me. This is what would pull it all together. This is why I put my focus and energy into this mission, even though it s left me virtually homeless too many times. But no matter how difficult it is, I NEED to be doing this instead of returning to the endless labors for the gaining of things that don t matter - THINGS that can be gone in the blink of an eye, the lash of a flame or the sweep of a flood.

As I continue to go through this time of healing my own Heart and trying to reach other people s Hearts, with my writing, I struggle to hold steady my Faith that I ll be CK. But if I had a choice to go back to several acres with the big house, barn and two car garage, I think I d turn it into a Heart Refuge and create a safe place where we can heal our Hearts. What I NEED most in my life has absolutely nothing to do with physical possessions and everything to do with Heart.

Even though my situation is incredibly difficult and has been a bit too risky at times, I ve decided that being homeless is better than being heartless. So I m going to keep opening and sharing my Heart no matter where it leads me.

As many parts of the world experience disaster after disaster, I pray that those who are losing homes, families and friends, find places where there are people who can give them a comforting shoulder to cry on, a kind hand to hold and a safe place to live, as they recover and find the strength to climb back onto their own feet.

These times in our troubled world are so incredibly difficult for so many of us, that I wish I had more to share right now I wish I already had the sanctuary that I long to create for us. I still need it too. I think I need it more now than I ever have. But since I can not yet offer a Heart Refuge for those of us who are in need, I pray that this story inspires others to open and share their own Hearts more freely.



Iwalked into The house of misfits Where society's outcasts live, When all I had in my pocket Was a life that yearned to Live. Did I dare turn up a nose? Well... for a moment or two. But then I experienced What they d been through, And found them the same As most of me and you. In a humbled state

Homeless

I roam the place they live

Carrying in my pocket

A Heart that longs to give.

Throughout history, The rich have stolen From the struggling Hands of the poor, Yet dare degrade Their mere asking Of those Who now have more. Is a crazy Backwards world W e strive to grow And live in, Where the coldest, Heartless thieves Are the ones Who proudly win. I look into Our wounded Souls And See that The wisest ones of all... Are the ones Whose humbled Hearts Dare to stand up tall.

The Waif

I am nothing but a worthless waif Who dared to pause in judgment s way But all the Gods beyond the sky Reach down to hold me while I cry. THEY know.

Monadnock

As Monadnock peaks Through a shifting mist Iwonder how long Ican survive all this. The waking in the middle Of long cold nights To start my car And bring in the Light. The disappointed reaching For an old friend Who s weary Heart Has no hand to lend. The not knowing Where to go Through days that move Too fast or slow. The hardships of My hameless plight And toments of This aift of sight. The tear filled hours Of begging God To help me navigate This road Imon. . . Itum my eyes Back to the peak-Now hiding from These tears I speak. But Love whispers Like a hesitant kiss. From my Heart, as it reaches Up through the mist.

Margaret Street

I am lost In the middle of a city Living in something That sure ain't pretty. A tarp on the roof And flowers on the hood-It isn t very much But I we done the best I could. Oh, how they opssip -Assuming what they don t know! And I just keep on looking For Heart that doesn t show. Many turn up a nose. And some just sneer on by. I keep squaring my shoulders. Because, when they laugh, I cry.

Gypsy Angel

Not many have seen what I ve let you see-This scared, lost place inside of me. So deeply tired of this road that stretches far too long Weary of sadexperiences, I write into my songs. fi could finally rest in my own peaceful place, Idwrite the world a Heart to help our pain erase. If solitude were mire, Idgladly stand alone, And love the hands of time, if I had myself a Home. But Ill beyour Gypsy Ampel another endless day. AmessiyIlldrift...utilIfadeaway.

Mother's Love

Around the time when my mother s body died, my 18 years with her felt far too unloving. I deeply missed what we never had. I missed her Love. I missed it when she was here and I missed it even more after shedgone. It s not that she didn't love me. She did show me her love when she wasn't angrily reacting to, or running from, the hamful relationship she had with my father. But I felt abandoned more than loved. I d felt like my mother and I were supposed to do things in this lifetime, which we never had the chance to do. It often seemed like there was something extremely important that shed forgotten and left without finishing. And I felt cheated and abandoned by her.

My mother was the only member of my family who had insights or dreams about the future, in the same way that I do. She was the only one who understood me without being jealous, resentful, degrading or judgmental of my poetry and my depths. I think we could have done a lot to help each other and the rest of humanity if she d not given up on her own life and died of cancer when she was only forty four years old.

And, on the flip side of this, I felt deep levels of guilt for not being very loving toward her while she was here. For many years it had bothered me that she d gone Home without my ever having verbally expressed my Love for her. Just the fact that I did not ever actually say the words, I love you, Mom, left me with an aching emptiness inside my Heart. But I later learned that the death of a human body is not the end of a person s life and certainly not the end of a Soul s ability to grow and Love.

When I was in my late twenties, I started meditating and learning how to vision quest, Native American style. I found that visions came very easy to me. They brought me to a new level of awareness, to a world that exists beyond this physical world. In this other world, I frequented a huge castle of Light, which sat on the clouds and reached far up into the Heavens. Within this castle were many Angels who worked at sending beams of white Light down to the Earth, in an effort to help heal the world. (These Angels looked like glowing figures of White Light.)

During one of my visits, as I stood watching, one of them came to stand directly in front of me, handed me a large glowing gem, and asked me to place it in my Heart. As I did this, a wonderfully warm feeling slowly spread through my whole body. It felt like my Heart had blossomed. And when I looked up to thank the being who d handed it to me, I was shocked to see my mother standing there.

Tears quickly streamed down my cheeks as my legs went weak. I LOVE you, she whispered, as she pulled me into her arms. And between my deep sobs I said, I love you too. And I cried in her arms until I woke from the vision.

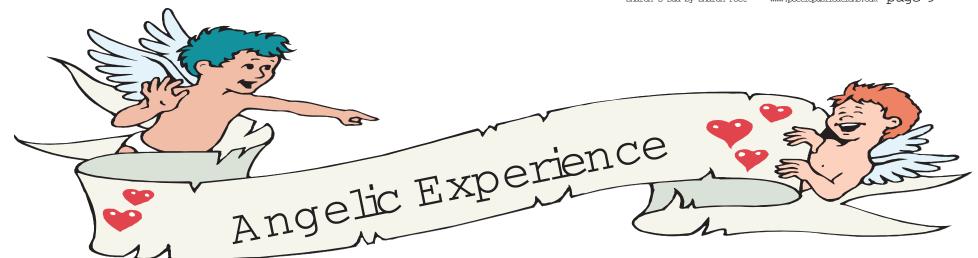
As I opened my eyes my tears were still steadily falling. This experience was so incredibly real. Deep in my Heart I KNOW and FEEL that I Truly met my mother; that her Soul is one of the Angel Light Workers; that I really heard her say, I LOVE YOU for the first time in this lifetime; that I really finally told her that I love her too; and that I felt her Love blossoming into my Heart and Soul. There is nothing anyone can possibly say to convince me otherwise. This WAS real. It was as real as this print on this page.

Through this experience, I resolved the past issues I d had with my mother. It s felt as if, in those few minutes of fully opening my Heart to the depths of her Love and deeply crying out my sadness, I d received what had been lacking throughout my 18 years with her I no longer yearn for her to be here for me, because I know she is. I find deep levels of comfort in knowing that my mother s Love is just a wish away, and that... is never too late to say, I love you.

Still Here

Sitting up sometimes, late at night Many thoughts run through my mind Of a mother - gone from sight, Of a Heart so hard, yet kind. But I can t say, I don t see her. When I sleep she s in my dreams. Hello little Bum, she whispers. Oh, how real...so real it seems. Isee her when I see a rose Or a willow tree. And sometimes, I KNOW, She talks to me. When I listen quietly, Her voice, I can hear. And when I think of her, I feel her...ch so near. I see her when I sleep And feel her when I weep. We can the torn apart. She lives for all eternity, W ith the Love inside my Heart. She 11 never leave...No Never. My mother's Love will bloom forever.

Is NEVER too late to say, I Love you...



During a time when I was struggling through several devastating losses, I entered into the most painful emotional release I've ever had. But, though this was one of my most painful times, it also led me into one of the most comforting spiritual experiences I've ever had.

As I curled my body up on a floor during my third day of almost constant crying, my stamach convulsed and my voice hoarsely moaned in pain. I tried to stop the endless flow of tears, but couldn't, no matter how hard I tried! I'd gone beyond the point of return. My eyes were almost too swollen to see out of. My chest and stomach deeply ached. And I'd not been able to eat for days. This scared me! I understood the healing powers of letting myself deeply cry, in order to release my pain. I'd done a lot of this sort of work. But this time, it went further than ever before. It completely overwhelmed me.

I prayed for help. I begged The Higher Powers to stop the pain - to help me pull myself out of it. I felt as if I d fallen over the edge of a cliff into an endless abyss. I feared that I was never going to make it out of the well of pain I d leapt into.

But, right at the point, when I knew that I absolutely could not take anymore, I felt a presence embracing me. (It s impossible to fully describe this.) I felt as if I were being cradled in the arms of Love itself.

This feeling was so powerful and so comforting that my tears of sadness became tears of deep gratitude; gratitude that I was not as alone as I'd thought - that there was someone here for me. I'd needed to know this. I'd needed to know this more than these words can imagine.

W ith Love surrounding me, I was able to release even more of my pain. I continued crying until I peacefully slept in the arms of this Angel . And when I woke, I wrote the song, Message from an Angel.

> Wе feel Love Only as Deeply as W e Allow Ourselves to Feel Our Sadness

Message from an Angel

I am the sadness seizing your Heart That will, in time, with healing, depart.

I am the tear caressing your cheek. I am your strength. I am not weak.

I am the pressure in your chest-Learning to fly - leaving the nest. I am the memory of years gone by I am the breath that leaves with a sigh.

I am the child within your being. I am all knowing. I am all seeing. I am the voice echoing in your head. You have not lost me. I am not dead.

I am the Joy. You must believe! I am the Love you need receive. I will not leave you. . .will not say bye. I've come to hold you while you cry.



The Reforming

Many of us wonder why natural disasters are suddenly happening more frequently, all over the world. There are scientific theories about normal Earth changes and global warming and the Earth tilting on it saxis. There are even religions that believe the world is coming to an end. And I feel that there sabit of Truth in most theories. I feel that there are multiple levels of reasons for these sudden shifts in our world. And no matter how it s perceived or what it s called, these disasters are Reforming our ways of being, thinking, feeling and living.

Is obvious that humanity has NOT been heading in a very positive direction. Disputes and wars resulting from hidden greed and vengeance are increasing to alarming levels, all over the globe, between family members, cultures, religions and countries.

Same of our countries are even being lead by people who claim that God tells them to pass judgment upon, steal from, murder and take over, other people and cultures. Religions are becoming more corrupt. Hope and faith are being replaced with fear and vengeance. In general, humanity has been steadily sliding into a heartless pit.

These natural disasters are forcing us into a process of opening our Hearts to deeper levels of compassion for ourselves and others. This may seem like a cruel way for the Highest Powers to wake us up. But when I step back and look at the bigger picture; at the destructive levels of greed, prejudice and hate that s steadily gaining more and more control over our world, I can understand why the reforming is happening. Our world is being shaken...in an effort to wake us up and alter the course we ve foolishly cho-

W e all need to learn deeper levels of what really matters most; deeper levels of treating our selves, our fellow human beings, our fellow religions, our fellow countries, our fellow cultures and our family members with far more Heart than what now exists. It s time for us to more fully understand that what really matters most is how much Heart we have to share with others, rather than how much money, property, possessions and THINGS we own. We ve all heard this before, but we do not seem to be living it to the levels we need to be. And many of us are being, or will soon be, forced into letting go of the things we own.

These times we live in are scary! Yet, they also offer incredibly deep opportunities for growth; opportunities for us to deepen our Strength, our Courage, our Love, our values, our morals, our Wisdom and our Faith.

Ikeep praying to know what I can do, through this time of the Earth s Reforming. And that wise little voice, which echoes through the deepest depths of my Heart, is still saying, "Just feel your own Heart, keep crying a little harder, Loving a lot deeper...and keep sharing your feelings with the rest of humanity. So, this is what I'm doing. And I feel that this is what we all need to do in our own unique ways. We need to focus on feeling and healing the depths of our own Hearts. . .and then share our Hearts with the people around us, in whatever way comes natural to us.

Many of us may think our Hearts are already open enough. But, hello! I feel certain that we ALL have room to grow. ALL our Hearts are blocked to SOME degree. None of us are completely healed. None of us are 100% perfect. We re ALL human. And we ve all been effected by imperfect families, teachers, friends...etc. We all have pains that we've stuffed down and blocked our Hearts with. We all have suppressed CRAP that we need to release, in order to be all that we can be. And my deepest Wisdom keeps saying...

"As our outer world shifts, We NEED to make big shifts In our inner worlds. IT IS TIME!"

In October, 2005, I made a joke of this by telling someone that, Mother Nature is going through menopause. But, I honestly feel that this is very close to what really is happening, on a global level. Mother Nature is suddenly having severe mood swings, shakes, night sweats, chills and heat flashes...etc. It seems that humanity has hit a point where it s time for a sudden accelerated change. And it s time for us to allow our suppressed feelings to surface and release, much faster then we may feel ready for! Mother Nature seems to be the tool that s being used in this process of healing the Heart of humanity, before the darkness of greed finishes completely overcoming us.

In the early nineteen nineties, as I sat with a friend, talking about this time period, he asked, "What do you think we should do? How will we know where to go, in order to be

safe, if the more serious disasters really start happening?" And, since he was not literally asking ME the question, we were BOIH surprised, when I quickly answered, "W e each have to be our own guru, because the answers are different for every individual. But this is difficult for most of us, because our Hearts are too blocked. And this blockage prevents us from hearing the depths of our own Wisdom and Intuition. It also prevents us from being here for each other in the ways that will be needed most. So, what we NEED to do is focus on removing the blockages from our own Hearts, through the process of facing, feeling and releasing our suppressed sadness. We must cry every time we feel like it. Crying will help us more than anything else will. It will bring more Heart into our world during a time when we ll need it most. We need to cry more freely.

Crying is like giving our Hearts a shower, To wash away accumulated dirt.

These disasters are triggering our deepest pains and fears. They are forcing us to grow, through the process of opening our Hearts to deeper levels of care and compassion for ourselves and our fellow human beings. And it feels extremely important that we stop suppressing our sadness and start letting this healing process happen, on a far larger scale than we ever have before.

If we let our Heart's fully cry as these tracedies hit, it will also release some of the pains we d previously suppressed. This creates a cleansing. . .an opening in our Hearts It makes more room for Love. When we allow our sadness to surface and be released, we bring more Love into our world.

The Reforming is a crucial time for all of humanity as well as for each of us as individuals. These increasing natural disasters are forcing us to grow, through the process of opening our Hearts to deeper levels of compassion for ourselves and our fellow human beings. And we need to start letting this healing process happen, on a far larger scale than we ever have before.

> I fæl, To the depths of My Heart and Soul, That this process Of releasing our sadness W ill literally be Humanity s salvation.



Healing the world begins and finishes With the healing of our own Hearts.

When a home or life is torn by fire, Earth or storm, there is a higher purpose-something being born. What we value most must become Heart, when everything we own is being torn apart.

Body Mind Spirit?

I deeply believe in the holistic approach to healing. Taking care of ourselves on the physical, mental and spiritual levels is something that most of need to do a lot more of. But there is something missing here. Something BIG! The ONE thing that s THE core of it all, which brings the whole healing process together, in a healthy way, is not included in this popular phrase! So, I m suggesting that we change it to...

Heart - Body - Mind - Spirit

Without Heart, the mind becomes too cynical.
Without Heart, the Spirit sways toward evil. And without Heart, the body can not even survive.

I'm sure that we can all see, as we look out into the world, that far more HEART is DESPERATELY needed everywhere, in individuals, in families, in communities and in mations.

We need to make Heart the priority so that our bodies, minds and spirits can fully heal.

Looking Back

After disaster strikes

And people think the most difficult part is over,

It s often just beginning, for those who were hit hardest.

Directly after sudden losses, shock often settles in for months, sometimes even years, at a time. When most people think it s time for us to square our shoulders and move on, the time is just beginning for deeper feelings of grief to start surfacing. And instead of allowing a healthy grieving process, we tend to suppress our sadness and struggle to move on before we are ready to

Many of us seem to think that if we don't look back at what happened, and if we force ourselves not to feel our sadness, the pain will go away. But avoiding the pain doesn't make it go away. It just stuffs it into our future, weighs us down and blocks our Hearts until we finally allow ourselves to look back, face it and cry it out.

So, let s not push ourselves or others to avoid looking back and feeling sadness, no matter how much time has gone by let's not rush to glue back together what s still ozing with unshed tears. Let s let ourselves and others fully feel whatever needs to be felt. . .for as long as it takes. Let s support a more healthy process of grieving, so that we don't have to carry our pain into our future. Let's embrace each others tears until the pain is gone, so that we can bring more Love into a world that desperately needs it.

Healing

We must look behind us and face the pain at last.

If we want a tomorrow filled with Love and Trust,

We must face the yesterdays that are lost inside of us.

If we wish to open our Hearts and fully care,

We must first embrace the sadness hidden there.

It is OK to cry . . .until our tears run dry . . .until our Heart s Light . . .shines away the night.

Page 12 Sharon s Bud by Sharon Rose Poet www.poeticpublications.com

Til Spring

This mist on the glass of a frozen lake Tries to help me forget nature s mistakes. But the birches struggle to reach the sky, Almost as tired and sad as I, And leaves drop one by one Until the letting go is done. My tear-struck eyes anxiously stare And dread this season of tree limbs...bare.

But Spring will rise to shine again, Even though I don t know when. So I 11 hold out a shaky hand, And pray for all to understand That these depths of pain Produce tears that sting, And it swise to let them fall... Till Spring.

I m Sorry

Confusion settles into

This cold, numb place Where your broken homes, And loved ones gone, Paint tears upon my face. But hope whispers From deep inside my Heart, As it struggles to get past My own pain and fear. I 11 be OK When it s finally free. I 11 be OK When I can cry for me, And give to all of you This humblest apology. I m Sorry!

Lonely Place

Deep inside most Hearts, exists a lonely place, where sadness hides, Where a silent yearning for Love longs to be embraced. This is the place that The Personal Journals aim to reach -The depths. . . where Hearts have much to teach. But, do we dare reach inside for sadness that's learned to hide? Do we dare fully embrace the tears that long to wash our face? Do we dare let go of pain so Love can find it's place again? Perhaps we must.

Each Layer of pain That s faced and released Lightens our load And paves a piece Of future s road.

Crying is like giving the Heart a shower To wash away Accumulated dirt.

Silenced

It is in my cave, I sang. For the winged ones And the four legged. I sang for the moon And the Sun, The Earth and Stars. But the humans, Ah....the humans. These are the ones Who silenced my voice. These are the ones Who do not know Love. And I became one of them-One of the silent songs, One of the strangled voices. So, it is for them I shall now sing-That I not judge those Who judged me.

World I See

What kind of world must my weary eyes See?
What kind of world need grow to be?
A world where Love is valued most,
And compassion is the steady host,
A world where kindness picks up paces
Tolift broken people from wounded places.
A world where we weather the storms
And Love is birthed from all that gets torn,
A world where the void of greed and hate
Is filled with Love by the hands of fate,
A world where all is in a state of repair
And none are left in deep despair.

Норе

They shine through dark clouds
In clearest tones of blueThese glowing rays of hope
That strive to see us through.



No matter how difficult
Life is today,
No matter how much
Is torn away,
The Sun will rise
On all of humanity,
As we embrace our tears
And set Love free.

One Tear

Blind folded were my eyes, when they dared not see. Silent was this voice, deep inside of me-The little are who aries, the please set me free!" As she mends her wings - preparing for flight, Anxious for her Star to shine on this longest, darkest night. As each feather is put in its place, Lonely tears of sachess gather upon her face. My job is to embrace her, count and feel her tears And listen to the wisdom she hasn't shared in years. One tear for each Truth that s not seen as real, And for every person who forgot how to feel. One tear for those who yearn to be set free, Yet, search with their minds for what only the Heart can see. One tear for each voice that dared not sing out loud And for every Angel who can't stand tall and proud. One for those who pretend, but have not healed at all, And for each of the deef who will not hear this call. One tear for every wisdom humanity has denied, And for each tear that has been left un-cried. One for each shadow that did not turn to Light, And every broken wing that s not prepared for flight. And one tear for each person who chooses not to see, This child inside the Hearts of all who came to be.

Crying Opens Hearts

Dear God

Yes, I hear
The dreams you speak.
But I need to feel you.
I m still weak.

Let me rest,
A moment please,
Inside the love
You have for me.

Let me gain
The strength I need
To patch these holes
Where I still bleed.

Please.

Rhododendron Grow

I planted them there Beneath our broken chair, In the late days of fall, As the hawk made his call. Their home has been changed, The earth rearranged. They need time to heal-Another year to feel, For the roots to find their way, A safe place to stay, Beneath the rain and sun. Then it will be done. In the warm days of spring I 11 check them once again. If I melt away the snow And let the blossoms grow, Next year there 11 be more-A pathway to my door. But now they just need time For limbs to grow and climb. Rhododendron grow Underneath the snow. But nobody knows. It scantly shows.

Mommy and Daddy

Daddy, why so angry? Mommy why so sad? Is it because I a m A child who is bad? Daddy please don t hit me! Mommy please don t cry. I am here to love you. My love will never die. Mommy I m not stupid! I m just a little kid Who needs for you to love me And feels you never did. Daddy I m not mental! I cry because of pain! I m not over-emotional! I m grieving YOUR shame! Daddy I don t imagine Everything I feel! This pain inside of me Is devastatingly real. Mommy why abandon me Whenever I m in need? Daddy why do you leave me Sitting here to bleed?

Lonely Nights

Throughout my childhood
I'd of ten lay awake at night,
Listening to the silence creep in.
When only crickets could be heard
And every light had dimmed....
Then came her quiet sobs.
Each time, like the first,
My heart would loudly throb,
As tears flooded my eyes.
I wonder if she felt as sad,
Or as alone as I.
On those nights
When sadness engulfed our home.
I wonder if Mother knew
That she never cried alone.

Child I Used to Be

On a lonely summer day I sat at the forest's edge Feeling the impact of life's hard lessons, When she came to me, a mere child of three, In soiled, warn-out clothes and hair of honey gold. Istared at her in worder...taking in all I could see, Then realized that she was the child I used to be. I thought my eves deceived until she began to speak. Glaring at me with big brown eyes, as tears covered her cheek, "You spend your life searching but don't remember and see, That I have been here waiting for you to return to me. You ran away and forgot the great plans we had for you-The joyful games we'd play and magical things we'd do." She sat on the ground rubbing her cold, bare feet Crying, "You didn't take me with you To the people we were to meet! You forgot the castles we were to build in the sand, And not once did you try to hold my little hand!" She bowed her head, declaring with a sigh, "And worst of all, you forgot how to laugh and cry!" My heart filled with sachess. I knew she was right. Idlet ther to grope alone on a cold and dreary night. In over twenty years did not return or ever even try To find the child I cast away...for the pain I failed to cry. I reached for her shaking hand and asked if she'd forgive, While making a sincere promise that together we would live. She climbed into my lap, where we held each other and cried

Yes.

Until joy was what was left of the pain we felt inside.

It s through adversity that we gain strength But it s through Love that we heal.

Star Gazing Crip

Through these barren streets I skip-The sad and lonely Star gazing crip-The weary mind letting go Of this other world I know. I hide, for fear that it will show. Cause they may burden me with pity And fail to see the deeper Truth. They can t know my giving up Or the gaining of my youth. They can t know my pain Or my endless yearn For the Love We need to learn. They can t know lupus Or cancer s aim for bliss. They can t feel my flight For the simple things I miss. Ilook at them and wonder, Should I continue this alone? Should I let silence grieve, Until I finally return Home? Say yes. Oh, say yes. Please! My pain can t of fer another word To be scorched by the pretense That it was never heard. Ican t bear anymore!

Can I?

When Hearts fail to be reached By powerfully written seeds, And I can t soothe the wound In every Soul who bleeds, Can T Heal?

When our haunted world looks too shallow to reach. And all the troubled world Seems too far gone to teach, Can I Feel?

When the sun refuses to shine Beyond the pages in a book, And darkness doesn't allow us To open the cover and look, Can I Give?

When rain falls too hard, Mountains rise too high And even the lowest tide Knows, too well, my sigh, Can I Live?

Sometimes, I wonder. But I MUST believe it so. Even through the darkest night Where love can't care to show, T can.

Sample

I cant.

The more I feel, I See That none of this is about me.

Iam just a small sample Humanity can use As a big example.

So That I May

Help me to cry, God W ithout asking why, God So that I may Feel. Help me to See, God To be the real Me, God So that I may Heal Help me to Love, God Without a shove, God So that I may give. Help me feel peace, God, Let sadness release, God, So that I may live...

Wish I Were a Ladybug

I sit at the edge of my bed Trying to talk to you While you coldly ignore me. My lonely eyes watch you Roam around the room Rescuing little ladybugs. So carefully, you pick them up, W ith love and consideration, Cradling them gently In the palm of your hands, Delivering them to a place Where they will be safe. On the outside, I am stuck in my anger And my need to be heard. But deep down inside of me, There's a wounded little voice That is silently crying... "I wish I were a ladybug!"

IAm OK

Though my past Reached behind grace, Idare my pain To feel and erase And put a smile Back on my face.

And none who know How to care Can cast that cold Judgmental stare And not be blinded By the glare.

IAm OK.

Finding my Friend

A long time ago I lost a dear friend But I promised myself I'd find her again. For, nothing on earth could ever replace The Love I remember on my friend s face.

In the East I climbed to the tallest peak Over every mountain I did seek. In the South I waded through jungles of green Cot lost in the thicket, forever, it seemed.

In the West I rode facing much pain Groping to find my dear friend again. In the North I laid over frozen streams Waiting for answers to come in my dreams.

On the Earth I sat in the warm sunshine Praying for a vision of this friend of mine. To the Skies I gazed with eyes open wide Looking for the place where she might hide.

Then, one day, I stepped up the smallest hill Where, inside my doorstep, I sat very still. I opened my Heart and began to see The Love I had searched for... inside of me

The Bench

Isat upon this bench, staring out to sea, When a kind old man came to sit with me. Ilistened as my tears yearned to be set free. And all the world stood still while he spoke to me.

You must find courage to be be just who you are And stop letting people crush your shining star. You must cry strong, through every sort of pain, And know that you belong. . . here. . . to work again.

When I turned to look at him, he was no longer there. And all my lonely tears fell on empty air. But his words, so touched my heart and mind. . . That I never will forget his heart - so soft and kind.

Though many can t believe me, I stand as strong as stone. They never will convince me that I sat on the bench alone.



The Heart of sadness Is Love.

Giving

I've often heard that, "receiving is giving." And it's been my experience that there's a lot of Truth in this. When a person of fers to help me, and the offer is genuinely from their Heart, it touches my Heart in a wonderful way - in a way that makes me want to pass it on. And when I Truly give, without the expectation of recognition or anything else in return, I feel as if I ve received a warmth in my Heart.

But I have a hard time receiving when I sense that there are strings attached to the giving . . . like when I know that a person is only helping out of a sense of obligation or pity. . . or when I sense that a person is trying to be helpful just so they can look good to others. . .or when I feel that a person is complaining about helping me. . . or when I accept an offer for help and then the person hands me a list of things I can do for them, in order to pay them back. I ve walked away from a three of these sorts of situations since the fire in my home and the flood in my neighborhood.

I ve actually felt shocked by the ways in which some people try to take advantage of other people sdifficult situations. Within just two months after my neighborhood was literally wiped out by a flash flood, if I d followed the wishes of the people who were helping me, I would have completely remodeled two homes while struggling to grieve, regain my strength, stand back up, find another place to live and complete my own overdue work obligations. I found myself feeling dangerously overwhelmed during these situations! I didn t feel helped. I felt like people were taking advantage of my situation and making things more difficult for me, at a time when I desperately needed the opposite.

I don t want to insult anyone by sharing this. But I feel that I need to shed some Light on this issue. . . for all of us . There are many of us, all over the world, who need to learn more about TRUE Giving, because is starting to be needed more than ever before.

After these experiences of such conditional giving during times of crisis, I turned to look in the mirror. And I asked myself if I really know how to Give . . . honestly . And I didn t like the answer . No, I ve never expected a person to do large amounts of work for me in exchange for helping them after a crisis. But there have been times when I gave comfort and expected comfort in return. And there have been times when I ve helped people and wanted others to know about it so that they would see that I was a good person.

Though there are times when I Truly Give, there have been many times when I ve wanted recognition for it. And deep in my Heart I know that True giving is when there is absolutely nothing expected or wanted in return, not even recognition.

In an old Native American tradition, it s required that we never let anyone know what we ve done to help another person. This is to prevent us from doing it for recognition, which helps us to give from our Hearts. I think most of us can learn something from this sort of tradition. Iknow I can!

The Meaning of Dreams

For over twenty years now, the first thing I do, on most mornings, is write my dreams in a notebook. Analyzing my dreams has helped me more than I can describe. When there's something I need to see, face, or understand, it often comes to me in my dreams. I've had dreams, which help me face and heal unresolved issues from my past. I've had dreams about things that have not yet happened, which helps me prepare for what s coming. When I deeply pray for answers to something important, my dreams often deliver the answers. And I feel that we all have dreams like this. Most of us just don t remember them or realize their meanings. I think that, when we have de ja voo experiences, it s when we re experiencing something we d already dreamed about. We remember parts of the experience, but don t always remember that it had already happened within a

I used to view my precognitive dreams, (the ones that show the future) and dreams about death in a negative way. But I ve grown to see their value. When I dream about an accident or a death that's about to happen, it gives me the opportunity to either prevent it or prepare for it. During some of the most difficult times in my life, I've found deep comfort and protection in the messages, from the Higher Powers, which reach in to help me, through my dreams.

For several years now, I ve been having many precognitive dreams about severe floods in the northeastern USA. Some have already happened. But the worst of it seems yet to come. I ve had dreams that show many deaths and extremely catastrophic flooding, which will all be worst in the mountainous parts of the North Eastern USA. (The numbers 9-0-9 seem to be connected to one of these disasters.)

Not every dream plays itself out as I think it will. But I feel certain that the Northeast will soon experience at least one flood, which will be worse than anything this area would expect. I ve had countless dreams which show this.

And as we stand on this edge of nature s crisis, we need to look deeper into our own intuition, in order to keep ourselves and our loved ones safe. Through these difficult times, our dreams may be able to help us more than we think.

There are many books on the market, for those who d like to explore the meanings of dreams. And if you feel too blocked from your dreams, just work at listening more intently to your own intuition, in whatever way it comes to you. One way or another, we all get the messages we need. The key is to listen to them.

Sudden Storms! Earthquakes! Floods! Volcanoes! Giant Waves! Tornadoes! Land Slides! Hurricanes!

Are increasing intensities of natural disasters the worst of our problans, the results of our problems, the cure for our problems. . . or <u>all of the above</u>?

Family Crisis

When I look out into our troubled world, I feel that the only way we re going to completely heal it is to bring more love, comfort and support into the places where humanity learns behaviors and values - into the foundation of our world - into. . . our families .

Even as adults, we NEED our families to embrace us through the tough times as well as the good times. Within our families we look for support in the process of becoming the wonderfully unique individuals we are. We look to our families for encouragement in the process of following our dreams. We look to them for the kind of Love that would NEVER aim to hurt us, hold us back, or put us down in any way.We NEED our families to be our places of refuge - our safe sanctuaries. They can t be perfect. But we NEED them to be primarily safe, kind and supportive.

Sadly, many of our families can not be here for us on the levels that we need. Many of us do not seem to know how to give the levels of care and comfort that are needed, in order for us to grow into healthy adults.

And I feel that there are far more secretly troubled families than we realize, in EVERY class of society. And BECAUSE most of our families are so wounded, there are diminishing levels of support for the deeper levels of healing. It sa catch 22! And this is creating an extremely serious situation in our world. This truly is a crisis that sadversely effecting all of humanity!

Within most families there seems to be a silent rule which states that it s not OK to talk about or expose the hurtful things that happen to us within the family. Protecting the reputation or appearance of our family seems more important than being honest and healthy. And this hurts all of us! Hiding the bad things that happen to us encourages hurtful behaviors to continue. And this prevents healing in every individual concerned, even in the mildest situations.

We need to be able to freely talk or write about what happened, or is happening to us in our families. We need to be able to freely share our feelings and experiences, no matter how little or how big the event was. This is what helps us heal. We need to let ourselves fully feel our feelings and talk about what happened to us, without people judging us or our families. And we need to do this without our families trying to hide their mistakes by labeling us as, negative, delusional, over-sensitive crazy...etc. It needs to be OK for us to share our feelings, no matter who s involved, and no matter how painful or shaming it is.

Being a family member doesn't give us a license to secretly hurt people! Our family members are supposed to be the ones who care about us enough to NOT want to hurt us! We need the individuals in our families to care about us enough to

want us to heal, even if that means facing their own mistakes.

We all make mistakes and do things wrong. But when we hide them, they grow. And this is not healthy for anyone.

Perhaps schools should consider of fering classes where children are encouraged to express their feelings about sad or bad things that happen to them in their families. Perhaps we would all treat our children better if we knew that our behaviors may not be kept hidden. (And those who disagree with this sort of thing are the ones who have the most to hide!) Think about it!

If it were OK to honestly express What Happens to us in our families There d be far more kindness And far less child abuse of all kinds.

This works for me! There were many stressful times when I could have easily taken my frustrations out on my children. But part of what held me back was my Spiritual knowing that there was always someone watching me. I could feel it. I felt that I wasn t alone. However, I did make a lot of mistakes. I certainly wasn t even close to being the perfect parent. But what helped me to walk a straighter line then what I may have, was my love for my children and the fact that I believed that my behaviors were being noticed by a higher power.

When our behaviors are being watched or exposed, we improve them.

Some of us think that child abuse is just severe physical beatings or rapes...etc. But child abuse is anything that is harmful or demeaning to a child. There are many levels of abuse, ranging from mild forms of neglect and verbal abuse to the severest mental, emotional, physical and sexual abuses. And there ar many things that are not labeled as abusive, even though they are extremely harmful! Even the subtle, verbal and mental levels of abuse which are often said in a joking way, can be more damaging than most of us seem to realize.) I feel sure that not one of us has completely escaped every level of it. No family or individual is 100% perfect. We all carry pains from our childhood. And we all carry some level of shame that there were times in our lives when we were not as Loving as we could have been.

This is why child abuse and sadness are subjects that we tend to NOT like to talk about, read about or face; This is why we often label these things as negative or encourage the unhealthy suppression of them. Yet this avoidance of this issue is what helps it to continue happening on more devastating levels than most of us care to look at.

Many of you may be saying, Not me! My child-hood was happy or I had a great childhood...etc.

And a few of us really did have great childhoods compared to most. We all had <u>some</u> happy times.

Nothing is ever ALL bad. But many of us think our childhood was all good when we just don t want to remember the toughest times. This is extremely common. Denial is a powerful thing. It spainful to face hurt that s been inflicted by the people we love and need love from. Even when there are many small hurts and no big ones, it can still ad up to something that s too big to carry.

When I was in my early twenties I d tell people that I d had a fairly good childhood. I was in blind denial , but I sometimes avoided the things I DID remember because I felt ashamed of my parent s and sister s behaviors.

Iwas from the average All American type family. And I was the average person who often slipped into complete denial of the worst pats of my childhood. I tried to focus on only the good times and forget the bad times, like everyone said I was supposed to do. I lived the same lie that most of us live to some degree, whether we want to admit it or not. My denial made it all seem OK, even though it was nt. The bad times were still there, inside of me, periodically trying to shove their way out into the open.

I was around thirteen years old when I wrote the following poem. It reflects my struggle to honor myself while trying to shut down my feelings, as my family insisted upon. This was when a part of me started dieing. . .

Yesterday - Today - Tomorrow

Yesterday went wrong. Today is almost one But I will face tomorrow in hope for no more sorrow. The trobles in my mind will all be left behind For in the future, I see what I've hoped to be. I ve learned by my faults as pain comes to a halt. My tears will all rundry. No longer will I ask why. I'll be happy once again. Like I was way back when? I'll lokat life like it's not thee. But formy Self, I'll care. I'll become satisfied with myself - throwing people onto a shelf. I will live in a world of my own - letting my heart be turned to store. I'll thank myself for being me. For I'm not what people see. They think they know who I am. But, know the truth, only I can. My life to me has gone away. It it in a yesterday. But another will soon be born, as from pain I am torn. In today I see nothing. But I wait for what tonourow will being. I'll keep looking straight dread. For the past is now deed.

Continued

But my childhood wasn t all bad. I was lucky to have had a couple of neighbors and a minister who d taken me under their wings. These people taught me far deeper levels of kindness and Love than I d learned in my own home. About one and half decades later, Istarted opening my Heart back up. And as I began to embrace the wounded child who remained hidden inside me, I reached a point where I fully realized that,

Avoiding our past Merely pushes it into our future.

But none of this is about blaming or judging our family members. (Although we ARE all responsible for our own behaviors.) Through my efforts to try to understand why my own parents treated me as badly as they often did, I grew to see that, within each of their hearts was a wounded child. . .a child who needed an outlet for the pain they d been pushed to suppress throughout their own childhoods. I feel that most people, who harm their children and push them to suppress their sadness and memories, have blocked their hearts too much to be aware of how damaging it is.

We are all learning and growing. And none of us want to be looked down upon or judged by our fellow human beings. I m still afraid that you, my readers, will think less of me because of the things I ve experienced within my family. I fear that admitting that I was severely abused, when I was a child paints a black mark on me, and that talking about it is wrong. But I shouldn't feel this way. This is what keeps me stuck. In my heart I know that EVERY family has tis problems. NO family is perfect. And we all need to heal from the damaging things that happen to us, no matter who inflicts the pain.

When we stop hiding it, we start healing it.

So, I m working at putting my shame aside, because, from a much higher perspective, all the pains that I ve gone through in my childhood, and in my adult life, has brought me to this point where I share my healing process with others, in an effort to open some of the doors that may help our future become a safer place for children to grow up in. I m embracing my fear and sharing what I need to share, no matter what anyone else thinks of me, because this is what I need to do. . .for all of us.

Healing the world begins and finishes W ith the healing of our own Hearts.



Family

So genuinely kind -The Love I wish to see, So genuinely sweet, In my family. Reluct antly I walked out your door So I couldn t be Hurt anymore. But as you chase me down To paint on my frown, I m forced To make this stand On your bloody ground. But the voice deep inside I can no longer hide Cries out so strong For all the years gone And so very deep For the future I wish I could see. Oh please don t hurt me Or make me cry Oh please, oh please Just be my ... Be my family Don t rip me down! Don t lie about me! Don t raid my town! Throw your mind games Out the door. Idon t want them Anymore. Throw your hate Down in the dirt. And stop inflicting hurt. Oh please, Oh please, Let Love be. And just be my ... Be my family, Or set me free.

Light vs Dark

For as long as eyes have looked back in time, there has existed the fight between Light and dark; the battle between good and evil; the quest for Heart to survive the dark s attempts to eliminate it, both within ourselves and in the world around us. There are many books, movies and fairy tales written about this, because it s the universal battle, which we all face, every day of our lives, to some degree.

On the milder scales, we face choices to do what s best for us vs. doing what s not so good for us. We can choose to get juice instead of coffee, to eat less vs. overeating, to drink less alcohol vs. getting drunk, to smoke vs. quitting, to stand strong vs. giving up, to act out in anger vs. feeling our own pain, to listen to that wise little voice in our Hearts vs. the shadowy voice in our head, to do what feels right vs. what feels wrong...etc.

But we often remain in the same familiar patterns and are slow to make positive changes in our lives, even though our own wisdom steadily cries out, Take this road instead of that one...move to that other town or country, take those piano or violin lessons, share your songs, write your poems and books, take that vacation, paint that masterpiece, let those tears wash your pain away, build that dream, let your Soul Sing, make Love instead of money, go on that spiritual retreat, take that art class you ve always wanted to take, create more quiet time for your Self...etc.

We often don't listen to this voice, because it sdifficult to hear above the multitude of distractions in the world around us and inside of us. When we do find the courage to break away from our usual routine and focus, more intently, on feeling and expressing the depths of our own Hearts, there is almost always someone there, letting their shadow side try to pull us back down into the same old rut we struggle to escape. This can make it difficult for us to fly into what we are meant to be.

But when we take it all the way, when we aim to grow beyond what s familiar to us...and TRULY reach for the Stars...this is when we re forced to find the strength to stand alone, on the deepest levels, surrounded by the aching loneliness that allows the wise voice to sing even louder, from the depths of our Hearts. . .from the depths of our Souls. . .from the depths of Love itself, in order to fill the aching void of all that s lacking in the world around us.

But the more Love we bring into our Hearts, and the louder our Wisdom speaks, the more vicious the dark forces become. Sometimes the darkness seems like a force that moves in to use the people we love most, in order to clip our Wings and keep us grounded. (I ve been experiencing deep levels of this.)

When its our own families who invite in, and act on, that darkness- that jeal-ousy and vergeance, instead of the Love in their Hearts, it becomes far more difficult for us to fly. When our families or friends make the choice to drive against us instead of supporting our flight or flying with us, they become unhealthy for us. And we sometimes have to completely leave them until we re strong enough to not let them tear us down, or until they shift into deeper levels of their own Hearts. But leaving can be incredibly difficult to do. It s painful to leave behind the people we love and need to feel loved by.

But there are situations where we MUST completely leave or let them tear us down; leave or die a fatal inner death. If we don't leave, if we let their darkness win, if we let them prevent our flight, they ll hate themselves and their darkness will grow. I ve watched this happen in many people, because I ve given up too many times in my life.

I struggle with the dark part of myself...the part that says, Just give up, Sharon, it s not worth the fight. Maybe they are right. Maybe I should not follow my own Heart and only do what they want me to do. I m too tired to fight them or run from them anymore. Maybe I should agree with them just to get them to

leave me alone. I ll give up on healing my heart, on my writing, on my songs, on my visions, on my dreams, on my life, so that they ll stop hating me and being jealous of me. I ll step down so they will stop trying to rip me down...

But the Light in my Heart keeps rising up to cry out, They will NOT stop hating me if I give up again! They will hate me even more if I give up! If I give up, no one wins at all! IAM OK. Iam not what they project onto me. If I don t let them tear me down, it will help ALL of us move in a more positive direction. I MUST stand strong, be who I am and do what I need to do with my life, no matter how hard they drive against me. I ve been learning that Loving my family means NOT letting their dark sides of jealousy, fear and hatred rip me down and hurt me. . .in hopes that the Light in all of us, will eventually win. I have to love my Self, and Love THEM, enough to not let their darkness overpower me. This is the only way for EVERYONE to win. And though I ve not completely accomplished this. I m stumbling in that direction.

(Same people even go so far as to use dark spiritual practices, in order to steal power from, manipulate and rip down other people. And the effects can be extremely damaging. . . believe it or not!)

But those who try to rip other people down are NOT dark people. We all have both Light sides and dark sides to our personalities. And we all choose which one we want to listen to. The more we listen to our dark side, the darker it becomes. This weakens our Light side...and blocks our Hearts. The more we listen to our Light side, the more we open our Hearts to Truly Love and support ourselves and others.

Is incredibly sad that, as we aim to let our Heartsfly, the dark side of jeal-ousy and greed of ten forces us to leave behind the people we love most.

Every family seems to have one person who is/was ready in this lifetime, to fully blossom, to take flight, to show the others how it s done, to help all of us evolve into higher levels of Love and awareness. But, sadly, most of our families don't support our flight and don't learn the lessons that our lives can teach. Unfortunately, most of us give up and let that darkness win, because it hurts to have to walk into our future without the support and approval of the family and friends we love. Yet, allowing them to hold us back keeps everyone stuck. It s an extremely unhealthy cycle.

But the saddest part is that, even when we DO completely break free from those who choose the route of fighting to hold us back or rip us down, we don't easily win. Our flight of ten becomes a floundering that s held back by our own mournful wish that we could share our new-found treasures with the people we love.

continued

Those of us who are the plump flower buds, the prepared flyers, the loners, the unique, the eccentric, the poets, the singers, the prophets, the writers of new philosophies and creators of new beginnings. . . could do so much more for the rest of humanity if we had the support of our families. If our family members choose to listen to the Light/Love in their own Hearts and grow along with us, we could fly a lot sooner and a lot higher...for the advantage of EVERYONE.

I think that the most difficult thing in the world is to genuinely open up to, and strive to remain in, the depths of LOVE in our own Hearts. The more we bloom, the harder the dark forces aim to clip us off the vire. It s far too easy to let go, to wilt, to give up, to give into the pain and exhaustion of having our fellow human beings hold us back or steal what we ve gained, over and over and over again! And It s almost impossible to freely fly when it sour own families and closest friends who fight to rip us back down, because it hurts. It hurts a lot! Sometimes it just hurts too much! And this pain can become too heavy to fly under.

But when we do accomplish it - when we don t completely give up, the battle eventually becomes more of an inner struggle. And after we ve gotten past the deepest pains of having to leave Loved ones behind, we begin to expand our own Hearts into sending Love to those who aim to harm us. We begin forgiving them.

Opening our Hearts To those who aim to harm us Is an extremely important thing to do, Especially since we are often Our own worse enemy.

Though it shorribly difficult to face these challenges, in order to grow beyond where we are, this is the way it 11 be until more of us open our Hearts to deeper levels; until more of us listen to the Light more than the dark; until more of us listen to Love more than jealousy, greed, selfishness and hate; until most of us start supporting each other on these deeper levels. We re all here on Earth, in order to help each other fly into our Hearts. And it s time we start doing it on far grander scales than ever before. The world need more Heart. The world needs us to fly...



Success

Deep inside my Heart I ask, "Do I dare again succeed In the world That tore me down To feed a jealous greed?" The answer slowly rises Like a tide within the Sea. "Yes! I will. I truly must." To save what's left of me.

I'll make a solid stand W ith Love here by my side, Letting their jealous swords Swing strong, far and wide, While knowing that, Their greed can't penetrate The power of Light.

And then I'll find courage Deep within my Heart, To take the final step-To turn and send my Love, To those I'd rather forget.

Tides

Tides relentlessly push on. I wonder if I'll ever reach Home. I swim with strength then stop to tread, Fighting of f sharks that haven't been feed. My strokes weaken to slower than slow, But on, I must, I must go. . .

Humanity s future will depend much Love we have to send. Onhow

It seems that the less we think of ourselves, the more we idolize others. And the more we idolize others, the less we think of ourselves. It's a downhill slide, that most of us take, to some degree, at some point in our lives, without realizing the effects of it.

We need teachers and mentors of all kinds, especially in our younger years. This is how we find our way. We grow as we learn from each other. Following others only becomes unhealthy when it reaches a point where we stop learning from them and start wanting to BE like them.

When we start wanting to be like someone else, we start losing our own gifts, our own creativity, our own unique way of being WHO W E TRULY ARE.

There seems to be very little support for individual uniqueness in our copy-cat world. Yet, when we follow other people, or try to be like them for longer than what s needed for our growth, we throw away our own power. We do this on many different levels and in ways that most of us probably don't even realize. And those of us who THINK that we don't do this at all, are often the ones who do it most.

On the milder social levels, we tend to follow the "norms", the latest styles and standard social etiquette rules. The way we dress, sit, walk, talk, eat, set our tables etc, is of ten dictated by the people we spend most of our time with, or by some other person who made up the rules, in some far away place or time. Yes, we do need some sort of commonality in our lives. We don t want to behave unacceptably. But when we conform, too strictly to the nams, it leaves little room for the existence of our own uniqueness and creativity. It know this may seem like small stuff, but a lot of small stuff ads up to

On more personal levels, we often follow mentors, teachers or family members for longer than what s healthy. We lose ourselves by stepping directly into their footsteps rather than creating our own, when the time is right. Some of us are meant to follow a family member for all of our lives. But many of us aren t

Many of us are called to walk a path, or create a path, that heads in the opposite direction from that of our family or friends. This doesn t mean that we don t love them or honor their way of living. It just means that, in order to be all that we are meant to be, we must take a road that sdifferent from theirs.

But many of us don't listen to our calling, because it's hard to turn away from what s familiar and comfortable. It's hard to strike out onto the road less traveled. (As Robert Frost had called it.) Sometimes we must nudge ourselves into following our own Hearts no matter how hard it is. Sometimes this is the only way that we are going to fully become the wonderful, unique people we are.

On spiritual levels we often throw away our power when we blindly follow people who place themselves in the rolls of being spiritual leaders, rather than just learning from them and finding The Highest Powers through the depths of our own Hearts

> The Highest Power speaks to ALL of us. All we need do is open our Hearts enough to listen.

I ve sadly watched many people get severely lost, by following only what their spiritual teachers thought they should be doing, thinking, living, believing...etc. But I realized that I could not judge them for doing this....because there are times when we truly NEED to get stuck in religions, for various periods of time, in order to learn whatever lesson needs to be learned from this experience. And a few of us actually do need to remain in a strict box, for all of our lives, in order to stay on a better track from the one we d be on without it. There is no one set of rules that apply to every individual. This is why it s so important for us to listen more closely to our own Hearts and Wisdom

I m not suggesting that we avoid or turn our back on religion. I m suggesting that we watch ourselves, so that we don't throw away our own Power, our own Wisdom and our own Insights... while following other people s perceptions of spirituality.

Religions or spiritual paths are here For us to use as tools to learn from, Not laws to blindly follow And judge others by.

Is amazing how those of us who see ourselves as the most spiritual or most religious are often also the most prejudice and judgmental of others. It s an interesting contradiction.

In all areas of my life, I now strive to find my own unique way of doing things, so that I can, more truly, BE who I am. I follow no specific religion or spiritual path. And I try to avoid exterior influences that could pull me off of my own path or prevent me from listening to my own Wisdam. Since I've been doing this, my creative side is blossaming more fully than it ever has, I feel more Empowered, I feel Stronger I feel Wiser, I feel like Im starting to Truly find my Self for the first time in my life.

The funny part is that I never even knew how lost I d been until I started finding Me. This is the way it seems to be. We don't know what s missing until we start finding it. W e just carry on, letting ourselves be influenced by other people; thinking that everything s OK. But it s not always OK. When we do this for too long, we start losing our own personal power.

The following phrase is part of a message that came to me for a friend as he started getting lost in following the direction of his family of origin long after it was time for him to start listening to his own wisdom, which had been calling him in the opposite direction. But, instead of following the path that his Heart yearned for, he took the easier, more familiar road and lost himself in the shadows of other people s desires for him. . .literally.

To me, he died. What was left of the Light in his Heart slowly disappeared as he made choices that kept him on a dark, destructive path. I found this extremely painful to watch, I had to walk away. I literally grieved the death of the wonderful man he was. But even though it seems too late for him, the message that came through me, to help him, remains here for the rest of us to learn from

Those Who Follow Others Sacrifice Themselves In Shadows That Don't Belong To Them

A much milder example of this sacrifice of Self , is what I now see in a few people who seem to think that my personal path is something better than theirs, samething they d like to have or do themselves! I ve seen same trying to step into my footsteps and walk where I m walking, or trying to have the same purpose I have, even though they can t even begin to know the depths of where I ve walked and what I ve experienced. I feel saddened by this. So, I am taking this opportunity to say...

Please don t do this to yourself or me! There s already been too much of this mistake in the world. We have all already let our egos throw our Selves away for far too long. Is time to head in a different direction.

If you knew the pain I ve faced, the losses, the sacrifices, the loneliness, the mountains I ve painst akingly climbed and fallen off of, the demons I battle, the bruises from the stanes that jealousy still throws at me, the blood I shed on every level, the countless near deaths , and depths of sorrow...etc, if you could catch just a glimpse of what I ve had to endure - of the cliff I teeter on, you would not want to walk my path or be like

continued

This is no picnic. This is no game. There is no glory or enlighterment in following my path or anyone else's. If you continue to try to, you are just damaging your Self.

Is terribly sad that we throw away the wonderful people we are, just to try to be like someone whom we can t ever really be. And I don t feel flattered when I m the object of this loss. I just feel sad that you think so little of your Self, and fail to realize that Imno better than you are.

Instead of trying to follow what I do, please just listen to what I have to say, beam by the life I ve led, feel what my Heart has to share and what yours needs to open up to, but PLEASE DO NOT try to step directly into my footsteps. Create your own!

Use my life as a tool to grow by, a tool to help you open up to the depths of your own Heart and Wisdom, so that you can grow to SEE the awesome VALUE in the unique path that you are meant to be on. Your life spath is just as important as mine, even though it s different. PLEASE let your Heart FEEL the Truth in these words....

> If I dare learn from You And you dare learn from Me, Can whole we grow to be , While you be You, I be Me, And Heart the only one to See?

Have you ever noticed what the most famous people have in common? They are unique. They follow their own passion they put their Hearts and Souls into their work, without following or mimicking any other human being. How do I know this? I can Feel it in their work. A unique/original work is filled with passion, purpose, Spirit and Soul. And the ones that are copies of the originals, lack all of these qualities. They are dull, lifeless, meaningless replicas.

The most famous artists, writers, scientists, inventors, philosophers... doviously reached into the depths of their Souls to find their own unique techniques and ideas, instead of looking for them in other people. This is the only part of what they did, that we should copy or follow.

We are all Masters. We are all Great. But most of us throw away our Greatness By throwing away our own passion And trying to copy someone else's.

We were all born for a purpose. We all have things we need to do with our lives. And it does not matter if our purpose is to be a mechanic, a writer, a waitress, a doctor, a politician, a hairdresser, a poet, a farmer, a parent, a secretary, a carpenter, a billionaire, an actor/actress, or a minister, rich or poor ...etc. No purpose is higher than or lower than any other. We all have equal impor-

The very best we can do with our lives is to find what our TRUE purpose is and them pour our Hearts into our work. We are all here to help each other, in some wonderful way, no matter what our physical job is. We can put Love into people s cars, people s food, people s days, people s clothes, people s radios or people s books...etc. Every line of work touches people. And when we put our Hearts into it, it touches them in a positive way.

> If we each focus on opening our own Hearts And following our own unique path, W e will be helping ourselves, And everyone around us, To grow in a more healthy direction.

Let stake life s journey, side by side. No leaders and No followers...mo one above or below any one else. Let s open our Hearts and learn from each other. Let's grow together. . . (separately) . . . so that we can reach the heights of our own Wisdom.

If you want to take a deeper look at some of the ways in which you throw away your own power and sacrifice your Self, then ask yourself the following questions

- 1. How often do I suppress what I genuinely think or feel out of fear of what others will
- 2. How often do I abandon my own path or throw away my own creativity by seeing other people spaths or creations as being better than mine, rather than just different?
- 3. How often do I ignore that little voice inside my own Heart, the one who KNOWS, the one who yearns to fully BE the wonderfully wise person I TRULY AM?
- 4. How often do I just believe and follow what other people say, or what I hear on the TV and radio news, without checking in with my own Wisdom or Intuition?
- 5. How often do I listen to other people's advise, rather than following my own Heart? 6. How often do I do what I THINK other people expect of me, instead of doing what I NEED to do for my SELF?
- 7. How often do I copy someone else s idea or technique, rather than creating my own.

I think that the best any of us can do is to become more aware of this problem and strive to step more fully into, the wonderfully creative, unique people that we ALL Truly

Sacrifice

It is time for us to Stop following others-For us to open up to, The depths of our own Hearts, And listen more intently to The voice of our own Wisdom. When we do this, W e will walk in Light. When we follow others, W e sacrifice our Selves In shadows That don t belong to us.

Those Who Follow Others Sacrifice Themselves In Shadows That Don't Belong To Them.

Gifts that touch Hearts

Here are a few rough samples of Sharon Rose Poet s Poet-ography

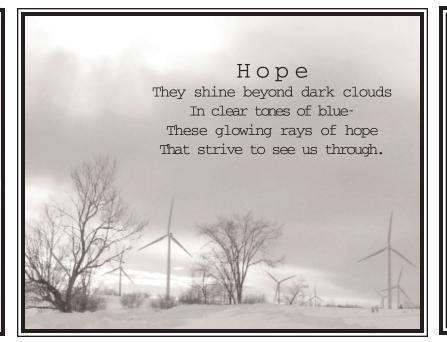
Message From An Angel

I am the sadness seizing your Heart That will, in time, with healing, depart I am the tear caressing your cheek I am your strength. I am not weak.

I am the pressure in your chest-Learning to fly. . .Leaving the nest. I am the memory of years gone by I am the breath that leaves with a sigh.

I am the child within your being. I am all knowing. I am all seeing. I am the voice echoing in your head. You have not lost me. I am not dead.

I am the Joy. You must believe!
I am the Love you need receive.
I will not leave you, will not say good-bye.
I've come to hold you. . .while you cry.



Aging

I stood in the line where every body goes To fix the aging form of skin, hair or nose. But strong as stone, I stood, as I studied my reflection, And found these words, I felt, in my body's deep rejection "Each crevice built for tears, these wrinkles on my face, Are proof of precious years that nothing can erase. In the gray of my fine hair I sometimes feel a glow. Please handle it with care, and let this magic show. The sparkle in my eyes grows brighter every day. Please don't cover it up. Don't take that away. Every blemish, bump or sag, in the eyes of the weak, May make me a hag. But hear these words I speak. I want to remain human - the Truest kind of all. Don't stretch, tweek or fix me. I don't want to be a doll. I may not fit in, because of how I feel. But I don't want to change. So, let me just be Real."

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