

Remember

My hands are small,
small and weak.
My shoulders may be bent.
Is my voice hesitant?
Am I short of breath?
Short-sighted?
Uncertain?
Certainly, I get confused.
What firm ground is there?
Did I remember to breathe deeply?
Am I remembering to breathe deeply?
Do I remember the Source of my strength?
I remember.
Hot voice on a cool night,
telling me, "Remember."
"Remember, you aren't alone,
You won't bear this alone.
Remember the Source of your Becoming.
Remember, it isn't just of frail earth that you're made.
It isn't just of achy, weak and tired flesh.
Your soul, your Ba, is formed of light-Essence,
Your Ba is Pure and knows her Maker.
Your Ba knows the God-Force that called her into Being,
knows His many names.
and can sing to you the pulsing song of His own Becoming.
Let that rhythm soothe you on a despairing night.
So many oceans, so many waves...
Remember the Source of your Becoming,
and you will remember the Source of your Strength."

Joan Ann Lansberry, 11-30-14