

*The opening of one's consciousness is not unlike the unfolding of a flower into full splendor:
it happens slowly, over time, when conditions are fertile and we give nourishment to the process.*

– Gina Mazza Hillier, Author - Everything Matters Nothing Matters

Flowers

Yellow Sunflowers dancing in the breeze.
Bluebells' precise music ringing in my ears.
I breathe in a meadow of colors...
I breathe out spinning love.

Brilliant red Rose bold to stand alone.
White Daises, sisters of mine, peaceful and calm.
I breathe in a kaleidoscope of flowers, hearing their song in me...
I breathe out spinning love.

Generational roots tangle around my feet.
Twisting, turning, heart beats, breath shallow,
I breathe in Gloria's voice...
I breathe out spinning love.

I break through the soil in the pouring rain.
I shake away the soil, beaming the next day.
I breathe in Rose's wisdom...
I breathe out spinning love.

I forgive times I was entangled.
I am empowered in all my strength and beauty.
I breathe in Kristi's examples...
I breathe out spinning love.

Sunset gold shimmers upon the flower petals
Like candle flames reflecting in teary eyes.
I breathe into my heart...
I breathe out spinning love taking me home.

Flowering to reach the sky.
Thank you PIE.
Meadows and meadows of abundance and beauty...
Thank you ladies, all.

*Nancy A. Willis-Orr
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