

Failure Jacket

My bespoke "failure" jacket writhed about my shoulders
sinking back out of sight
cleaving to my essence like a thin film of sorrow.

My emotions had noticed a happy possibility
the jacket had responded with its usual swiftness,
"You will always be a failure" its rustling seemed to say.

That was its purpose, this family history of shame.
To make sure that my history was running true.
A family of intelligent people crippled with a sense that they were "not good enough".
Perfection was expected, imperfection vilified.
How insidious that most of these "punishments" were self-inflicted, self-monitored.

What would it take to release me from this restrictive cocoon?
What would it look like to walk
and talk
as someone who was loved,
"misbegotten" as I am?
What miracle would have to occur?

I am not sure,
but my work ahead will be pointed at these questions.
My pursuit, a doggedly determined one.

You see
one of my other family traits is persistence
bordering on crazy.

I have my sights set on a return to Eden
through the fear alleys of my soul
while all the angelic host is rooting for me, in this celestial contest for souls.

Fear is taking a back seat
my eye is set on Love.

Love is flowing through me,
the insignificant fears of my house are being shivered from me.

Love is flowing through me,
my words are not my own.

Love is flowing through me,
earthquakes are rumbling me down.

I have a failure jacket and its appearance is a goad for my Reunion.
My Reunion with fountains of splendiferous cascades of brokenness.

~~ Sam Roberts

Visiting Reality

I visited reality today.

My usual overly-sensitive,
nerve-jangled psyche
took a break and allowed me to breathe.

I have looked at my space in this world and it is contracted.

My reach is shortened,
my sense of the luxurious textures, sounds and smells confined
to a narrow band of experience.

This band of experience is true,
but the depth of sensing is confined by my rush
to get to the end.

I am avoiding my experience,
only angels have penetrated my head-long flight
to reincarnation.

I wrote of my journey and thought to share it with the world.

I noticed that my words were real,
my thoughts were golden,
but my savoring of the meal of possibility was bland with hurry.

When I saw this dilemma,
I was overcome with the knowledge
that what I was savoring was small, compared to its potential.

That loaded in the cosmos of my expression
was writing of subtle textures
where vivid collisions of sensation were just beyond my imagining.

I was rendering myself empty.
I was seeing the world as colorless,
stark with withering seas and desiccated burgeoning.

If I only slowed down,
expanded my wings and circled this rush to re-creation,
I could fill the gap between heaven and earth.

Today, I was given a gift of arising, a gift of return to the world.
I have a heart of gratitude; its presence has always succeeded my death.
This over-drama of the ego center of my being has overwhelmed me for years.

I am due perspective.
I am due release.

Today, a writing of my expansion will have feeling, texture and fullness.

I have called myself sensitive for my entire life.

Perhaps, I have just not wrapped my flayed skin in the tunic of love that is offered in the whispers of the cosmos.

Perhaps, the fullness that is here hides behind my fears, injuries and shame.

Perhaps, surrender is more about fullness denied, than giving up myself.

I walk in gratitude; my gift is this day and my experience of the Beloved.

~~ Sam Roberts

Impossible Dream of Reunion

I sat upon a throne of porcelain majesty and my gaze was interrupted by a mirror.
What is this that my eye falls upon?
It is an image of the construct I have become.

It is not me. This is surely not me.
My image of myself clashes with the imagination of my perceived self,
my protected self.

The protection must go.
The image disconnect must be resolved.

I am staring at the flesh of my ending, the impulse is to run and hide.

For the result of protection has produced mimicry of my higher self.
I must be seen.

The glow of my resurrection must seep under the crack of the door of my being and illumine...

My illumination, my vivification, is the act of my Self as it comes to terms with the essence of the Beloved.

This new silhouette will be cast upon the misshapen husk of my manifestation and burn through the accumulated errors of my struggle.

A new page will turn and the book that I am will write itself upon the leftover skin of my imperfection.

Perfect in every way, the form that will arise from this pile of strife,
suffering will take that which is discarded and sing the praise of its misshapen construction.

An aria of exquisite clarity will raise it to its place in the new Eden.

Edenic connection, our purpose and place finally won through surrender.

Surrender of our heart to the impossible dream of reunion.

~~ Sam Roberts