

The Rocky Return

You thought that the decision to return was hard enough
but you did not count on such a difficult journey
every step heavy
every memory painful
this pathway home is rough
broken by feelings you thought forgotten
reminders of how you were treated
why you could no longer cope
why you felt you had to leave

what might the journey home cost you?
the journey to reconciliation
the journey to understanding
the journey toward embrace
that you may feel you neither want nor need

take a stone and hold it in your palm
squeeze it hard and feel it bruise your skin
know that your feelings, your memories, are real
that this hurt you carry is not insignificant
it cannot easily be smoothed or dissolved
as if those things never happened

let the hardness of the pain itself
be an assurance that your journey matters
that your path to wholeness, to peace
is worth walking, however long it takes
and wherever it leads

let Love take fierce hold of this stone with you
let Love bear its bruises
let Love walk these rocky steps with you
until all is well

if you wish, place the stone on the pile as your prayer
or take the stone with you as a reminder of your journey

The Desert Place

You were seeking freedom
dreaming of adventure
a new start, a fresh opportunity
a welcoming place
but instead you find yourself
isolated, abandoned
separated from yesterday and tomorrow
stumbling in a landscape of regret

what is your prolonged isolation
your unspoken loneliness
your deep regret?
what keeps you here?

take some salt in your hand
reflect on your own desert place
its unspoken territory within your soul

taste and see that the land is good
even this land, even this desert
it may keep you alive

what salty heaven do you taste?
what new horizon do you seek?

write your name in the salt
know that you are not forgotten here

reflect on your journey
take a vial of water
or a vial of salt - you choose
remember that there is life
even in this place
despite all evidence
always in this place

The Winding Way

What path has your journey taken?

Its twists and turns

its highways and byways

its dead-ends and retreats

its open roads and far horizons

its crossroads and forks

its roundabouts and returns

Reflect on your journey

where you have been

where you are

where you might wander

Imagine where you might travel from here

with hope as your guide

with peace as your longing

with love as your companion

Take some magnets

and let your journey reveal itself

connect it with others if you wish

The Yearning Morn

Imagine waking on the road
covered in dust from the night-wind
chilled by the morning air
eyes blinking
ears ringing
bone-sore and throat-dry

a nagging thirst
a dragging hunger
a stubborn dream

why do you wake?
what moves your tired feet
shakes your weary head
whispers of home
and of what might be

for what does your soul yearn?
for what might your heart burst?
for what might your body break?
for what will you draw breath this day?

for what do you yearn?
long for? hope for? live for?
take a stick and
write your longing on the box
give voice to your thirst
give word to the whispers in your soul