

my time. i am sickened at the thought of all that i have filled my sanctuary with. the trash that has polluted my soul. i cannot see now how i can change again, where the surprise will hit or how i will find the next point of high leverage material, but just as the top of the Sandia mountains snuck up on me, so be it for whatever is next. remember always, when the head is down in hot pursuit of all that is ripening inside the soul, it cannot see what stands before it. it can only acknowledge it once it enraptures the soul. and then may we both enjoy the view.

all my love.

so much to squeeze out and so much to absorb.

i grant myself permission to work the schedule, turn it all upside-down and to purge absolutely everything that is in my spirit to the hands of the father who made us, with the faith and absolute certain knowledge that all that lasts is temporary, and all this is to be, will be. i must walk thru the middle to feel the radiance of new light. i must hike the switchbacks. i must stop looking up, but plow ahead in this moment. i am going the right direction. the gracious love of my father is leading me, and my mother blesses the energy beneath each step to float me to the surface of myself.

this is the now.

this is the necessary.
get the tattoo.
love the love.
eat the wine and drink the satiation.

chew the scenery and dress all in black.
loose 20 pounds and know what it feels like to live exposed to
fear, and free of it.
wear black, lick red lips, see concerts and die it all purple.
drink the drink, fuck the rest, go with the crazy and let someone
else drive you home.
and all the while, let God carry you, with love and adoration for
the love that you fall in to .
fall into love with love. with the father. with yourself.
over. done. you want to be that girl, be that girl. it is only now,
and she will guide you hand in hand to the next point of love and
power.