

Way of the Feminine Mystic – Group Poem

By: Mirabai Starr and course participants

I am not who I thought I was;
I am nothing like that.
I am a warm wind,
an explosion of song;
I am motherless child and mother of the world...

I am divine waking up to the knowing I am divine.

I am truth, love and joy in each note I sing
and trusting my heart direction in the Divine
As she dances within me.

There will be plenty of time for stars and meteors.
For now let me belong to the earth,
gathering her dust sparkles on my skin like the powder of butterfly wings.
I, too, am metamorphosis.
One day, I will float, soar, without uprooting.

I am an ancient tree;
my essence, holy giving and receiving.
I hold seeds, and the stories of time.
I expand into each direction.
This is possible because of the force that tethers me as one.
Nobody knows what it is, but it holds my reflection in a far away galaxy.

Sometimes I think I am larger than life, stronger than most
and some have stated I am hoarding a great treasure in my secluded cave
in the river
Though some may want to slay me for my treasure,
others admire for wisdom and grace.
And if they don't, I just sneeze at them and set them ablaze.

I am wisdom and compassion.
I am learning to love others and myself,
knowing that we are, after all, One.

I am one with my sacred yearning to fully inhabit my living body.
Tired of being a wounded vessel
that had suffered in resisting the flow.
Stripped away of my enchantment in the "I" I know.
I now hold space for the new becoming.
I float in the unknown.
I feel.
I welcome.
I let go.

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