

BELOVED

The baptismal waters overflow -- resigning your skin to a lifetime of holiness
It is in the tempered currents that God is made man
He is humanized, made tumultuous, moody, overpowering, and in one breeze, soft and tamed.
The inflection is grace
The inflection point is mercy
The inflection point in his mood is transformation
It is the waves rising over our bodies, overtaking our senses, and letting us be one with the liquid that represents his blood
Jesus turned water to wine.
We sober ourselves, we flood ourselves with enough water to be drunk on spirit.
The spirits, the fermented grape only makes us more blind.
In vino e veritas, unacknowledged.
If we never drank, would we know sobriety?
If we never knew God, would we not know what it is to be drunk?
We are blind, drunk men running into walls, throwing our bodies into one another, until we are baptized by the holy water
Until, the water washes the spirits off our skin, cleanses our souls and brings us forward, leaves our body stuck inside our fleshy chambers while the spirit housed within us moves fluidly upon our fragile shell mixing with the earth and tangled up in the breeze and running into the water as we swim, upstream.

Be loved
And my Beloved,
You are loved.

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You are loved,
The soft ground for letting my toes sink into you
The gravel for letting my toes ground you further into the earth
The sand for making the soles of my feet softer, grinding away the dead skin and allowing my feet to emerge renewed.
The walls for protecting me,
The doors for letting me move forward and keep some things out of sight.
The windows for giving me home.
The rough twine of the rug that erotically massages the ball of my foot.
The pages of my book shifting through my fingers, and the words that transform my thoughts.
The bottle that houses my water softly.
The tea cup that assuages my silent thirst.
The food that nourishes my body, and brings pleasure to every sense,
that reminds me I need others to survive.

My beloved, I am Beloved first.
The other humanly bodies that present me with needs that I do not want to fill, with needs that I can not fill,
Who are also Beloved, who also want to be loved.
Be loved and give love is what you know to be true.
Love first yourself, and
then love radiates from the words you give and the hand you offer,
the books you lend and the advice that rests upon a frown or furrowed brow.

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My Beloved, you are loved first.
Listen, I once knew a woman who needed to find out who she was,
She needed to know so she could anchor herself.
She had floated way too high, and she knew if it went on much longer she would be burned up by the heat of the sun.

She knew in her heart that there should be a few words that could identify her, and those words would bring weight to her body.

She could return to the life she had been living many years ago, in a childlike wonder.

If she could only realize, remember, or find these specific words.

She had tried Daughter, Beauty, Granddaughter, Intellectual,

Sister, Lover, Friend, Artist, Artisan, Student, Dancer, Cynic,

Businesswoman, Animal-Lover, Yogi, Professional, and not in that order.

She recited each word yet again to see if the utterance would bring her down.

It did not.

She tried again. She threw in Enthusiast, Athlete, Sage, Cheerleader, Author, Chef, Accountant, Savior,

Victim, Academic, Martyr, and Teacher for good measure, but nothing did the deed that needed to be done.

I tried to help her.

I screamed out other words to see if they could aid her realization.

From earth, it was hard to comprehend what was making her so light given how heavy I was.

If only she could see how beautiful she looked suspended in the sky like a shooting star dancing in a hazy evening.

I tried to tell her.

I realized "to love" is quite easy, to be loved is very different.

Be heavy I prayed.

Be loved I prayed.

Be loved I prayed.

Be loved I prayed.

Be heavy I prayed.

Come down from up there.

Come be with me.

Come to earth.

Immerse yourself in the waters the earth provides.

Rinse yourself clean, weigh yourself down in the heaviness of running streams, rocky shores,

Come walk on the mountain with me, come walk along the edge of the precipice with me.

The light shown on her in the daytime and she burned more each day.

There are two versions to this story.

One in which I repeated the prayer above so many times that she began to repeat it too.

She loved the way that Be loved rolled off her tongue.

She had never heard those words, she had never tasted their sweet utterance,

Drunken the sweet wine of the five letters that exist between B and D.

With each utterance, b e l o v e d, she came down.

And in time, she felt the ridges of a mountain, the flowing of the river, the cool relief of night.

The gift was in the inflection of terrain, the peaks and deep holes she treaded.

All the while, she kept saying, beloved. Beloved. Beloved.

On earth, she became known as Beloved, and nothing else. She stayed heavy.

She valued the weight that came with the name. But, she never really knew what had brought her down from the sun.

She was never really convinced it was anything in particular.

She did, however, associate the fall with Me.

I never understood why she did that, only that I was glad she was back on earth with Me.

The other version is a bit less clear.

To my knowledge, she could never clearly hear my prayers because of her repetition of words.

Her words became so loud, her utterances so guttural that the earth boomed from impact.

She became lighter still, and eventually I lost sight of her.

I believe she merged into the sun, and whenever I looked towards its beaming light, I saw her. Whoever she was.

I repeated my prayer forever, Be loved I prayed. Be heavy I prayed.

I'll never know if she had tried Be loved as a word to bring her down.

I continued to walk the earth, I continued to tread rushing waters.

Be loved I pray.

Beloved.

You are loved.

I am not sure which is better, to merge with the sun or walk the hills on earth?