

To find the *Beloved*, you must become the beloved. Rumi

I am the Beloved. I am loved. I am you who are loved. You are loved. Love connects and unites. It conjoins in the union of sacred marriage of the heart. It is the power of peace and the hope of glory. It is. I am the Beloved and I know all — there is nothing to know. I am the Beloved who knows with the gnosis of the body. I am the Beloved born again, come again. To earth and of the earth. Come to me. Take my hand to your lips and let me feel the breath of your heart upon me. Let my tears fall like rain upon your heart until you are showered with my love. Look into my eyes and come back. Come back to me. Come back to yourself. Help us find our way to your heart and to your glory. To your Grace.

We are the wayward stars lost in the darkness of the night. Show us the way by the brightness of your love, by the song of your prayers, by the feint whisper of your honeyed breath. Spice and myrrh, burial shroud reborn. You who were in the chamber or birth and who oversaw the last moments of passing, Cycles of life and love, lost and remembered. I have come to stay. The time has come for me to stay. To remain near. To become dear once more. Stay. We invite you. Stay. We love you. We see you. We claim you as our own. We feel your ghostly steps, barefoot in the grass. The door is open. Come in. Stay. You are home.

I come in the morning with the light of the newest dawn and the first bud of spring. Early I am there before your awakening. I am planted deeply rooted in the earth of the heart. With joy, I usher you in with arms out stretched. Return to me. Together we will paint the world beautiful with the colors of creation. I am the rainbow song of the creatrix—the bird song on the dawn and the bud of the birch. Opening. I am the new birth and the golden morn. AWAKE, reach upward and spread your wings. Rise in your power. Stretch and wriggle your toes deep in the earth. Breathe. Root. Paint. Sense what is to come. Be still in expectation.

I circulate in the coming of the sun to its zenith. Ascending, I bask in the glory of the full day. Bright is my courage, fierce is my faith. Vibrant is my color. In my truth I burn away that which limits and impedes me. I am the phoenix risen. I am transformation itself. The fire of the incense surrounds and inspires me as embers dance. Let them paint the canvas of the sun. On warm currents, I float and waft as the smoke of the pyre. I aspire on the breath of love. I am the breeze, the breath that stokes the fire. My embers burn bright and I feel the potency of my birthright. I am. I am that I am. Becoming. Painting into being. Flying.

I spiral inward again, back into the coolness of twilight, back into the mist of the coming fall. I fall. I spin as a leaf on the wind and allow the old to fall away. In surrender I drop to the earth. She is compassionate love, welcoming my detachment. We embrace, and I learn that am wise as the tree whose roots run deep. Drop the colors down and let them run across the canvas. Let them be. My crop has been harvested, and I remember sweet fruit upon the vine made into honey wine. I am content, potent in a richness of amber liquid and summer slumber. I turn to fall. I lie dormant on the earth. In Peace, I lie still. Let go.

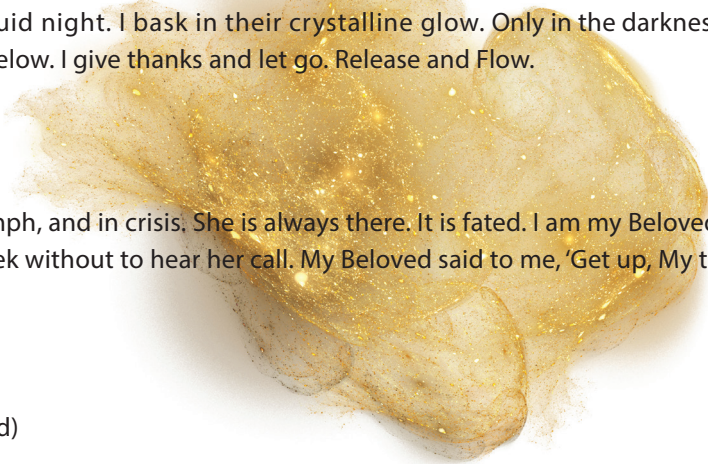
Calm as the deep ocean, the forest in deep decay, I rest, lying untended yet loved. Let the painting sit. I am the fullness of being, of leaves decomposing and old growth groaning in the wind. I have lived and am beginning to give life to another cycle. Release me to find new life. I am whole and full and complete, ready to come full circle. I am and I know that I am that. All. It is good—even though the light has come and gone, the color has burst as liquid and hardened. I look to the beauty created and allow the stars to illuminate the liquid night. I bask in their crystalline glow. Only in the darkness of the quiet of evening can I see so clearly the light above, so below. I give thanks and let go. Release and Flow.

Beloved (be . loved)

The Beloved calls to us in nature, in silence, in triumph, and in crisis. She is always there. It is fated. I am my Beloved and my Beloved is mine. We need only listen within and seek without to hear her call. My Beloved said to me, 'Get up, My true love, My Beautiful one, and come to me.'

Beloved Song of Songs 2:1

I am - Beloved (be . loved)



Oh *Beloved*.

You who come in the sweet warmth of the night,
Wrapped in indigo and veiled by the moon.
You walk in barefoot, honeyed Splendor.
Gentle is the breeze on tender skin.
Coiled anticipation rises like a serpent from the grass.
As stars and hearts glow like burning embers.
Kindling passion for sacred pleasure.
Rejoice in the knowledge of the Garden.
Taste the sweetness of the apple.
Eyes closed in wonder.
Footsteps sensed but not heard.
You approach, and I become aware of your beauty.
Radiance reflected in star-light dew.
You approach. Come to me.
Under a heavenly canopy, you come.
And in their loving light the stars reveal your Glory.
You.
You who are Beloved.
You are Beloved
By me.
Perfumed with the scent of creation.
With the innocence of wisdom newly found.
And wings newly unfurled.
You are not alone but accompanied by angels.
In the white purity of the lily you unfold.
Frankincense and Myrrh, lilac and honeysuckle are your companions.
Sweet fragrance of Compassion.
I breath you in.
Your scent.
Into my body.
Come.
My heart beats as a drum.
Come.
In adoration, I kneel before you.
Enter. May I enter? I am undone.
Your body is my temple, your heart my salvation.
My heart beats in time with yours.
We are one.

An *elemental* meditation for transcendence through the Beloved (be . loved)

Deep the *air* she stirs my soul. Only the touch so pure as the fluid breath weaves through me. As she opens my eyes to all inward, outward I see. Everything. I feel the energy of the universe and my senses open. I breath her within me.

The caresses of being. I feel her on my skin. Running through me, she touches all the places at once. I am at peace and floating in the cool of a *water* that runs deep to my soul. She connects me to everything. With radiance I see.

The *fire* of creation. I twist every part of me into her. I know life inside of her and the universe rains its light over me. Heaven pulls me within everything. I am alive with creation. I fly immensely between everything at once, my eyes cloud as my body aches with ecstasy.

I rest, of the *earth*. In her I am whole. She reaches up to me. All is quiet. She speaks life into me anew. Within her I am everything and into me I am her. The flow is all around me, within me - an expanse. For the universe around me is everything within her and she is of me.



I weep in surrender. Tears of Gratitude and Joy.
Fall. And rise again.
From the depth of my being I call.
And listen for a response.
Rapt in stillness, I tremble in anticipation.
I worship in adoration.
Come?

Your lips part to receive me as a flower opens to the sun.
And I am home in you.
I am yours and you are mine.
We are one.
Come.

The trumpet's trill in triumph.
Echoing a new-born baby's cry.
A heart song of the star's rejoice.
A sound beyond sound...
A tone is struck, and it echoes through creation.
A reverberation.
Striking the chord, the gongs commence.
AUM.

It is a celestial chorus.
In which the harmony of the spheres dances through the
silence of space.
A building crescendo.
And a whale song of the deep, heard on high.
A still note and the cock crows.
"A new hope is born."

Love.
Renewed.
Revealed.
And we (no longer I) are one,
One heart's embrace.
We are an ecstasy of unity.
Alive in the universe.
One Song.
We look upon Creator and Creation in wonder.
As One.

Beloved (be . loved)

Lay with me...

On *Pleasure*

Pleasure is a freedom song,
But it is not freedom.
It is the blossoming of your desires,
But it is not their fruit.
It is the depth calling unto a height,
But it is not the deep nor the high.
It is the caged taking wing,
But it is not space encompassed.
Aye, in very truth, pleasure is a freedom-song.
And I fain would have you sing it with fullness of heart;
yet I would not have you lose your hearts in the singing.



Some of your youth seek pleasure as if it were all, and they are judged and rebuked.
I would not judge nor rebuke them. I would have them seek.
For they shall find pleasure, but not her alone:
Seven are her sisters, and the least of them is more beautiful than pleasure.
Have you not heard of the man who was digging in the earth for roots and found a treasure?

And some of your elders remember pleasures with regret like wrongs committed in drunkenness.
But regret is the beclouding of the mind and not its chastisement.
They should remember their pleasures with gratitude, as they would the harvest of a summer.
Yet if it comforts them to regret, let them be comforted.

And there are among you those who are neither young to seek nor old to remember;
And in their fear of seeking and remembering they shun all pleasures,
lest they neglect the spirit or offend against it.
But even in their foregoing is their pleasure.
And thus they too find a treasure though they dig for roots with quivering hands.

But tell me, who is he that can offend the spirit?
Shall the nightingale offend the stillness of the night, or the firefly the stars?
And shall your flame or your smoke burden the wind?
Think you the spirit is a still pool which you can trouble with a staff?

Oftentimes in denying yourself pleasure
you do but store the desire in the recesses of your being.
Who knows but that which seems omitted today, waits for tomorrow?
Even your body knows its heritage and its rightful need and will not be deceived.
And your body is the harp of your soul,
And it is yours to bring forth sweet music from it or confused sounds.

And now you ask in your heart,
"How shall we distinguish that which is good in pleasure from that which is not good?"
Go to your fields and your gardens, and you shall learn that it is the pleasure of the bee to gather honey of the flower,
But it is also the pleasure of the flower to yield its honey to the bee.
For to the bee a flower is a fountain of life,
And to the flower a bee is a messenger of love,
And to both, bee and flower, the giving and the receiving of pleasure is a need and an ecstasy.
Be in your pleasures like the flowers and the bees.

The *Prophet* - Khalil Gibran