

came to know God

came to know God in myself,
a constant voice that guides me.

came to understand why i should listen.

came to realize the power of a seed
in a moment, a word, a day
the weather,
an unexpected phone call,
a letter received,
a page in a book randomly opened,
a risk acted out from faith.

came to awareness that i am
owner of the last word
sitting in judgment of my actions.
can blame no one else for my doing,
keeper of this temple.

came to believe
in that which lives within myself,
inclusive of the subtle and small.

came to experience lost moments
as a void within,
a grieving and letting go,
forever changing thistory.

came to surrender my powerlessness
to the omnipotence of Divine God
who is
neither he nor she
but both together
as one.

came to find God
in the sacredness of all things,
a wordless dialogue in the sequence of events
unfolding even now as we speak.
came to juxtapose in a dual universe,
in a realm coexisting with this moment,

unseeable yet knowable,
intangible yet reachable,
beyond black and white,
beyond right and wrong.

came to discover how this is all we have,
tomorrow being light years away
from our immediate grasp.

came to represent myself as a creative entity,
reflection in the mirror of God's hand,
vehicle through which spirit moves
where these words arrive as gifts.

came to accept giving as receiving
and that strength can be weakness
in the pendulum motion between extremes.

came to resolve the conflict of extremes
through retreat and surrender
from the bloody and insidious stage of victory.

came to resolution
through balance on the path,
neither too much nor too little,
neither satiety nor starvation,
neither blinding brilliance
nor the darkness of isolation.

came to fine-tune rhythm in duality,
shadow dancing under green light in the garden
game-playing in the imagination of dreams,
an arrow shot from heaven.

came to possess true wealth
in the ability to create music,
in cha-cha two-step with another,
in the writing of poems
that are spoken aloud.

came to witness love
as a process in motion
through fragile moments,

in minutes, and days,
and weeks, and months,
year after year,
a faith in mystery,
uncharted journey into the unknown
colorful light at the edge of the horizon,
undemanding and unscripted
baby steps forward,
contrary to all we have been
in our violent past of wars and desecrations.

came to perceive love
as another word for God
that begins by looking deep into the mirror,
shattered into fragments,
sharp edges pieced together
through layers of inner work,
through confrontations with what is
and what will always be.

came to savor self love
through communal love
like kitchen table conversations
over Caribbean feasts.

came to comprehend self love
through the innocent sincerity of everyday people,
through the passionate idealism
of heroes and sheros,
freedom fighters and paradigm shifters,
from Agueybana to Don Pedro,
from Anacaona to Dylcia,
through sacrifice for a cause
and commitment to beginnings,
from perseverance to realization,
through belief in our ability to survive,
this melody we carry, our freedom song
as simple and ordinary as breathing.

came to feed self
through spiritual nourishment,
to feel self as alive in stillness,
to behold self as beautiful in plainness,

to hear self as profound in peacefulness,
to see self through the eyes of love's child.

came to appreciate difference
as knowledge beyond ignorance,
struggle beyond comfort,
light sparked by the presence of another,
a safety line out of the abyss,
a hand touching, reaching my soul,
healing an ancient disease
out of the nothingness of ashes and dust,
a single thread woven into an elaborate tapestry
perfectly aligned in a life panorama,
inherited blessings from our ancestor family,
a wisdom phenomena creating itself.

© 2007 Sandra María Esteves
Printed in *Portal, A Journey In Poetry*