

Home Baked

Sometimes skills
skip generations,
parents who lack the patience
to teach their children.

My mother,
who loved to bake,
let us "help" her
despite our hindrance.

We played in the kitchen:
decorating gingerbread men,
cutting out biscuits
mixing batters and licking bowls.

We made a mess.
We slowed things down.
We burned biscuits
and ruined pots.

But in my mother's kitchen
we made memories.
We learned to be creative,
to taste the sweetness of life.

In death's dark vale

In death's dark vale
I feel your presence,
a shining star
leading me home.

In the storm
I hear your voice,
calling me
to a place of peace.

In the silence
you speak to me,
shower me with mercy
heal me with your touch.

Still life

so many voices
so many words
filling every space

blocks of sound
building up
breaking down

casting the first stone
a wall of words
a wave of sound

and somewhere in the noise
and chaos, I need to find
the still small voice of calm.

Not in the thunder, wind or fire
but buried beneath:
in the absence is the essence.

I sit at the door of the cave
I have run, I have walked,
now I retreat and wait

wait for an angel to bring me bread
to send me to sleep, to rest
to wake refreshed

for the journey is too much for me.
In the barrage of sound I have lost my voice.
My tongue is trapped in silence.

Speech seems hopeless.
All I can hear is the thunder of tears
the fire of a heart in turmoil.

I need to learn to listen
to embrace the solitude
to find the silence within.

Crystal Warren