

Whispering Silence

In peaceful silence,
I wonder and I ask,
Deep questions,
Having no words.
Then sometimes,
The whisper tells me what I am.
Says the whisper:

The person I am is defined by my feelings.

So I am play,
I am power,
I am beauty,
I am passion,
I am delicate,
And easily hurt.

Is this all?
Surely there is more.
Says the whisper:

The spirit you are is defined
By the motivation,
For being the person you are.

So I am love,
I am freedom,
I am creator,
And I am for me.

Says the whisper:

Now hear the fluttering of your butterfly wings,
Wings which can take you anywhere,
Here or beyond.
Hear them singing:

I have complete freedom to become,
Whatever person and spirit I choose;
I have complete responsibility,
For the choice I make.

Over and over they flutter and lyrically mutter and sing:

I have complete freedom to become,
Whatever person and spirit I choose;
I have complete responsibility,
For the choice I make.

So simple and deep is this understanding.
That becoming spiritually whole and complete,
Is life's meaning and being,
That the understanding appears and disappears,
As in awe,
I listen and I learn,
From the knowing whispering silence.