

Shaman

His boyish beam,
intense stare sparking,
once made me anxious,
afraid of myself,
of the shafts he casts
illuminating my dark,
resurrecting dead dreams.

He is self-possessed.
Incants medicine-man
mumbo: my defense.
His almighty airs
mask a tender pulse,
awe in our unfolding,
joy undaunted by mud.

He plays in the Infinite,
each moment exuding meaning,
sees boundless promise in our
potential to broaden, mature
through rains of adversity,
be softened, refined
by love's light.

Now I cherish his child's grin,
see delight in our beauty,
our bends, blotches, broken stems,
revere his jubilation in the sacred
dance twirling our advance,
in reveling Spirit tendering
unrelenting growth,

Life whispering there is no end,
no arrival, rather endless blooming
of matchless blossoms cultivated
by the fertile creativity of Grace.
Through his luminous eyes, I see fractures
mended, monsters mastered, fortitude
budding from frailty—God in motion.

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