

Meditation on Intent

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In a world where survival instincts preside, a parallel universe resides. *Are-you-food-or-am-I-food black and white* thinking spins practically on its own. Reflective, nuance-capable, gray-friendly thought ripples as long as you practice throwing those watery stones.

I have an intimate relationship with defense as *motis operandi*. I am not slow to apprehensiveness and given a wealth of causes for alarm, atop my safety-hampered history, caution is quite reasonable. But, when my un-checked imagination runs amok, fear keeps me stuck.

As all things grow from a tiny seed, my stance, my starting point, can, in part, be birthed and bolstered by my own sense of what's possible, what I envision or recall, elect or believe, create or concede.

Where a whisper of perception and choice meets or averts a preemptive scream, I ask myself, in every instance:

Which part do I want to play, now and here: love or fear?

how 'bout love, every day

I say: love, in every way...

love as a frame
love as an aim

love as a teeter-totter
a salve for fear, disappointment and shame

love as punctuator
love as a base
love as an actuator
love as taste

love as host
love as a meal
love as key
to open what you feel

love as telescope
love as air
love as the rule, not the exception, everywhere

love as question
love as doubt
love as a traveler
exploring all about

love as temperature
a constant beat
love unlimited
love as a feat

love as a maze
love as a mountain
love as a freely accessible fountain

love as protection

love as witness

love as a work-out for emotion-clarity & fitness

love as a friend

not yet named

love as our wild essence, never to be tamed

love as a sign, in a sea of trouble

a messenger that reaches us, on the double

love as confection

love as need

love that grows prolific from a seed

love as recognition in a strange land

love as ignition

love as a hand

love as your very own community band

love as a stride

love far and wide

love as a fierce and gentle tide

love as the earth, handled with constant care

love as currency, always shared

love as vision, clear as a bell

love as wisdom, deep as a well

love as hurt that knows how to heal

love always out, never concealed

love as sky through a canopy of trees

love as you like

love as you please

love as stubborn as a decree

love as a look, an endless book

that reads you