

The Words Would Not Stop Coming

by Susan C. Hefte

The words would not stop coming . . .

Not for sleeping, not for eating, scarcely for breathing
Tiny letters to begin, noting the headlines
Then the kick to my chest: "ROE V. WADE OVERTURNED!"

We all knew it was coming.

A zoom call with women friends echoed our disbelief.
Still, it didn't seem possible, how could that be?
We shared our dismay, distress, our memories.

It was later when this writing began...
it seemed as though my whole being fell,
 doubled over into deep fatigue,
Falling into the abyss of the too much gone.

Gone, the safety at the grocery store
 at the elementary school
 at the Capitol Building
 at the parade
 as rage borne from fear escalates.

Gone, the confidence that our democracy will hold
 that our country will be protected from civil war
 that the Supreme Court will have our backs
 that long standing rights will be preserved
 as we witness the shredding in the body politic

Gone, the cooperative wisdom of our leaders knowing
 that integrity is stronger than greed
 that shared power is stronger than power-over
 that the Light of Truth is stronger than the Darkness of Lies
 as each side fights to sustain the cornerstone

The words would not stop coming...

Not for sleeping, not for eating, scarcely for breathing
 Letters getting bigger, scrawling
 Taking up more space on the page

Seeking refuge in the Light, I hear the voice in my head:

Help me, please. I cannot carry this ... What?
this in-humanity towards our brothers and sisters
this raging lack of tenderness, of compassion, of care.

Comfort me, please. I cannot bear this tearing apart of ... What?
what I need to be true, sacred, and safe
what I need to be foundational in my homeland.
Do people not understand what they are creating
with their maligning words and actions?

Do they not understand that this is not a game,
that the consequences will poison the water, our survival?
Light beyond measure, guide me!
Finally, Spirit comes through the words on the page
saving me, once again, from my fear:

Hush child, you know you are more than this.
Be Still. Witness. Write.
Breathe your Light into the world.
Cup your hands and gently hold all that is.
Stay with this openness to the Deep Divine
imagine it, see it, know that it is ever present.
You are many. You are spiritual beings
held and guided by forces far beyond
your conscious ability to comprehend.
Everything is in Divine Order
even in the darkest hours.

But, but, but ... I cry ... I can barely catch my breath.
I am tired, so tired of my own sense of helplessness!

Be Still. You are not helpless, you are not alone in this. Remember
there are others, many unknown to you throughout the world,
younger voices, ancient voices, old friends and new,
even those not yet embodied, and those not yet emboldened to speak.

Be Still. Breathe.
Listen to the voices around you, the winds of change.
Trust the process that is unfolding,
Witness others as they wake up and step up
as you have in times past.
Be Still and Know that all is well and all will be well.

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