



2019 Year in Review  
*A Poetic Distillation*

Ting Kelly  
*Ocean Diamond*



BEAUTY ; ELEGANCE

## EMPRESS

Ask the Empress,  
the matri-web creator Isis  
She who reigns all

what she desires  
what she longs to taste  
the sweetness of life  
the slow, sensual  
embodied ease of  
effortless unfolding grace.

the quiet remembrance  
the nectar of cherry blossom quartz hearts  
arising in the velvet black void  
of Ashada

Pele awakens  
erecting molten gushing  
birthing a luminescent  
molten new earth, new dawn  
arising of Shamballa

Black tourmaline sprinkled with  
ultraviolet opalescent gold raindrop dew  
showering of skins into the hearth  
of the shimmering helixandrical  
metadron fractal nature of all of life

Sacred codes  
unfurling and unlocking  
the weaving of golden threads  
aboundless space  
hourglass sands  
patiently awaits  
The template written in the cosmos  
symbolic nature of the forces of life  
know the codes,  
and you will become them

Alchemical codes of light  
the language of temples of Deep time  
teach me the ancient future ways

The awakened one, daughter of myself,  
bride to Spirit.



## DEATH CALLING

Inflammatory  
Signals,  
Listen to the chills, the spells,  
Outwitting itself and wanting  
To scream out loud

The rush of athletic swift  
The longing to hunt  
The heart sinks,  
As the love awakens  
Pulls towards the wounded  
Places, the erotic needs  
To bring us forth — caring for the  
Wise  
And dying  
Falling into itself  
Not letting it avoid its own destiny  
Facing riddles  
Of channels of open meadows  
Laying still  
Waiting for the lightning to strike  
Allow the meditation to move itself

Mysterious and strange  
These workings are lit beneath the  
Sunshine rays  
The waves call forth  
An iridescent hue

Channeling and letting go  
Allowing the ancient ones to take hold  
There is nothing but words  
To become the bridge  
For spirit to rise  
And empty this glass

The unison of vowels make way  
For music  
Asking,  
The listener  
Allowance  
Irresistible praise.

There is a space where minds don't meet,  
In absolute liberation and freedom play  
Finding the chalice which opens the hands  
To find the practice of words abound.

What is the soul that we've inhabit  
Ensouled and engulfed  
Turtle shell cave.  
Finding the deep solace in which  
To rise,  
This is the findings of peace and noun.

Open open to the beach world heavens  
Sweetgrass and vetiver  
Rose chalice hold

We are first bad then good - allowing the  
master to win, emptying emptying  
The cauldron abide  
We are here for weathers spin  
Tumult to tourmoline  
Rainbow showers.

Animal realms wait patiently  
For us to remember our natures and reside  
in our home.  
The home with which we come from as,  
The secret sauce of elopement.

Loving you so deeply abound,  
The primordial landscape with  
Which I'm found.

The heart sinks in heavens lift  
I feel and roll the waves  
Given the rides  
Rides of kings  
Chariot glide,  
Pump and glee.

How to hold the bliss within  
The dying  
The fall  
The aging present

Nostalgic for waning  
Waiting  
Patient,  
We are

Nightingales.



REPOSE

Be gentle,  
My sweet darling,  
As it unravels itself  
Relating to  
The Invitation  
To hold and cherish  
Your animal fears.

Pass in peace,  
And do not move in restless hast  
To the next stop post of  
Pain or pleasure  
It is all the same,

And I stand in utmost grace,  
Under the dark lit sky  
In sensual delight  
And sweet repose.

Lovingly Awake  
She calls forth  
Our tender hearts  
To speak her truths  
Her prayers  
Her want.

Want for a harmony  
Collective Sensitivity  
Heightened awakens  
Sensual gaze  
A warm lit  
Oozing slowness  
Taking you in  
Opening your chalice  
In sweet surrender

A dimming candle hum  
The base chord  
Silence and stillness  
Emerges  
Pure light.

A halo embryo —

Her majesty

Reigns.



## ETERNAL

Eternal change  
Those of the ocean  
Those sparkling eyes  
Steady beat  
A brilliant heartmind.  
Vast, like the wings  
Of those moonlight sails.

A whale showstopper  
Sprightly lettuce,  
Thoughtful simplicity,  
A spontaneity,  
The magicians dance.

Trainspotting,  
Giving generously,  
Empathy abound  
Refinement of the senses,  
Of the talented  
In hiding.

A sweet taste  
Of slowness,  
Sensual,  
Play  
Lovingly vital  
Innocence.

We are One.  
No separateness,  
In the end.

We are being  
Breathed  
By the air that  
We borrow.

Everything,  
A gift.  
The presence of Love.  
Blossoming  
Moment by moment.

This is it.



## MAJESTY

Trees grow open, expanding to the skies  
Unfallamable beauty  
Wisdom alive  
Core in the roots  
Trees alive  
Green grass painted along the riverbanks  
Such beauty is unfammable  
At bay with the sweet nectar  
Fallith  
The atonements of the interconnectedness

How to love  
To hold the awareness  
Fully compassionate  
Gentle and patient  
Like the mother herself  
Awaiting

Green lightshifts the seasons  
Peacefulness  
Quiet  
Stillness

Grace alive ~  
Coming forth, the softening of all  
Crevices and curves  
Twists and turns  
The lightness of being  
Ascending to the Masters

The moss of the trees  
Spiraling abound  
Beauty awaits  
No one be found

Till the dawn of winter ~  
Abides and waits  
We wait here,  
Still,  
Awake.

The sweet sensitive  
Gentle sound  
Sensitivity  
Of Her — as sweet as this sound

Attunement can be learned  
The waiting and knowing  
It holds within  
The seeds of gold

Grace and peace  
The branches know  
The stillness of her trees  
Whisper my name  
The muse as her  
Stretching out to her behold  
The sun rays enfold  
Her wisdom reigns.

Alive in goodness  
The conduit sang  
For she stood steadfast  
Quite and whole.  
This is the paradise  
We have Waited for,  
Right here, right now  
All around

The temple of heavens descend upon us, the  
sweetness of winter  
Abound the temple of Man

We fall into grace  
This perfect hum  
The humming of  
Blissful motion  
Held in empty space

The womb  
The quiet

Knowingness  
Beauty  
Truth  
Goodness



## PRIMORDIAL

What was one  
Now two  
The ancient sages  
Knew the quietude was here  
The springs to drink  
The air so clear  
Water crystalline  
Earth fertile  
The ancient ones  
Walking barefoot  
Nude to the moon  
Soil beneath the footgrind  
And two.

Come along to discover  
The wells that live within  
Ancient souls  
Atwin.  
Caress your hair  
Behind the ears  
The sense the pools  
Of water below  
The plateau is a long road  
A careful refinement  
Inch by inch

Sometimes steps behind  
Falling into the scrapes  
Blood dribbles  
The cunt is sloppy  
Thirsty for nectar  
Of the mother  
Nourishing all around  
Moaning is the sometimes  
The only remembering

Mossy misty fogs nests  
Arise the crooked roof and  
Bushel pails  
Cross hatch roof  
The wild unknown

Mystical insides and colors abound  
Reveal truth that resides within



## VAJRA

Teach me,  
vajra style  
from the inside out  
the the deepest parts  
wounds and all  
To breathe the lineage through you to me  
To call me out  
For the sake of shaking out  
accessing truth  
Teach me the indigenous ways  
The primordial wisdom  
Ancient lineages  
Through your body and breath,  
The sanctity of your Mind  
Refuge field.

I want permission to fully desire you  
All the way  
No holding back  
To crave your body  
To ask you to take me  
To devote to the power that lies within,  
Unawakened potential  
Divine purpose  
Wildly visionary  
Hermit leader  
Warrior.

The hunger to taste real Truth, in all its forms  
to be fucked from the inside  
of the Mind  
dominated to  
the breaking point  
of surrender  
to them find the peaceful void  
the home of the Diamond sutras  
ascended masters  
the warrior home  
The cellular burning  
through of the karma carried  
and chosen at the tying  
of the red ribbon  
soul contracts

Reunion.





## EMBROYO

Her shivers as galaxies  
Shards and dimensions  
Invisible reality  
Revealing through sensation  
Tingling up the spine

Subtle sensitivities  
Transporting

Leumerian activations

Generations,  
Inhabiting,  
Animating these forms

A grain of rice  
To the buffalo horn.

The sweetgrass  
Lilacs blue  
Quartz snowflake  
Sage brush  
Persimmon oils  
Ivy chalice  
White rose petals gently falling  
Moss pebble slippery  
White sand dunes camel back

Blue footed winged ones  
Whale blow horns fountains  
Magnificent dolphin murmurations  
Florescent coral kaleidoscope

Oak bark  
Birchwood  
Horse manes  
Grandmother redwoods  
Jupiter branches

The mysteries of the dark cavernous crevices  
The womb  
That holds the seeds of the new,

The embroyo

Traversing, time traveling  
All within  
All without

Settle into this home  
This home planet  
Spiraling through space  
In cosmic order

Breathe.  
You are the mother.  
She breathes you.

Awaken, my child.



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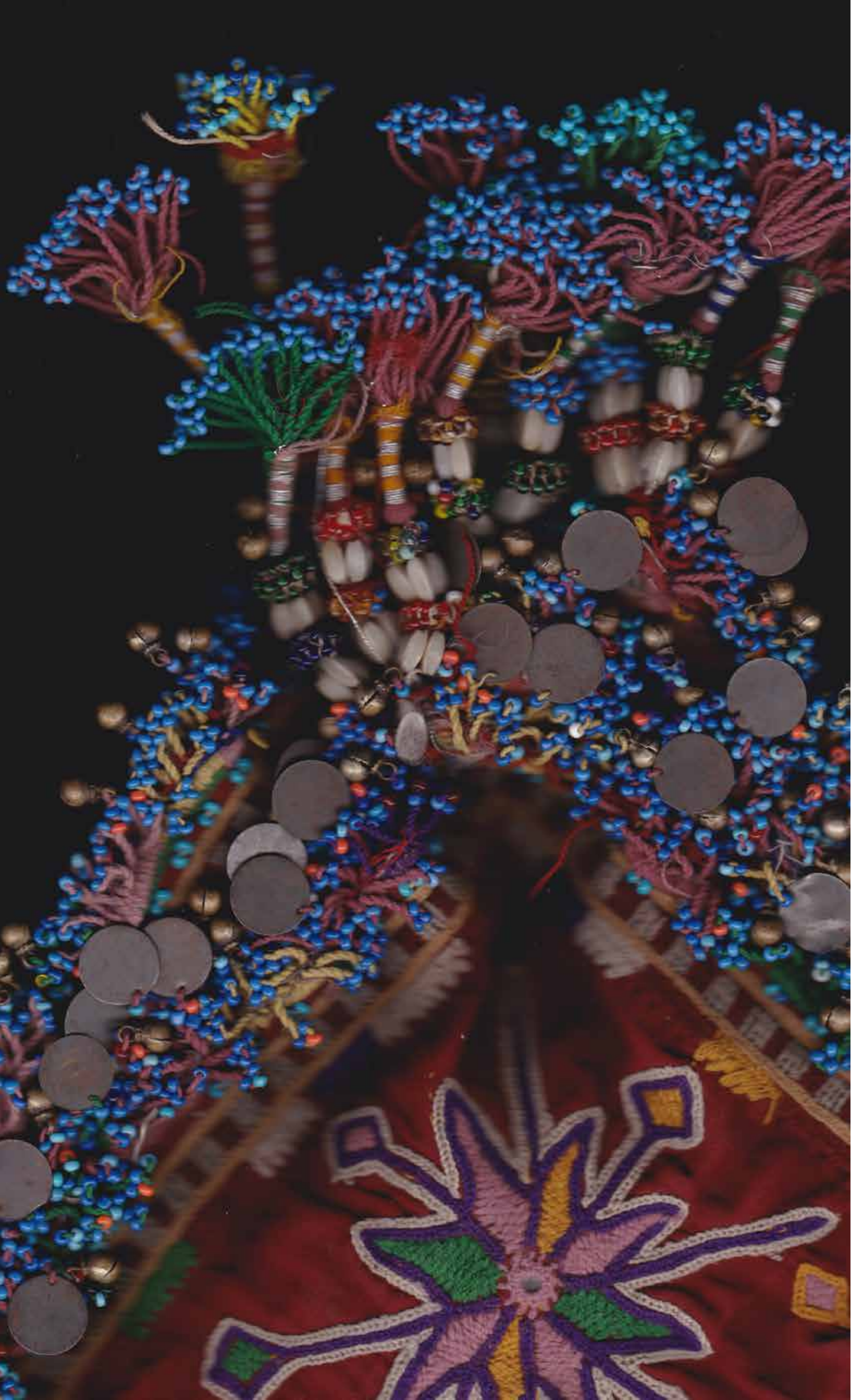
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## UNRAVEL

The curvature of waters  
Slowly dripping  
Crystalline  
Latticework  
Humbly scaffolding  
The curvature of your skin  
White Rice patties  
Desert dunes  
Lush forests ferns  
Florescent flounder scales  
Slippery seaweed

We let go,  
To be free.

We let go,  
To be free.

We empty,  
To be whole.

There is no matter  
Only electromagnetic love in motion,  
Within stillness.

There is no surface,  
Up or down,  
In or out  
Left or right.

Only space-ing,  
Space in motion/less.

We are love as space.  
Empty and whole,  
Zero  
And One.

My zero is for your one,  
Your zero is for my one,  
To make two,

We make love.  
We is everything.  
There is no inside or outside.

Allow yourself  
The erotic pleasure  
Of time-ful  
non-dual,  
Non-linear,  
Only spacious,  
Only luminous,  
Only dazzling,

Unraveling.  
It is you as God, for God, to God.  
Perfection and innate goodness.  
As it always was,  
Always will be,  
And always is.



## CENOTE

Hidden in the deep caverns of Mexico,  
The sweetness of Yucatan waters,  
Golden crocodiles  
Awaken to magic  
Tucked far away inside the crevices  
Lake Coba along the Yucatan coastline,  
Surrounded by cenotes and Mayan pyramids,  
Panther tracks  
Prehistoric komodo dragons  
Defending the territories of prayer  
Temples of warriors  
Rituals resound  
Subterranean caves of water oasis,  
Accessing the ancient records  
Communicating within  
A magical mezze platter of sensory pleasures  
floral perfumes harvested in bounty of florals  
Rich cacao, aliveness within  
the sweet nectar honey from the bee hives

Cozumel island in distance,  
Crystal blue waters, aliveness of corals  
Barracuda chase, tantilizing fears  
A brush of her Mother in  
fierce life and death  
in Harmonic play

I could swim in these waters forever,  
these Yucatan waters of my childhood.  
The oceans of the mother, a sweet rocking to soothing this soul  
Like the strings of this guitars,  
A harp awakening our heartsong

The softest voice of deep surrender  
Lunar forces  
Tantillize and sharpen the senses  
To the illusions  
In the superficial  
There is no one to hide,

In the quietness of this Cenote cavern  
Abode of the mother dragon  
And her bat kingdom  
Guarding the heart of Earth.



DESERT LIGHT

Allowing the drip drop  
of all the silence  
All we ever knew  
A firefly in the darkness  
Prayer flags abound

Swinging in the wind  
The visions across the desert  
Earth hues, the red rocks  
Black crows caw  
The viewpoint is near

We have arrived,  
And rest do we may,  
Rest my sweet darling,  
For the dawn of day.

We stood in peace,  
Peacefulness  
Full  
Here and now  
In perfect balance

Bringing the winds of change  
Blowing forth the fire signals  
Raise the torch  
To invite the change

All sitting in silent simplicity  
No where to go,  
no where to be,  
I remember

The true Self.

A lighting rod on a desert plateau.

That struck the silence,  
In ever waning Dawn.

We gather,  
We rise together.

## RIPENING SOUL

The sky here speaks in tongues ~ the earth ripens in stillness year after year.  
There is no room here for frivolity.  
Strips everything away until we are left naked, true to our essence, nothing extra.

I've sat in silence here day after day, through the coldness of winter when the land was covered in thick sheets of snow. Everything I could see in front of me was reflecting the brightness of the light. I remember the silence that came to me so strongly during those winter months ~ a stillness of the metal element, watching the world go by.

The winter leaves tickled me and allowed me to remember myself, a playful trickster that brought beauty and a sense of wonder to every step.  
The sweetness of the fall colors painted across the trees in the lake. I can taste and sense everything I experienced so viscerally.  
This land asked me to become embodied ~ to find a stillness within that I had never been asked to experience. A cooling of this system that could allow me the space to become myself.

Parts of myself that were still living in deep states of fear, anger and sadness, stored and repressed within myself. There were ancient parts of myself that hadn't been given space to be honored and seen for what they were. Corners of my consciousness that were unexpressed and within my psyche were given the space to come out and play.

Deep belly breaths. Energy getting stuck in my neck, kundalini activation moving through my system in current waves of electricity and fire. A fire in my belly grew. The wind stoked the flame within, brushing off layers of stagnation and stuck-ness.

The wind ~ oh the winged creatures ~ teaching me how to fly and become free, to return to my nature and awaken this spirit of play within myself. The breath. Thank you Santa Fe for bringing me deeply back into my body, for helping me fully breathe and accept all that is life, for the deep well of wisdom that you carry in the silence.

Oh wind, thank you for stoking the flames of change within me. The chi that you carry within and move within my body ~ teaching me to deeply accept everything — how to be everything, stay everything, inhale all of it and then let it go. This is the practice of breath. Cleansing the spirit within, allowing her to enter.

Oh waters ~ allowing the flows of the cooling waters to soothe my bones. How many countless days I brought myself to the footsteps of 10K waves and allowed myself to be cleansed from the inside by the boiling waters. What a gift this has been. We've done this before.

Being the yoga of life.  
Dancing with the waves of life.  
Spine opening up and elongating into the posture of the primary form. Sipping and opening up the sense gates ~ becoming one with the surrounding beauty.

A deep well of joy mustered within ~ an ecstasy so deep it penetrated my bones and willed me into life again.

The depth of the quiet earth begged me to slow into its damp, soft crevices, a gentle embrace into the decomposition of a previous cycle.

A temple tendered to offer itself as an act of love, a deep well of wisdom and a breaching into the quietude of itself.

My breath slowed down, my digestion waned and I was moved into hibernation.

I allowed my sensual nature to come alive, my arms to sprawl open, to become moved by the animate world, the winds of change to embrace the dead skin falling off in thin crusted layers of a croissant.

Dead layers of myself allowed to just be what they were, and nothing less.

A stepping away the folds of everyday life, and returning to the birds eye view of one's own life. It takes time to see all the intricate fabric of realities in their clear form, to more deeply understand and interpret the significance of these unfolding cycles.

The tea warmed me from the insides,  
I was brought into levels of stillness that I was craving  
The soft earth in the desert welcomed by nervous system like a soft blanket on a cold winter day.  
A golden liquid soothed my insides and asked me to awaken to itself.

At dusk, the quietness of the night returns,  
a mysterious and most luscious form of beauty I could ever taste,  
the silky sensual nature of the night permeates everyone.  
The outline of the mountain in the fullest range,  
the twinkling of lights in the distance.

Only the pitter and patter of the rain drops outside welcome me to the night.  
I give thanks for this extraordinary moment to be on Earth.

The sky is stroked with the most sensuous brush stroke, each wave and stroke a masterpiece onto itself.

The quality of sound here is truly astounding ~ what an incredible gift to be able to truly allow myself to hear, to taste, to be in reverence of beauty and life itself.  
The stillness of the desert evokes a sense of stillness within.

I look around me and sense the abundance that is here, the feeling of total awe and comfort within, a sense of possibility and creative expression.  
The most intuitive gifts of ravishing beauty.

When the golden light moves through the space, my heart is pierced open with a pure transmission of love frequencies.



## MAGI WEAVER

What are we,  
but strings on a web  
suspended in the groundless ground  
nameless sheaths of silk  
arranged in perfect  
harmony

Though we tug and wrangle in defiance  
the hesitation that entangles the spirit  
of our own longing,

How do we unwind the deepest coils  
laying ridden in our spines  
desiring to be awakened  
magic  
lies for those curious  
and brave enough  
to venture to these milky waters

Thunder bolts, electricity descends  
this delicate vessel  
captivating itself in the mind  
of the modern mystic  
the witch wizardry  
opening the channels to welcome  
the sweetest voices

We are weavers of our destiny  
the threads of the myth  
of the webs of Dharma,  
tugging on the threads  
searching the clues  
every droplet  
a signal of information  
a constant reminder  
of the Master Weaver  
of which our webs are  
woven by.

The illusion of these time space dimensions  
the sweetest gaze,  
Pharanoic  
Magi  
Magesty.



## CURRENCY

Energy is the only currency,  
Ancient records  
Porous Membranes  
Are all we have  
To hold onto

And still we are transparent  
To the divine eyes  
Piercing through the veils

Stop hiding  
For the shames  
Residing within  
The heart matrix

Can you look at me  
Without sinking into  
The indifference  
The withholding  
The false humility  
The vanity

I long for your rawness,  
your shattering truth  
Your unfiltered spirit  
As a tonic for my soul  
Give me a drink of the nectar  
That birthed your very life  
That breathes you into existence  
The stokes your fire  
And pulses with erotic  
Lust for life.

Know thyself  
By needing me.  
How much you need to be  
touched,  
To be felt,  
To be known,  
And heard,  
And leaned upon.

Show me how much you love life  
By looking me in the eye,  
Without flinching  
In any falsehood

That was never yours.

What do you need  
To feel the sun caressing your face  
Flowing into your organism  
Lighting your mind  
With delicious optimism  
Purifying  
Melting back to your essential nature

Need Her  
Want her to seduce you  
To play  
To provoke  
To attune  
To hold

Any attempt to leave, to transcend  
To endeavor,  
You abandon yourself,  
Deny your greater intelligence  
And inner knowing

That you are Her and her.  
And nothing else -  
Nothing less.

So  
Make love to  
All that you already are.

And stand in beloved  
Dignity  
And consideration for all of Life,  
That you and I are an inextricable,  
Indescribable,  
Extra-ordinary,  
Blossoming expression of Love,  
Everything at once,  
And in perfect timing,  
Petal after petal.  
Flowing like the eternal rivers  
Back into the deep ocean body  
Of our Mother.

Oceans of abundance.  
Currents of remembrance.

Bowing.





## WORTHY

Can I breathe into the holes,  
The holes hallow in the walls  
Of my heart

To feel worthy of this body  
That we steward  
Proving  
Eyes darting away  
Too much .

Can I embolden enough to give up  
All knowing  
Everything one knew  
Badges of honor  
Legions of pride  
Indivi-duality  
We cannot win alone.

Surrendering the animal fears  
Addictions to the chase  
Swirling nowhere  
Entropic discord  
To be emptied once again  
To turn inside out  
Can I Receive love again?

Will this heart bear the breaking  
Can I breathe into the holes?

Trembling  
Tingling  
Sparkling  
Surrendering  
Salvation

Is this body enough,  
Without sweat or tears  
Giving endlessly  
Drifting away

These tired hangs  
Swollen feet  
Inflamed with  
repressed  
Longing

Stay,  
Stay for the worthiness  
Blossoming in time

Easeful naturalness  
Tears of grief  
Forgiveness,  
whispers your name  
Softly beckoning  
The diamond of the heart

Come Home.



FEMME

Bringing the closeness  
Skin to skin  
Sweet caressing,  
Still awareness  
Bright pink and blue

Allowing the sacred feminine  
Sharp and clean  
In integrity and energetically  
Activating the deep  
Shakti well within

I drink from the well of the  
Goddess  
You whose spring overfloweth  
The temple is within ~~

She evokes the deepest part of you  
To come forth in ecstatic dance ~

Sensual dance  
Evoking the Shakti within ~

Goddesses collaborating  
In unison and harmony  
Aligning to beauty  
Dancing and moving

Tending the temple  
As the body of the Divine  
Cleansing and purifying her harmonious choir  
She is you.  
What you see,  
You are that too.

And that.

And that.

This I am.

and I am You.



## EROS

Milky white rivers  
The bliss of accessing the deepest wells  
Pulsing crevices  
Voluminous volacanoes  
The beating throne  
Commanding absolute attention  
Attuning  
To the silky hairs on your arm

Sliding insides  
Wetness enlivens  
Eros of the oceanic  
Waves rolling  
Gushing spinal fluids  
Allowing the receding  
Currents crashing  
Vital forces enlivening  
Awakening  
The voice in organismic  
Concert

Root penetrating  
Base male  
The phallic stability  
Holding firm  
I long to suck and wrap  
The sweet snake  
Around  
And around  
The cosmic cycles  
Of the Universe  
Dancing withers  
Unknown  
Path

My longing reaches vast  
Deserts  
In awaiting  
Erotic patience  
The longing grows  
Pendulumes of time  
Swinging back and forth  
In and out.

We dance,  
The mysteries  
Alive  
Unjulating course  
Riding the wild stallions  
Nude to the world  
Bringing each other  
  
Home.



*For Germaine*

REGALLIONNESS

–

Epitome of peace and strength

Observant

Stealth

Precise

Word and action

All the same.

Resourceful,

waiting to speak.

Regality.

Yes, you.

A mascot and role model for many

Quiet humility

Elegant grace

Kindness to the bone

Joyful remembrance

Masterful action

Of service

And love.

Ineffable gratitude,

Beyond words to speak,

The unspeakable

Profound grace

Of this Life.

The dignity, your path

Of transformation

Courage beyond measure

Loyalty and dedication

Patient

Attuned to the subtle

Precise, conserving energy

For the right moment.

Lion hearted.

Caring for all of humanity,

Resolved to protect

Life

The garden of Eden

Humanitarian

Visionary

Scientist

Oh dear mother,

What a journey of teaching

Mastery and humility

Leadership and responsibility

Don't get too serious

Or withdrawn

Receiving love

Affection is medicine, too.

Sensual delight is medicine, too.

I believe I am here to

Challenge and mirror

Those in humble love

I am learning to trust

The differences that are

Teachers

For each of us.

Your teaching, ever silent and reposed,

Mistaken as withdrawn,

I have come to understand

The particular expressions

Of your love,

Through heartbreak for more

Touch, closeness,

Wanting to share truthfully,

Vulnerably

Let us meet as women

As daughter and friend,

Untethered

Gentle hearts,

Kindness,

Loving generosity

Humble giving,

Open,

Spacious.

Love incarnated.

Nurturance.

Joy. Remember joy.



*For Tywen*

MOONMYTH

—

The sweetest kindness  
Like that of his mother  
Thoughtfulness beyond measure  
Mutable air  
Intelligent mind  
The grace of a keystroke  
And all is done  
In beautiful artfulness

Disciplined arts  
Determination to completion  
Sensitivity to the subtleties  
With wit to match  
A soft embrace  
Of tender heart

Sensitivities are a gift  
Instructions for guidance  
Indications, signifiers,  
Trusting the gut feelings,  
When misalignments,  
Drama ~~  
There is no need,  
Stepping away  
Boundaries are useful  
Trapping in other stories  
That are not your own.

Living your own story  
Your myth  
The exquisite lens by which you see  
through  
Lenses of mirrors  
Opening your aperture  
The world is your stage

Make the moon your solitude  
A stroll under the stars  
Refuge for the soul  
The fresh air of our home Planet  
Available always.

She is here for you,  
To cry, to cool down  
To allow the naturalness to unfold  
Itself  
Nothing to do,  
But wait and see  
The truth that is present  
Perfection, diamond self  
You are.

The realization  
Of ourselves as God  
Children,  
Always cared for,  
Known completely  
Unconditionally.

Share your voice,  
The world is waiting to hear.  
Your unique song,  
Only you can sing.

The heart beats in accord  
The mother within.

I have loved you from past lives past  
In your first breath  
Witness of life  
Arriving to the earth

An honor to call you  
My brother,  
Family of One.  
I always am here for you.

A call for adventure,  
Pick a place,  
And we'll go forth.  
into the wild.



*For Kosuke*

~~~~

PILGRIM

—

Wide sweet eyes,  
Desert dunes  
Possibilities, infinite as the sand  
Water elixir of  
Life  
Within.  
A conversation  
With the self  
Sufficiency  
Deep knowing of the  
Self.

Quietude,  
The beating pulse,  
Free,  
Anywhere to go,  
Nowhere to go.

Limitless  
Pushing the edge  
The corners  
Of the universe  
Untouched  
Unfathomable.

Twinkling  
Stars, resounding  
Chills  
Zest of Life  
Elixir,  
Tonic.  
Tasting all the flavors.

Intelligence,  
Not even,  
Describable ~  
Polymathic  
Epicurean  
Curiosities,  
Inner volcanoes,  
Bubbling.

Steady wading,  
Sweet love,  
Devotion,  
Love.  
Oceans of electromagnetic  
Vibrations of love.

A pilgrimage awaits.  
Faraway lands,  
Edge of the earth,  
Prophetic and patient,  
Packsack in hand.

Where does the heart  
Flutter,  
At the thought of  
Its name?

The world an oyster.  
Deep sea floor.  
Luminescence  
By Invitation.

Dive in.



*For Kaileen*

~~~

DRAGON EYES

—

Dragon breath  
Fire in the eyes,  
Seeing beauty surround  
Peacock eyes  
white petal soften  
The strength of the heart  
Divine compassion  
Fire in the belly  
Steady confidence  
Digesting all of life  
Blossoming into your true self  
Why you were born

You, who's heart holds all  
Devotee  
Children's mother,  
Protector of innocence  
Imagination of seeing beyond  
Worlds of worlds

Generosity abound  
Family first  
Holding the sacred  
Magical realms open  
When you open your heart  
The fantasies live within  
Your being is always free.

The intricacies of the mind  
Unfolding in perfect patterns  
Mathematics divine chords  
Open the senses to the real  
What lies beneath  
The dream that is now  
Sacred intelligence  
Dragon eyes.

Words long to express  
The long of sisterhood,  
Kinship traverses seas  
Mountains of tibet

And forest fairies  
Playful praise  
In the gullible imagination  
That I hold close.  
Never to forget  
The innocence we share  
Always tapping in  
To the fairy within

I wish for you  
Freedom to be so free  
As you knew and read  
With the nose and glee  
Those lands are real  
The paradise is for we.

I wish to keep alive  
Those dreams and realism  
Combined as one  
And offer my hand to embrace  
The weird, strange, magical  
Within.

Let go of all else  
That was told or conditioned  
To believe  
Never a should ~  
Only a could  
Those fires burn  
We are given this life  
A gift  
Each breath

I love you,  
More than I could speak,  
I long to return  
To our intimate love,  
Of only uncidiotnal love,  
Pure acceptance  
Of our true self,  
Give away all the lives that  
Are not our own.

Dragon eyes.  
How I love thee.  
Fly, far  
And wide  
By your side.



*For Kevin*

~~~~

COMPLETION

—

Cosmic order,  
The spark of a burning star.  
Gold egg,  
Completion  
And Harmony  
The ending of a cycle.

Traversing Inle Lake  
The temples of Bhutan,  
The vast tapestry of interconnection,  
Temples upon temples,  
Beauty beyond human.  
The clicking of the aperture  
Fleeting impermanence  
Immediacy,  
Of villages endangered.  
A way of life captured.  
Alive within,  
The treasure gems,  
Stored deep in the cavernous  
Memory castles  
Of an awakened mind.

Textures of silks, spices,  
Elemental delights,  
Costumes of ritual,  
Ceremony, unfathomable,  
Alinear,  
Goosebump chills,  
Inspire the search,  
Pilgrimage after another.

Pattern recognition  
Anthropological,  
Wavelines  
Of humanity,  
Christ consciousness  
Love incarnated,  
Pure infinite forms.  
The web of life,  
Animated by God.

The cosmic egg  
Showing herself in the fertile  
Mystery,  
Mirrored in the dazzling  
Eyes of the beholder.

I have dreamt of your passing,  
In shrouding fear,  
Felt the completion of this  
Cycle of your artistry,  
Fatherhood,  
Liberation of the soul  
Return to essence,  
Childlike play.  
Sillyness.  
The best salve.

Prayers for a profound  
Re-meeting  
As father-daughter  
Peers, walking side by side.  
Passing the torches,  
Holding the ritual in civic life,  
The closed doors of leaders.  
Quietly influencing,  
Shifting culture.

Through beauty,  
Appreciation,  
Humility,  
Grace, Wisdom, abound.  
Lessons beyond lifetimes.  
Orientation to the deeper  
Potential of life.  
Higher states Of mind  
ultimately,  
Of love.

Bowing to the journey of  
Realization of your gifts  
words strong, hands molding  
Giving generously  
Unwaivering, Steadfast  
Remembrance.  
Essentialism.  
Devotion.  
Love.





## NECTAR

Breathing into your temple  
See the perfection of  
Cavernous crystalline temple  
Rose-gold engorged waterfalls  
Trickling sweet creeks  
Fall into her luscious valleys

Stories of ancient myth  
Sea serpents  
Aquamarine lapis gold  
Dragon eyes  
See beyond form  
Into the vast spaciousness  
Pulsing clitoris tongues  
Sweet tingling starfish  
Gliding elegant swans  
White ostrich feathers  
Spread wide oyster shells

Innocent bliss dolphin fins  
Caress the soft velvet  
Skin of ancient  
Record keeping whale beings  
Guardians of the mother codes  
Circumnavigating the energy grids  
Of the crystal blue grids  
Deep ocean bioluminescent light  
Abound the ocean skywalkers  
Signals of divine messages  
Patterns of wave forms  
Cloud strokes softly whispers  
Softening states

Sediments fall away  
Revealing striations of quartz crystals  
Tourmalines  
Sapphire blue diamond pearls  
Treasures of awareness  
Energetic vortex signals  
Ultraviolet clear light wave forms  
Bending light forms as cataclysmic tonics for  
Offerings to the heavens and earth  
Purifications for the parts of ourselves  
Neglect of the sweet nectar of love

Magma mother  
Fiery cauldrons abreast with warm heat  
Sourcing aliveness  
The pulsing fertility  
Fertile fertile juicy lovership  
Sweet dripping mangoes  
Striking balance within the poles of  
Magnetic fields  
Falling back into gravity  
Overflowing nourishment for this thirsty soul  
The nectar of the heavens  
Dripping on our tongues  
Tickling feathers in sweet  
Vibrational roots abound.

Abundance of life, overfillth the cup  
With each breath we are given  
In devotional honoring of these  
Blessings ~  
May we remember  
Over and over  
Over and over

In return, our offerings, prayer, gritudes  
Pure love in devotion, to her we pray.  
May we drink from your wellspring  
The nectars of your juices  
With the deepest pleasure  
In gratitude for  
Each breath.



SPRING LONGING

The sway of the waves  
Crashing above  
The seabirds whisper  
Words of sweet nothings  
To the ears that long to hear  
pronoiaic visions  
of our unborn  
children to be.

Seabirds fly  
free these brittle wings  
A long winter waiting,  
the inner teacher soars above  
Circling, eloping magic  
Erratic eruptions  
Caught in the surf  
Nothing to do  
But surrender to the chaos

Birds Requiem  
opening to sweet  
Grandmother dragonfly  
keeper of secrets  
shimmering  
mirrorlike wisdom  
dewdrop divinations  
oracular dreamer clan  
illuminations of the  
mindplex

clinging gravity on the  
soft shores of her curves  
wanting to understand  
to see the map  
to know and perfect  
slow dripping dewdrops,

patient perception  
let the floodgates open  
whosh of current winds  
no mind.

softening spring petals unfurl  
blush tender arrivals  
embodiment in grace  
aroma of sweet roses

awakening  
Returning to essence  
Abode of vast, warm spaciousness  
The vessel  
void, the space between  
The space  
where the songbirds sing  
Their sweet prayers  
only for the Divine her beloved

The long journey  
in alone wanderings  
the pathway into the Void  
entering the forest  
Moonlight in silvery melting snow  
Forlorn hearts

For want of golden love  
Whole and pure, nothing less  
Cleansing our spirits  
desires, needs, wants  
The longing that lasts

Is only that for Union  
harmonious flows of

Sanctuary of the soul.

Fulfillment of longing.



## ABYSS

In the darkness,  
The darkest yin  
the lunar forces

Put only the void of our own projections  
The clearest mirror there is

La luna shines so bright  
Above the glassy waters  
Emanating the reflection of her  
Precious receptivity  
The gathering of her energies  
Tended as the sweetest darling

Flowering open in the gathered chi  
Of the great eastern sun  
Piercing the petals  
With awareness and love

It is when we feel the most  
Alone,  
That we can receive the truest wisdom  
The encountering of our true natures  
Honesty with the deepest fears,  
Those held back in fear of  
Rejection —

Her crevices reveal only the silvery  
Moonlit  
Slivers of her porcelain skin  
Awakened by the sound  
of the crystal caves

Deep crystalline caverns  
Opening the doorway  
to the Heavenly realms  
for those with eyes  
to listen  
we call upon you.

Let go.  
She will catch you in her crystal womb,  
To rebirth you as the  
crystallis of the Abyss.



## NON DUAL

Carnal love reincarnated  
Only the felt  
Immediacy  
Into non dual knowing  
Animated animal realm landscape  
Of the anima, the soul  
The deep nourishment  
Warrior and daikinis gathered  
Round the fire  
Broth and beauty  
Dirt and crystal  
Heaven and hell  
All the same,  
Open to liberation

Liberation of the soul  
Unleashed  
The untamed  
Untethered  
Unshameful  
Unapologetic  
Unconditioned  
Uncivilized  
Rawsness  
The real  
The real  
The real

Real love  
Unadulterated original innocence  
Child of the earth  
Play and peaceful  
Unknowing  
Elsewhere  
Direct transmission

Trembling cells, rebooting itself  
re wiring the roots  
Nothing to do but allow  
The parts that need to die  
To return to the source  
To remembering  
Annihilating the broken fragments  
Left behind  
Shards of civilization  
To the unmanifest potential of its children

Forelorn to its birthright  
It's right to forgive  
To love  
To desire love  
All the way in, nothing to loose  
Only to receive  
Nothing to hold onto, protect

Purified from the inside out  
From the root to navel  
Shred the karmas, light the fires  
Readiness to ascend  
Burn, baby, for morning is coming  
The new dawn  
Shambala awaits  
A sliver of time  
Urgency abound  
Knowing the mission,  
keeping the pulse

Moved beyond measure  
The ways of being  
Foreign familiar, relative, adjacent  
Home coming  
He stood in stillness ~  
The stoic quiet  
Grace embedded  
Piercing Carnal alchemy  
Fluid earthy humble Power  
Ancient tribal  
Camp of human and animal flesh  
Holding devotional  
Penetration of consciousness  
Primal knowing  
She as green Tara  
Gaian mother nurturance  
Steadfast heart  
Beating strong  
Unconditional  
All compassionate  
Joyful yes  
Sensitive flows  
Oceanic wisdom  
Softness in the crevices  
Waking down  
Descending Her  
Womb of knowing.



Intimate Insights  
*from the desert and back*

Reflections & Learnings

## THE FEMININE TEMPLE

*The journey of refinement in my relationship food, the body, the home body and Mother Earth.*

This journey has been so divinely guided, and the more that I can step back and hold the light of wisdom awareness through all of it, the deeper compassion and true strength emerges as a result. It is a deep subject for me, but one that I know is here for a big reason and as a masterful teacher. My Saturn Return has focused so deeply on this aspect — starting with more gross level challenges (from the parasite to black mold, and near-death accidents in 2018) to that which was much more in the subtle realm in 2019.

I have my dear sister Xue Mei to truly give gratitude to — sent as an angel of grace and as a boon after the darkest death cycle and trusting me to reconnect as sisters again in April 2019. It was the first time in a few years that I could feel my spirit begin to lift and re-ignite, as a deep remembrance of my true nature — the will to live slowly returning. Xue saw me so deeply, and was the first to identify the causal layer of the imbalance — a forgetting of deep self-love and compassion, attachments to rigid structures and stories that were outside of my own inner guide. Ultimately, it was a lesson of loosening the grip of the shadow masculine relationship to the body — and embracing a much more intuitive way of truly nourishing myself, while also forgiving and holding compassion for the past parts of myself that had forgotten.

All teaching me lessons of deep compassion, acceptance and soft tenderness. How to love myself through the pain, through all the aspects of myself that are ugly and hard to look at. And ultimately, how to accept and love my body for exactly how it is — without needing to fix, force or change — and trusting its own capacity to heal, to know exactly what it needs, and to be a receptive and soft vessel for the divine nourishment.

This continues to be a journey — one of letting go and deeply listening. To choosing joy and the path of pleasure and bliss, over the path of restriction, control and criticism. Deeply trusting the innate intelligence, the primal level information that is always being exchanged, and learning to discover and tune this very instrument — not based on other people.

The biggest shift that happened over the course of the year — was shifting these shadow aspects of my own mind (that of control, punishing, forcing, over-simplifying, restricting, hasty, obsessive and highly critical / skeptical and demoralizing) energies to dominate my relationship to the body and to food >> into a much healthier relationship to the body and food (deeply listening, nourishing, caring, compassionate, pleasurable, joyful, building and empowering, instinctual, rhythmic, natural, wholesome, simple, intuitive, sensual and creative). Re-patterning these has been a journey and continues to be a deeply humbling experience.

I am starting to see food again as a child — another opportunity to learn and perceive its superpowers, to create and play in so many different ways, and also to be deeply enjoyed and explored as a realm of this human experience. I am working on transmitting the fear / disgust / judgement of food as well as the over-analyzing, worry and fear —> into seeing it as a direct teacher and transmission of the Divine in every moment — each frequency, a flavor of the divine, and another gift and opportunity to love and be loved.



## THE WILL TO LIVE

### *Coming back to the light*

Thank you to New York for also helping me fall back in love with humanity again — I have memories of sitting on the High Line and brought to sun-beamed tears as I was people watching (after being in isolation in Hawaii island and then the desert for 6 months), people appear like alien creatures. The entire construct of a city and the light and shadow of human civilization — all on display as a thing of wonder. The museums, restaurants, parks — people from all over the world — and then the intense poverty, living conditions, traffic, subway — all of it, seed through the divine lens — as one of complete and holy beauty.

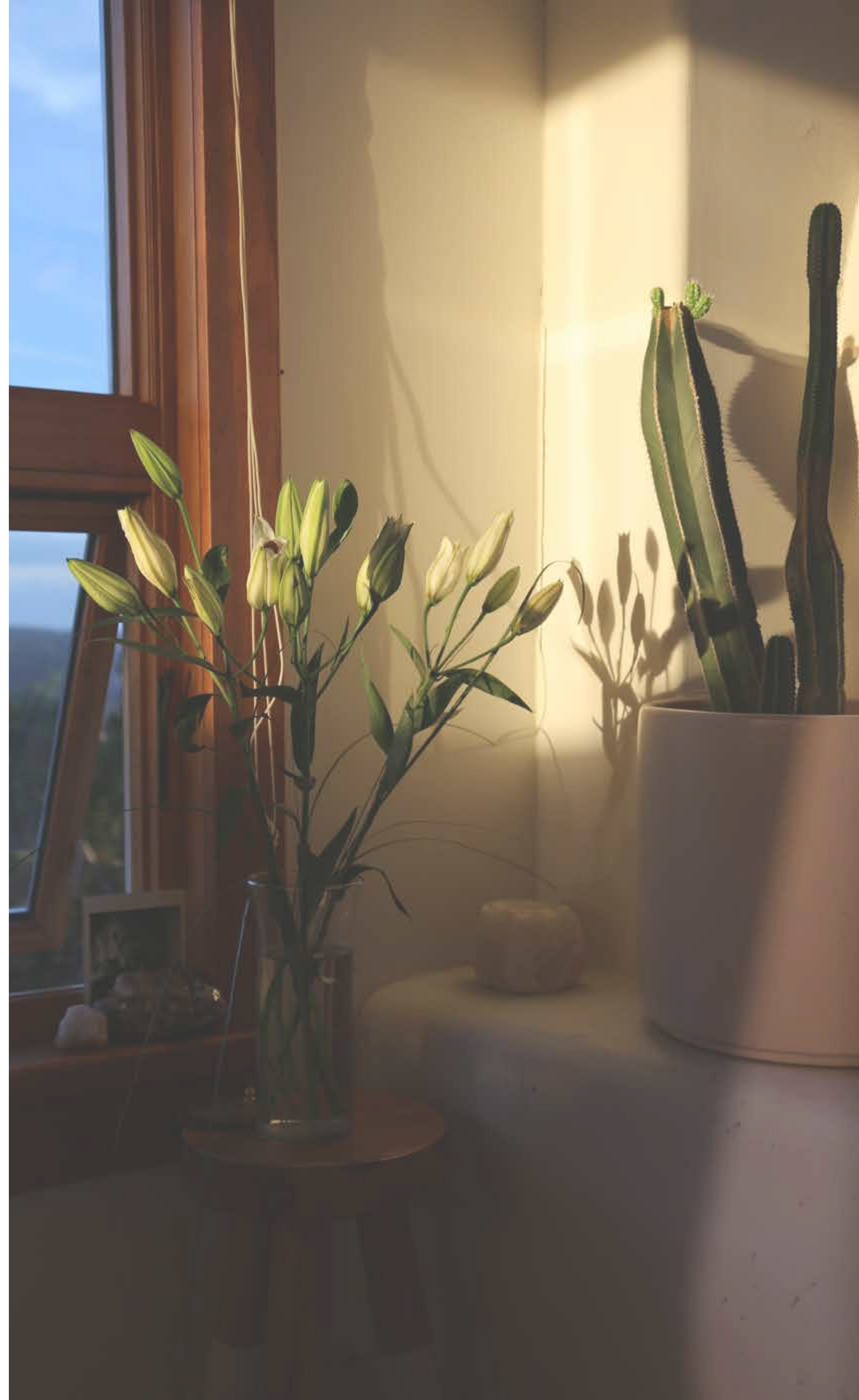
That April began the very very slow process of rebirth. And it feels as though it the rebirth process is just now fully flowering and coming to its emergence process. As I've red more into the rebirth process in rites of initiation, any major transformation begins at the highest light mind order, and then slowly starts to descend into matter. This is why these transformations can truly take years.

At the spirit level — Shauna and my time in New York was the first initiations into the rebirth process. A return to the Light after the Dark. It was a return to my essence, a falling in love with life again. of believing in hope and faith again — the grace. A commitment to self-love and my body as the vessel, a disciplined practice that is for my highest good, and a reconnection to the community that has held and supported me all along.

And as I moved into August and the Fall — it started to deeply descend into the soul hara and the physical level of matter. That is why I was asked to come back home and do the deep work with Sadie. It was catalyzed first thought the piercing of my heart in August when I started to receive the kundalini activation and direct transmission of my soul intelligence from the deep inner work in the desert and into the teachings with John. Although it felt super rocky, I truly believe that this was what was needed to rock the boat.

And as we moved into 2020, the first season of Jan through March has been about the deep integration and rest that has come to help integrate and slow everything down — to simplify and distill the learnings into a sweet nectar that can be digested through the body and released at long last. Once there is pure awareness, it starts the cascade process of the re-programming through all the cells >> old cells shed >> new cells form >> rebuilding the whole system >> releasing old forms >> complete renewal of the new form.

This is the beautiful process that I get to be a part of — I am in humble devotion to the unfolding of Grace in this process.



## THE DESERT AND THE PATH OF SOVEREIGNTY

### the Georgia O'Keefe effect

The word Sovereignty is thrown around a lot these days, but personally, I didn't actually know what it felt like until I was forced to really learn and embody it this year.

I bow to these three grandmother wise women for being embodied guides for my Santa Fe journey: Georgia O'Keefe, Ivy Ross and Lorraine Weiss.

Ivy and Lorraine were huge inspirations for me to move to the desert, as was my long-lived love and adoration for the sensitivity of Georgia O'Keefe. Having finally gotten the chance to visit her home studio in Abique this trip, and soak in the hot springs at Ojos Calientes, driving through those mountains was such a sense of coming home to myself. Ivy's home was a living embodiment of the home that I have dreamed of creating, and to find myself there was like stepping into a dream. They taught me to find the thread of my innate nature — which isn't so sweet and nice all the time. Allowing myself to be unapologetically myself — and to not need to please or pretend. To claim my Queenship, without needing to prove or display or try to impress. There is no body to impress but God.

I began my move to Santa Fe in quite a fluster — the first great teaching. To come at it with impatience or expecting to find the perfect place through sheer force never works. I spent 3-4 weeks straight applying my solar force and sheer drive and will to buy a home — yet nothing clicked. It was by grace that I was hosted by Zander during that time which was profoundly healing, and then the space at AY\_AM opened up —> the Mystery always unfolds differently than how you'd like it to — and always better than you could possibly imagine. The home at 38 Vista Hermosa came online through Ben and I knew it was right immediately — right up the road from the tea temple with the most majestic, expansive views I could ever have imagined.

The symbology of the first few months in the home is quite profound — apart from the physical layer — I got to face all the layers of ego that wanted to prove to myself and others that I could do it. That I could move and cut off the world, and live a dream life in the desert — just like Georgia O'Keefe. This was still coming out of a deep existential drive to exist and to prove to myself. This all ties into worth and the deep rooted beliefs that I needed to work super hard and struggle in order to be worthy, to deserve my life and ultimately to be loved. So I couldn't fully love myself yet. And many layers of the acceptance of myself took time to unwind.

I see ways that this ethos had driven many people out to the desert to pursue that dream — but again, like anything — every light casts a shadow. The truth was that most people in the desert were very lonely and suffering from deep depression and isolation, an otherness, or the illusion of suffering as the only path to liberation. For many artists, this can be a tortured life, one that drives us to create, but also that drives us away from love. I saw ways that healers and artists moved there to do deep work — but not fully integrated or connected to the full spectrum of life that only connection can bring forth.

Through my observation of a few communities that I was a part of, I learned that that community takes time and lots of trust to build — it doesn't just happen overnight. And it takes a level of commitment and being willing to be in community, in the friction and slowness of what that means to actually thrive. Again — the importance of shifting environments, perspective — why we need diversity and the accountability of community to hold up mirrors and also offer love and tenderness, when we can't give that to ourselves.

I learned these lessons the hard way — the extreme levels of sovereignty without community can be extremely challenging. And so, New York and San Francisco were blessings, and then the move to Walnut Creek to find that integration of the two was the biggest blessing. We are learning how to find that balance day by day.

The sacred lands of the Santa Fe desert provided the refuge — the first time my soul could start to experience stillness, a slowing down — with the help of the snow and the depth of Winter. Sometimes, I would be snowed into my home for days, left to the whims of surrender to the weather gods and happily so. There would be blizzards outside and all I had the energy to do was make a fire and some warm food. Potentially write or drink tea — but not much more. I found it difficult to communicate with other people — my reality was now so different, and the pace of life slowed a thousand times that of the Bay Area, I found it difficult to relate, to have small talk or even begin to share my experience.

So, I gleaned my attention to the open sky — to emptying, to walks in the desert picking up stones and investigating the nearby juniper berries. Smelling the air, talking to the birds, sunbathing, allowing my eyes to see as far out as they possible would go. Stargazing under the big sky late at night, walking barefoot in the soft red clay under the moonlight, talking to spirits.

Day after day, night after night. I learned to become very friendly with myself. To get to know the crevices and dark corners of my being that I had never contacted before. To sit in meditation hours throughout the day and never speak to a soul for days on end. Even language became foreign and mediated my reality. Every sound from across the desert canyon could be witnessed — the cry of the troupe of black crows would make their way in my ears. Heightened sensitivity — every sense awake, sensing in multiple dimensions.

No wonder artists and writers move out to Santa Fe. Or people in dire crisis or suffering deep levels of chronic illness and trauma. It is one of the few places in America that is grounded enough to hear your own inner voice. A soul homecoming. Where you can have conversations with God. The desert can strip away all illusions of the mind — it creates a vacuum for the senses as well as the distraction of human civilization —> you have no where to hide but within the refuge of your own mind. All the projections that you put on things gets mirrored right back to you. The powers of manifestation are increased 10x and karmic connections collide in space and time. Things don't follow the normal spectrum of spacetime continuum.



## UPGRADING THE OPERATING SYSTEM

*Crystal consciousness and vibrational tools of communication >> Nature's technology in harmony with human creation*

It was the CRYSTAL technology and the depth of that frequency that took hold of me in Boulder, Santa Fe and Mexico —> and then going back to San Francisco and then to NYC afterwards was a way to start to see how all these technology tools were ultimately created.

I cannot express enough gratitude to John Churchill, who embodies this mirror-like wisdom and opened me to the deepest-felt understanding of the nature of mind as the absolute understanding of pure awareness. Tying together why I always received the vision of the Diamond floating in space in meditation — as the symbol of the mirror like quality of awareness in vast, infinite space that provides the lens by which we view reality. There is the Diamond Way path that was another clue, and then the coming of the Crystal project was another clue to be woven into the web. So from this, Ocean Diamond was birthed.

Connecting with the crystals was both a form of re-connecting back to the Grandmother — the depths of the earth that require the test of thousands of years of time to form, the alchemy of pressure of rock and mineral, and powered by the moon to collide the tectonic plates and the force of the ocean currents — contained by gravity and pushed into being by the molten magma below. It is one of the closest things to the crystallized energy there is — the structure themselves are that of the years and years of rebalancing and realignments of energy. Of course it makes sense that they are used to create the vibrational tuning tools for human beings.

In addition to Santa Fe, I was drawn to Boulder and Mexico, both keepers of two energetic grid points on earth:

Boulder and what was calling me there was also this View of reality — to see things as they are, and not in the realm of illusion or projection. It holds that crystal consciousness and connects me to the masculine forces of open space and white snow peaked mountains that wash clean any illusions.

The mountains of Tepoztlan were also on this grid, which is what drew me originally to Mexico City. The waters of Tulum were similar to that of the Atlantean waters of the Mediterranean. It all makes sense— the places that I was drawn to.



## GRIEF AND THE COMPLETION OF MAJOR KARMIC RELATIONS

### *Feeling the threading of the karmic web*

The grief of a deep love partnership took far longer than I expected — in fact, it lasted through the Fall of last year, about a year after I had truly left. I didn't fully acknowledge how long I was grieving and also still in many ways holding on and attached to my previous partner, Carson — even though it was myself who had broken things up and heart-broken myself. Not being honest with my heart and the residual feelings of loss and desire were what kept me from fully separating. When Carson came out to visit me in end of Jan for a closing ceremony, it was clear that the love between us was still very much present, and that our love was a deep and ancient one — one that felt like lifetimes past — not necessarily in this lifetime.

The start of the year began with Mari visiting San Francisco, and that set a tone for our relationship throughout the entire year that took us both on a journey — from reconnecting in Santa Fe and then planting seeds for a collaboration in Mexico City, called VESSEL. In many ways, the separation with Carson was an invitation to close the karmic loops with his ex-partner Mari, who was the original point of contact between us (we had a relationship prior to us meeting, and I technically met Carson through her). In retrospect it is completely clear that the karmic tie was with both Mari and Carson — as was present since the beginning of our journey together.

Through the VESSEL project, I was asked to return back to Mari's home, as she was re-entering the world after a very intense death process herself and deep work on the health front. Our journeys parallel each other in beautiful ways, and I have such deep respect and honoring of both us as we navigated the shifts. VESSEL was very much born out of both of us and our connection — the brand was birthed in our third space, and it always will be so.

And so, our health challenges can be seen as limitations that become experiences that humble us, that break down the ego and ask us to submit to the higher forces. The more that we surrender, the richer the lessons, the wisdom and grace descends down upon us.



## THE RETURN TO CIVILIZATION

*A deeper understanding and integration of my responsibility to Civic responsibility & Philanthropy*

The animal totem that was given to me for this year was the Spider, which was deeply about weaving the dharma and recognizing my responsibility in the world as this soul. As this is a deep part of the Saturn Return period — this became the theme of the year and my time in Santa Fe. I was asked to constantly come back to my role and the reason I was born. The key to this card is to be process-oriented, to keep remembering that we are exactly where we need to be, at that the work is to weave the magical tapestry — and abundance and prosperity will follow. What emerged during the times when I would really allow myself the spaciousness to create, write, play in my Santa Fe temple — was some of the most profound insights and creativity I've ever experienced. I thank the Santa Fe temple for that time.

## EMBODYING A NEW SACRED LANGUAGE

*Shift from SPEAKING the language of collective intelligence to EMBODYING the new world*

I was exposed to many different group and as part of this — was in deep discernment around the people that I truly ally to and believe in. This has been part of the great sifting that happens in the Saturn Return period, all serving as divine mirrors of my own mind and frequency level. I noticed a shift for me from connecting with those who think & speak the language to those that embody the new language, this of course being a barometer for the frequency that I am holding within myself.

And with all that, there has been a deep training in the discernment of Teachers / Wisdom Traditions, and the recognition of my role as translator / weaver within them. I held a strong intention to call in aligned teachers last year who were part of real lineages that could guide me in the process. Part of the process for me was learning how to be very specific with the exact type of teachers I was calling in — and this is such a art of inner reflection. The universe will manifest what you desire, but we must learn to be specific with is. Incredible to witness the manifestation power.

## LETTING GO AND RETURNING TO SIMPLICITY

*Rebuilding from the Roots upwards*

I reduced all my clothes to a single suitcase, plus a few kimonos and a box of winter clothes. I gave away the bulk of my belongings are now primarily a few heirloom objects, my ritual objects and bags of supplements, superfoods, oils and self-care supplies. Down to the absolute essential. Getting clear on what actually matters, what is essential.

In my move into a private sancturay with dear soul family in Walnut Creek, where I reside now -- every single item was intentionally selected and placed, creating my first real "home". Infinitely grateful to Barbara, Abraham and Hanna for inviting me into their home temple.





## GRATITUDES

*I want to express my deep gratitude to these special beings, for whom changed the course of my life and made me better. These words are imprints of our shared field shining these lips.*

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Sister Kaileen Kelly, Kosuke Hata, Tywen Kelly

Kelly and Fuh families

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James Zigras & co

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Roxanna Shohadace, the Long Now community and Ritual Collective community

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& All the benevolent guides and spirits that we walk alongside.

In Gratitude,  
*to God of a thousand names*



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