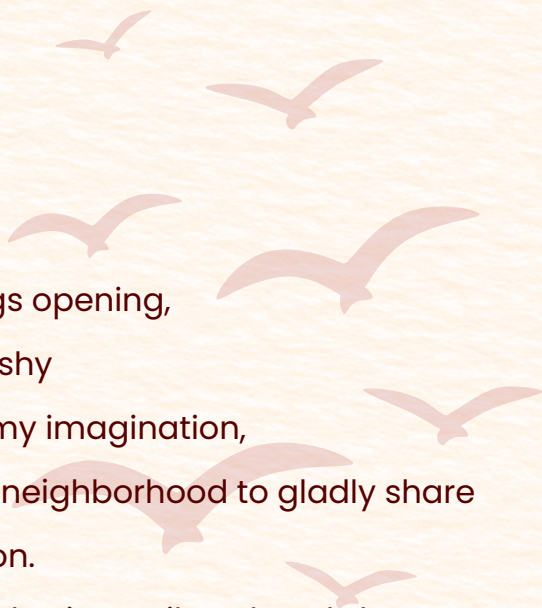


HERE TODAY I VOW



Sensing my wings opening,
Far from shy
On the big waves of my imagination,
I called upon you, other souls in my neighborhood to gladly share
this vision.

"I would like to pick up the pen and write until my hands hurt."

Some voices returned a NO

"I would like to invite seekers in my space and listen to their soul
searching stories."

Some voices returned a NO

"I would like to share my enthusiasm on-what I loved from my
favourite glimmers, pilgrimages, silence, beauty, rituals of joy."

Some voices returned a NO

What do I do now?

"I would like to invite you all to my silence and sit here together"

An invitation from outside to inside

And reverse, from inside to outside.

Was it a different answer there, dear voices?

The tall mirror on the internal radar reflects back

The tall mirror doubles down

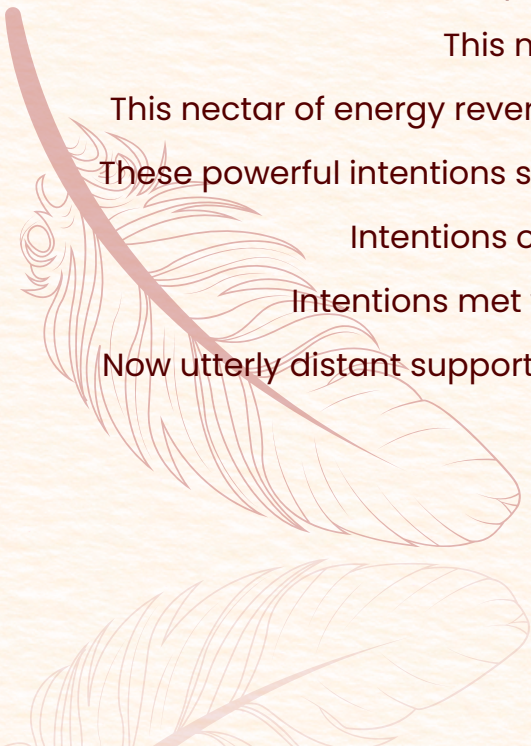
Doubles down on what I thought it is on the outskirts only

The internal mirror doubles down and reflects a perfect match
from inside to outside.

Some voices were twins.
Some voices were same yet different.
Some NOs were a powerful habit.
Here we are now going deeper and deeper through these mysterious
layers.
Naming all of them here, a naked soul in front of these multiplying
mirrors.
Large eyes noticing an internal world for the first time, large wonderer
eyes confronting an essential question.
"Is there more to it?
Is there a habit we could break together. "

I would like to share my kind voice into a space of contemplation
where judgement does not live
I would like to take up poetry and prose and let all the bottled up turn
into uncorked and let it all out to breathe and rest
One day ,even today, the bottled up distills and evaporates in this
nectar particles that would heal
This nectar of kind words.

This nectar of energy reverberating and touching someone's heart.
These powerful intentions shared on the verge of sensing my calling.
Intentions once met with many a NO.
Intentions met with a deep brick wall of FEAR
Now utterly distant supporting the mirror standing tall in front of me.



"Were there mine to take upon?"

Yet, in the near proximity of other FEARS, I let them

I let them because

I let them because I imagined I understood them.

I understand. I understand. I understand. I kept on saying.

I let them because FEAR was a presence I only started then to tame.

I let them reverberate their energy back into my innocence through the
door of trust.

I let them breathe in my innocence and listened to all the voices
outside my head.

I let them voices making sense of my own innocence and find a stable
place inside my head.

I let them voices finding tiny labels to define my innocence.

I let myself collect these tiny labels piling up on this old travel suitcase.

I have kept travelling, meeting old and new voices and and I have kept
collecting these tiny labels



And when I looked closer today, I could see my imagined NOs just as
minuscule “no”s.

The power of the capital NO of yesterday's scaled down.
to this tiny illegible label I knew of it.

And I can say now myself NO when I dare to repeat, mechanically and
so familiar “I understand. i understand. I understand.

I dare to say NO to my very first act of letting them tower over my
dreams.

My space of innocence decided at some undefined moment in time
no to carry that old suitcase anymore.

Bowing with respect to all experiences, memories that took me here
today.

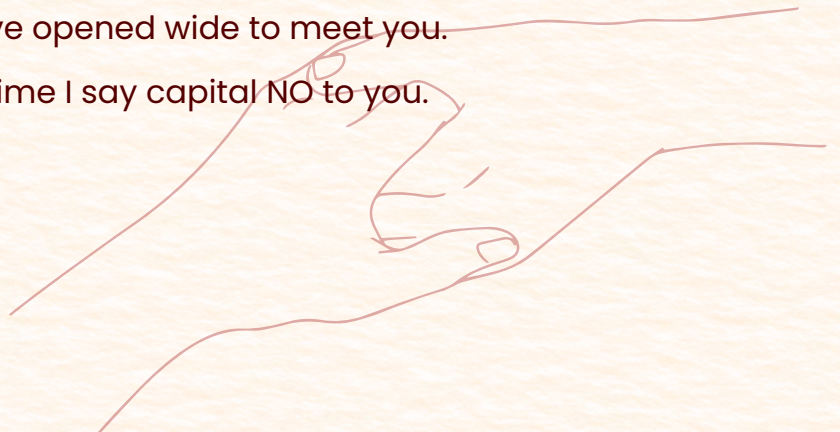
Accessing this live archive just to see how far I rode the waves of my
imagination.

Towards a big YES

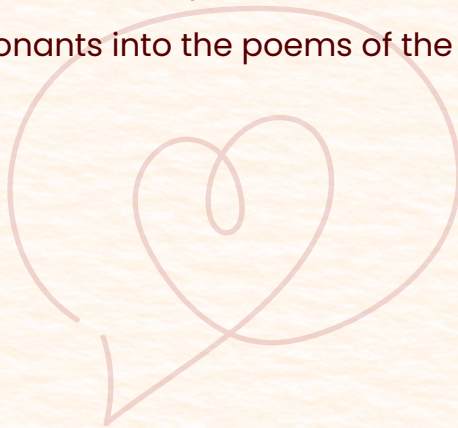


Leaving behind the gateways of small "no"s
That was yesterday
That was yesterday-year
That might me one day along the bumpy roads we travel when I might
not recollect this poem today
A kind voice I just met sent me off towards the search of the year
A kind voice asked "what are your vows for the voice you see
becoming?"
I took then the pen and I wrote till my hands hurt.
I took then the courage to share this with this kinder voice and also
with more kind eyes, and years and voices around

Here today I vow to choose myself
Here today I vow to choose my voice and trust its kindness fully
Here today i vow to let myself embrace my own enthusiasm and turn it
into forms of creations I would not even anticipate now
Here today I vow to let myself embrace my streams of imagination.
Here today I call upon you with the same kind voice- I hear you, I hear
your fears.
Voices - I hear you. I hear your fears knocking at the windows and
doors I have opened wide to meet you.
And this time I say capital NO to you.



As here today I vow that my kind voice
It is ready to reach out to all seekers of compassion
To all seekers of self-understanding and seekers of self healing
Seekers of truth and authenticity
Seekers of self-acceptance
Seekers of soothing tenderness.
My kind voice becomes your kind voice should you need this extension
in hope
My kind voice turns on the power to create and share
My kind voice says no to an outside voice seeks to silence buds in their
cocoon of growth
My kind voice might be rattled for a day and I will care to it with
tenderness
My kind voice that leaned in to the FEARS yesterday, tamed it all with
buds of HOPE
My kind voice is here to stay is here to articulate vowels and
consonants into the poems of the future





The poems of unique weaving
Weaving from the inside beauty and innocence
Weaving from the trust in my own goodness
Weaving from the mysticism of all my experiences into this gentle
silken glove touching your tired temples
Respect to all “yester-decades” of letting “no”s inside the windows
are meeting today clarity
Respect to all “yesteryears” when I did not know better than “unchoose
myself”
Clarity to let the capital “YES”es in my highest soul building their own
expressive forms

Here today I vow YES to the heart, the light, the compassion wide alive
inside me

Here today I vow YES to these spheres of protection around me
Here today I vow Yes to those who meet halfway and learn the same
language of resonance.

No translation needed.

A simple nod of understanding instead.

Outside the windows. Outside the doors.

Here today I vow to let myself grow these seeds of wonder
Wonder of sadness, wonder of joy, wonder of kindness embalming still
the

Sorrows when they might rise.

Nothing more and nothing less

Nothing more and nothing else

Here today I vow YES to Worthy.

I vow YES to kind voices alike.

