

Dear Friends:

What follows is a sneak preview of *“Unspoken Word: Love Longing & Letting Go”* – my new book of poetry which will be published a few weeks from now and be available for purchase on Amazon or in my living room.

As soon as my book website launches (soon!) I will send you the link so you can join in the fun and sign up for an alert when the book is available.

Onwards!

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PS: Feel free to forward this PDF to anyone you think might enjoy it.

This Thirst

There is an aching deep within my heart
that cannot be explained.
It wakes me in the middle of the night
and write these lines –
a kind of fishing in a great sea I cannot find by day.

This escapade is not the search for something new.
It is not the need to find –
more it is the being *moved*,
my being pulled by an unseen moon,
how small birds, when days get cold, make their way
across dark skies to the place where they were born,
how a feather falls to earth
and a child, finding it, looks up,
why dogs pace back and forth before a door
as their master turns for home.

Ah, this restlessness, this thirst, this ache,
this silent undertow inside
that takes me back to the hidden spring
where lions come to drink,
and snakes,
why birds sing when they are all alone
and the long ride home on an empty train
often feels like an arrival.

When You Walk into a Room

When you walk into the room,
all the poets feel a sudden urge to praise,
dancers want to move,
singers ache to raise their voices high
for all those times
they foolishly chose silence instead.
This impulse to express,
this surging forward into form,
is absolutely involuntary, tidal, primal, pure.
The poet's fingers twitch,
the dancer moves inside her shoes,
the singer breathes,
already receiving roses
from the grateful choreographer of her heart.

Here's the Problem with Reading Rumi

Here's the problem with reading Rumi:
there's a good chance you will never come back,
which might, of course, be fine for you, oh seeker of light,
but what about the person
you are most committed to here on planet Earth?
Won't they feel abandoned,
you having disappeared without a trace,
your body now a shadow,
your heart having exploded into a thousand pieces,
each one a seed about to populate another world?
What about *that* person,
the one you share your hopes and dreams with,
the one who holds you late at night?
If this is what concerns you, my friend,
tell your partner this:
Oh my dearest darling, if only I knew who I was,
I would sing to you all day and night,
which is why, you see, I read Rumi, the pied piper of my soul.
He helps me open up to what life is really all about.
You and I, my dear, are more than just a couple,
we are couplets in a greater poem,
each one a moving line with its own rhythm
and internal rhyme, expressions of the ancient quest for love
now made greater by each other,
why I come home to you at night,
why you come home to me,
why I must forgive myself daily for forgetting
just how divine you are, sweet bee to the honey of my life –
the endless sky I soar deeper into stretching my wings
beyond what I know,
and it's all Rumi's fault.
Blame him!
I had nothing to do with it. Nothing!

The Real Marriage

Today, my own best man, alone in my room,
I am going to marry myself,
love who I am until death do me part,
embracing what exists at the core of my being,
knowing, as I do, that my soul mate lives inside me,
closer than my own breath,
muse of my muse and has always been with me,
even when I was not, whole until itself,
radiant, free, snuggling in its wrinkled pajamas,
with infinity.

This marriage of myself,
this loving the love that loves
is not a rejection of the world,
nor is it a denial of the passionate glory of loving another.
It is, quite simply,
the recognition that who and what I am
were made for each other a long time ago,
best friends, lovers,
the pauses in this poem,
not so much holding hands,
but being held in the massive arms
of the nameless One who animates us all.

Reading Between the Lines

I just read this entire book of poetry
and was amazed to discover
that what I wanted to say
never actually made it to the page.
Odd.

I thought I had written it down,
I even have memories of it
late at night, alone in my room,
with only the moon
and a few wolves howling inside me,
but I couldn't find it anywhere.

Gone. Completely gone.

Oh sure, there were lines,
but they were more like those you find in a bank,
lines that barely moved, filled with fidgeting people.
I think somebody must have stolen them
when I was out to lunch.

The good lines were definitely gone,
though I did manage to find a few
interesting *spaces* in between the lines,
really good spaces, open spaces,
spaces that seemed as if
they were just about to be filled
with what I really wanted to say,
you know, the good stuff –
like the moment when your child,
thrilled you have finally returned home,
runs headlong into your arms.