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I hope you enjoy these writings. Feedback is welcome.
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Foreword

These books contain a form of free verse poetry, opinions based on observation, and some humour and imagination, engaging the heart as well as the mind. A critical look at many current issues intriguing and plaguing man. Spirituality, interaction with nature and environment, social changes, dwindling resources. Well worn issues now, indeed. But the poetry and other works in these books gives this subject a different perspective. I daresay that here we can find a "higher" vantage point from which to look at ourselves within the cosmos.

Who knows but some of the ideas in the books may get you inspired to do that thing you always wanted to do, even if this comes in a very small way, to make your corner of this world a better place to be in. Who knows but you may realize your little corner is a really nice place to be in after all.

It's all about life, if at times expressing life "outside the box" as the saying goes.
Ain't Love Grand

Love -
can you feel the feeling it gives?
Wonderful thing, love, isn't it -
so warm, so safe, so comforting...
So... well, loving, isn't it!

What great things people do
in the name of love!
A man marries a woman
in the name of love
and she goes with it
for the same reason:
when she is found beaten to death
this is what he's got to say:
“I loved the bitch so much
I had to kill her -
she threatened to leave me.”

People love their nation
and in the blink of an eye,
they're off to war, bombing, shooting, killing
all in the name of patriot love
(The raping, pillaging and looting -
the fringe benefits of patriot love).

People love their God of Love
and wouldn't you know it?
The only way they can find peace
and express their deepest love for enemies
is by slaughtering their opponents -
even if these love the same God...

What was it they said about love -
“Ain't love grand!”

Ah well, it makes great headlines
(especially if the rich and famous are involved)
It sells wedding dresses, magazines, flowers
and weapons of mass destruction.
(Do you wonder where have all the flowers gone?)
Love, oh Love,
Shall we give you another round of applause?
Essence Of Love

(Empathy)

What is it we call “evil”? 
That which some call “wrong” 
but which is enjoyed by others? 
That which some abhor 
but others find necessary?

God is Love, some say, 
yet a law of God demands death: 
death by stoning no less 
for a woman who gave birth 
out of wedlock 
and abandoned to her fate 
by the man she loved!

To some, this is barbaric; 
to some, this is a necessity; 
to some, this is vindication. 
How should we see this? 
Horrible? Normal? Honourable? 
It depends on one’s point of view.

How can we know what’s right; 
what’s wrong? 
Simple: through a sense of empathy; 
we feel what we inflict on others: 
within months; perhaps within days, 
gratuitous violence would disappear. 
Something to ponder.
Goddess Of Paradise

I had seen her dance
within the light of the rising sun,
along a golden faraway shore.
She had stood, radiant and blissful
at the edge of my greatest visions
which I now shared with myself only
while walking the city streets.

In the shadowy pre-dawn world
I was sadly returning home,
tired and hungry and burdened
from exposure to night vision pain.
Through twisting, twisted streets I wandered,
sharing a fear-filled sense of security
among strangers in unequal bondage...

On impulse, I handed my money to a beggar:
was it compassion,
or an effort to ease my heaviness?
A bit of both it seems, but in that moment
the sun pierced the space
between two great towers
and touched my back as a gentle burning:
I turned in wonder
and I saw her there: she of the golden shores,
as beautiful, as radiant as ever I’d seen
in my visions of paradise.

She had been waiting, watching, hoping
some day I’d give her cause to reach for me:
a touch of unconditional love towards another.
She smiled as she touched my hand.

I knew she would go when the sun set,
but she reminded me of tomorrow,
of endless dazzling days in her havens of love,
where my visions of her, my love for all
would bring forth eternal bliss for those
who entered there with us, unafraid and free.
"Falling in love" as they say
is to me as two dissimilar flowers
cut down in their prime
to be displayed in a jar of water,
without roots, without real food,
show-pieces without substance
soon to wilt and to die.

But when the plants are thrown out
perchance one, or both
may painfully take root
on top of the compost pile
or under a forgotten hedge
and there gently and quietly grow
and create a new plant.

There are people like that:
strong of heart;
active of mind;
who survive the shock
of being thrown out of in-love-ness;
who, having fallen out of love
create for themselves a different life
among the shadows of sorrows
and the too common divorces
of those whose roots
were too short to reach the ground.
Measure Of Marriage

Home of the free? Yeah right!
Try shacking up together,
a man, a woman to make life easier,
ease boredom, share costs,
put a dent in loneliness:
what happens next?
the State marries you,
common law, they call it,
did you have a choice in this?
No.
Control, that's what it is.

There's more:
churches are working hard
getting you common law sinners
properly hitched,
and one must admit,
they're having remarkable success,
considering the lawyers getting rich
through divorce proceedings.

Ah, the System,
what a wonderfully twisted world,
what a wonderful scam!
what a wonderful lie!
There's no way on God's green Earth
they'll let you live a life of love
they can' write up in triplicate
and put through a fax machine.
Why?
Cause if they can fax ya,
they can tax ya!
Roots Of Love: Passion

Summer's sudden passing
retains a lingering breeze:
leaves fall to rest gently upon dormant soil;
electric blue skies display new symbols:
v-shapes in white wings pointing south.

I wonder: has this season's flow
of spring and summer love perished?
Or flown south also in migration?
Will it return with the sun of spring
when the land re-awakens another season?

Or is it that in every spring breeze
there is a birth of new love in passion
driven to grow and mature
then blend once more within earth’s soil
before the advent of winter's harsh storms?

Deep within I seek the answer:
I look without fear, anger or regret
in each moment of darkness faced,
in each fear overcome,
in every footprint walked on barren ground,
in every sound of mocking laughter -

And what do I see now?
The times I allowed passion
to grow powerfully within my heart,
strengthening my desire to know,
to understand and to love;
sending these down as roots
deep within the collective unconscious.

That is what keeps my love
alive, renewed, vibrant
through each change of season.

For once I sought love for its own sake
but now love is what I am.
Sacred Dance

Arousal from the caress of gentle hands:
soft skin becoming firm;
two beings sharing energy
in a surging flow of love
from one body to another,
a sacred dance of the heart,
a moment of pleasure,
a spark of joy released.

When love-making reaches
the point of orgasmic bliss;
when with tears and knowing
they bond together,
body to soul, soul to body,
lying on soft green moss,
reveling in their earthly energy,
their unbound power:
is this not one of the highest ways
two could ever honour
God,
Creator,
Mother,
Earth
in short, Life?
Shadow Goddess

I saw her shadow
tossed upon white sand,
as waves unfurled
their thunderous applause,
yet all I had ever seen was her shadow.
(I had heard her voice!)
I wondered what it'd be like
to taste her breath, touch her skin,
see the colours in her eyes,
the smile on her face;
to feel my fingers though her hair.
Days went by, spaced by longer nights,
and still she remained but a shadow
until I closed my eyes, went to sleep,
and boldly imagined her by my side!
A warm wind touched my skin gently,
kissed open my eyes
and there she was: the goddess!
We shared the day, or so it seemed;
she showed me her passion:
a life wrought from love discovered
roaming freely through starry galaxies
and in her moment of release
we touched infinity.
Speak To Me Or Do Not

Speak to me of compassion
if you would speak at all
and do not speak of love
for love (as has been said)
covers a multitude of sins,
or should I say, hides them well.

Many terrible acts are committed
in the name of love,
but never out of compassion
for compassion cannot lie.

If you are to speak to me
of compassion,
yet know nothing of sorrow
then waste not my time
with your drivel
for compassion is found
deep within the well of sorrow.

Such knowledge is not
a popular flavor in the dish
of written new age spirituality
where uninspired corn
meets its twin flakes!
True Love

True love likely will never be found
in a roadside bar
or within the complicated maze
of dating games,
or by spending your last dollar
on the date line.

True love stands tall
in a lush green forest
touched gently by the rising sun
on a clear summer day.

True love is light rain falling
on open valleys and rolling hills
touching all of life softly
with each silver drop.

True love arches across the sky,
a multicoloured rainbow
bringing tears to the eyes
and a flutter to the heart.

True love, like great sex,
does not come in a bottle:
avoid false promises
of everlasting love lurking
within the covers of a magazine:

take a walk in the sunshine
take another in the rain,
then try it in the snow
or a wind storm might do it:
love who you are...
the rest just happens!