

Nichola Johnson poems from her book:

Sleeping with the Beloved: 108 Writings of Devotion

A Mother's Arms

It is not possible to measure the strength of a mother's arms...
for they are formed from God's eyelashes;
Dropping silently through eternity as he cries tears
of compassion for the journey he knows she must undertake.
For the depths she must fall to catch her children before touching the
edge.
For the wandering she must survive without knowing the truth.
The Beloved bows to the darkness necessary
to illuminate the Love in a mother's heart.

The Tent and the Altar

I am passing through a green and lush valley with
only my tent and altar to carry.
Nightly I pitch my tent upon the hallowed ground of Spirit.
Raising an altar into the sacred space where humanity greets Divinity.
My prayers open the floodgates and ancient ones permeate
the air around me.
In weighted silence I mark time for the continued measure of Presence
and recline in deep and penetrating gratitude.

Devotion

Devotion might cost you your life.

For there is no release from the grip of just one brush with Bliss.

It permeates the depth of your soul,

holding you hostage for a trickle of the nectar.

The sweetness an aphrodisiac for the pulse of aliveness.

You sell your sanity in return for the fragrance of ecstasy.

Promising devotion to the gods and goddesses

who sentry the golden gates to eternity.

