

DEVOTIONAL POETRY
Chandra Passero, 1995-1999

Beneath the bare sky
The moon is chanting
In delicate whispers,
As love lies drunk
In the garden of the goddess.

I ache to play her music
And to sleep at her feet.

A moment is most true
When it is her heart
That is served.
(1999)

Let me sing your hymns from the deepest avenues of my heart
That my sound might echo into the hidden canyons
Of lovers and seekers everywhere,
That they might recognize that it is you, calling them home.

They may not have a name for you, my beloved,
But no matter.
For once you have their attention and the spell of amnesia is broken,
They will search for you again and again with a hunger they had forgotten.

They will reawaken to your belly as home and they will readily return,
Like river water to an ocean...
Requesting yet another glimpse of you,
Another moment at your breast,
Another swallow of your sacred food.
(1999)

My Beloved-

May I always hear your loving guidance

May I be open to changing.

May I walk, always, with you.

May I bow my head before you.

May I release my clutching heart.

May I use fear as momentum.

May I love as you so love.

May you be served with my every breath, gesture and sound.

May my living be a temple to you.

Do you want to honor her?

Let her in.

She longs to be received.

We long to be free.

This is a relationship of collaboration.

She provides the deep calling and a mother's true heart.

And we provide the surrender and the willingness.

She provides the direction and momentum.

And we provide the surrender and the willingness.

She provides the steady encouragement and unwavering grace.

And we provide the surrender and the willingness.

She provides the rapture and unyielding compassion.

And we provide the surrender and the willingness.

She is the call. We are the yes.

She is the force. We are the spinning.

She is the compass. We are the footsteps.

A relationship of collaboration, this one.

With my living, I dissolve into it.

The Holy Mother called out my name.

And

I

Heard

Her.

The desperate one in me asks,

“Goddess! How do I find you!?”

The question that will bear greater fruit is,

“How is it that I have, again, come to lose you?”

To have and to hold, from this day forward, I am yours.

(1996)

I am weary.

Wretched.

Pathetic.

I come to you, needing and

Unworthy to request more of you.

How do I ask for another cup of water

When you have placed me in the

Abundance of your sparkling river?

I want to bring you a shining example

Of a human being

And what I am aware of is that

I am not this.

I sit before you gagging

On my own tears.

I am apologetic.

Help me find my way back to you.

Like a ripe cherry tomato
In my full plumpness
You reached for me and
Tucked me inside your mouth.
And there, in the warm moisture
Of your command,
I began to take new shape.
My self-reflection changing,
I entered the madness
Of this radical shapeshifting
As you spit out any and all parts
That left me ill-equipped for the next passage.
Having your way with me
Amidst my protests and terror,
You, clearly, were the chewer
And I, the chew-ee.
And so it is.
May it always be so.
I, gratefully, have become you.
All of the chewing, spitting, savoring and swallowing
Has served to bring us together again.
Just as you said it would.
The illusion of separation now dissolved,
I will live forever in your belly.
Never again to be separate.
Never again to long for you.
Never again to be alone.