

Meeting at the Edge

Red Haired Woman

With flaming hair the color of a vibrant sunset,

In my dreams you come clothed in a robe of mystery,

Inviting me to dance at the edge of all that I hold dear.

Silently you draw me into your heart,

I am dying into you,

Falling deeper into that which never can be known.

Red haired woman, you are dressed in the red robes of the Mother

Offering your hand,

Pulling one into death that gives forth birth,

Pulling one's soul deeper into life, embodied.

Beauty permeating the form

Until the form disappears into darkness

Filled with light,

Brilliant darkness of beginnings.

Into the void, beyond the edge, into the unknown.

Through doorway after doorway,

Centuries of creative endeavors vanishing.

Beyond time,

Finding space that is not space,

Uncontained, where Mystery is the space.

Within, without, in-between,

Permeating the matrix of expression.

Softly at times,

Yet the Unknown beyond the void

Often arrives with a penetrating, explosive force

Opening the heart,

Asking one to slip into death,

Fall deep into the arms of the soul.

Waiting to be born.

Falling deep into death,
Into the all,
Beyond the duality of evolving perception.
Becoming one,
I now lie in the tall grass,
Sheltered by trees.
Always returning,
I am dancing naked with the red haired woman
Who now lives in my heart.
Sherry Robertson 11/19/22