

# My Mirror

Once upon a time, where time is not linear and creation floods forth from the light  
Leftover fragments of genius, wisdom, knowledge, and wonder sparked in the air, became whole  
So monumental the power, it could burn up and fade away or propel into greatness  
But it was given to the strongest of souls, who knew how to survive and channel it

Words, ideas, images, voices, characters, scenarios, random thoughts, organized thoughts  
Forming and reforming, moving through kaleidoscope patterns, formations, designs, and puzzles  
Finding their way from your brilliant mind into stories and poems and avenues of release  
Words were your armor, covering the stifling and sterile walls that enclosed you

When we were war buddies, citizens of Rome, or two gods on Mount Olympus itself  
We held up the mirrors: behold your bravery, behold your beauty, and see your divinity shining out  
Witness the belief in yourself and feel the key in your hand, run further than you have ever dared  
Share this unconditional love, grace, and acceptance...and know that you are never alone

Words

We can never get enough of them, nor always make sense of them  
They will make us smile, laugh, cry and rage  
We have the power to harness them and watch their energy light up cities and countries

When we sat across the table from each other, everything made sense  
The past, the present, the certainty of a glorious future...even while emerging from shadows  
Old enough to know better, young enough to learn more, sharing our mistakes and victories  
The discovery of knowing one's own heart, one's mind...a gift that can never be taken away

Words

As the scent of flowers filled the street and the golden moon brushed the tree tops  
There were so many words in my heart, singing loudly, yearning to be heard by you...  
But I held them back  
until I am certain that years mean nothing,  
time is not linear,  
and creation will flood forth from the light

Alexandra Lander, 2008