

Yield

First you fill
the room. There is no
ceiling your fullness no leaving.
Peace hovers surrounding
the body

Listen

Soft ripe weight
your arm.
The washing of your wrist.

Here all
who held you

rest.

Bullets: Meanings:

Repetitive host
morning

evening. You show
me your
self,
infant,
ringlets of laughter unfolding
my arms

trusting —
pacific —

Foam spray slap
turquoise-green salt, cold
surge, hot-white
sky

You're so sure.

And certain us
with the body while
for you body no longer

matters.

2 desires:
 your
elongate flight
and sudden radiant —

Desire:
sleep.

As though one is the only

route, gate. As though having
received the gift in —

the full slow
wheeling —

As though I can pull
you back

to me
when you are

simply are.

Mystery, that such fullness

can hurt so, pulled
tight across the sternum.

Night irrigates.

Click, kiss, cricket water
first bird-song cobalt
dawn. Hands

pulling light up
from the toes, dark
root of light, golden
solar plexus —

when the body wants
to sleep. You sleep

utterly. I never
expected to be this
bereft.

Will it ever leave?
The stone of the chest
which is darkness.

Empty
hands, forbidden
sight.

Two loves
like manna
tie me to
the desert

your cleaving
in the maple's last
red
cry —

your rest, hidden
past oceans,
silent.

Dawn, your 16th
birthday, you re-
turn. Variant
law of light
simple, absolute.

Hot milk burns
my mouth. When I give one
simple
kindness,
your pouring golden torrent.

I know *yes*
by your laughter

Light moves quickly now
down the rock
toward the valley.
Leaning inward, will
I make it
in time
of course
of course

While your body is
my body. In-
herent governance. Long-
ing to join completely.

Many times I almost submit, in-
trinsic is the day
I die
and
your suffering.

Dawn scent rose, lavender, bitter
ochre. Grand canyoned
crevassed skin.

Etched rainbow radiance
curves with the canopy.

Morning — it is fall — when
I awake

you're gone.

Limber, rhyme of every
cell only mine. You live
outside. I
can eat.

Black dates, bitter almond. Carob, honey.
Aliyah: golden-tuned crisp
fat of the lamb, warm
melting.

Today, finally, I catch it.
The first thought of glow
at very top

The glow a silent snake
radiating, descending

Reptilian skin, emergence
of color

Field and counter-
point, rhythm emerging

Diagonal delineation of
space as sky and earth
part

The golden wanting,
golden greeting

Frilling difference
North, East, uplift, down

There are neighbors
they're joyous too
and children,
holding the dark

So quickly even the under-
sides glow, spherical
uniting, expanding

your silk almost —
substance before
substance

a presence un-
located

— drawing —

Above surrounds —
your refraction shelter all
color

your breathing in
to flowers of
soft
petals

perhaps you're
humming

“oh come here too”
a bird answers from the wood.

One side lanced mast
Bright

One,

broken.

Virgin
sword erects my right,
coiling crimson,
Ennunciate
and Wing —

When I need

or speak
true you flood
through me

Crystalline

Love, dispersal, you
condense
religions,
unite.

me through — See

then transfer
to a higher
sound of which I have no
order

 dakinis, goddesses, gods —
 our body grows voluptuous —

Until I see you not
all the time — as we see
not the space atop
our head

but feel the garment
of your power.

To you I never pray
for you
are prayer

Your rest — bosom, loin, universe

My years — 5, 6, 7

till even rest
past, you noun
summer musk to
pine,
construct

— daffodil

plume

Everest —

refine

into vibrant
under-source of air

— silent pulse before the element —

I breathe you
in you
breathe me

still yet still
refining
you particulate
as colors melt, spread
in and out of
dusk to birth
the lovely night —

I think
you are gone

and am surprised
I am not
diminished

— no
— you are not gone

my hand —

bone —

— eye

Afterword

“True philosophers are always occupied in the practice of dying.” – Plato

“Die before you die.” – The Prophet Mohammed

“What is the quality of mind that is no longer afraid of ending, which is death?” – J. Krishnamurti

The poem **Yield** documents one individual’s experience of grief. Loss is a transport universal yet always “individualized”. Though common stages of bereavement have been described, the journey is, inevitably, one of discovery. Traditions, a community or a friend can offer potent guidance or support, however, no one can walk the path for us.

With birth comes death. We all experience loss throughout our lives: all manifestation is transient. Naturally, when there is great loss we feel grief. We needn’t fear sadness (or any emotion). So long as we continue to exhale and receive within our experience, emotion simply is energy, in motion, nuancing consciousness with color and tone. It’s the heart’s breath and nurturance. A vital heart is a friend with emotion.

Emotion is both Energy of Generation (building the New) and Energy of Regeneration (activating, creating relationships). Born within the frequency of the Diagonal Mediator, it bridges heaven (Trinity Energy) to earth (Body Function Energy) and back. It is wind and weather: constantly unpredictable transformation. It may waft as a zephyr, suffuse as a fragrance; it may erupt from the body’s forces as earthquake, tsunami, volcano. Emotion hones forms of the body just as the elements build and carve and nourish and refine the planet’s geography.

Mary says “Seeds of sadness burst open if the respiratory is not 100%”. She states that every attitude can burden or harmonize. So I understand that alternate seeds (of sadness, or any other feeling) germinate when I am being breath. Attitudes burden the body (and mind and heart) when they impede the desire of TOTALITY to BE. They harmonize when they lead me into the Totality I AM / We IS. We all experience worry, fear, anger, grief – these feelings awaken our humanity. They connect us within by bringing up to awareness dimensions of our selves we’ve forgotten or ignored. They spark empathy, connecting us to others. They remind us of our humility. They alert us to disharmony, to injustice, moving us into the awareness of appropriate action and energizing that action.

And we all are gifted with spirit’s capacity to override the “reality” of the present tense of the manifest: to Try-To. There are situations and times that demand a

contribution of fire, of devotion, that supersedes the body's delivery powers. Sometimes an ounce of pretense, of effort, opens us to Source. Every attitude can be harmonizing, so long as we know when to allow it to die, so long as we let go of control.

Attitude is simply the result of a Depth holding on to itself. This happens when an innate intelligence, which desires to BE through me, has not been yet heard or fully lived. When 2nd Depth (Air, Space, Manifestation, Duality, Intellect) is challenged to BE beyond what this form yet remembers "how" to BE, the emotion we call "Sad" (disassociation, nostalgia, loneliness, grief, loss, lifelessness...) may arise. 2nd Depth is working out the puzzle: how to fully BE Spirit→Heart→Mind→Body→Mind→Heart→Spirit in this "limited" form, the life and body I am? Energy loves energy; we are attracted to the koan, the puzzle is the key...so 2nd Depth may become, for a moment, a week, a year, a decade, my leader, the center of my being, gathering, holding, accumulating, coloring, filtering the entirety of my feelings, vision, thoughts, my actions. Alice Walker says that every time the heart breaks it breaks open, now it can widen.

The terrain of grief is a wilderness, traversed breath by breath by breath.

Yield was written years after my daughter's death. It begins with the moments after her passing and extends through the hardest years – about 7 in total. No doctrine guided me through my grief. Though I'd always known we'd always be together, the actual journey unfolded day by hour, as had that of her life. What came from years of practicing Jin Shin Jyutsu was the knowing how to exhale and receive. The body, it turns out, comes equipped with an extraordinary, innate intelligence that protected and surprised me – effortlessly knowing when and what to feel, and when to move away from those feelings into rest and comfort. (Lots of Jin Shin Jyutsu self-help and sessions supported this.) A natural rhythm of bereavement unfolded over days, months and years – much how a rhythm of unloading, receiving and transformation occurs during a hands-on session. Familiar with the hands-on process, I never doubted this process – (there was no escaping it, anyway) – a trust which, undoubtedly, made the work easier.

Often I'd treated Lucy when she slept, so as to fully exhale and lovingly listen to this unique, perfect expression of the Universe; seeing beyond our personalities, our stories and my so-very-motherly personal desires. Thousands of hours of Jin Shin Jyutsu extended the time and breadth of Lucy's life. With a "side-effect": those hours of hands-on were my getting to know a dimension of her that did not die.

To my surprise, what I knew actually happened: the quality of energy-being, beyond personal, yet unique, to which I'd listened within and through her body didn't evaporate – she/it expanded when she passed from the body. "She"

continued to grow, evolve and act through realms other than the body. Her seed grew apparent in unexpected forms. “To learn how to die watch cherry blossoms, observe chrysanthemums,” reads an ancient haiku (translated by Sam Hamill).

I don't know that “Lucy's” expression of this Life beyond the body is universal. Perhaps the grand diversity of life within living forms reflects such diversity in the invisible realms before and beyond. I've experienced variation in the passage of others and respect many perceptions and descriptions. As Jin Shin Jyutsu practitioners we're privileged to touch in to a never-before creating of Life in a momentary form. Being the “jumper cable” is to listen to and converse with the eternal, with Transformation. In her preface to Text 1 and 2, Mary writes of “the infinite aesthetic powers of the Creator”.