

city lights in the distance  
are beautiful  
the presence of people  
its own protection  
I would rather be the one to get hurt  
than the one to do the hurting  
I've been hurt so much  
And done plenty of hurting  
The stars against the peaceful black of night  
Heal me  
The rooted greatness of trees  
Holds me  
Unity sinks past bone deep  
I can steep  
My soul in peace

Opening and closing  
Breathing, exhaling  
Thinking and dreaming  
Living and dying  
Hurting and trying  
Moving in and out of  
Sleeping and waking  
Dancing and quaking  
Stillness and making  
Shadow and sunrise  
Everything is alright  
Change in every moment  
Giving receiving  
Living breathing

written from the shore of deer island,  
new Brunswick  
near campobello  
oct 12, 2015  
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