

"Rebirthing, Kali style"

Feeling the void  
less one breast  
With what will I fill the emptiness?

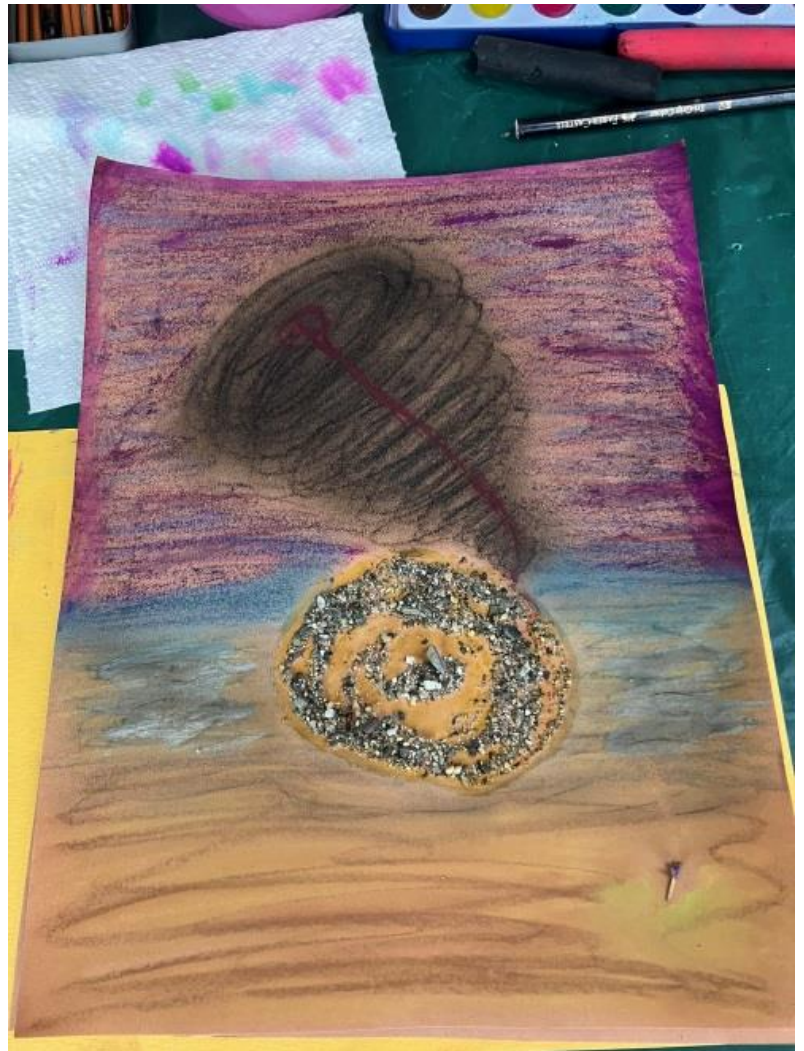
On the shore  
the waves coil and whirl  
the whirlpool of water  
becomes whirlpool of sand,  
quicksand—swirling, sucking—  
a cesspool  
a rabbit hole.

*Don't get sucked into the darkness!*

The spiraling gyre of sand  
births a cyclone  
And in that smoky sky, that purple haze  
of doubt, regret, grief,  
grace and praise  
"I" am at the center.

How I deal with this  
ripples out beyond me...  
like the cyclone, like the sea.

*Fill the void with love, compassion, service, creativity.*



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