

Friend or Foe?

I

Fire, friend or foe?
My Heart calls it foe
as the prairies blacken.

The pheasants mourn
as the world they know dies.
Fire-it burns with heat
melting, consuming.
It blinds with light
maiming, destroying.

My soul calls it friend
as cold winter loses,
people revive
as the world they know
unfreezes.
Fire-it nourishes with heat
healing, sustaining.
It reveals with light
embracing, creating.

II

Pain, friend or foe?
My heart calls it foe
as it fills me to bursting.
My hopes disintegrate
as the world I know dies.

Pain-it scars with heat
cutting, overwhelming.
It shows with light
betraying, killing.

III

My soul calls it friend
as it is cleansed of weeds.

My vision clears
as the world I know deepens.
Pain-it molds with heat
firing, strengthening.
It blesses with light
revealing, creating.

Nature plays two parts
together-
what destroys also creates
a loss has a gain.
A charring regenerates-
some seeds need firing to
grow-
a balance, a rhythm, a
paradox.

Day needs night,
heat needs cold,
life needs death,
and joy needs pain to fully
come to birth.

IV.

Life must be kindled
and tended with care.
The birth pangs of the soul,
not welcomed perhaps-
but accepted at least-
usher in capacity for Joy.
And life needs Joy.
to be worth the living.

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