

~{The Trusting Place}~

by Janet Kozak Aly

Hand in soft hand,
we lead each other down to the trusting place.

Down fern covered paths,
cool misty air,
moss covered trees whom have heard secrets told
and outlived all that have passed before us...

To a smooth glassy pond
so clear we can see our reflections almost magnified
and the water is ready to listen...

If we are brave enough to share
In the trusting place.

So I tell stories of my past lives lived
sorrows and heartbreaks,
moments of clarity and joy

And you tell me of heartaches and guilt
of proud moments, honors and accolades

As we slowly slip down the clover covered banks
into the trusting place.

Letting go of well-founded fears, clouded by our pasts
Regrets

Sighs

Won't drown the feelings no matter how hard we try.

The only way through is at the trusting place.
Where we don't have to be afraid anymore,
or hide ourselves, or be anyone we are not meant to be.

The trusting place is here for us.
It keeps us safe from idle talk and naysayers
who claim to want love for us but
really in their hearts don't want to see us happy,
for it reminds them of their own unhappiness.

In the trusting place...
We can laugh and cry and sigh and smile
and appreciate the coolness of the air and
the miracle of life that He created.

Cycles of birth and death—not to be feared—but
sent as a guidance and reminder to us
so we ponder both
in the trusting place...

But my words begin to wane.
How can I do justice to the trusting place?
It is somewhere and everywhere and nowhere all at once.
Fleeting perhaps at times,
until we learn how to stay nearer to the feeling.

Hand in soft hand
learning to lead each other
to the trusting place.