STIRRINGS

Dedicated to the WingMakers Material Written 10.22.11 shortly after Discovering their treasure of materials The expansion into HOME continues Lark Aleta Batey <u>www.sovereignexplorer.net</u> Click to continue each slide

How many lifetimes Have I searched for YOU? Enough that it is a tedious habit At times-almost rote with lack of meaning But always present A gentle nag or Haunting if you will For something A feeling, a perception, a relaxation I couldn't be sure So I kept searching Because that feeling Unknowable, yet recognizable Just wasn't there That assurance that indeed I had found--YOU

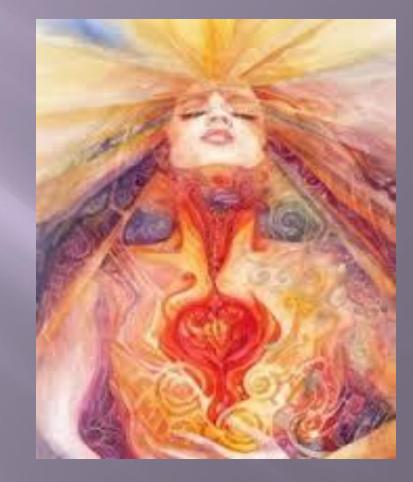


Until now Buried deep inside of me Covered with layers Of life's events and memories And angst A hook, a disturbance, An unsettling----Yet a familiar Faintly distinctive knowing Nudging itself to the surface Gently, hesitantly, but truly THERE



Slowly, incredulous at first A tickling of wonder and anticipation

THAT which is able To reach down inside if me And quicken Lost and hidden places Ignite a mystery; Tend to its expansion



Enfolding me In this sweetness of comfort Of being found, Guided-----



Could this be it? Could this be YOU? That I have longed for? Searched for? Lived and died for?



I have journeyed to the Outposts of the Universe And in the most desolate Of places – or so it seemed I heard the call Subtle, almost imperceptible But REAL



And –

Like a bride contemplating her wedding night I have wondered — How does this work? Will YOU come to me? Will I go to YOU?



Could this be the miracle I've longed for, prayed for, Searched for?

Wandering through the Mists of Time Lost in countless dramas? Searching for meaning Or purpose In the fickleness and impermanency Of physical existence



Is this really it? Is it time---To come HOME?



www.sovereignexplorer.net Lark Aleta Batey

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