

This Transition

Transitions.
Transit implies movement.
But movement can be so incremental
It's indiscernible.
A bud to a flower,
An infant to a toddler
The equinox signaling winter to spring.
Indiscernible.
Water unrepentant, unrelenting,
The flow over until through.
Elements batter elements
Until dust.
Which direction,
This transition,
For our Home
That is sending out her SOS?

From Susan Ceely Philips

What's in a Name?

How can you not be touched by a little tuft creating a white throated chin?

Or the skip-hop-hop of a red breast listening for worms?

Or the chirp, chirp, chirp reminding us, as Matthew did, not to worry?

Or the sunset orange beak highlighting the background of subtle, tawny, feminine humility?

Or the rainbowed popcorn-speckled shroud on black velvet wings?

Or the silly, yet stellar, acrobatics scooting upside down more rapidly than the eye can follow?

Or the intimidating majesty of a matrimonial couple lording their mastery overhead while those frozen in place below hope to be invisible?

What's in a name?

A flash of images that ask,

How can you not be touched?

From Susan Ceely Philips

My father died
on Easter.
Garth's thunder rolled with the wheels carrying me
to say my farewell.
My Brother rose, no wheels required,
On Easter.
Before it was.
Jonquils glowed in the light of a rising sun blustering its way into the chapel.
As I sat alone.
A smile edged its way into my turned down lip line.
My father died on Easter,
While my Brother returned to His
On Easter
Before it was.
My father had no words for fare-well
But I know he does.

From Susan Ceely Philips

Resurrections - again and again on this day

I find my resurrections
from dark, lonely, dreary tombs
of fear, separation, loss
In the mockingbird that sings joyfully
while playing hide and seek in the holly bush.
In the silken thread of texted charity and compassion
from beloved sisters who hear my cry.
In the empathetic, sympathetic complement
of a composed composure whispered through piano and strings.
In the blooms of a fragrant magnolia reverberating with tales
of my childhood.
In the chit chat and giggles of teenage girls
riding the subway home from school.
In the soothing hum of a ferry ride on the river
whisking me gently to and from a requisite destination
and the familiarity of home.
In the swirling dervish of cherry blossoms
relinquishing their flashy gowns to budding wings of greenery .
In the relief that the tears lurking behind my eyes and within my heart
are not all that I feel,
In the loving compassion given and received,
swaddled in the comforting bands of gratitude.

Resurrections, again and again on this day.

From Susan Ceely Philips

How to Celebrate
Honor
Memorialize
A life.
With songs and psalms of praise
Through cries and shouts
Through harmony and melody
Through hushed reverence
With words tumbling through stories of a life
Of interconnection
Of side-long glancing for observations
With spirit of God
Of a Host
Of an Energy
That enfolds in comfort
That buoys when sinking
That draws those left behind
Into the Light.

From Susan Ceely Philips

Ezekiel and Noah's Rainbow

The valley of the dry bones
I see it so clearly
Not only remains of the people of the land,
But infinitesimal splinters of avian creatures
Gargantuan backbones of great mammals
Crumbling wings
Deteriorating roots, trunks, limbs
 fur, skin, hair
Pieces of life
 shredded
 scattered
 dissolving.
Can this be put back together...
"The hand of the Lord was upon me"
As I wept
Over the dry valleys,
 flooded fields
 melting ice floes.
"God set me in the middle."
God asked me, "Can these...live?"
I said, "Lord, you alone know."
"This is what the Sovereign Lord says to these..."
"I will make breath".
"Come breath from the four winds and breathe into these."
"Breathe into our being, Sovereign Lord"
So that we breathe your spirit
Into these dry valleys
 flooded fields
 melting ice floes
So that they sprout verdant life
So that rivers and seas flow
With the four winds
To caress and cajole
This Earth back to your intended creation.
The Genesis.
"The sign of the covenant between (God and us) and every living creature...
The rainbow in the clouds
I will see it and remember
The everlasting covenant between
God and all living creatures
Of every kind on the earth."
A covenant goes both ways.

From Susan Ceely Philips