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Lotus

Certain wounds
bloom in the consciousness
forever: white petals floating
in a dark sea,
nourished by decades
of dreams, memories,
darkness layered with darkness,
and still
at the bottom clearly seen —
bright coins of transgressions.

Into my dream he came,
young again.
He knelt at my feet, told me
he wanted to give me something —
a ribbon, a trinket, a jewel —
I knew he looked for a way
to make amends.

I wanted him to know I knew,
in that prescient way
dreams have of shaping us with truth.

I am older
than consciousness itself,
risen to my surface
full of days and nights-
full of thousands of moons
floating into my life since he first

came—full of darkening seeds
and inescapable wounds.
Taking his hand I invite him
to travel once more

my body's terrain, break open
the seeds of offered grace,
as holy a way to redeem us
as I know. Bowing
to this lifetime's wounded weight,
we have waited long enough
for sorrow's flowering embrace,
for the wafer of regret
to reconstitute itself
as blessing.

Maril Crabtree

Maril Crabtree lives in Kansas City, MO. Her poetry has won awards from *Passager*, Ozark Writers League, Missouri Writers Guild and *Potpourri*, including *First Hon. Mention* for the 2003 David Ray Award. Publication credits include *Potpourri*, *Daughters of Sarah*, *Mangrove Review*, *Moondance*, *Naples Review*, *Passager*, *Perceptions*, *Wildfire*, *Yellow Mustard*, *Kansas City Voices*, *The Circle Continues* (Innisfree Press), *Earth Tones* (Vergin Press), and three anthologies published by Papier Mache Press. She is author of *Sacred Feathers: The Power of One Feather to Change Your Life* (Adams Media, 2002) and editor of *Sacred Stones: Connecting with the Power of Earth Energies* (Adams Media, 2004)