



MAYMAS POETRY

The Hand of Tara,

The hand of Tara,
The Lotus Born One
falls upon me

And now,
in a brilliant, spiraling,
mandala of light,

I am dancing open
the heart of the universe,
one laughing, golden, step
at a time

Marie Elena
2009

Doorways of Light

We are singing open doorways of light
inner dimensions of crystalline harmonics
the echoes of celestial songs
to come

Marie Elena 1994

Swollen Blossoms

She lay with full curving grace
a rhythm of ripening gold

tangled, fragrant, fruiting
parted,
cleaving
spilling pearls of sweet nectar
upon swollen blossoms

Marie Elena 1995

Forbidden Fruit

Drowning in the Sea of Abraxas
the soul abandoned
in pursuit of blood-red fruits
forbidden

Marie Elena 1995

May Eve

I gather fat, fragrant, blossoms
from my bursting rose bush,
I sing Tara prayers to the ocean

I trust in the dark, wild, beauty of me,
trailing pink petals in a path
to my door

I kiss Gary four times,
on my most favorite part of his neck,
before I let him leave for work

Rose petals are strewn
on every altar in the house,
singing into being the circle of my beloved ones,
our right and perfect home,
together,
now,
on this beautiful
earth

Marie Elena 2009