

soul satiation



JIMENA MOSQUERA

*may the mere wish
of tasting satiation
in this sacred lifetime
enwrap you
and
envelop you
as you allow
life
to lead you
home
here
wholly
you*

*opening
key
lives
inside
of
you*

*and
is
alive
and
awaiting
your
ecstatic
return*

C o m e o n i n

*may these soulsongs
be my offerings
to you sacred one*

*may they be
soulsalve
to
lubricate
your way
and
herald
a
time
of
tending
to
your sacred trinity temple*

*as
you
become
the
steward
and
soulmidwife
of
your
own
whollyness*

*anoint
thee
in
rite
remembrance*

*and
revel
in the
beauty
and
mystery
that
is
your
rebirth
revelation*

amen





life speaks to me
life speaks to you

will you recognize which song is sung to you...

love calling your name
singing your tune

She

answering the call
hearing his ring

our duty
taking the chance
making the choice
to choose life today

as if death is who we serve
and who fuels our existence
we can come to prostrate to both
and 'alabar' in love's name

halleluyah



HALLELUYAH



touched by death
moved to life

a tickle feather fan comes near
Ashe stated

the instance deeply felt
that there is no other

what once was gone

an inkling of inspiration comes by
but you say not today

h e r e s y almost stays

till you return
incoming life



INKLING OF INSPIRATION





there is a sound waiting to be heard
can you hear it

Akaal

grandmothers
sighing
spinning
singing

there is time

while others whine
sometimes grotesquely dine

a fine wine lingers
not lost
patiently waiting

simmering

in

blood of eden

that

sips
to
your
coming

hOMe



AKAAL





come in source
insourcing sovereignty

every woman has her own key
reopening an inward dwelling portal
everlasting and ecstatic
to her sacred

longing

surrender

satiation

her inner halleluyah
her sacred sanctum sanctuary
her tantric trinity temple

taaaanto tantra

instrument for expansion am i, are you

what, me?
yes, you.

it is
i hear.



COME INSOURCE





stretched you will be
weaved back wholly

a trinity forms
you
me
we
a third is born

dreams of our remembrance

i pray
i prostrate
i priestess

take me

do of me as you will

i have come
to serve thee
be thee
all woven wholly in me



A THIRD IS BORN





just stop
look up
and let your body
rest on me.

shesays

you mean.
that's all i have to do?
i do not have to continue to do over and over again what I have done for so long?

you mean surrender?

Sure.

i'm gonna try to surrender.

when you do the thing
that i want.
of you.
then...
Maybe.
and i get what i deem is necessary for my share....
Maybe.
i'm gonna try to surrender.

this chaotic swirling

this layer of everything i see outside of me can be
cleaned better, done better, tidied up better.

what do you mean nothing is required of me?

NO

certificate
prerequisite
confirmation

outside
of

just me and surrender

this
entree
entices
me

yes, enter me, please



ENTER ME



how can I choose
to hear
the hymns of praise
chanted

rather
than the condemnation bells
given
to those
who come to deliver the message

receiving rain
hail to thee



HYMNS HUMMING





hosting oneself
being the shepherd of your

well, well.

honing in

drawing inward

an awaiting
servant of love's keys

drooling downward
lubricating
opening near

not owing another
but onwards towards another's witnessing
own hosting heralding signals

whirling wonder

wow



HOSTING ONESELF





those empty spaces

you

call

yours

asking for that space

your space

you say

and it says

wait

there is a disturbance wanting to happen

rather an instruction

a beam back into

those places you closed tight

dreams of expansion

there is resistance

there is doubt

there is waiting

there is pondering

if that was it

and that moment is still waiting

in dr seuss' waiting line

surrender is to be served

you can smell it

yet you say you didn't order it
that way

i ordered something else
you complain

something i've tasted before

but this course
no
is a new kinda old

something in your skin

is happening

as your insides

instill fermentation

as it begins

to taste you back

into satiation



LIGHTNING STRIKE ME





you don't have to leave your land
to tend your temple

you might momentarily

fly far

fetching fireflies

but the mystery
hones you back home
wholly in this body
you call yours

closer more connected
to all you once left
that was never forgotten
finding deeper roots woven



HONES YOU BACK



slowing down
surrendering into
savoring the moment
sending love back to you

how can I serve thee love today?



SERVING LOVE TODAY





i stopped

asking

demanding

pulling

their energy towards mine
in light of them shining onto me

i sat in darkness
the solitude and despair
of my own longing

the longing

to rekindle the spark

that has been awaiting
my relighting return
renewing my remembrance

well come. welcome.

a mystic. a mother. a maker.
Of love. Of life. Of me.

uniting heaven's earth in me.



REKINDLE MY SPARK





a simpler path
not a stupid one
yet a saner one

i have seen before
and one i know to come back to

yet most only deem this as insanity
i'll take the chance to be deemed accordingly
as if only to taste this tango once more

i'll take this dance

it looks

forbidden
forlorn

AND

i'll toast for your return
to light me and my course
at the opening of the entrance
there I must go



SIMPLER PATH



when my children go off to school
when i finish this task
when i have others approval
when i am ready

then. i will give to myself.
poisonous life sucking words are they

we say
i say

to ourselves
as mothers
as women
as humans

this. my. body
yearned
for a new way

wanted to be woven in

i could feel inklings inviting themselves in

soulsalve i say
soothing sores
of speedy searching array

but old callings kept coming
still sometimes creep in of course
wanting to redirect again

as if...

when we finish a task per say

we will be worthy
of giving to ourselves
then and only then
i say...

conditional chains no more
i cast away

clarity comes

reclaiming
that which is already ours
saying

NOW

is an infinite well
refilling as you continue to take
tidbits of space in it

from each lubricating drop

hydrated home



THEN I WILL GIVE TO MYSELF





don't look.

death

i fear

is what we hear

echoes through modernity

look the other way

away

this way

distraction. dis.ease.

when is good. enough?

when is safe. security at all cost?

when is safety. what we seek?

may we stop today

and

just be with

all that is

as it is

Lives. Dead. Now.

to the fallen trees before us

the ones who are now down

being recycled back into the earth

home for new growth sprouts springing forth everywhere

death
dances
earth
she
feeds
Reborn
comes
back
for
and
in
us
enough
living
in
me



DISTRACTION. DIS. EASE





but will i get in trouble?

but will i be blamed anyways?

is this my story to tell, i will be asked i fear.

who do you think you are to say what you mean is so?

AND

my womb yearns to say it

what if those with the same womb room come knocking saying
this is not my truth to tell

even so this wild womb of mine keeps firing up these feelings inside

burning up recycled remnants

tilling my temple

singing the high praise of grace
that all are welcome
in her presence
mercy not missing a minute detail

mine to bear and give
life's light
washing over me

***let me be your vehicle of vital
effervescent love
FOR ALL TO SEE***



TROUBLE ME, PLEASE



i came back here

hearing a ringing
from human form
calling me back

showing me what
the offspring of our love
would produce

***that
lightlove
beam
struck
me***

in dreams
he always awaits
i travel far and yet
he always awaits

here he holds fort
with open arms
always welcoming
me back home



LIGHTLOVE BEAM



the amount of control
you exert over another
in the name
of being an 'expert'

is the amount of release
your own body
is yearning to receive

—surrender served—



SURRENDER SERVED





there is a surrender song
halleluyah
death. rebirth. rings
you know you cannot keep living as you have

the longing lulls long

always being intuned to that melody
i not claiming it's rite i did
prostrate now am i
over an over
in service of that call
just again another wave of vulnerable
but i don't know if i can comes along

whispers of
well at least try
and so do i

a humble heart
of gratitude tears
of at least i am here and hear
just try

hear. here. hand. on. heart.
in service of love's landing line in me



SURRENDER SONG





i'll keep an ear
for the cries
harrowingly beautiful
they resound in me

resonating waves
set them free

my prayer

yet the misplaced spell

i cannot stop them
they keep crashing
nor are they
for me to contain
or bring them to a halt
not my contract for claim

keep their cards
shall they
if they may

to see and sing
the bounty
that is bestowed
to the beloved's vow
it's vastly gifts pouring over me

waiting
for
me
us
all
to
see

abundance abounds
i pray



SET THEM FREE



something that spots you
seeing something
that is farther than your eyes
can see at this moment

portal meeting
third eye expanding

far beyond what you think you need

life is trying to open you up
to ever so many ways of expanding

no need
to go off
and create
another earth
cleaner body
more sane family

chaos cover me
with your caressing
waves of joy



CHAOS COVER ME





children of source

a time to take of the blinders
that bind our old ways of behaving

*Children
Are
Closer
To
Source
Are
Of
Source
ofCourse*

they are the seed of creation coming to feed you back to life itself.
InSource. thank them.

children of young

EMBODY EMANATE ECSTASY

They.

don't need their space from us
are agents of destruction and resurrection
interrupt and are interruptible
forgive

they are the wizards of the future coming to redirect ancient ways of magic now

IN US
everything they are is a paradox

that magic
love magic

wants to open us up again as adults

it is not too late to long for
or to awaken
to a rebirth
a remembrance
in love's source

the body is already made for it

your body already knows the way
ask life to lead the course
and redirect you on your way
to a new day

surrender

to love finding a way
back to you
today

now i'll go to sleep
and try to remember again
when i am awoken
to the mystery
of another day
living in me awake



CHILDREN OF SOURCE



in this space and time
beauty folds me in
craddles me

newborn
i feel

waves of comfort
newfound
so much i had not seen

así
alábame
arrullame
acurrucame
'en tus brazos'



NEWFOUND NEWBORN





tell us a new tale

old tale sold and bought
i keep stepping in
saying no
but that room is not the one i ordered
you gave me something different

you better believe it
i'm ordering again

but oh do you have other plans with me
you say

new tale told
take me
i'm a willing participant
i say
yes you have arrived
is said

so step in fully
lay the resistance at the footstep
where i'll take you
tells a tale
you keep dreaming awake
so stay



TELL US NEW TALE



i am the reason
and so are you

in right season
all comes and goes

in all exalted glory
Of yours

*oh this taste
the perfect spice
i awake to
and am anointed in
all knowing ways*



RIGHT SEASON



like earth's spa treatment
a soulsalve is anointed back into our cells

each woman's red door
her innate key inside
with an opening that says

oui oui mademoiselle

well come back inside
we've been awaiting
at your entry way

'Gime' 'Gime'
enseñame tu alma



GIME GIME



a
downward
deep
dark
road awaits
a traveling inward
a job of reclaiming

going into the
radius radiating radiance
remembering all is welcome
all are beneficiaries of this well of wholly wholeness

the feminine descent into your own satiation
one of recovery & remembrance of all parts
that know already
and are pulsing for your return
each She knowing where to go as it unfolds

her life
her trusting
in her ways
and life leading
as it wants to make love to her on the way

the more we inSource in this power
the more we embody and emanate it as is
without willing our power over another

life's love dance awaits



RADIUS RADIATING RADIANCE



when
being
touched
by
transformation
there
is
little
to
be
told
so
much
to
be
seen
by
what
is
newly
sown



NEWLY SOWN



how do i sell to you the unknown
if it is not something to be done to

every thread of me knows
that it is not something to be understood but rather traversed

if so few of us are willing to go there
and so wish to be able to transfer it back to you

so you will be willing to take your own plunge
sorrowfully knowing that all don't come back on life's knees

panting in prayer
of the beauty
and such indescribable feeling
that exists
ecstasy can only explain
in her own experience

thin line to madness appears

a prostrate place
as madly crazy is what is
may i live in all realms please
if i am to stay

yet know that who was here yesterday
i lay down to die

remnants will want to reappear
saying please don't put me down

the aching for expanding
in longing for that love
if even an ounce of it
anoints me again

i'll take kali's visitation rights
one drop
she'll have me drink
so potent a dose it is

i do fear
and with that fear
i'll take it

that mystery madly in love pill
yes please



SELLING THE UNKNOWN



when there is no one left to defend
when there is neither side to take
when every step you make is an indwelling one
one that is in
deep
devouring
devotion
to uniting all sides
inside

looks of lonely somber pay their death visitations
unlimited time to traverse the pay toll
oh dark night turning to many
so so many
grey ghostly gasps
days turn into years
maze making me dizzy
deep
sorrow
reigns
so soo much
i fear words will never be clear
to tell this horrid nightmare
i never wake from
how
i
still not know
yet it comes

*a ray tickles the right fancy
unbeknownst to name the why*

so slow in timeline

yes

and

still

inner roots begin to ground down
the sturdiness and the strength begin to grow tall

so slow in timeline

yes

and

still

the top of the canopy a beautiful view of growth and destruction below

so slow in timeline

yes

and

still

so so much
it has seen
death and debris turning into fertile soil for all



OH DARK NIGHT



there is a point
where one stops the blame game
your entrusted guardians
that forgot their own combination
they did

you
lay the weapons down
as the knowing
that you came in in your own choosing
you called yourself forth

a willing participant

i choose them
i choose me

hearing a new tune
singing a new season of change
a new open

no more looking back
though grief keeper always

one must step forward
coronation time
gates open
you were always being awaited
invited in intimately piece by piece
by everlasting peace



WEAPONS DOWN



oh God
may i continue
to have the humility
to recognize
when my ice queen
comes out to slay
using her icicle daggers
piercing through my beloved's hearts
where in only the warmth of the sun rays
tender tears
bring in
warm winds of
wonder and awe
of this human experience
that requires a humane heart
to traverse tender territory
with eyes that know where they need to go
instead of recreating barren land devoid of
the universal web of connection
amen



ICE QUEEN





finding that

yasss

that first time

first traverse
so satisfying

you want to keep coming back
bringing others
having them taste

bottling it up to sell
we've done this dance as human folk
leaving behind sacred cost
the mystery it takes to bring you there each time
the opening that every moment has
it's unique undertakings

in one drop
of enoughness
over and over
we are asked
to let longing lead the way
into now's presence and presents
while swaying into the intoxicating gratefulness
of having tasted this enoughness
in wholeness
as is



FIRST TRAVERSE





i run down this mountain often
exhaling
releasing what no longer serves me

and i walk up this hill
inspired
yet not always

open prayer hands
inhaling
in inquiry
into how i can serve love

birth an ascent
rebirth a descent
death the prophet
love the servant

a reminder
all are certified
to herald their own remembrance
thier own

jubilee
journey



ASCENT DESCENT





my bare shoulders
bore witness
begudgingly i kept picking you up

what once was
callous coldness
i cascaded in

bristling waterfall
pour over and bathe me in

now tickles of thunder
replenishing soil
soulsalve
lubricate
me



DEAR. BLAME. BUCKET





thank
you
for
coming
back
mi amor
without
a
sweet
or
a
treat
you
keep
coming
back
to
the
nectar
of
being
back
with
me



NO SWEET OR TREAT



lover of man
my man
lover of me
of my ability to bear fruit
our offspring
our children
lover of earth
my body
our gifts to give
awe in mystery
receive me



LOVER OF MAN



at suite 22
my sweet juju

snake spirit medicine
slithers your way my dear

recognize that hissing sound
that wants your awakening
it will keep coming back to pay its regards

in your waking state
and slumber hallows
not to scare you

but protect your sacred territory
and show you the secret entrance
to your own sacred dwelling
my beloved one

your special sauce
take a sip

her sound makes
for you
hear it calling you

John did
thank you
for coming here too



JUJU MEDICINA





i choose you
and our offspring too

springing forth life
from barren land
or so i seem to see

poppies popping
thanks to goat's waste

i'll take it

yet not personally

it will be this drink to this human life
all that you release



POPPIES POPPING





i cannot do it any longer
these outdated ways
post marked for another day

i surrender

take me another way

this new route
is not really new
it's just one
of now remembering again

the path is so clear
and yet wildly whirling

unknown with red flags
to the beloved
saying mark me again newborn
with wonder filled wanderings

take me on this wild carousel clapping
thanks for chiming in today in edenfilled ways



EDENFILLED WAYS





golden crown
to green heart
shower me with delight
a ripeness
rite penetrating
undoing
swirling serenade
insourcing sovereignty
sprinkle me



GINGKO LEAVES



to
run
towards
you
my
escape
route
reminds
me
of
remembrance
you
already
live
in
me
dejavu
both can be true



DEJAVU





please
take a bite out of me
or two
or all of me in 3

there's an inner rising wanting to be had
to that i vow

to the fires that will start
wanting to burn
what has burned others
thanks to me

in me must first.
burn me with aliveness
wanting to be rendered

with fierceness
thanks to
-mi fier-a-
who
is no longer on 'dieta'

she will say
no longer
i must slay away

devouring devotion
i must today

but this is all happening
within
me

not in a new age genre
but
a new era eta
anew

she in shakti within me
happening today
no anesthesia please

come. please me away...





you're supposed to stay in the back
your supposed to stay in the background
for when im ready for you

you're not supposed to come
right in front of me
when i don't want to face you

and that is exactly what you do

relentless
with
fury
and
flames

you come willing
to put everything down
to serve
what is
needed
to be seen

you are that person
who
burns my skin alive
who asks me
but come 'die with me'
over and over again

kali'ma
raging
'la fier'a
filled with
passion's flames
saying
this.
is the moment
you've been waiting for

and i pushing it away
for the next moment
no not this moment i say
please come back another day

and yet you keep coming back

and

i adore you for that
i admire you for that
i acknowledge you for that
and i thank you for that



IN THE BACKGROUND





i hear speak of the patriarchy
as if it was something that has landed from a galaxy far far away
and no ownership
as if it hasn't landed in
me. you. us.

of the coming through us
each and every woman
and sister
and mother
and grandmother
and brother
and father
and grandfather

as if we 'do' not 'would' not do 'onto' another

until i can really do differently
and remember not to stand at that fork
where i say i have not done onto thee

until I look at every crevice
inside of me

as well as stop
the pointing of the finger
you go first
waiting for that someone else
to excavate within themselves first

oh yes
may i go there first today

may we embrace
that which we deny
that which shames us
that which is in denial
of our own human ways
with more humanity toward the self

so we may
offer the same
onto another

So sisters, mothers, grandmothers, brothers, fathers, grandfathers

let our bodies
be the temples

where we begin
to rewelcme back
those unwanted parts
that we claim are not ours

all of those that we have said
stop no you may not enter

may we embrace
that which we deem as dark within

since that dark depth
is where light is born

and reemerge together

baby in womb
body in earth
we all return
under his sunlit home



HEAR SPEAK OF THE PATRIARCHY





purging pushing
of ancestral patterns
and behaviors that no longer
benefit our bodies

renewed vows for all to see

between beloveds

no need to discard
the people I love

but a need
to remain and reclaim
this renewed dance together

*of
naming
the
no
and
finding
the
yes*

fumbling and frolicking
foreseen
finger foods



PURGING PUSHING



a special delivery
bestowed to the beloved
both so clear with intention
to recover it's beating heart
soulsalve anointing
each stroke
ringing rain tears
always wanting to be revealed in me

us this call

'Dime tu'

aquí estaré
esperando tu voz
tu llamada
con ese "ring"
that is so yours
to give
and mine
to receive
and
vice versa

vocación entra



MY SPECIAL DELIVERY



when you begin a rerouting direct to your inner operandi
that deep intimate inquiry to insourcing sovereignty

to hearing your soul's course soothe sing your way
you are not left stranded
as you've been sold past tense

'It is another marketplace that awaits you'

you see the price
you were willing to pay for your zombie of a body

'It will be infinitely worthfilled'

whispers of
keep going
layers you've put on
bandages need to come off

you no longer have to buy that product that actually will just keep feeding your own
decay

even
if
caged
you
will
begin
to
grow
wings
from
within

keep going in

deeper

surrender

deeper

come to find
one day
you'll see yourself

already flying
amongst those winged wild creatures
outside sending you back pollination within

it is happening
your own dissolving into oblivion

you think you are dead on this plane
you are
you find that in this death
your decay brings back to life a new form
that can move through those caged bars
phoenix begins it's play

you no longer have to tear it down
use your force to do onto the bars

condemn that that brought you in

you see that that was only the messenger
you yourself were awaiting

a new course
yet you of your own choosing would not have
chosen this one

you might have taken another route

yet this route
this new route you are on
feels so freeing to your skin

that no longer you look back

is
is here
and you are in it

hummingbirds humming
buzzing bearers bringers of joy
come play yes this way

winging you away from negativity
bringing forth your own mirror of adaptability
and what resilient creature you are
true magic lives in me
heralding
hooray



PHOENIX PLAY



i still poke and prey
when my present
is patiently waiting for me

i do hear the call so vibrantly reverberating

i claim it's another street i say
willing my way with enticement i say
no not now

this way i take
when i know i should've said no

i should have gone towards a third way

the titan temptation keeps coming

make my vow then
made again
a devoted disciple
a mundane monastic
to a wholly new way



POKE AND PREY



This
is
the
skin
The
glaze
Of
not
having
mercy
on
another
this
morning

yet begging
to be the recipient of it

release waiting to happen
but i tugging so hard
i cannot feel it's valve tapping
saying release rather than pull on me



TUGGING ON MERCY





a
mercy
massage

a
heart
invitation

a
miracle
maker

reflecting
recognition

forgiveness
flower
received

even
when
it's
deemed
unworthy
by
another

it
is
always
granted



MERCY GRANTED



people turkey stuffed
stuffed with other's chewed remnants
that once filled another
with their own yearning for more

may we yearn for own satiation
instead of others salvation

may we see that others
will want to force feed
what has worked for them

not even i saved
from wanting to squeeze
into others
my way

yes,
i say
to those valiant ones
who ate

may i now sit
in the knowing
of my own
fullness
whollyness
with deep satisfied surrender

amen



STUFFED TURKEYS



ALONE

in this time where we believe there is nowhere to go
there is a place to turn

no longer a time to wait for
the doctor,
the priest,
the teacher,
the politician,
the government,
'the other'

to do it for us

**wholly into oneself
one in all**

*your rite remembrance
bestowed
all. ready.
already within
you.
me.
us.
free
for
all
to
feed*

alone
as the name says it so
it's ancient waves reverberating
not a modern marathon

we must traverse the portals of life and death.
alone
wholly oneself

may it be a time
of
self
reckoning
acknowledgment
atonement
forgiveness.

for all of the ways in which we have participated in our own disbelief
that we are all 'alone'
in the modern sense of the word
that our actions do not have consequences

at the crossroads we are
an intimate inquiry boils to surface
but not from a standpoint of choosing which or how many of us is saved
or how to sell or buy more secure safety
but rather
how can we reckon
as a human family
to all of the ways in which we have all participated
purchased and sold
for the highest bidder
and at what cost

we must ask questions that we have not been willing to ask before
not to 'the other' stated above
as if waiting for permission to be granted is a right outside of you

but to your own soulsong waiting to sing to you
call in
trust
thee

that grief portal we must enter
is not one
that will birth our own demise.

we have been sold faulty goods
a lie we keep selling to others
that death is not worthy of beauty

with its

sheer sounds

echoing cries

washing wails

that want your metamorphosis

your bodies into wholly vehicles

of wonder

of how to wander

with devotion and wonder

rather than willing our own way forward

in the name of securing safety

amen



ALONE



whole
our humanity
wholly

we the bearers of life
keepers of death

our ecstatic awakening beckons
as grievance summons

that even one ounce
of our forgetting
is always
worth welcoming
back home
in us

tears of heaven
breaching comfort
while the blood of the earth
awaits in thirst



WORTHY WELCOMING





some semblance of knowing
or so i think
comes near

yet a thread comes through
to show
—impeachment—

as i continue to will my way
thinking i have it all clear
but yet this moment comes
and as i include it

i am shown a picture
of what being here
as is
wanting
this moment
as no other
can give to me

the delight
i hunger for
so taking a bite
i bring gratitude
to the table
where everyone is seated
and welcomed near
home



SOME SEMBLANCE



will it...
will it take me down?
will i no longer exist?
will i be able to remember how it used to be?
there is no feeling of safety, though...and i can hardly breathe
as i can no longer will—it
yet remnants of me not being able to recognize when i continue
to will it
keep coming in waves that are here
wanting me to semi drown in my own vomit
so i can taste the bitterness
i keep willing to serve others
will it be—enough?
bittersweet sorrow is served
or will i surrender to it?

~~-it-~~
a place where we both receive
rather than ramp up our ravenous thirst
that leaves us ever so thirsty...



WILL IT



our bodies
are like storage units
storing all of our xtra baggage
big mac style
just for that moment
that we will need an xtra cushion
for that cold, dark night
bearing no comfort
as once we arrive
those unused calories
won't feed our fuel
they'll only feed our frenzy for more
and us begging at the edge of the toilet
please oh God
may i stop consuming those empty calories
that will leave me hungry for more
instead
consume me
may i be consumed
and consecrately consume thee



TO CONSUME OR BE CONSUMED



with drunken and desperate despair
i knock at every door
is it you
i ask
is it you
that called
is it with you
which whom wholly contract i have signed
mothers milk spilling from my chin
i gaze with stupor
why, yes
it is thee
that summoned me
near with glee



WITH DRUNKEN AND DESPERATE DESPAIR



earth mother
sprung us forth
one
under us all
the water acts as our amniotic fluid
rocking us awake

or did we put ourselves to sleep instead

tantruming
but where is she
to appease me
making insurmountable requests
dreaming of the beaming out of here to a better place
thinking of one upping each other or her

reason will only take one so far

as in her world
she is wildly unfamiliar
filled with mystery
she births out of herself
you out of her
i the vessel of the she
inclusive of the he and she
if we don't get our shit together
well that shit will just fertilize her back to life
in her own way

she welcomes and embraces all of our darkness and light

so
let's
humble
down
and
pray
and
be
that
transformation
to
be
the
tender
torch
bearer
of
life's
gifts
today

more humbly down
on our knees
yes lower
thank her for holding you up
when you could barely do so
for gifting you this blessed vehicle
you call she
mama, she's kali'ng you
and she ain't messing around
so pickup your phone



EARTH MOTHER



those who make the call
i serve
as a
witness
minister
midwife

to all that has already been
and is to be remembered again
one inspiration
one exclamation at a time

the awww, awe enters through the light of what could be
the ohhhh, enters through all that has been
an inhalation
an exhalation

and from those meeting in marriage
a third something is born
ashe is said
at the wild mystery of it all
the mere wonderment that lies
a waterfall wakes me

as leonard whispers

love is not a victory march
its a cold and it's a broken halleluyah

wails washing over me
i ask bring me down to the here that
i've dreaded because of what's been

can i go in one more time bewildered
and open to see what's lying in store for me
can my heart take the flames that will devour me
dripping those red love drops
that will become me
panting in awe and attention for all that is



I SERVE



wake me up, before you go go

on to your next highest bidder
of joy glistening through

pull my tail
so i can get my head out of my ass
and smell your raw realness
wanting to ravish me alive

take my hand ever so lightly
butterfly kisses
tickling my fancy for a few seconds

and i will be immersed in your beauty
i will forget all the time lost
to the time machine
winding me down a darker farther road
away from you

wishing that the smell
lingers back in
arousing
raunchyrenditions of you
in me

oh please take this wretched control
i cannot seize to let go of

*oh please God
tangle my hair as hafiz's once did
tasting solid sacred soul soil
that feeds me satisfied and salivating
and there i fall wholly
and am betrothed to thee*



WAKE ME UP, BEFORE YOU GO GO



this.
my
mystical mundane mama's memoir
of making incarnate love's ecstatic incantations
that wanted to wake me back up
to being alive
in joy
of this life
and of
love's eternal well
living in me

there is so much to say
yet the mystery
makes me ever more so
speechless
at how beautiful
i t a l l i s

all that i never thought could be so

is so

as is

and

the pleasure and the pain can coexist
alchemy awaiting in sacred union
i n m e

to the many dearly beloved one's in my life
eternally grateful that you choose me every sacred day that rises and sets.

God & Goddess
Jorge, Julia, Ada, Elias & Bumpkin
Eli, Zayin, & Ixchel
Anaelisa
Mayra, Gilberto, & Yolotl
the redwoods and all of it's magical inhabitants
my ancestors especially el Arzobispo Mosquera y el General Mosquera , Tarita, and my 13 grandmother's
council
my many soulmidwives Tisha, Vanessa, Lisa, Krista, Jac, Vera, Vanessa, Erin, & Effie
my many mystic mentor messengers that came as angel guides
Francisca your sunlit devotion to craft this creation with me forever grateful am i
Tom your mystic willingness to go there are receive this wholly transmission of a cover and gift it to me i am
forever floored by
mi tio Juan
my angels Samrita y Sebastian
my family Luis Felipe, Matilde, Ana Maria, Jay, and Nico, Maria Cecilia, Misha, Nati & Mattias Francisco

and so many more...

with
a
deep
devotee's
dedicated
heart
&
womb

i love you

Jimena

mystic mother maker she soulmidwife steward sacred sex summoner
ecstatic embodiment enthusiast soulsalve symbol singer permission priestess poetess
elated earth empress

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