

# Origin

Not from the stars I come,  
Nor from the spiral tides  
Of worlds far born —  
Though I have known all these.  
Not from sunfire do I stream,  
Nor from the stilly winds of space —  
Though these ring echoes in my heart.

There is no where  
Where I come from.

I am born from tenderness,  
From hush between each second's tick  
Upon the arbitrary clock of now.  
I am born from steady gaze  
Upon all changes, this  
The only hold on truth.  
I am born from fragile strength  
Which winds within the bendings  
Of a dance so vast  
That this created I,  
This fraction of myself —  
As sentient participant —  
Can never reach the edge  
Or touch a center  
It could know as ultimate.

I move through flesh  
Upon the tiny atom's wing.  
And there is naught of me  
But breath,  
And pause between.

There is no where  
Where I come from.  
For I am born of love.  
To love is my return.

Not from space,  
But from the heart of Light I come,  
And light am I  
As seed-filled down upon the breeze.  
Not from time,  
But from the Ever Now  
I venture forth.  
And I am free  
As dawning's song  
To be,  
Becoming  
One with who I Am.

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