

Becoming the Bridge

Written by Esther Yasmin, April 7th 2012

“Fear not the dream.”
He whispered in her ear.
Sweet memories
of what had once been here.
When the mountains’ layers
had counted their thousands
and hours had passed their shadows
on the greens of the lands
and the rivers had gathered
their waters to the seas,
a woman had found that
the dream lay within
the bridge that crossed these.

Through these the dreaming
itself would begin.
Now,
there is no returning
unless
the dreaming would be left
and fade into
a vague memory
of what once they knew.

The bridge would be uncovered
with his and her eyes
through seeking all colours
and movements
of the skies.
The land lay barren
with seeds to be sown.
A hidden potential.
The fruits of true home.

Together it would be,
that they would pass this bridge.
Two polarities of creation.
Hers entwined with his.



Painting: 'Becoming the Bridge' by Esther Yasmin, oil on canvas