

Poems on **Trust** by the Interweave Writing Circle – **April 2020**

Trust, like a Hummingbird

By Lisa Atkins

The hummingbird's tiny heart
trusts so sweetly
that there will be nectar to sip
at the end of her journey;

The sap inside the cherry tree
delivers trust to the furthest bud,
on the smallest twig,
on the highest branch,
that despite the cold and naked winter
that bud throws off its coat and
bares its tender newness boldly knowing;

It's in our DNA, too, probably.
This innate trust that runs deep
like a raging river,
pulsing at our core.

Once in a while I can sense it there,
hovering, like the hummingbird,
blooming like a blossom.
A force;
filling me,
guiding me,
comforting me.

In Between Notes

By Kristy Cerullo

My piano teacher used to tell me
to play the rests.

Not to sit there waiting, and anxious,
or hurry ahead to the next note
and the ones after that,
like the small, shallow breaths that
sustain us.

But rather, to play in the silence,
fill it with more of itself,
to expand into it the way water fills
up the ocean.

The quiet carries many things
in its arms – some peaceful, some
terrorizing, oftentimes just a great
big question, its letters bold and
tall as skyscrapers:
leave room for it.

Let the audience feel something creeping
up behind them, let your own
hairs stand on end.

Feel how emptiness feels as it bounces
off of every surface in this room, how it
hugs the walls and
dusts the furniture, how it hovers
in front of someone's face, lingers
between their teeth,
presses against their hand.

Don't just watch it pass by, like a
deer in the snow, its eyes as wide as you are.
Make it yours, fill it with your own
questioning and sighing and awe,
so that it rings louder than any noise
instruments could ever make.

Trust that the pause can carry everything you've
never said.

And also, that the next note will come,
that your fingers will find it,
know it in their bones,
hear it before it sounds,
like a shock of lightning before the thunder.

Like a long, deep breath before singing.

PTSD* SPEAKS

By Margaret A. Dukes

TRUST

So hard to come by

What is it good for?

TRUST

After betrayal, is it possible?

Once beaten down?

TRUST

Hard to fit this word

Into a scarred being.

TRUST

Have your terror reactions

Your screams in the car.

TRUST

First kindness, Second always listening

Third love.

TRUST

Fear not-

Let the trickle come.

*Post Traumatic Stress Disorder

Weeping Willow

By Margaret A. Dukes

Weeping willow

my childhood backyard tree

you over grew the yard neighbors helped unhandy dad get it out

now I struggle with weeping at everything

my weeping is overgrown

No it doesn't need to be routed out

it's important to honor whatever sprouts

in the tree of thee

& me.

Grief

By Margaret A. Dukes

Sometimes grief comes on little mouse feet

other times like a tiger pounce

who's to say which will come today?

A body blow might be the worst

a pin prick the least

There's one thing you can trust:

It will come!

CREDO

By Roberta Francis

Hope –

that hearts open to the sufferings of inequality
that reason and wisdom prevail over wrong thinking
that life is as rewarding as it can be for my dear ones
that valuing of women as highly as men can transform the world

Belief –

in the necessity of justice
in the beneficence of diversity
in the human impulse toward caring
in the nurturance of good relationships

Faith –

in the force of beauty
in the earth's power to heal
in my commitment to act justly
in the ultimate fall of destructive energies

Trust –

in my calling to create with words
in my unconditional love for my family
in the power of the heart to encompass everything
in the potential for all things to work together for good

Certainty –

that I want to leave a legacy of love
that the young will always be at the gates
that all things can change in this changing world
that it is not possible to be absolutely certain of anything.

Pondering Hafiz – Writing with You during the Pandemic

By Eileen Gerety

“There is so much More to this life” says Hafiz *
My heart leaps with joy at this note
Messages like these buoy my spirit
During these times, they help us cope.

Hafiz asks “take one of my tears *
And throw it in the ocean” *
He states that even one tear
Can be a magical potion!

If I cried such a tear now
Could it wash away wounds here? *
And then - would an ocean full of tears
Make everyone’s wounds disappear? *

For we are living during strange times
We have wounds that crave an embrace
Hugs taken for granted are now
Suddenly not allowed in this space.

It caught us by surprise
A new time presents itself
We don’t recognize our world
Are our lives temporarily shelved?

We must stay connected
Our strength found in one another
Wisdom says we’ll find a way
To travel this time together!

We used to gather in our cozy space
Greeting one another - smiles upon our face
Now to the telephone we gather round
A teleconference allows us the place

To resonate and write our verses
It's connection that we seek
Hearing other authors' first, then
Our words pour out to greet

O poets! I cherish writing together
It helps me by and by
Poetry catches our collective tears
And helps us express our sighs

"There is so much More to this life" says Hafiz *
Together, we will make it through
Writing poetry colors us all
With such a magnificent hue!

* Text and/or concepts from Hafiz *I Will Hire You as a Minstrel*

I Sat with Trust The Other Day

By Lorri Lizza

I sat with Trust the other day out on the deck.
A chilly breeze penetrated the strong sun
I needed a sweater.
She had come at my invitation. So I started:

“Where shall we begin - how are things going for you these days?”

She was sitting up straight and tall in the rocker
Wrapped in a soft cascade of apple-green cashmere
Her smooth unlined face devoid of detectable emotion
Was framed by long gray hair tied back with a cream colored satin ribbon.
Staring at the flowing river beneath us,
The appearance of stoicism dissolved as she replied:

*It's very lonely right now.
People are so busy with the rest of the clan:
Worry can't get a moments rest.
Grief is exhausted and along with Guilt
Feels badly about taking up all the space.
Love has hunkered down and spends a lot of time
Saying things like, 'This too shall pass.'*

(This last was accompanied by a big sigh.)

*I'd like to be more helpful.
I have so much to give. It is painful not to be able to.*

How are you approaching it – how are you trying to find a way in? I asked.

*Currently, I'm praying on it. I'm not really sure how to reach people...
Well, enough about me.
I'm starting to sound like Confused,
poor overworked fellow that he is.*

Trust closed her eyes and tilted her face upward in the full sun.

The breeze subsided. The chill was gone.

The river was shimmering, blanketed with diamonds in the southern exposure.

I could feel Peace descend upon us: Trust, the wooden deck and rocking chairs,
water and trees, the birds and squirrels and me.

Peace

Silence

Breath

Rest

Trust turned suddenly toward me eyes sparkling
smiling for the first time that afternoon

Patience – Now that's who we need!