

poetry by Dawn Allison

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The Cycle

When I come back, I hope to be a flower.
As I was before, shall I be again.
Unless I make a wiser choice.
Or find that wisdom is no choice at all.
But to be. And to be grateful for being.
Remorseful of taking.
Joyous at taking.
Forgiven.
Needing not to be forgiven.
Allowed to be nothing.
Embracing the nothing that is everything.
To find it is myself.
That the self does not exist and never did.
That when I return, I may come back as a
flower.
There is no fear for flowers.