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Candace Brey
Four poems
on four consecutive pages

Little Big Brother

Long time Brother and Sister,
we both remember
my first adventure to school.

I was the Big Sister with a shiny face
and brave heart,
crossing the playground
to go to Kindergarten.

You were the Little Brother with our Mother
waiting expectantly at the gate
when I returned.

Oh! Big Sister
who had walked between the worlds!
You awaited word
of what had happened inside,
who I had seen,
and what the teacher had shown me.

Now it is you, preparing to make the journey
to the school house door
and to learn the next lessons.

Little Big Brother,
now I am the one standing by the gate.
I will remember and love you always
and wait
until it is my turn
to make the long journey
and enter the door...
to be together once again.

Mariposa Walkabout

You, the unstoppable and we, the unsuspecting
went together on your last great embodied adventure...
the Mariposa Walkabout.

Not quite "dunrovn" you started with the Mariposa blossom in your yard
and proceeded off trail and cross country
to some place you seemed to have "in mind" while out of yours.
Stumbling along beside you over the high desert terrain in full summer heat
we weaved our way past every indigenous violet blossom
mysteriously and gloriously opened.
No guards came when you called for them.
No hills or fences were climbed, although you tried.
We sisters pushed and pulled until we got you home...your great escape foiled.
Now here we find ourselves on the brink of the final adventure.
Like the mariposa-butterfly, break free of the body-cocoon
and let your spirit soar and return to the One.

~remembering the events of July 1, 2013 with brother Gregg~ cgb

Final Release

(Written for Gregg after the spreading of his ashes in the Deschutes River near his home.)

7.21.2013 cgb

Standing above, at the gateway...
meeting place of summer sky and open crack of the canyon walls...
I watch from the eagle's view
as the ribbon of family makes their way down the steep trail to the winding river below...
a human caravan carrying unspeakably precious cargo.

As though orchestrated, small handfuls of white ash
dance through the air and into the water
followed by a cloud of the heavy powdery evidence of your embodiment.

Dried rose petals of every hue follow and finally the white roses.
Thrown together and far, they look like a flock of white birds
flying low across the river's surface.

The swirl of you in the water creates an eddy...
partly commanding space below the surface,
and partly moving into the river's flow.

On a journey of their own, an expedition of beauty,
the white roses separate and move quickly into the tiny rapids...
alternately leading and following.
I watch from above until they go around a crooked bend and are out of sight.

Our prayers and our tears, like the roses,
witness and accompany you on your final journey in this lifetime.
You are free.
You will not be forgotten.

A ribbon of family slowly makes its way up from the jaws of the canyon.
The caravan of grief and relief passes back through the gateway.

For Gregg

Today, as we say our “for now” goodbye
you dance to music only you can hear.

Like a Coyote Ninja
your stealth bobs and weaves with gravity’s call.

Like Mr. Bojangles walking a tightrope
you step cautiously, confidently
on the high wire of embodiment.

Like Brother Hawk
you have wings
under your diminishing skin suit
that will catch an uplift of Divine Wind
when you answer earth’s call.

I have seen the ribbon of Light
pulled into your canyon
by the Dragon and the Mother of us all.
It is in you and around you now.

The saints whisper stories of guidance and reassurance
from beyond the veil.
When you look into my eyes
I hear them too.

I know you will only be in the next room, Dear One.
But some of the Light will be gone from this one
until we are all safely home together.

Calling all angels.
Accompany my brother
from the land of skin and sorrow,
through the door,
into the Divine Embrace.