

Fire seedlings

# Fire seedlings

By : Vashti Puls

Stream of consciousness writing about a descendent of Mary Magdalene dreaming what her earliest ancestress must have felt like being with Jesus while having her hand being hit with a ruler because she writes with the left one in modern times. Space time continuum of sensual pleasures shared with the holy and golden one.

Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/Vashti Puls](http://booksie.com/VashtiPuls)

Copyright © Vashti Puls, 2015  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

## Fire seedlings

biting my nails not knowing how to start cross blood dripping mud danger christ returns soon to bring me with him i really did not mind him so much his lips were sweet honey his hair flowing and the soles of his perfectly beautiful feet they do not know what happened he is more than a savior or a magician any lover can tell you this who is pure ilve simple kind gentle yet overpowering like a volcano or a storm i was with him in that garden i a ripe dripping piece of fruit on the tree my tears fell as blood upon his face he did not look up nor lick them up he was disgraced why did his father teach him scarifice evil live nothing in between he did not see the seeds which would blossom again he swallowed one and i went with him and we felt the whip but it did not sting our skin in far away places where we embraced and i felt our throats constrict go dry but in our bodies yet lived the memories of tongue wet against tongue snake rising ...the apple was not evil the ignorance is... the snake the pens is if wrongly used causes war rape hate but united within tender flesh it is peace and comfort and procreation rereation and i can speak no more i have fallen to the earth along with his mother for i too am of her and we are weaved all together and i can no longer speak now that it is dark it is as if i have no tongue and i too cry with outstretched arms for he is my daddy also and i am alone and no one follows and forever they call me evil but if i disappear i exist in each song you hear each path you follow the sighing of a million willows the flight of a thousand sparrows numbers and time are irrelevant my soul is now spent but those who threw the copper and gold at me knew not how to recieve it was he who taught me to be free it was he whom i gave everything and so even in this ash of my past the fire of his eyes his touch his ever beating heart reach me becme me and i too blaze within my own dignity and you do not know he had a name besides the one you call him beesides the ones you argue and fight and kill over for i whisper it to him even in my sleep my death and it awakens crimson with me each new dawn of my being and it is so much more than yearning for truth.....he can not be taken from me and we are a circle that spins round and round

nonsense words rythums hymns my fingers are frozen i think too much there is no flow i am lost and there is no where to go and nothing makes sense but home and the baby screams screams in my dreams for she means that other than ordinary things but i can not remember for i now too am ordinary awake while the real world sleeps behind my back between my legs down my throat in my heart do you hear me laugh i wonder in that reflected pool of yours do the trees sigh and whisper dance and quiver do their roots become wings and their branches boulders my arm tires i have an illness i almost said disease dis ease ill ness shake the hand like

the back of a dog and the molecules change yet my brain waves again again i try but perhaps it is a sign that waving here mean hello and good bye what is my arm then harm a weapon truth a lesson will it pull me up am i a bulb you know i still think and you think too much my critics say as they lay lie on their poisonous beaches reasoning out why it is best to take all you can get eat with greed while others starve i am an other without an m hmmmmmmmmmm i am a mother brrrrrrr other....fa r ther their wiggle the fingers like seperate yet connected snakes upon my hand the tree branch i question i ask and yet why are you so certain of your truths you use them to abuse us for now owwww it hurts i am not the only one when it was just me i did not have to worry but now we are a whole unity and the block in your heart the heaviness you can not face is built into the walls and prisions of other places and people and wave the fingers again even the middle one

## Fire seedlings

and the thumb? she is to the side but still connected prehensile? i could hold a pencil or wag my tail we all have one somewhere sometime a tale too perhaps which gets me off track yet we still connect neighborhoods communitys unity in a world beyond a uni-verse that creature still exists the uni-corn is one yet more free in spaces you can not journey for your fingers close into a fist of might and right write let go and you too may be free  
Vashti Puls

## Fire seedlings

## Fire seedlings

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-30 23:13:04