

GOD PARTS

When I can embrace
All the parts of me
Maybe then I can see
How God sees me

by Neil Meili

POETS' CORNER:

Voice Dialogue in Poetry

by Yolanda Koumidou-Vlesmas

and Neil Meili

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VOICE DIALOGUE

The facility of the facilitator to facilitate
depends on the faces of the facilitator
the facilitator has the facility to face

by Neil Meili

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BONDING PATTERNS

Although it may not be apparent to you
the non apparent parent in you
is more than apparent to me

Although to be perfectly fair
it's not likely I'll mess with a hair
as long as you're taking good care

But when it gets too big for its thighs
when it starts to guilt and to criticize

Something will change in a blink of our eyes
and it'll be fighting with something its size

Even though it may not be apparent to me
I'm gonna go running to the parent in me

If I tell my Dad he'll have something to say
and

if I tell my Mom there'll be hell to pay

by Neil Meili

THE PARADE

I sit in silence.

I close my eyes.

I fold my hands.

My intention: to surrender to Him.
But suddenly,
the inner meditator transformed into a single spectator.
A spectator to a Parade.

The Grand Marshall,
my inner organizer
holding banners with l i s t s a n d l i s t s
of my unfinished plans and tasks and dreams.

Others follow holding posters
featuring yesterday's events:
what I said
 how I said it
 what I should have said instead

The Parade concludes with my inner critic
chanting her favorite mantra:

“You failed to meditate correctly once again!”

“You failed to meditate correctly once again!”

So,
I readjust my posture,
I sit in silence with closed eyes and folded hands.
This time with no intention,
none.

by Yolanda Koumidou-Vlesmas

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RELUCTANT SHE RISES

Reluctant she rises from morning love

The voice of a million things to do

Argues with the voice
of the perfect moment

Slowly concedes
and falls back

into a purr

by Neil Meili

REED BETWEEN THE LIONS

My mother's will was always
stronger than my won't

My father's won't was always
stronger than my will

Caretaker soft or Cowboy strong

How quick I learned to change my face
to face the faces that I faced

And

I can still spin that mirror now
so you can see the face you want to see

But neither you nor I will know
which one is me

by Neil Meili

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A CONVERSATION WITH GOD

-When will I begin living in my House?

Renting rents me homeless.

God, help me find the road to my House.

-I never stopped showing you!

But every station, you treat as destination,
you get lost.

When you do get a glimpse of It
you let in crowds.

I Am with you in your House.

Close the Door.

Visit through your Windows.

Be careful who you let in.

This is sacred ground.

This is My House.

by Yolanda Koumidou-Vlesmas

THERA AFTERNOON

Black cat sleeps
dreams flickering on an eye

long since blind

by Neil Meili

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THE EGGSHELL

Lately I've been feeling so empty
and more fragile than ever before

Everything I believed in is gone

Desperate I turn
my jagged edges to the world

Step on me

with sensitive feet, you will be sorry
with lumbering boots, I will be crushed

by Neil Meili

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PSYCHIC FINGERPRINT

There is a Dance you dance alone.

You hear the music,

You feel the beat,

You move.

This, is Your Dance.

God, your only witness.

The rhythm, familiar only to Him.

He composed it,

Just for you.

by Yolanda Koumidou-Vlesmas

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