

The Blooming of the Lotus

a spiritual journey from trauma into light

by Robin Lynn Brooks with Dr. AnDréya Wilde

A Sampling of Poems

(No poems here include any material of a graphic nature,
nor are there any poems included from the most difficult chapters.)

The first poem in the book, page vii:

My heart moves
to the sound
of tears not fallen,
waiting for the emptiness
to find its river out.
The hollow drum
of my insides
echoes
with the warning
of a hurt so deep,
I am lost.
Effigies of horror
burned,
I tear at my skin
so the blood runs,
so I may feel this pain
and let the weeping begin.
At least then
I will know myself
alive.

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SHAMAN'S JOURNEY

Just sitting
at the bottom of a pool,
all the air
let out of my lungs.
Not wanting
to surface,
wishing
I could lie here
forever
sunk down deep
without breath,
without thought, too.

Wishing life were like
a shaman's journey
and I could be
in two places at once.
With my eyes closed,
shutting everything out,
and my eyes open,
deep in the ocean
which the pool has become,
watching mermaids
swimming by.

I could latch onto
a great sea turtle
and move through
the deep green waters,
so different
from what's going on
in my life.

But I still hear
the voices
that call
in the background
and still know,
but don't want to know
or hear
or remember,

that somewhere,
in one of these lives,
I lie neither
in the pool
nor in the ocean,
but in my bed,
and inside,
I feel
like a pile
of broken glass.

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Part Two follows the progress of the major portion of my healing – from the Chapter, Reaching for the Light, page 276:

I'LL KEEP GOING

So much responsibility.
So much pressure.
Like the weight of my father,
the blame of my mother.
I want out.
Out from under.
Out of this life.
Out on the prairie.
Out in the desert.
Out in the open sky
and dry yellow earth
of New Mexico.
Starved.
Branded.
Wandering.
Left to my muddled senses.
Left to be lost
and never being found.
Wild in the desert,
my hair long and stringy,
held back
by a glittering set of combs
or nothing but braided grasses.
My clothes in shambles.
My brain in shambles,
not wanting to answer
to anyone.
Leave me alone.
Keep me drugged.
Give me a frontal lobotomy
so I cannot feel.
Curl up into a ball
and never uncurl.
Just lay comatose,
gone.

But the trees, they whisper.

The beech leaves in winter.

Please, I say.

Soft morning sun on your eyelids.

The feel of grass under your hand.

Don't.

*The wind on your face
as you stand on the porch
or on the rocks at the ocean.*

I can't.

Please stop.

Your studio.

I know
they are trying
to save me,
despite the anguish,
despite my desire
to have no desires,
to be dead to desire
and to my heart
and to everyone
who needs me.
I want to be taken care of
and I know I can't be
so I just want out.

But I won't
because of my daughter
and my son.
And, alright, yes,
because I could not bear
to no longer feel
the wind on my face,
see the faint rose

on the clouds
at sunset,
and there is none of this
soft green grass
in the desert.

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THE SHELL

Hesitant,
I stand
at the opening
of the cave
that is the shell
I have carried
with me
all my life.
I have stood
at this threshold
for thirty years,
watching,
listening,
doing
but not yet able
to really step out,
pry myself away
from what
kept me safe
as a child.

In my late twenties
I crawled to the edge
of this shell.
I peered around
and thought it time
to take a chance.
I taught myself
how to talk at parties
instead of lying
on the floor
between a bed
and a wall,
buried in coats
where they were thrown.
But, still,
I realize
I have kept my shell
to hide behind.

Now I am ready —
maybe —
to step forward
away from its cover
an inch at a time,
to open
to at least one
besides the one
who has heard
everything.
To bare my insides
and this utter grief
holding me immobile
and even allow
my body seen
with extra pounds.

To share
that I hurt,
that I can't any more
keep it all inside
for fear of the knife
or the hands
on my throat
or other parts
at other places.
Instead
to hope simply
for love.

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*Part Three continues with my healing as I move out into the light, using more and more of the tools I have gathered
– from the Chapter, Into the Lotus, page 612:*

WHO I CAN BE

As I learn
once again
to find the way
that is right for me
to stand
and walk
on this earth,
I let
fall away
how I was forced
to stand
and walk
as a child.

My body
was not my own,
like a river torn
from its natural bed
to bend and twist
according
to the rules of men.

Now,
like the river
when at last
given permission
to follow again
its own authentic course,
I too
am learning
how to make my body
my own.

What
I am doing
these days
is moving me
along this path:

I do something.
I acknowledge
what I do
and that
I do it well.
I breathe this in
and then I rest –
even for a few moments.
I speak to myself
the words
a mother and father
would have spoken,
but not mine.

As I do this ritual,
every time,
I am inviting myself
to be and recognize
who I am.
I am allowing
the fullness of myself
to fill
the space
that I inhabit.
I am feeling
safe enough
to let happen
the growing
and then forming
of who I came here
to be.

The chains
have fallen away.
There is no one
forcing
any more.
There is only
my own voice
claiming
that this
is what I need
and then discovering
in those moments
of breath

and appreciation
and rest
the wholeness
and possibility
of who it is my right
to be.

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