

small words and prayers

Poems written between June and October 2025

An informal collection, written by Julia Norman

from the Eternal

I asked for affirmation,
prayers spilled over jagged cliffs and fell into silver depths
and I guess it makes sense,
you could send a message carried outside winds,
beyond precedent.

It struck me, nonetheless,
as it had the first, second, third, fourth time....
I might have cried if I had not met this miracle before.
I wish I had.

A curving elegant thing, concise its movement,
quick and cunning.
Humbling
to look myth straight in the eye far away from its playground
and see You.

I guess I understand,
that you who speak a million whispers in an eternal crashing at every hour,
and you, found patiently waiting in the soft space that is the room for listening
we call: silence,
would send this creature sensitive to noise,
could bellow in a tip-toed bent body.

It is clear to me as you craft renewal goodbye-beginnings
in watercolor sky
along infinite line we might mistake as ending,
that you would move a word or phrase or time to wind and bend
shifting circles
send me,
send all of it,
so I might encounter
This life
given, granted
Yours, as mine

All for this union to know,
to feel You.

In between good days

There are days when
the mind is sun baked coarse sand
and breathe is strained.

The throat is sand paper,
lungs only take in stale air
from a fan blowing
inside cinder block room –
speed level 1.

There are some days when
my feet hit the earth
heavier than the day before.
Gravity is thick mud
and I am wading
through mirky water.
My limbs are ready to fall
but they are pulled
at the sockets –
taut.

There are days that
feel remnants of
the ones before.
Like bruised fruit
a day and a half past ripening
a too sweet sour taste,
soft, past-day,
better-before.
There is a mild smell
of decay.

I want to walk off
a cliff on those days

hoping to fly,
though I know
I would probably just
drop into
a slow drift
fall into
a relief
of tumbling, landing.
Those days the wind is forceful
even as it whispers
tomorrow may yet come.
I descend,
fortunate to have wings.

I wade patiently
into those days
or at least I try,
on a creaking wooden boat
with a cracked wooden ore.

I sit in the waves of loneliness
as they rock me,
back and forth.
I am paddling out
farther still,
waiting for sunset.
Though it is coming
as fog capped sky.
I will wait, still.

If I were wise
I would pass the time.
I would cast a kite,
watch it for a while
what if it flies,

if even for
a moment?
Though it dips
again and again,
it does not take.
It plops, it sits
atop water's skin.

If I were prudent
I would pull it back
shake it off,
let the mirk of
fermenting life-lake water
drip onto my clothes,
seep into my shoes.
Wait for a draft
not expecting a gust,
throw again.

There are no promises
but there is nothing else.

life's recipe

Oceans, rivers, and Source Star,
shifting winds and fragrant soils,
whirl in the harmony of aging
to craft such simple splendor.

If it a poppy, see how it makes mosaic of morning,
a sunset atop supple earth.
Taste its mother, so nutty and subtly sweet.

If it a rose, releasing petal into withered wine,
a miscolored, elegant memory,
keep its curved limb between pressed page.
This gift of grace may linger for generations.

If it a dandelion, releasing a hundred morsels into coastal breeze,
a wildfire of wish weeds,
watch it form a field of pepper white,
a home for all our dreams.
This, the gift of bright eyed youth recast as whispering wisdom.

These blossoms were given long ago,
each sprout is born before the Spring.
The stem will come again in infinite form
to climb and stand as ash remade.

I pick the fruit about to fall
to taste the syrup that sticks atop my thumb.
This nest for wasp or bed for worm
soon too becomes my breakfast.
This sacred nectar is still delightful dry.

What turns forever as swirling amber,
must break apart and brew to bloom as honey.
As all that stretches towards the sun
will also wilt and make my sorrow.

These joys to hold, or taste, or know, are fleeting.
The firefly I cup at last,
prepares to be released to deeper night.

If seeds may blow and grant a garden,

and hummingbird or bee might share their harvest,
then shall I speak my life in rhythm
turn given energy into embrace?

I wish to follow the always arriving,
the gifts of summer waiting for winter,
to craft our heart and lungs and sinews.

The body of pleasure is in the oven of time.
It is smelling of sour salt, still fresh,
and tastes of a million miracles.

I wish to watch these hues before they fade,
and I return to celestial plain.

Yours sincerely, Suffering

Keep me in your drawer among your
paperclips and old pens
tape and screw drivers
underneath the batteries.

Stuff me in the corner of your sock drawer
among the thick woolen socks
that smell of damp dust,
or place me in the back cabinet
among the old cloth-
the makeshift rags

Hang your heavy jackets,
hats and keys
over me.
Let me chip and bend in time.

Or leave me in the box among
old clocks and torn sheets
on the edge of the sidewalk.

When I tip over,
sitting in the gutter
soggy in a muddy stream,
see how I remain
lopsided at your curb
for weeks.

Place me in cloaked, closed, corner closets
and still you will find me...
under the lamp post on the desert road,
sitting framed atop the fire place,
inside a thick yellow envelope in your mailbox,
stuck, flattened against your windshield.

Though if you place me in your lap,
cup me in your palms and bring me to your gaze,
tend to me like small sapling,
I will dissipate.

I will melt away like butter atop your toast
I will turn the smoke of incense.
My bitter roots may make your tea.

Hold me so I may be unheld,
fresh and clear
Then breath me in slowly,
transformed.

Late October sunset

This is a spectacle catered to the soul:
ice crystals carrying remnants of the warmest, brightest light,
a star reflection on the surface of storms yet to come
and I am here to witness it.

To watch this palette melt away,
shades of sun only possible on these diffuse mirrors, at this hour.
It is still beaming, radiant and vivid, though we are minutes past descent.

For just a few more moments, dusk proceeds as moving majesty.
Indigo is woven into lavender tufts among dashes of crimson with pale yellow and powder blue backing.
Electric shades sit against silver-grey.
Night is not arriving in a subtle manner.

This sky speaks in soft, unspoken tones.
Time has already been broken by beauty.

These are minutes for all of us,
so many eyes beneath this sky
all invited to end their day in awe.

Later, in the darkness, these rains bundled will release and give way—
what dawn awaits?
An even clearer sky for sun to cast its hues?
Forgive me if I miss it.



Swaying dance

When a breeze sweeps my skin leaving strands of hair
strung across my eyes I only gently pull
back the drift to look up and see hawk swoon.
When seagulls glide, on reflex, I lift my heels
as though I could join, as though I was born in
the swaying dance that knows no destination.

Southern wind, might carry me away above the sea
higher into a floating sphere where life is
simply weaving, a surrender to movement.
Landing is yet to come; there is no fall just
a trust in tilt, might I glide here forever

Catching

There is no light here apart from glowing ember.
There is no heat but the faint warmth of past burn.

With liminal sight I follow as ember fades
from saffron to flare till' there is only darkness.

I clench my breath though I believe the winds may come
and single spark might spread and take to flame.

Although there is no bread, nor sound night's rest
fire dust may find new life and trace may emerge, wild.

Mine sickness

I don't want distinct 'T'owning taking grasping it is stealing

health
happiness.

What is truly mine anyway?

Those are kin and they are kin and those are the hands that feed me and those are the life giving air giving shade makers and those are the microscopic world sustainers and they are all ancestors those mineral water-mixtures they are all beautiful feeling generous parent sibling teachers I am because them.

I am supposed to sit with a flag title banner on my t-shirt water bottle bumper sticker and find freedom security.

How?

I am supposed to see a separate I fragment me passing by you it them others only looking for mine.

Why?

I don't want to chop family into bits and break up the world into hungry falsehoods that consume wellbeing it is starving shooting annihilating neighbors burning up melting my sanity carving the future always ravenous it is contentment's carcass for delusion's dinner.

I am asking only to see what is existing as relationship in relationship known as communion.

Mine takers are playing so many tricks they are so sure that they are afraid they are saying you are just you and those are your people– not those, *those* are your kind beware of those taking yours not your concern the loss of your taking those things those sources, join us the separate.

and the excess needed, all

`

mine

mine

mine

find peace here? but here is running away, always running. I must find it and keep it?

hold it down pin it down strangle it if you have to? but

I am so tired of the chase and I
have hands that hold were
shaped to pray,

when does it end?

`

When the black curtain is drawn across land labor consequence at the checkout counter?

Beep. Beep. Mine.

Once station 2, 5, 11, 200, channel says so?

yes, mhmm, mine.

At the the edge of neighborhood block by block severed from history I am supposed to say back *get back* not here MINE?

Or when the world knows what is mine reads all the 'I' I am all the mine I take, how much?

The miners are taking so much I do not even need want what they are stating I am owed if it was necessary if I required all this all more mine wouldn't I have enough by now? I have tasted delicate freshness I have afforded walked for certificates I have seen the coast I am supposed to be one of the lucky ones.

yet, here I am craving ease I am asking to breathe and celebrate and laugh and cry at the moon and I want the same for my brother sister the future that will not be and I cannot figure out who is the me to put in the store window and sell tickets to interpretation.

I am supposed to yell at the glass, say more mine?

I would like to know ocean and I would love to be kin.

I love a history dance I would find it beautiful to see the colors of this place and savor its flavors the world is offering a tapestry of together it is giving us newness and wonder it is making curiosity boundless.

how could it be mine?

you mean I am supposed
to claim some amount of
what is freely given?

I want an ours it could be held with dignity it surely holds my flesh my frail heart with dignity
don't ask me to impale it label it, the source, all mine.

Mine

mine

Mine

miNE

mine

MINE

I won't lie sometimes I wake up looking for it until I am so lost so confused as my frail heart just won't believe

what the mind cycles searches repeats seek seek *mine*

it goes till' I stop and in a little space the bird sings

and wind
carries me
to heaven.

a leaf's longing

among a dozen
hundred branches,
crisscross webs

the veins of sea swirl
thousands of tears
into line

the wide arm body
with pointed limbs
exhales air

capable of might
might I carry
root systems

when we are vivid
bound together
countless kin

I wait to transform
imagine more
than I am.

awaiting falling
struck by strong wind
freed by wind

I am just growing
a light breather
life source

destined to wither
crumble to dust

broken seed

earth food and memory
not tall and grand
fresh mother

I dream of a drift
the space between
the embrace.

unsure as I hang
stand and defy
my true home

I hope for stature,
imposing size
elegance

rings or curved form,
generations
of wisdom.

sight was never mine
some distance
just longing

where will I scatter?
among rich soil
stubborn weeds

or beaten cement?
this is my tale
remind me