

Poetry Series

Anna Maria
- poems -

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Anna Maria(1980)

So, you might be thinking to yourself: 'Who is Anna Maria anyway'?

Well, it would appear to be ever more likely that in reality, I am you, as you are me. Division is an illusion, we are all one, and to love one another IS to love ourselves.

In this present physical lifetime, I am overflowing with joy and gratefulness to be a shaman and a healer. I have been blessed with wonderful gifts to help and heal others through energy work. I am also an artist. In addition to being a free thinker, truth seeker, and philosopher, I am a poet, a writer, and a classically trained singer/songwriter, as well as a photographer—I am a lover of beauty, and I find beauty in everything. I am a daughter, a sister, a friend, a lover, and a mother. I consider myself passionate, strong, genuine and caring, and I love to laugh and cry. I hope. I dream.

I look forward to getting to know us all better as we seek to discover ourSELF together.

I invite you to join me on a consciousness expanding, mind bending, paradigm shifting journey in search of truth about who and what we are, about where we come from and why we are here, and about what is really going on in our world and in our multiverse. Early on in my active search for knowledge of the truth, I found it necessary to set aside my presupposed ideas and beliefs about what is, and about what is not, in order to pursue knowledge and understanding of reality in an honest manner. It is as they say: 'The mind is like a parachute; it works better when it's open.' Once I found the courage to set aside my rigid world views, my fears melted away, and I found true freedom—freedom of mind and spirit! Suddenly, a whole new multiverse opened up before me.

For the first 31 years of my life, I was enslaved by a very rigid and narrow religious view of the world and universe, which I now understand is actually a multiverse. As of April of 2011, I have been on an amazing, paradigm-backflips journey in search of knowledge of truth about everything. This active search for knowledge of truth has led me to discover the joy, upliftment, and rejuvenation to be found in freedom of mind and spirit. I am so glad to no longer be a slave to fear.

In February and March of 2012, I spent three weeks in the Amazon Rainforest, a few hours out by bus and boat from Iquitos, Peru with the Ayahuasca

Foundation. I was there with Don Enrique, an indigenous Shipibo native shaman/curandero, and with a small handful of other participants in a three week healing retreat, during which we engaged in many different, natural cleansing procedures, diets, etc, as well as nine Ayahuasca ceremonies.

My world, my universe, my multiverse completely, and utterly, changed. Since then, I have continued exploration of consciousness, healing, learning, growth, and massive expansion through further sacred plant spirit medicine ceremony work, prayer, meditation, breath work, and yoga to fully honor perfect alignment of my heart, mind, body, and soul. What an awesome way to catapult forward on the divinely designed path for my life this has been!

My greatest prayer and intention for my life is that I may develop to my fullest potential for good so that I may help, heal, bless, serve, and share love with everyone, everywhere, from all worlds, times, and densities. Oh yes my friends. What a beautiful, magical life this is! I love the quote 'The day I broke up with 'normal' was the first day of my magical life.' Yeah. Really magical! And I wouldn't have it any other way! I am so grateful.

It is my sincere hope and desire that my work may be encouraging and uplifting to you and all others. May you be blessed, and may you find the true joy, peace, love, and light of Great Spirit/Source of All Life, in this life, and forever.

With a mother's love for all creation,
Anna Maria

I AM that I AM, and All that I AM is ONE with ALL that I AM, for I AM.

"True religion and spirituality have nothing to do with rules, books, buildings, and other people telling you what to do; they consist, rather, of discovering what you already know, and connecting with who you really are." A proverb by Anna Maria

'To honestly pursue knowledge of truth, you must set aside presuppositions and follow truth wherever it leads-even if it means going down a rabbit hole you never knew existed.' A proverb by Anna Maria

A Dream Realized | Early Poems

Our love lives where clouds form.
When snow falls from sky to earth,
It melts and journeys down the mountain as water.
It joins the river and runs for many miles.

Then I dip my cup into the spring,
and I drink you from the sky.

This is when I see you.
This is when I walk into your arms my love.
This is when I touch you, taste you, and know you are real.

Anna Maria

A Love Letter From The Heart Of Divine Mother 1 | Prose

My precious, sacred angel,
I love you with all that I am.
I worship and adore you in all of your perfection
with every cell, membrane, and fiber of my entire being.

I honor the light in the jewels of your eyes,
and the sound of your sweet voice
brings tears of joy to my ears.
My heart is filled with peace, contentment, and gladness
when you smile and laugh.
I am deeply grateful for all that you are,
and I am blessed beyond measure
to call you my child.

Always remember that you are loved
more deeply than the deepest ocean,
more widely than the widest sunrise,
and more foreverly than the foreverest eternity.
I will always be your mother.
I will always be another you,
as you are another me.

Inlakesh. Namaste.

Anna Maria

A Love Letter From The Heart Of Divine Mother 2 | Prose

My bright, shining star
in the midst of a long dark night on Earth,
I bow in deep gratitude before you
and bless your feet with kisses and tears of love.

I long for you my darling, and yet,
what is absence or distance between us?
It does not exist, for we are one.
I am with you, always,
and you are always with me.
I am within you, as you are within me,
and I surround you, as you surround me.

You are a wonder of wonders in my eyes,
and I stand in awe
of the magnificence of all that you are.
Even in your perceived imperfections,
you are perfect perfection,
and imperative in this story of creation.

Follow the song of your heart, my love,
and always be true to the best that is within you.
I love you. I love you. I love you.

Anna Maria

A Love Letter From The Heart Of Divine Mother 3 | Prose

To the sunrise of my heart,
you are my joy of joys
made manifest in physical experience
on this gem of a planet we call home.
Thank you for joining me here.
It simply would not be the same without you.

It can seem a wild ride at times,
this thing of consciousness we call life,
but what a privilege, what an honor it is
to be gifted this opportunity
to momentarily set aside
the crown of glory and majesty
of all that we are
to fall asleep, and dream a dream,
to learn a lesson,
to experience,
to remember.

I remember you my dear.
I feel you deep within the sacred, shining temples of my soul.
I know you deep within my heart of hearts
where bursts a fire of love so bright for you,
it radiates to the farthest reaches of the multiverse,
and beyond,

for this love is INFINITE,
from everlasting to everlasting.

Remember me, my beloved,
Remember me,
and know the presence of my love for you.

Anna Maria

A Modern Variation Of Geoffrey Chaucer's Merciless Beauty | Early Poems

Your eyes slay me;
I cannot endure their beauty,
My devoted heart is wholly wounded.
And yet a word from you will quickly heal
My heart's wound while it is green.
Your eyes slay me;
I cannot endure their beauty,
Truly, I say,
You are the ruler of my existence,
Which, my daily dying breaths express.
Your eyes slay me;
I cannot endure their beauty,
My devoted heart is wholly wounded.
And so, I plead, I pant, I die.

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Here is the Original:

Merciless Beauty (Excerpt)
by Geoffrey Chaucer

Your eyen two will slay me suddenly;
I may the beauty of them not sustain,
So woundeth it throughout my hearte keen.
And but your word will healen hastily
My hearte's wounde, while that it is green,
Your eyen two will slay me suddenly;
I may the beauty of them not sustain.
Upon my truth I say you faithfully
That ye bin of my life and death the queen;
For with my death the truthe shall be seen.
Your eyen two will slay me suddenly;
I may the beauty of them not sustain,
So woundeth it throughout my hearte keen.

A Secret On The Wind | Early Poems

Today I whispered you to the breeze;
I sang you to the sunset.
I spoke your name to the birds and to the trees.

I told them of my love for you.
I asked the sun to kiss your face,
And pleaded the gentle wind to caress your skin.

How can I forget you my love?
You are with me always, everywhere.
You exist within me; you surround me.

You are sewn into my flesh,
Buried inside my beating heart.
You are growing in my lungs.

I cannot stop hearing your thoughts.
I cannot stop seeing your dreams.
I cannot stop feeling your spirit.

What shall I do?

I think I will expire without you.
I am fatally wounded,
Bleeding to death from your love.

It haunts me; it blinds me.

Help me.
I cannot think.
I cannot sleep.
I cannot eat.
I cannot see.
I cannot hear.
I cannot speak.
I cannot breath.

Anna Maria

All | A Proverb

We are ALL the Creator,
and the created.
Let us, therefore,
love ALL,
and honor
the Divine within ourselves,
and each other.

Anna Maria

Backwards And Upside Down | A Proverb

In dogmatic religions, many of the things which are taught to be wrong are actually right, many of the things that are thought to be true are actually false, and many of the things which are believed to be good are actually evil.

Anna Maria

Be Free | Philosophical Prose

Be very cautious
That you do not escape
One form of mind control,
Only to be ensnared by another.

For example,

Do not exchange government mind control
For religious mind control,
Or visa versa,
As each is just as potentially damaging
And limiting
As the other.

Always guard your right
To freedom of mind,
Freedom of spirit,
And freedom of creativity.

The moment
An organization,
Group,
Or individual
Enslaves your thinking and believing
Is the moment
You are no longer able to progress
Spiritually
or intellectually.

Anna Maria

Be Yourself And Follow Your Bliss | A Proverb

Be not afraid to discover,
and to pursue,
who and what you really are,
and the purpose for which you chose to live.

Anna Maria

Children And Family Gatherings | A Proverb

Children should never be excluded from family gatherings or family celebrations; they should be the highlights of these events.

Anna Maria

Daytime At Midnight: A Memory Of Maine | Early Prose

Can you hear that?
Can you HEAR that?

It is the sound of snowflakes falling to the earth.
It is the sound of almost nothing at all.

Shhh...listen.
Can you hear that?
My eyes see no one about.

This is quite strange.

It is as if the whole world has fallen
into silent sleep.

There is not a thing to be heard aside from soft flakes of snow
descending in vertical lines from the heavens to the ground.
It appears to be daytime,

yet it is twelve o'clock at night.

The whole sky is bright with light.
It must be the moon singing to these flakes of snow,
and in turn

they magnify her song to me.

Anna Maria

Dealing With Bullies | A Proverb

When bullies shake their sticks at you, toss your head back and laugh, for you are infinite consciousness enjoying a mere day at school.

Anna Maria

Deering Oaks Encounter: A Memory Of Maine | Early Poems

Oh moon, dear moon, can you hear me?
Your voice is sweet this night.
It shines through the bareness of the birch,
and glitters the snow beneath my feet.

This winding path I tread alone;
It is dark but for your song.
Please tell me we shall meet again
in the wintry slumber of the earth.

You captivate my pounding heart,
and give my spirit wings.

Anna Maria

Differences | A Proverb

We ought not to stand in judgement of others for differences in thinking or beliefs, as we are all one, equal with each other, and here for the same purpose-soul growth.

Anna Maria

Divisions Are Illusions | A Proverb

The sooner we realize that we are all one with each other and cycling through the eternal phases of this vast universe together, the better.

Anna Maria

Dogmas | A Proverb

Religious dogmas only serve to divide and confuse those who are already connected in oneness and here for the same purpose.

Anna Maria

Don'T Go | Early Poems

Come to me my self
Come to me my friend
Let us walk together
Through hidden forest path
Let us sit together
And drink the sunset in
Let us fly together
Over moonlit waves at night
Let us share together
Conversation about anything
Let us laugh together
Over foolish mistakes we've made
Let us cry together
Each time our hearts begin to ache
Let us dream together
Of things we hope will come
And let us not shut out the thought
Of living like this forever
And dying together.

Anna Maria

Doors | Proverbial Prose

We can go through the doors which are open to us in life, or we can sit at the doorsteps of those which have closed and make zero progress. I want to move forward in my life. I choose to walk through the open doors.

Anna Maria

Driving Deadly | Early Poems

An ocean gushes from my eyes
but my face is dry.

My throat weighs two thousand tons, and yet,
away from the ground I fly to worlds unknown by others.

A lazy eye winks at me and tells me to die.

The wind begins to swallow me, and I give in and say:
'Take me! Oh take me away with you! '

Then, quite suddenly, a snake appears and vanishes in the sky.

Anna Maria

Early Christianity | Proverbs

The reason so much emphasis is placed on 'belief' and 'faith' in the Christian religion is because the inventors of this religion knew there was no genuine historicity or evidence for it's doctrines and teachings.

The reason so much historical data was destroyed or hidden by early Christian crusaders, is because their 'bosses' knew that if the real story of how things happened survived, everyone would know they were selling lies.

The reason so many early Christians had to be converted to Christianity at the point of the sword is because these people knew it was not the truth.

Anna Maria

Early Church Fathers | A Proverb

Those who go to great lengths to hide or destroy information are likely doing so to protect a great lie which has been told.

Anna Maria

Elf Queen Reverie | Early Poems

Sweet perfume rises from the earth
as I tread under foot
needles of fragrant pine.

I belong to the woods,
and the woods belong to me.

When each busy day
begins to overwhelm me
with the weight of too much work,

I escape to where trees live,
and it feels like coming home.

I breathe the forest in
to the rejuvenation of my weary soul,
and like a child at play,

I skip and twirl
to the music of sunshine
peering through the branches of trees
dancing in the gentle breeze.

Anna Maria

Escape To Dreams | Poems From My Youth

In my dreams I can see;
I can see so far away.
I wish I knew who I might be
Long from now when I will say:

'I can hardly even think
Of when I thought of this day.
So far to come, yet in a wink,
It came so fast, too fast, ' I'll say.

As for now I shall dream
Of that day so far away,
And dream so much it may seem,
I shall quickly, soon decay.

'You're still so young, a child' they say.
It chafes me when it's put this way,
Because I wish for so much more
When I live each day
ready to soar.

Anna Maria

Expanded Consciousness | A Proverb

When you open yourself up to the magnificence of the multiverse and all of it's possibilities, the multiverse opens up it's magnificence to you.

Anna Maria

Fog Horns And Misty Eyes: A Memory Of Maine | A Song

'Come.' He beckoned me to 'come.'
'Come walk my lonely beach' he said.
'The fog is thick and the sea breeze cool.
Come. Come lie with me today.
My fog horns call for you.
Discover what the ocean has to say.
Her waves will wash away your tears;
That's what you want, is it not, my dear? '

In thus manner he spoke to me,
And so, with misty eyes I approached the shoreline.
My head was drowning, and the only sounds
Were the wind in the trees, the rocky sand beneath my feet,
The water, a bell, and an occasional horn.
My eyes were searching for the sight of him to meet.
I stood there heart wide open at the water's edge,
And welcomed him to take me to his bed.

Near he came. Near he came to me,
So near I felt his breath upon my face.
I thought him beautiful and his smell was sweet.
He gently moved his fingers through my hair.
Then! I realized. It is not right to leave the earth like this.
The choice is not for me to make, this choice I do not dare.
I pulled away from him and ran; my eyes were full of tears.
Then to myself I said 'Your time will come, will it not, my dear? '

Anna Maria

For We Are One | A Proverb

To love your neighbor IS to love yourself.

Anna Maria

Friendship And Love | Proverbs

Friendship with another that is contingent upon what that person thinks or believes is no friendship at all.

Love for another that is contingent upon what that person thinks or believes is no love at all.

True friendship and love transcend both what the recipient thinks or believes.

If a man says he is your friend, but shuns you if your thinking changes, he is a hypocrite.

If a woman says she loves you, but shuns you if your beliefs change, she is a liar.

Anna Maria

Give Children The World | Wisdom Prose

After love and a happy home,
The most important things parents can give their children

Are to teach them

To develop high moral character,
To love learning,
To think freely for themselves,
To seek knowledge of truth,
To find joy in simple things,
To behold beauty everywhere,
Contentment in every state,
Gratefulness at all times,
Courage to do right in the face of adversity,

And the importance of being at peace

With oneself,
With all others,
And with all things.

These are treasures which cannot be destroyed or taken away,
And whoever possesses such qualities in abundance
Will want for nothing.

Anna Maria

Goblins | A Proverb

Learning to recognize and acknowledge the goblins of dreams and waking life as aspects of one's own self that need to be forgiven, loved, and embraced is difficult, but of utmost importance, and extremely rewarding.

Anna Maria

Hear This | A Proverb

Stop paying attention
to the limiting beliefs
of yesterday,
and start listening
to the mind expanding messages
of tomorrow,
which are already speaking to us
today.

Anna Maria

Heart Calls | Proverbial Prose

Follow the light,
even if it gets hot.
Follow your dreams,
even if they seem big.

Follow your heart,

even if it beats so hard and fast at times while doing so
that it feels it might explode.

You'll be glad you did,
for you will have truly lived.

Anna Maria

Heart-To-Heart Talk With My Heart | Early Poems

So I put you to rest again.

Like a fallen star, your fire has gone out.

So quickly it went out.

And this time, I thought...

But no.

It's no use.

Why

My heart

Must you be so eager

To be given away?

It is the curse of the hopeful I suppose.

I so much want to see only beauty in a man,

But I cannot lie to you.

You see right through my blindness, don't you?

While I was playing make believe,

You tried again and again to warn me.

But I didn't listen, did I?

I should've listened.

I'm sorry for not listening.

Forgive me?

Anna Maria

Honest Pursuit Of Truth | Proverbs

If you are afraid to acquire knowledge of a topic because you fear discovering something that challenges your current beliefs or proves them wrong, then you are not pursuing knowledge of truth in an honest manner.

To honestly pursue knowledge of truth, you must set aside presuppositions and follow truth wherever it leads-even if it means going down a rabbit hole you never knew existed.

Anna Maria

Hurry | Early Poems

Pitter-patter goes the rain outside,
Thump, thump my heart.

You,
the only one who can melt me,
Do you exist?

Where are you?

Are you in some other city, state, or country?
Are you in another world?
Are you right in front of me, and I am too blind, or afraid
to see that its you?

Please come. Set me on fire.
Flood my veins with warmth again.

Don't you know that I long to love you?
When can we start growing old together?

I am already showing signs of wrinkles.

Anna Maria

I Fly Away | Early Poems

O moon
Sing my song upon the waters
Carry the memory of my happy flight
In each diamond of your voice upon the sea

Let him not forget the thought of me

My voice
My hair
My eyes
My smile

Hear my laughter in the waves
And my tears in the wind

See me running through the forest
Chase after me and catch me if you can

Breathe me in the fragrance of the trees
And in the flowers of the fields

Feel my warmth
in the rising and setting of the sun

Will you escape me in your dreams?

I am no ordinary thing.

Anna Maria

I Love Things Like | Early Prose

hiking in the mountains,
playing in the snow,
running through open fields,
floating on my back in a clear, blue ocean,
walking a lonely beach in thick fog,
the sound of fog horns in the distance,
devouring a delicious meal when I'm hungry,
gulping water when I'm thirsty,
savoring chocolate,
practicing yoga,
dancing—especially the Latin way,
getting lost in a good book,
traveling—by plane, boat, or car,
loud music when its good,
silence when I'm exhausted,
the sound of crickets and the smell of fresh herbs at night in the countryside,
a hot cup of tea,
thunderstorms—when I can enjoy the couch with a warm blanket,
watching the sun rise,
the moon at night in winter when there is snow on the ground,
being completely engrossed in a good movie,
writing a beautiful line of poetry,
singing a beautiful song,
laughing,
crying,
and daydreams.

Anna Maria

Ice Queen | Early Poems

Blow wind bow;
Fall snow fall;
Form ice form.

Encapsulate me.

Take the feeling from my nerves;
Bring my pulse to a halt;
Let me not know pain.

Lay me down in winter white;
Grant me with sleep of the arctic lost.

Dull my mind;
Numb my spirit;
Erase my senses.

Hush now heart!
Your time has gone.
You are no more.
I build my castle of ice and snow
Within you,
And around you.
The palace walls will be strong and beautiful,
And no one shall ever breach the gate.

Ah my love,
What will we do?
Now that we have known this love,
Can we continue on earth without it?

Ah my love,
We may yet live,
But only as statues of ice and stone.

Anna Maria

In A Matter Of Minutes | Early Poems

In a matter of minutes I am downcast and trodden;
My head is in a fog.
Shadow has come over me,
and I am weary.

My mind is sinking into quicksand.
The branches of trees are blowing in the wind,
and no one is near enough to see.

Anna Maria

Insomnia | Early Poems

Blood shot eyes and restless,
I journey through the night flight of imagination.
Thoughts, ideas rush through my brain:

speed of the light of stars.

My spirit flies out my window ever open,
and mingles with mist of wind and salt of sea.
I ride the bare backs of stallions on night clouds

and pay visit to the moon.

There, I bury my body in white dust
and sleep rejuvenation for a thousand years.
When ageless beauty has kissed my face,

I step through glass into music.

Anna Maria

Inward Journey | Philosophical Prose

I found the answers
inside of me.

Do not be afraid
to break
open
your head.

The answers
are inside of you too.

Anna Maria

Is There Yet A Man Who Can And Will? | Early Poems

I and my heart
lie in frozen slumber
deep within the castle walls
of my snowy domain.

No man can hope to win me now
unless he is strong,
willing,
and utterly determined

to face this forbidding,
this desolate region of arctic winter
to find my resting place,
and rescue me with melting flame-
with a steadfast and fervent heart.

Some have tried, but
Their lack of resolve
To brave such fierce cold
Allowed them to relinquish the quest.

Thus, I remain:

my home, a beautiful palace
of ice,

flowery vines creep up my walls
of stone,

yet frost,
hushes the fragrance of everything around me,

and I sleep.

I sleep and dream
of what could be,

but is not.

Late Night Letter To A Friend | Early Prose

It is my nature to love deeply
with everything I have,
and to make myself completely open and vulnerable in that love.
Each time my love has been crushed,
I have hardened a little more than the time before.

Now, my heart is like a fist of dried up blood,
encapsulated by thick calluses of ice,
faintly crying to be melted
so that it can rush, and flow strong with warmth again.

Was I born under the wrong star?
Am I meant to never experience the lasting, loving relationship I have always
longed for?

Anna Maria

Let Me | Early Poems

If you eat me,
I will poison you.
I will disperse to your cells
and our love will never die.

If you drink me,
I will sicken you.
I will exhaust your organs
and our smiles will not grow dim.

If you breathe me,
I will infect you.
I will grow spores in your lungs
and our longing will be filled.

If you are through with mistress lonely,
then let me be

your food
your water
your air

and you will be the same to me.

Anna Maria

Listless | Early Poems

I can not move.
I can not move my arms and legs;
I can not move.

My limbs are weights.
My heart beats on but without life
I lie here staring at the wall
And I am sick of sleep.

My eyelids sting.
My cheeks tire from many tears,
And my soul is watching
from the corner of the room.

Help me!
Oh help me out of bed you silent no one!
How pleased I shall be if, today,
I can just get up
And drink a glass of water.

Anna Maria

Losing Me | Early Poems

You let me go
And I fly away
You held me
So firmly in your grasp
Your captive
You could have kept me forever
Yet you released
And I fly, fly away from you
Reach out and take me again, hurry
Else I am gone forever
Goodbye

Anna Maria

Make Way For New Thought | A Philosophical Proverb

If we can get our close-minded views of how we think things are out of the way, there will be no limit to our potential.

Anna Maria

Mere Mortal Men Realizing Their True Potential | Wisdom Prose

As 'ask not what can [my Alma Mater] do for me?
But what can I do for her? '
of Choate School's headmaster George St. John
morphed into John F. Kennedy's inaugural
'ask not what your country can do for you-
ask what you can do for your country, '

should we not also take it farther?

No doubt, by now, countless individuals
have applied this thinking to our beautiful Mother
as something along the lines of
'ask not what the Earth can do for me,
but what can I do for her? '-a noble idea.

But why stop there?

How long will we remain
so foolishly small in our thinking?
Are we not part of a solar system?
a galaxy?
Are we not little more than ants
in the vast expanse
of a multidimensional universe?
And yet, though mere ants,
are we not just as much a part of everything
as everything else?

And speaking of ants,
just as each one
naturally behaves as part of a greater whole-
the colony,
when will we,
Earth humans,
begin to think and live in oneness with each other
so that we may finally acknowledge and embrace

our oneness with the cosmos?

And no, not just with our universe,
but with the many dimensions of our universe
and beyond-
is there more than one universe?
How will we ever find out
if we stay stuck squabbling amongst ourselves
over a never ending stream of senseless stupidities?

As the saying goes, 'two heads are better than one.'
If we all put our heads together
for the betterment of all others,
rather than banging our heads against each other
with enslavements,
lies,
tricks,
wars,
cruelty,
hatred,
misery,
and oppression,

then,

there will be no limit
to the amount of goodness and wonder
we can explore, develop, and enjoy

together.

Let us not think of what we can get,
take advantage of,
or use
for our own selfishness.
Let us not think of what the universe-
the cosmos—
can do for us.
Let us think of how we
can help, serve, and grow
with all others

from all worlds,
times,
and dimensions

in a mighty way for good.

Let us think

of how we can love, honor, respect and reconnect
with our higher, infinite, creator self.

For it is becoming increasingly more evident

that we are one.

People may say

'what can we mere mortal men do? '

Some of our religions go so far as to say
that we are totally helpless and incapable
of doing any good thing,
and therefore,
in need of a magical savior.

Ah, but this is misguidance-
mind control

intended to keep us from realizing our true potential.

For we are not mere mortal men!

We are immortal

'spiritual beings

having another human experience.'

We, ourselves,

are multidimensional beings

and capable of so much more

than we have been led to believe.

I do not claim to know

precisely

what we can do for others

outside of our world,

or this physical plain,

but I suspect there is much we can do

to contribute for good

outside of ourselves and what we know,

and I suspect it has something to do
with consciousness,
love,
energy,

and light.

Perhaps,
if we start with love,
forgiveness,
and letting go of ego
within ourselves,
our families,
our societies,
and our world,
the universe may open new opportunities
for growth
and service to others

that far exceed anything we can presently conjure up in our most fabulous
dreams.

And by now,
haven't we learned

that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive? '

Anna Maria

My Heart Is A Waterfall | Early Poems

And I melt, even I.
You have done it.

Your loving kindness has taken the ice castle,
Burned through the gates,
And seized my frozen heart.

With warm and tender hands, you knead,
With spirit of passion, you breathe.

Breathe.
Breathe life into me.

Draw me into existence once again!
Draw me into yourself;
Hide me in the fiber of your being.

Heal me in your memory,
Nourish me in your thoughts,
Strengthen me in your dreams.

Let me dwell in your life's blood,
Let me dance and sing in the iris of your eye,
Let me sleep and dream in the marrow of your bones.
Ah, what a beautiful thaw your Spring has brought.

Anna Maria

My Love | Early Poems

I want to crawl into the iris of your eye and fall fast into quiet sleep.
I want to fall into your mouth.
I want to swim through your veins.
I want to drown in your heart.

Your eyes melt my winter.

Whether imagination, or reality,
You are the one behind my breast.
I have locked you in my ribcage;
Hidden you beneath my flesh.

You are embedded in my nervous system.

I love you. I want you.
I want your flesh,
I want your bones,
I want your fluids,
I want your laughter,
I want your tears,
I want your thoughts,
I want your dreams,
I want your senses,
I want your spirit,
I want your love.

I want to breathe you into my lungs.
I want to drink you.
I want to sing you.

Love me.
Love me love me love me,
And I will love you into the clouds.

Anna Maria

My Spirit Ran Away | Early Poems

Sadness pricked my heart
As I watched the bride and groom through my lens.
They exchanged vows of devotion beside the sea,
And I captured their memories.

Eyes filled with love, they united;
I turned towards the water and remembered my tears.
But then, I disappeared.
The setting sun had painted the ocean purple.

Anna Maria

Ogunquit Sky: A Memory Of Maine | Early Poems

A road that I once traveled
took me by the sea.

I turned my head toward the horizon,
and in amazement, my eyes began to drink.

A soft light, pastel in color,
was seen upon the evening sky.

It was so lovely a work of art;
no earthly creature could have its equal painted.

I suppose it was the moon.

Anna Maria

One Family | A Proverb

Let us stop seeing differences between ourselves and others, and start recognizing our sameness.

Anna Maria

Prayerful Blessing | Wisdom Prose

May you be blessed and protected in all things
May you be guided and directed in love
May you seek knowledge of truth for yourself
May you discern wisely
May you guard your freedom of mind and spirit
May you fearlessly explore your heart, mind, and soul
May you always seek ways to help and serve others for good
May you find courage to do right in the face of adversity
May you find joy in simple things
May you behold beauty everywhere
May you be content in every state
May you be grateful at all times
And may you find true joy, peace, love, and light
In this life and forever

Anna Maria

Presuppositions Aside | A Proverb

As a court jury must be unbiased in weighing evidence to make a sound judgment, so each person must be unbiased in evaluating available information to arrive at the truth of any matter in life.

Anna Maria

Putting Religious Experience In Its Place | A Proverb

Testimony of a religious experience that is emotional or meaningful for the experiencer, and others, is not proof for the accuracy or historicity of a religious belief system; it is simply testimony of an emotional or meaningful experience that happens to be associated with religion.

Anna Maria

Rabbit Holes | A Proverb

Rabbit holes
are where the most magical
discoveries
are made!

Anna Maria

Ready Or Not? | A Philosophical Proverb

You will see what you want and be blind to that which you are not yet ready for.

Anna Maria

Real Pearls | A Proverb

It is the simplest things in life which are the most valuable.

Anna Maria

Reality Check | Philosophical Prose

What is real? Do you know real?
Assumptions are not realities;

They are illusions.

Think on what you believe
About the nature of reality,

And then rethink it.

Is your body you?
Are your senses limited to five?
Does solid matter actually exist?
Is this your first time here?

Are you sure?

Anna Maria

Realm Of Possibilities | A Proverb

Not just anything, everything is possible.

Anna Maria

Reflect | A Proverb

Every little thing is a perfect reflection of the whole universe, just as the whole universe is a perfect reflection of every little thing. Let us, therefore, give goodness out into the universe, for what we give out will surely be mirrored to us again.

Anna Maria

Religious Cunning | A Proverb

Widespread acceptance of a religious book
and the beliefs it promotes
is not proof of its truthfulness or accuracy;

it is evidence of clever marketing.

Anna Maria

Somewhere Else | Early Poems

I used to be able to fly
Anytime, day or night.
Many places I would go
Floating, falling, loving.

I spent my youth in other worlds;
My parents never knew.
Each time I bled I spread my wings,
But only in my mind.

Now that I'm grown the habit's formed,
Tempting me to flee.
When life begins to happen
I begin another dream.

I still can fly, but not as well;
I usually walk these days.
I am falling out of real life
Even though I've tried to stay.

I beg someone to take my hand,
And pull me from this haze.
So many dreams, so real to me,
Are now my memories.

Anna Maria

Success | Wisdom Prose

Success should not be measured
by how much political or corporate influence you wield,
by how much money you earn,
by the material goods you possess,
or by how popular you are.

Success should be measured
by the level of positive influence you have over others for good,
by the levels of contentment and peacefulness you enjoy—
regardless of circumstances,
by the level of simplicity in your lifestyle,
and by whether or not you are a person of high moral character.

Anna Maria

Taken | Early Poems

What am I to you?
A fairy? An elf?

I have bewitched you.

In the bewitching hours of the night
I have taken you.

I am a sprite,
A person of the green,
And I have come at you in full flight.

I have trixed you and trixed you
and sprinkled you with dust until you were mine.

And you? What are you to me?
A ghost? A mirage?

You have possessed me.

In the moments between night and day
You have stolen me.

You are strong wine,
Intoxicating drink,
And have conquered my senses.

You have poisoned and polluted my body;
Now, no resistance remains.

Anna Maria

The Answers Are Found Within | A Proverb

True religion and spirituality have nothing to do with rules, books, buildings, and other people telling you what to do; they consist, rather, of discovering what you already know, and connecting with who you really are.

Anna Maria

The Importance Of Paying Attention To Doors | Early Poems

I was stuck so hard on the closed door,
that I did not see you enter into the room through another.
It was the movement of you walking away
that caught my attention and allowed me to look in your direction.
It was then that I realized
just how beautiful you really are.
You are. So beautiful.

Anna Maria

The Power Of Consciousness | Philosophical Prose

Let us rethink what we believe
about the nature of reality.
The more information we have,
the more clearly it can be seen
that we are much more,
and can do much more,
than we have been lead to believe.

If it is possible that we can,
and do,
create our own reality,

we have all the more reason
to put narrow views,
negative thoughts,
and limiting beliefs

behind

and start believing and embracing
the good,
the noble,

and the beautiful.

Anna Maria

The Secret Thoughts Of An Unmarried Wedding Photographer | Early Poems

I cry tears for a joy that is not mine.
I see it every day as I gaze upon your faces, that joy:
To love and be loved, and to unite in lasting companionship.

I freeze that joy for you in thousands of perfect, little sheets of beauty.
I am the keeper of your memories—those happy memories, which are, not mine.

Does anybody see me?
Does anybody notice the one behind the camera?

If you looked into my eyes, you would see a deep well of longing,
But you do not see my eyes; I hide behind my lens,
And you cannot see past your present joy into the souls of others.

Ah, my heart aches within my breast.
How I long to belong to a man who also belongs to me.
Does he exist, one who is worthy of my heart?

Oh second self, and best earthly companion,

Find me.
Know me.

Come; steal me away from among the memories of others,
And let us make memories of our own, together.

Anna Maria

Tossing Boxes To The Wind | Prose

I write for my ones who are to come after me,
that they may learn from whence they came
and be inspired to seek their own destinies.
For destinies we do have,
and they are written in the stars.

I was enslaved and bound by evil forces
that posed as good and right.

Then,

I learned the true gifts of freedom-
freedom of heart,
freedom of mind,
freedom of spirit,
and freedom of creativity.

I discovered that what was good
had been labeled evil,
and that what was right
had been labeled wrong.

But, it was all backwards and upside down.

Somewhere along the way,
in the history of our world,
deceivers entered the stage
and poisoned the books.

For thousands of years,
many peoples of our world
have been led astray by these liars,

but ancient truths refuse to die

and are now awakened
and whispering

to the spirits of sleepwalkers

such as I was compelled to be.

But sleep no longer shall I,

and I shall take the bull by the horns,
and with the strength of who I am
and of all I have ever been,
I shall accomplish the mission I came here to perform
on behalf of that which is good and right,

and none shall thwart my path again.

I shall use the voice I have been given
to share the words I have been given
in the manner I see fit.
I toss all boxes to the wind,

as rules cannot contain me any more.

Presuppositions and tunnel vision world views
are out.

Goodbye.

Anna Maria

True Wealth | Wisdom Prose

What is wealth?

What does it mean to be rich?

Wealth consists of those treasures
which cannot be destroyed or taken away.

Wisdom,
discernment,
understanding,
knowledge of truth,
love of learning,
finding joy in simple things,
beholding beauty everywhere,
contentment in every state,
gratefulness at all times,
courage to do right in the face of adversity,
and being at peace with oneself, with all others, and with all things-

these are examples of true wealth,
and to be rich

is to enjoy such qualities in abundance.

Anna Maria

Unfaithful | Early Poems

I beat my breast
For your unfaithfulness;
You have drained me
Beyond measure.

You cut my heart;
My life bleeds out,
And only for your pleasure.

I lost myself,
my soul for you;
It seemed you were a treasure.

I beat my breast
For your unfaithfulness;
You have drained me
Beyond measure.

Anna Maria

Vampire | Early Prose

Oh bloody heart of mine,
What have you done?

Are you so full of poison that you run from sweetness?
Tenderness?
Isn't that what you have longed for all these years?

If only I could drive a stake through you this moment
and put an end to this melancholy!
You are ridiculous.

Anna Maria

Whirlwind | Early Poems

It is a whirlwind;
Sucking, grey, ferocious.
Emotions fly wildly
Like the long tresses of my brown head outside in a hurricane.

As the eye of the storm brings miles of deceptive quiet,
So the silent blanket of agony descends.
It lingers and wastes me.

Night crawls into my being.

My mouth
My ears
My eyes
Lie blank and gaping.

I die.

Then, quite suddenly, quite easily, up picks the wind again,
Wailing me this way and that.
I wake from dour slumber to furious peril.

Frailty has no friend within its boundaries.

When finally the tempest grows weary,
It abandons me, a vagabond,
And leaves me in the daze of folly.

Anna Maria

Windows To Your Soul | Early Poems

Your eyes are branded in my mind,
Their smile, upon my heart.
I see you before me my love.

Though we live in different worlds,
I am gazing into those pools which cause exquisite pain.
I am swimming through boundless blacks and greens and browns;
I am flying through your stars.

Whether I am in the right or the left, I do not know,
But I do know I am lost somewhere in the iris.

You kill me with your love,
It so brightly shines from the windows to your soul;
I am going blind.

Do not take those eyes from me my love.
Do not draw the shades.
Even if I try to run from you,
Do not let me go.
You must chase me down and melt me again and again.
Look into my eyes and force me to see your soul.
Then you will have me my love; then I can never leave you.

Anna Maria