

Love in the Empty Cage

By Alexa Mehos

The time has come for us to say goodbye,
But what can words say of
Love,
and the emptiness of loss?

They say actions speak louder than words, as you know,
you, who have already broken the doors of your cage and flown away from here,
and are learning with pure joy a new dance of freedom.
We are left to shuffle the steps of our sorrow, heavy and slow,
but at least we dance.
The rhythm of
Love moves us on, step by step.

Sit quietly, embracing anguish with a tender heart.
Feel the music in the silence.
There is Love in the empty cage,
Love in the woman on the street corner begging for your spare change,
Love in the hope that things will change.
There is Love in death,
Love in life and the eternal choice between the two, and
Love in the difference we imagine between them and cling to dearly,
although they are not separate, because
Love takes the choice from us all in the end.
It is this, the realization that life and death were never separate
and never could be,
that reveals the most exquisite beat.

Does the bulb, buried deep in the earth in midwinter, fear death?

Impossible.
It sees itself clearly.
It waits for Spring knowing that change will come, knowing that
Love waits in the stagnant dirt, in the compost, in the decay of all things
waits even in our hearts when they have iced over.
Death, lived fully, is a great lesson on
Love.

It is time to live fully.
Look up from the frozen earth and forget your fear, for
she is cozy beneath her blanket of snow.
There is no need for words now,
we already know everything we need to be whole again.
We have always known, though we easily forget.
Death knocks, and opening the door with curiosity,
the eyes, the heart, the spirit, every fiber of our being
see the beauty of change in everything.

Even in the blackest night of the year, even in death,
there is great light everywhere, and it is
Love
beaming on the horizon as day breaks at each dawn,

twinkling in the stardust of our blood.
Even as it pumps through aching hearts,
Love dances
flowing free through our veins
like a bird in flight among the stars from which we came,
long dead but still shining bright into the great and beautiful emptiness,
into Eternity