

Surrender

To feel the wind in my heart,
and between my legs.

To feel the Sun penetrate deep
within my insides– *warmth*.

I need to copulate in the meadow,
between dandelions and grasshoppers.

Maybe then the lines of my ego
will dissolve– *surrender*.

Maybe then I'd truly be free,
my spirit indistinguishable from Your's.

Maybe then I'd truly be seen,
Breasts and cerebrum alike.

To feel loved by an unconscious Maker,
and by a conscious sower.

To lay against an oak tree.