

Ailbhe Wheatley

ALL IS BEATING

Oh and how they bloom yet
there's a crevasse in the concrete.
Oh and how they flutter
in the bushes right beside me.

I am apart,
and partying with

whatever whispers
back at me.

WAKING UP

Meeting myself
from below,
expanding on the edges
of the present, watching thoughts tread
on my toes
as yet unfamiliar
and as yet still few.

The thoughts that rise at dawn
are deeper, cutting through my
barbed wire brain.

WHOLENESS

Finding yourself requires no effort
or schemed searching.

It requires breath
and listening

falling into unconditional love
with your wholeness.

SUPPORTED

Sometimes all you have to do is feel
into the energy of a space
and know that it is like a soft cushion.

Life is a cushion to lie on.

You are supported by this lovely cushion
even when you feel it the least.

The pillow is within.

DAYDREAMS

There I was
diving into daydreams
letting myself go,
departing.

Meanwhile, here on earth
life passed without me.

LED BY THE LAND

I wanted to dive deeper
but my attention leaps
right out the window
frolics in the meadow

and digs more burrows than holes.