



The Call, by Oriah Mountain Dreamer

I have heard it all my life,

A voice calling a name I recognized as my own.

Sometimes it comes as a soft-bellied whisper.

Sometimes it holds an edge of urgency.

But always it says: Wake up, my love. You are walking asleep.

Thereâ€™s no safety in that!

Remember what you are, and let a deeper knowing

color the shape of your humanness.

There is nowhere to go. What you are looking for is right here.

Open the fist clenched in wanting and see what you already hold in your hand.

There is no waiting for something to happen,

no point in the future to get to.

All you have ever longed for is here in this moment, right now.

You are wearing yourself out with all this searching.

Come home and rest.

How much longer can you live like this?

Your hungry spirit is gaunt, your heart stumbles. All this trying.

Give it up!

Let yourself be one of the God-mad,

faithful only to the Beauty you are.

Let the Lover pull you to your feet and hold you close,

dancing even when fear urges you to sit this one out.

Remember, there is one word you are here to say with your whole being.

When it finds you, give your life to it. Donâ€™t be tight-lipped and stingy.

Spend yourself completely on the saying,

Be one word in this great love poem we are writing together.

Published at www.awakin.org on Nov 19, 2012