



HEARTQUAKES

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FGP

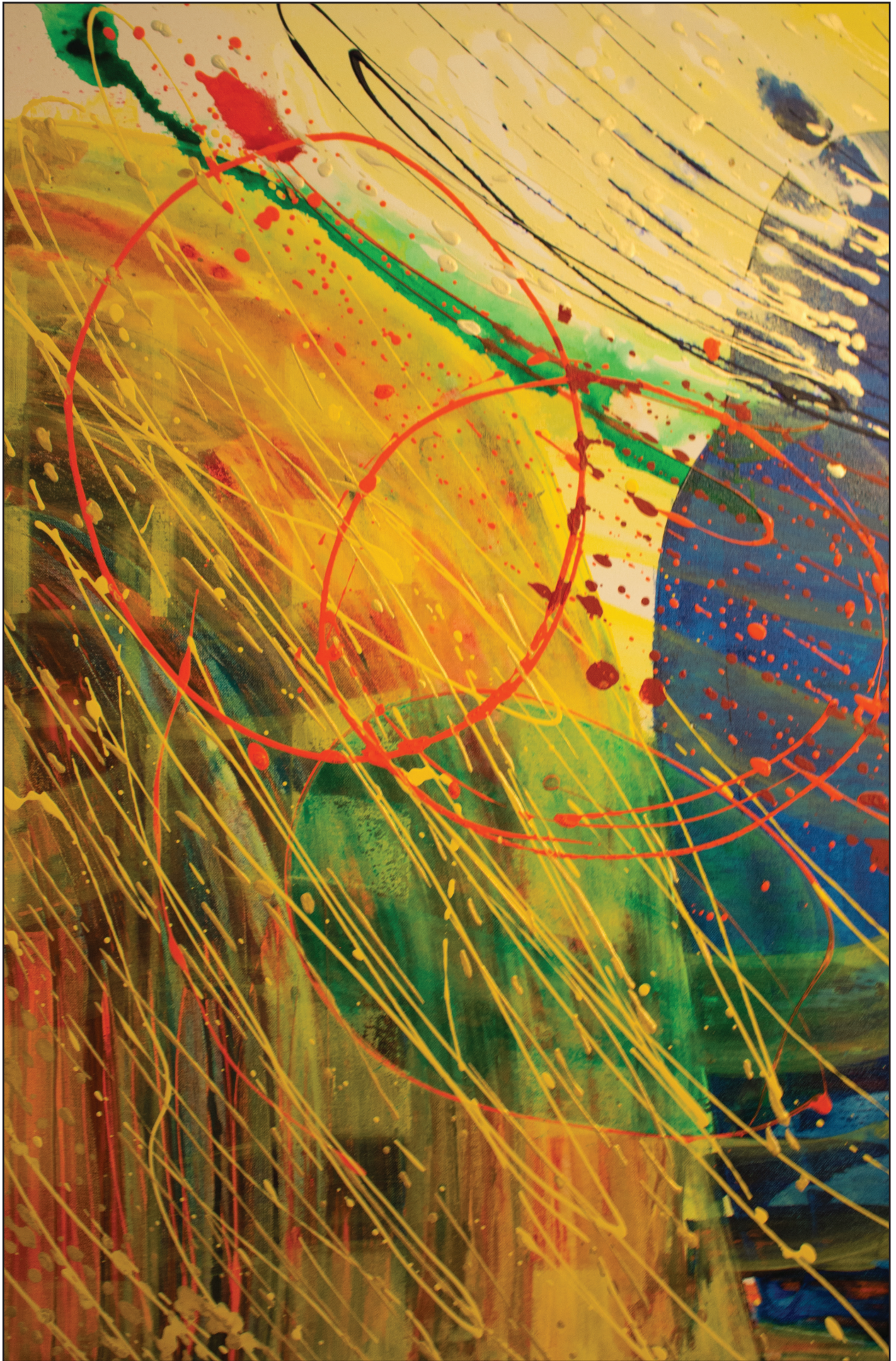
Thank you for downloading this demo of Heartquakes. Please view these pages side by side, as the paintings and poems are designed to accompany one-another.

In most pdf-viewers, you can select “view” then choose “side-by-side.”

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Learning to be still
in the middle of a storm
holding the breath
of the universe

Slowly bringing the rainbow
back to the sky
we help the storm
to surrender

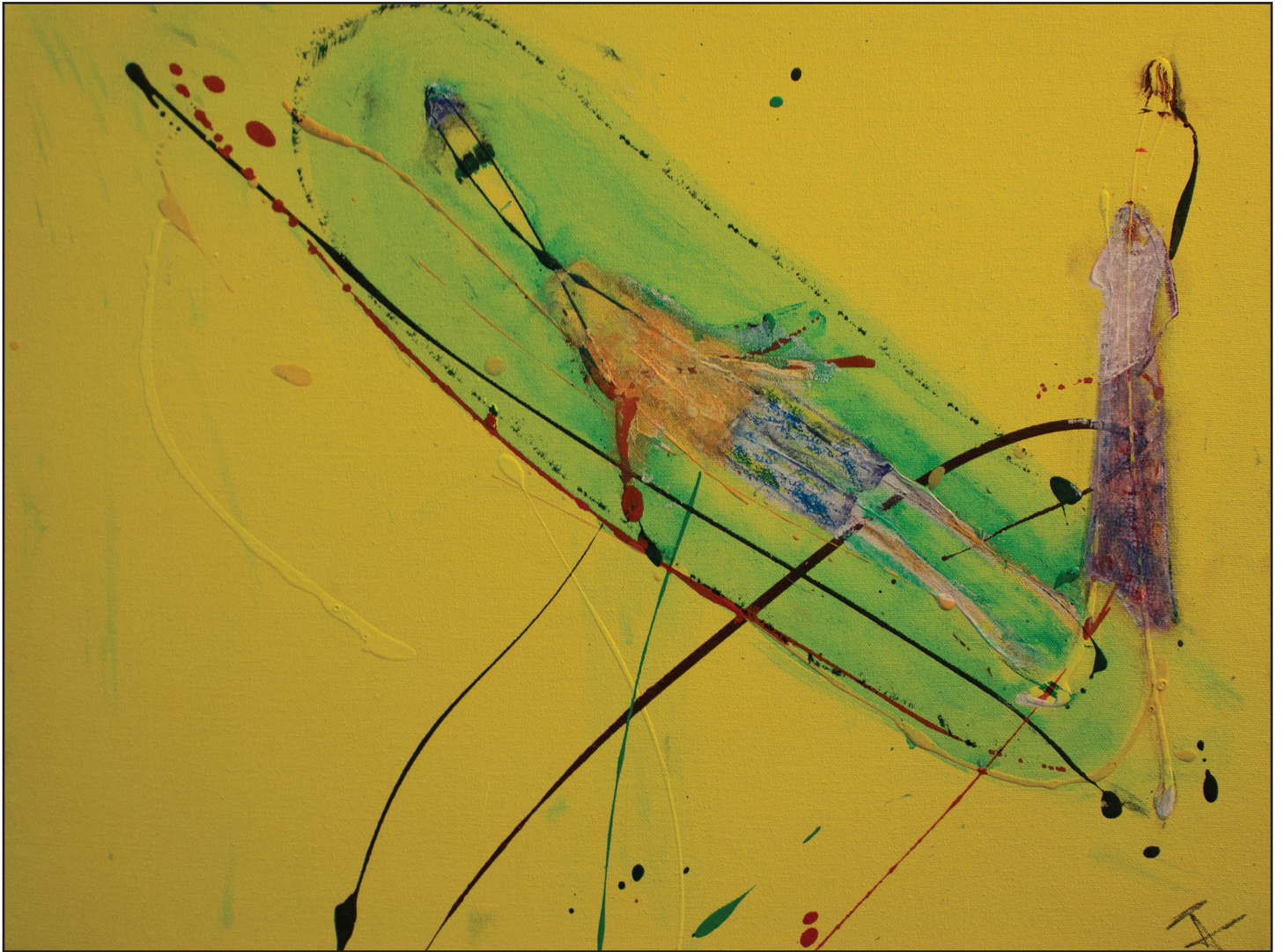


Keeping the darkness out
doesn't take force
but the lightness
of a butterfly
dancing on your skin

It takes total discipline
in keeping still
focusing on the magic
in a being so fragile
having the strength to overcome its own body weight
and letting the wind caress it
into a dance with the air
and the courage to leave
that safe old cocoon
behind







Absolutely nothing
did they have to talk about
and they did that a lot
talked about nothing

When there were all those other things
where their words couldn't reach
words hidden in deep dark forests
words riding on the rainbow beyond the mind
words never spoken
by them
too busy
talking
about nothing



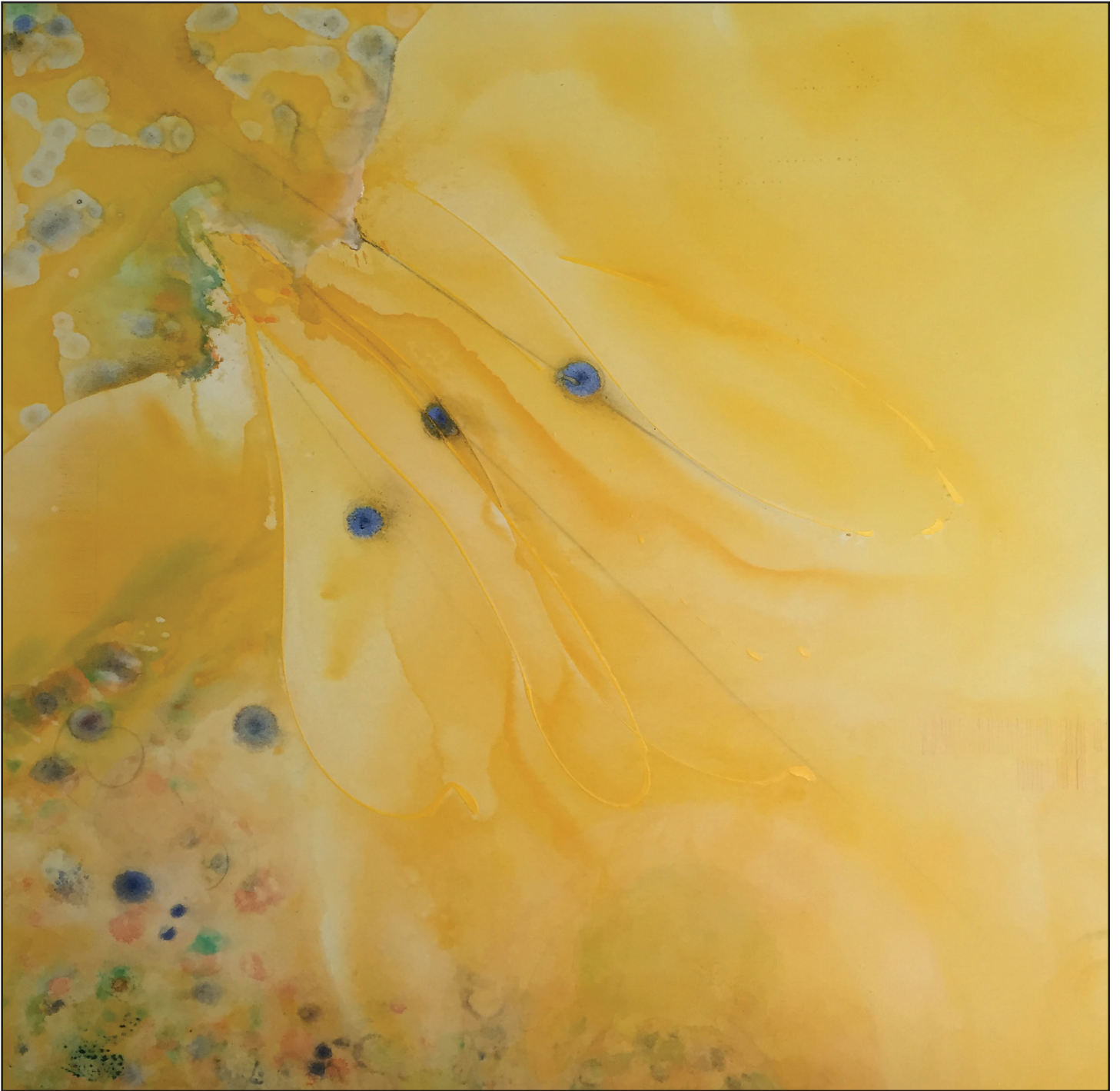
She was so busy
collecting the sunshine
of yesterday
she totally missed
the new morning sun
and when she was finished
the sun was gone
and she cried in her pillow
all night

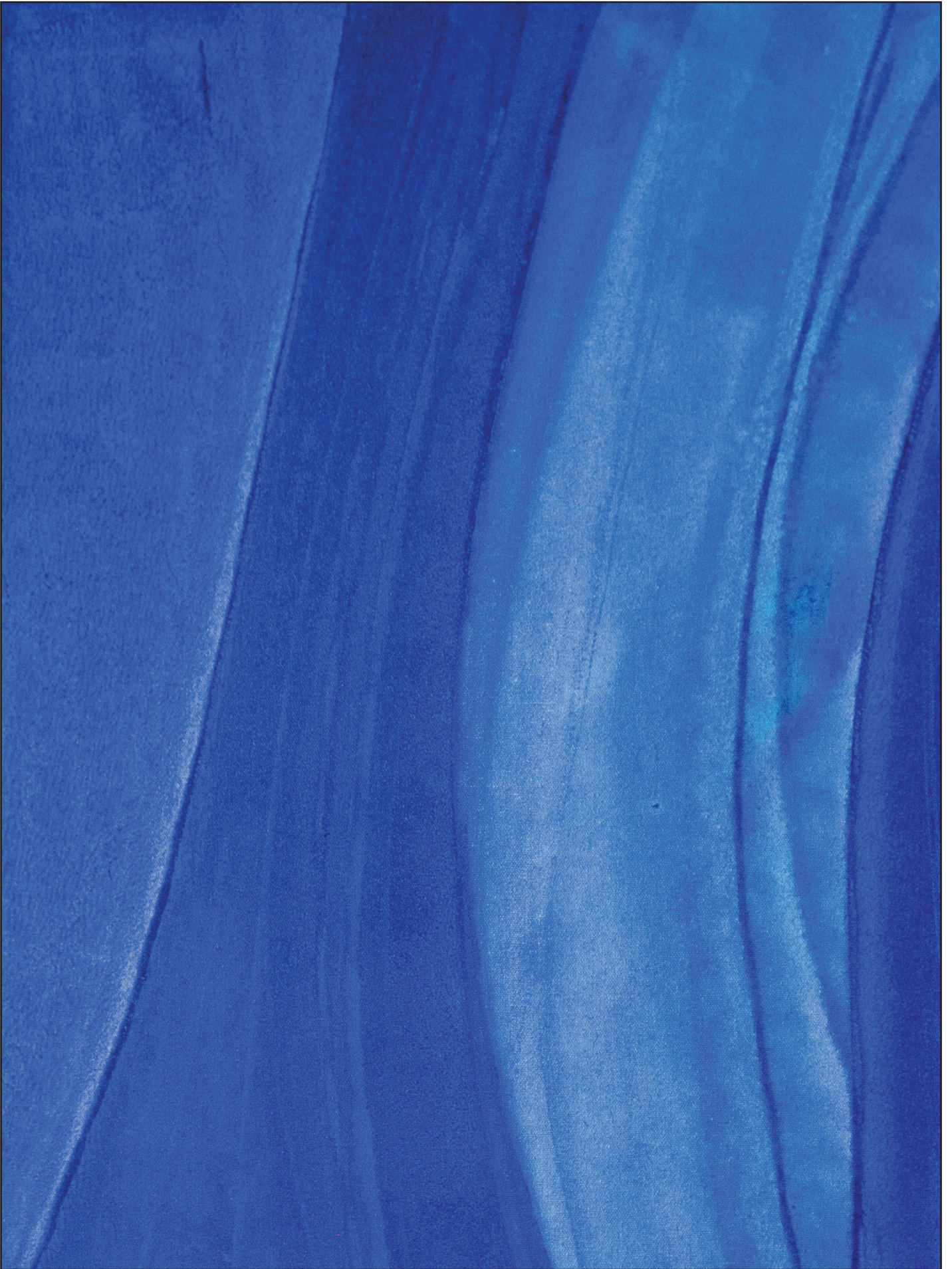
I never understood her
but I loved her
as children do
love their mothers
even though they keep us up
all night
and then they fall asleep
just in time
for the morning sun
and a new day
is wasted

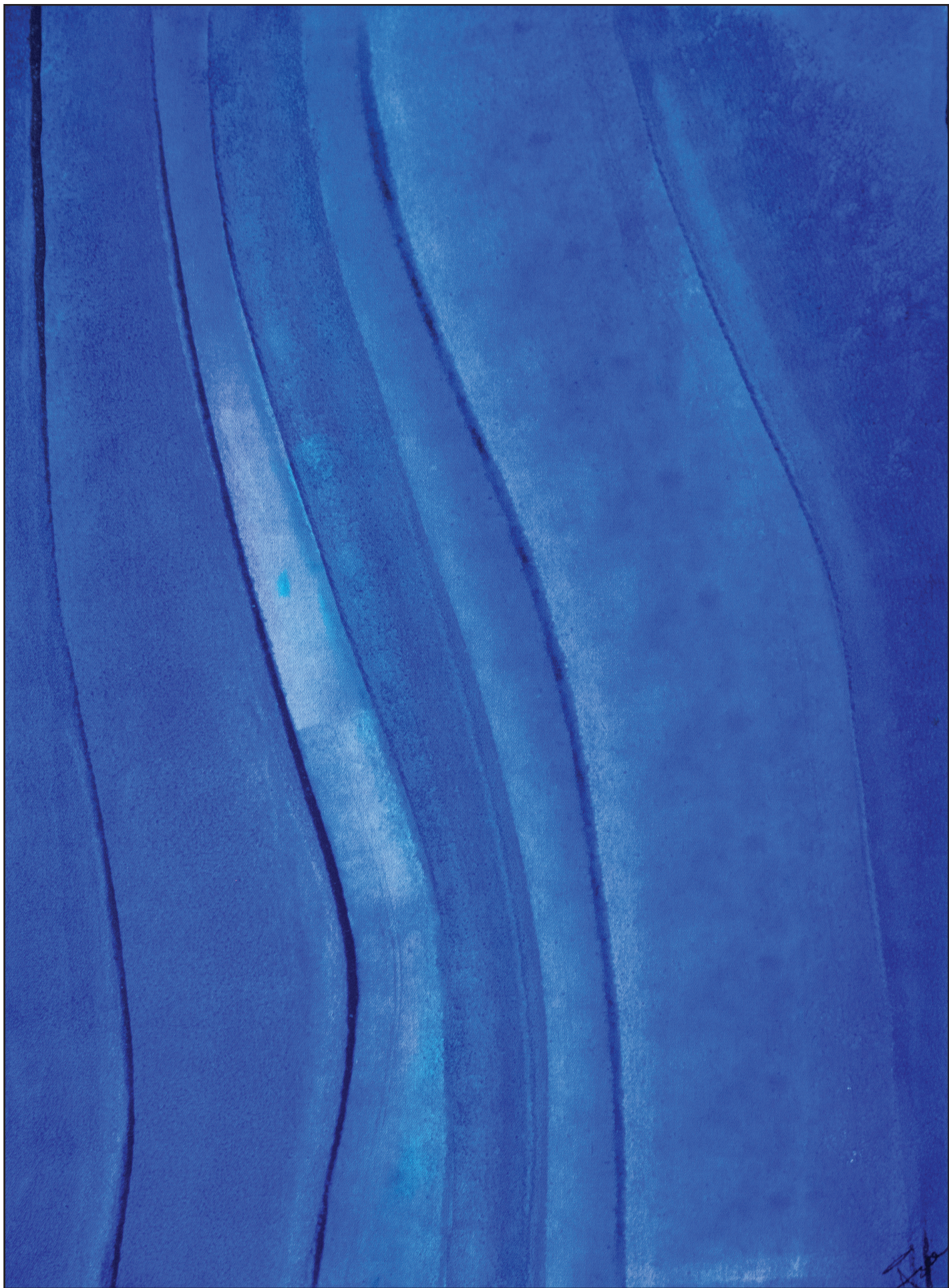
But one night I collected
her tears
and thread them upon a golden string
and I woke her up
in the morning

With my necklace on
she faced the sun
and for the first time
I saw her smiling
and her necklace turned into rainbows
that kept carrying me
through that day
and many others

They sometimes give that to us
memories of rainbow pearls
to wear as memories
of our loving mothers







Millions of times
has it happened
before
millions of times
have people fallen in love
and kept reaching out for something
to prevent them from falling

And nothing is there
to protect us
from love



Constantly
hovering over my life
my longing desire
like a colorful peacock
is spreading its impressive feathery tail
like a grand illusion
just a little out of reach
but always there to pull me out of my reality
of gray pigeons begging for breadcrumbs
on Piccadilly Square

One rainy day waiting for Sarah
who was late
the storm grabbed my old umbrella
and broke it
so I was drenched by the heavy rain
and my new shoes totally flooded
ruined for life
and
you came up and offered me the protection
of your colorful umbrella
that you gently opened up over my soaking head
like a peacock opening up its tail
and we laughed into the rain
my mouth filling up with raindrops and joy
and sweet expectations of another kind of peacocks
that actually could lift from the ground
and take me with you
away from all these gray pigeons
and rain
on Piccadilly Square

