

**The Sacred Feminine:  
Volume 1**

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

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### A Poetess

The definition of a poetess is, simply put, a female poet. But oh, we are so much more! With every drop of ink, we channel Calliope, Melpomene, and Erato, the very muses that so inspire us. To be part of the Sacred Feminine is to celebrate the goddess within ourselves.

The Sacred Feminine is a unique collection of poetry that celebrates women authors everywhere. Inside these pages, you'll find an eclectic assemblage of writings from around the world. Each and every poetess displaying her own incomparable and distinct style.

-Courtney Glover

I Am A Woman by: **Ahuva Chachasvili**

I am a woman.  
Yes I am a woman.  
And I can do everything.  
Only If I wish to.  
I can do much better than every other man.  
Can I dream to be a pilot?  
Can I fly to space?  
Can I fight against my fears?  
Can I be a soldier of peace?  
If I dare to cry!!!  
Does it mean I am a woman?  
Tell me, why?  
Because man doesn't cry?  
Because they cry only in silence?  
I am woman.  
Yes I am a woman.  
And I can do everything.  
Only If I wish to.  
I can be the voice for those who don't want to be heard.  
I can win the battle for those who have fears.  
I can achieve their goals even to reach my hands.  
The voice must be heard loud for all the deaf people.  
This war must gain recognition.  
Our woman rights as like human rights.  
So get up woman!!!  
Get up on your feet!!!  
Don't stand behind..  
Don't make excuses.  
Fight for what you believe.  
And yes!!!  
You have in you so much strength.  
That even you couldn't believe.  
It's not cliché.  
It's real-life honey.  
That desires to succeed.  
To eat the world and the fame.  
Just believe in yourself.  
Because after everyone will believe in you.  
Get up on your feet.  
Go get what you wish for.

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**Celesia Parker**

**A Woman**

I can only create of myself one kind  
Yes, the years have been good to me  
Leaving so much of my past behind  
Wishing somewhere there may be

One man valuing what survives seeking him  
Throughout a scary world now I see  
I need a protective arm guarding my whim  
Strong sensitive to my impulsive identity

I realize this alas the broken glass  
A maiden who is now alone  
Sweet and delicate truly is your lass  
Not left is one bitter undertone

A marvelous feeling to know I can love again  
Yes, aware a swift, deep current flows  
Searching only for one affectionate man  
Who will nourish me as our live grows

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### Personal Growth

I will write somewhat romantic lines  
Forming an interlaced rhyme  
One for allusions entry that became  
-entwined-

Passages towards permitting time  
To unlock a justified wrong  
Creating a wondrous chime

An avalanche of a feeling so strong  
Consistently bringing forth light  
In a beautiful heartfelt song

There is a price for chivalry alright  
When rewards are expected to unfold  
Seems then you don't hold on so  
-tight-

I tried to write and stay in the mold  
And not to go thru the stages of life  
Crawl before you walk is a hold

That will elevate your stance  
All you gotta do is give yourself a  
-chance-

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### Stories

Tales of self-knowledge  
Composed by love and passion  
Create naturally nervous tales  
Pitched against the voice of my soul

Words full of vocal movement  
Are words expressive in voice  
Simple soundless sounds for  
When I call your name

I miss you without interruptions  
Among fragmented poetical lines  
With one independent clause  
As syllables cry for attention

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**Jamie Santomasso**

Sakura

Outstretched wooden arms dressed in cherry blossom gowns  
Springtime wind blowing delicate flowers into the wind  
Pink sonnets of adoration dancing in the warm air  
Each bloom a love note floating in the breeze  
1,000 petals telling 1,000 stories  
One for each reason you captivated my heart;  
It beats in tune with your breath  
Quiet secrets that brush past your lips  
Even your unsaid words captivate me  
They speak volumes  
A masterpiece collection of reasons...  
Reasons I find to fall in love with you all over again

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Spark

As time goes dark, don't ever lose your spark.  
Even if the clock threatens your passing;  
as time goes dark, don't ever lose your spark.

If the air should pause and leave you gasping,  
take your last breath as if it were your first,  
even if the clock threatens your passing.

Conquer life with wonderment and thirst,  
for you are a supernova of light.  
Take your last breath as if it were your first.

Your essence is stardust, blinding and bright  
dancing constellation in the sky...  
for you are a supernova of light.

So my love, remember to make your mark...  
As time goes dark, don't ever lose your spark.



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Tempest

She's the rising tempest eye  
Nature's wrath on a darkened day  
Her storms a clandestine dossier  
She's the rising tempest eye

Nature's wrath on a darkened day  
Her retribution travels a winding path  
Beware her chaotic aftermath  
Nature's wrath on a darkened day

Her retribution travels a winding path  
Destruction in beauty's ultimate form  
The ultimate calm of the storm  
Her retribution travels a winding path

Destruction in beauty's ultimate form  
She's the rising tempest eye  
Lighting raging in the sky  
Destruction in beauty's ultimate form

She's the rising tempest eye  
Nature's wrath on a darkened day  
Her storms a clandestine dossier  
She's the rising tempest eye

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**Kay Watkins**

A Quote

I once read somewhere ( but don't know by who) the following  
quote I believe is true:

“IF YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'RE LOSING EVERYTHING,  
REMEMBER THAT TREES LOSE THEIR LEAVES EVERY  
YEAR AND STILL THEY STAND TALL AND WAIT FOR  
BETTER DAYS TO COME.”

Then I added something else I think I know...  
this note to myself: I need to let crap go.

Another quote that goes along with this is if holding fast you just  
can't miss:

“YOUR PAST DOES NOT DETERMINE WHO YOU ARE.  
YOUR PAST PREPARES YOU FOR WHO YOU ARE TO  
BECOME.”

So again, let that crap go... that is how you'll truly grow.

How many of us (like me) lament & moan, lambasting ourselves  
for mistakes we say we own?  
Wasting time with mea culpas & woe is me, letting it weigh us  
down instead of being free?

We CAN look at our history, and from this discern, how to not  
repeat the same mistakes, but from this really learn.

But let's not be able to not move along...and always keep singing  
that same darn sad song.

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It's not being like a tree, rooted in one place, but ignoring how the leaves change & fall with new growth taking its place. If we (leaves) don't let go of the branch in the tree, it'll become infected & never free.

I said it before (to myself), I'll say it again...  
LET THAT CRAP GO...  
We'll be much happier then.

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#### I'm Learning

About relationships, I'm starting to learn.  
After 60 odd years I've begun to discern.  
I tell you now, I hope I'm not too late...  
I've finally learned the difference between love & hate.  
It can really be a fine line,  
if you don't let the relationship grow.  
You need wisdom & patience & the art of COMPROMISE...  
all good seeds to sow.

I tend to be bossy, pushy, thinking I'm just a woman strong.  
But found if not done just right, the relationship can be all wrong.  
I seemed to gravitate to men I could dominate, thinking it's  
because I'm strong, but then found that with them I didn't belong.

Along came a man who was also strong like me.  
But also knew how gentle he could be.  
I learned he had strength in not trampling down the flowers, he  
could read poetry, and gaze at nature for hours.

His strength lied in leadership, but being able to SHARE it with  
me, being my partner for our joined eternity. We learned to  
appreciate each other's good assets, finding them beautiful in  
different facets.

We both can be stubborn, but through the years have learned,  
what can be overlooked, that's what we've discerned.  
Sometimes it's not easy, but definitely worth it all, learning strength  
can be in letting go, yet not dropping the ball.

We appreciate the gentleness, not making demands,  
but walking side by side together holding hands.

I saw this in my parents, different as night & day, but also both  
very strong each in their own way. It takes love, patience & the art  
of compromise, and to know how to do that, you must also be  
wise. But I'll say I'm somehow learning this, (if I may be so bold)...  
after it only took me 'til I'm over 60 years old.

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My Song...Being Old(er)

I'm no longer young but have gotten quite old.  
I still get those hot flashes when others are cold.  
I've wrinkles galore, my hair is all white,  
without a bit of makeup I'm not a pretty sight.

Arthritis, bursitis, aching with pain,  
that acts up even more when there is rain.  
At times I will shed quite a few tears.  
Yep, these are my great golden years.  
But I'll get out of bed and listen to the birds,  
(which a few years ago would have been quite absurd).

With cochlear implants, surgeries for pain,  
I enjoy hearing sounds and walking again.  
So hiking I'll go.  
I love to line dance and cha-cha with my  
husband when I get the chance.

If I can again,  
I'll hang-glide and soar,  
As they say, "I am woman, hear me roar".  
So I may be getting old, but you won't see me often frown,  
Another good saying,  
"You can't keep a good (wo)man down."

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**Leila Samarraï**

Athena Weeps In Olympus With Emerald Eyes

The razors bleed azure,  
The cigarette yellowing fingers,  
Golden shells of empty lipstick rifle cartridges,  
Peeling pea's like cutting lips.

Earth with magnetic particles on knife tips.  
The fog fugues approach in opaque oppression,  
From within the goiter flashes intermittent disgust,  
And the giant light is red and dying.

I see the earth weeping infinity in a dewdrop.  
I see a tome tied in traps; webbed aluminum veins ensnare.  
I see a tattered doll amongst the drawers destined for deteriorated,  
Sad entropy in spaces drifting out of place.

The century accelerates, we survive frail earthquakes,  
The century is sickly rapid ruptures in multi-colored biles,  
The phantasmal sun runs in ethereal chariot hunt...and harms me,  
The postered grin wide is breaking the purpled  
darkness and vines...  
Where is the wine?

Burnt out light bulb eggshells,  
Wrapped in amber cellophane flowers.  
Carnations rot terrible,  
The lilies are giving the junk pile a festive look to the cemetery.  
The ghosts eclipse us in directed raged hearts,  
Retaliation aimed anger at the ghosts...  
...Eclipsing us.

Deceiving spirits in the summoning,  
Third legion stridency,  
Ice warning clarions from desperate ships.  
I stumble like a hermit; quiet, clean and dead.  
It can't get any worse, whispers lies,  
Get out of my head!

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Into amaranthine abyss, Backspace madness violence.  
The irrelevance of the game in same...constant, horrible, and  
immortal.

"Then I stood on the sand of the shore"  
...and perceived...  
The amethyst hills come for Behemoth.  
"And I saw a beast rising up out of the sea" Ascending from  
magenta magnetic salt.  
Leviathan clings desperate to existence.

I am entranced, astray in the stars.  
Two suns in the sunset descend between planets,  
(Interesting - I lean back in my armchair)  
Throne carved from rusty iron wire, post-war bunk bed with silk-  
covered railings.

Reptilian humanoid Kekrop in sinister mutations,  
replication errors,  
Mythical chimeric, halves of men and snakes; first king of Athens.  
Depart thee! Run from the abhorrence! Run from the terror!

Alluring aves, beatific scarlet songbird,  
The ruby cardinal in the garden.  
Of the feeble boy Doodle, frail and sickly in violets.

Alas, poor Doodle destined to massacre,  
In Spartan wooden go-cart of pure National Socialism.  
Inescapable fated in cruel knifed severities.

Bathe Doodle supine in wine! Give him melanas zomos!  
But in the present, Spartan children languish in disability benefits.  
Modern Spartans with warrior charge, sate sanguine thirst for ISIL!  
Bowing crowds to military service, in the Apella.

The rocks are all replaceable nuclear power plants,  
Ibis foul, dances amongst the fuel rods,  
Driven by the storm, of course, she descends into the garden...  
and dies  
Doodle, buries the bird with innocent lament.

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Sparta is alive!  
Doodle dies, next to the Obergupenführer - the  
Spartan woman Amelia who raised Alcibidias.  
The sanguine gushes from the boy's mouth,  
Ibisian vermillion and carrion.  
Helot grows into a bird...  
A jackal attacks a lion...  
A cosmic parlour prance of the absurd.

Otherkin jackals and hyenas survive supernovas,  
Spreading dire doom plagues of black in obsidian sludge.  
More souls perish than could have been imagined in Hitlerian  
dreams demented.  
Rattus perfidious, squamata and serpents,  
He blinds by deceiving spirits,  
(Wake up, something is going on.  
They'll regret sleeping through this)

In the violaceous darkness twinned,  
Machiavellianism and psychopathy dance unholy duality,  
Dark triads of reptilian dream cycles are born,  
Under the abhorrent art of pathological forms,  
Psychiatry splices Frankenstein's of us all in chemical retorts.

The reptile must love itself dirty.  
A lowly self-love void of sweetness,  
Drifting cold...out of gravities passionate grasp...

The daily bile in pneumonic yellows prances normal,  
Occurrences in formals...and I can't help it.

Sights on the freezing points of lightning,  
Frozen forlorn in stilted.  
Ibis egg in unlit crimson rebirths from outer darkness's.  
Urbemensch in dejection, desperate in desire to be  
someone,  
To be anything, to be anyone...to be me.

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Athena weeps in Olympus with emeralds eyes,  
Sighs echoing sickly in multiplicity,  
Pulsing and dopplering distorted:  
'It's a strange world.'  
Ibis oculi.  
The World goes completely dry.

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Miss Good Willa and Her Miss Hyde

Once, and it wasn't that long ago,  
A year by fire spewing dragon reckoning,  
Sat a certain Good Willa, ambassador from the Balkans.  
With a woefully harried cough,  
Dry wretches in the anxious,  
Transpositions of fissioning,  
Dejection divisioning in cognitioning.  
Id and Ego in fracturing are dancing,  
A new being born in the reckoning.  
How she found herself in the Balkans was a secret,  
As well as much the rest of her short but strange life.  
In the beginnings; a new entity is screaming,

The being of her being stretching out from her decreeing:  
"And the truth is that ultimately it's less important who she is than  
"I".

My eager companion mocks the metaphysical,  
The ancient God's and mystics.  
Nisaba and Athena and Thoth in é-dubba restores,

While I wrote my histories on Heathoremes's shore,  
In races of divine wisdom adores at holm-currents folklore.

I – Jormungand!  
I wade onto the devils' blasphemy,  
Chiselled inside collides,  
Sphinx womb resides,  
Where dead Oedipus,  
Murders father-Chronos in time.  
Tied to the flute of Pan, from which the, (un)maker Logos, does  
not reach.  
Cross mocks and chosen ones,  
Beating ribs to broken,  
Saint Peter-esque inverted token.  
Awoken descendants of new Babylon towering,  
Unborn children mourning quartering.

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I – Malice striker!  
I urinate into the Lethe,  
Scattered the heads in their beds,  
Of Pandora's bastards,  
I kiss the wound of Caesar,  
As predicted by Genesis.

Good Willa ravaged tablets in malignant villa,  
Short durations salacious malicious soul.  
Drawing neurotics in patterning, corresponding lines crossed and  
shattering.  
Making her trappings in curriculum splattering.  
The wild watches accusingly, mocking; daft-minded creature  
weakling she.  
Dubsar making donations in the night, curbing poverty fight.

Because the world will be watching.  
Burned and borne offspring of thoroughbred Balkan fire.  
The laden-with-glory seen afar poor charger,  
War-steeds unrelenting hunting thunder.  
Prey to torrenting Turks, battle of Horns plunder.  
Of Hattin I ponder:

Willa, well-meaning woundable sapped,  
Division duality, dichotomy will remake,  
Never again, foul creature, the damn thing will hear you.

I, Good Willa now shall this my choice be!  
In tones taunting pamphlets articulation,  
Fearful fantasy to frighten extremes to capitulation,  
Retreats born without intermissioning.  
Fox terrier's reaved of nastiness,  
Princess screams hoary callousness ,  
Go away you are not the devilish beast you think you are!  
Nameless creature, I select without regrets,  
Whispers in my ear: all man is ugly and vile.  
In sardonic witch trail, should I...  
Mock them with unquestionable brittle mind?

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Utterances of the beast in me:  
Carrying longs lists of Leonidas's howling wounds,  
Sword-fury seized by his own glorious runes.

Rapturous rampart blazed volcano, devils understood.  
The original thought croons lyrical thesis's,  
Praising glorifies the saviour, the torchbearer, the dreamer, the  
believer.  
Victorian swoons, in praise I pull out of these glooms,  
And swear sacrificial fealty to sun and moon.  
Sun worshipping bloom in eternal Junes.  
Of rhapsodic worshipfully the sun in true portraits of passion,  
And a thousand spells dispatch,  
As a thousand sacrifices summoning...  
My perfect victory.

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### I Walk Alone

Now, I shall proclaim, hear and listen,  
To the wrongful and to the righteous,  
To a legion of locusts, larval and terrible.  
I dimly dwindle to dread winter solstice,  
Drowning in dust, dead embers, and sanguine roses.

Under the sign of the black mark,  
I signed the cross with hades scented canter,  
Built by rotting fetid shrouds,  
Tearing the fine filaments of Ghoulies' lunacy.

A thousand sparks fissure and fall,  
Ember to ash.  
The serpent's hiss echoes and prowls,  
And in the eye a roaring lion,  
The true majesty glory smolders.  
Falling magma magnitude,  
Penumbra phantom smoke in fungus mirror madness.

Oh insanity, oh mania, repletion rue and daisies rise anew!  
Lyssa's and Ophelia's flowers,  
The bouquet of Persephone rose,  
Crocus, violet blooms in asphodel meadow.

The destroyers came, rapt in flame,  
Baring menacing sentencing.  
The noose chokes the throat,  
The sword aims at my heart,  
Polished Philistine sting,  
Betrayers in the shaded dim.  
Depart thee oh accursed one!  
(Father Lankester Merrin from our village Umm Qais old priest,  
Its sun-shower'ruin Gadara,  
Came before this power of the beast.  
Through inverted flora of hades,  
Through The Tree Of Zaqqum forests sighing  
conjurer, druid, to battle!)

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I am the heart of Mesopotamia,  
The delights of damnation,  
With perpetual inroads,  
Molding the tombs of the ages,  
Epochs cycle to cosmic ballet,  
Revelations eternal unrestrained.  
With double edge sword, with pig headed feather,

To execute fierce vengeance.  
Voyagers' unholy pyre, this wicked shining,  
Of bliss descended..  
Arrival of damned perpetuity unended.

Where the acacia mirror fell,  
The great red dragons' legions storm,  
Mad marches of Marduk,  
Tiamat treads upon temples,  
Baphomet's boots boom, pound and stomp innocents to ash,  
Fiends of the black flame forbade,  
Revenants enrage,

Envy envoys emblaze.  
Lies blithe Prince deceit,  
The spirit of the world prowls,  
No surrender no conceit,  
And seeks only ruin in the viles.

Bile reek, lust, glutton rise,  
Illuminating forms of darkness freezes.  
An abbot and conjurer at wrought havoc feast,  
Retch, regurgitate foul disease.  
And the ripper ascends ready,  
To the darkened days of last storms,  
Born revenants to rend flesh from screeching bone,  
Atone not in brimstones abode.

Blessed be my hellish awakenings,  
From hollow vaults to murder cacophony.  
There are no ends to this.  
Worshipping in whisper,

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Murmurs in fissures.  
Soon, plume,  
Pitiful spirits and the shambling dead,  
From the Christian graves by the moon,  
Will waver to the sarabande.  
Skeletons sway with ease,  
To dulcet tune sounds false doom.

Terror howls,  
Tempter clarion clear sounds:  
“I am things unseen!”  
The murderer from times beginning came,  
Cane at the door to a pit of a dream.

And the shrill on hell’s black coal sings,  
The left-hand prance off kilter,  
You’ll see, of the deep sun that rings,  
Courage as never loved before burdenless.

In thick chains blackened and imponderable mass,  
It whispers at me so near, unimaginable aural: “Ah! ha! ha! ha!  
See child, the cruel dawn erupts eternal!”  
Binding bird and beast crucified, composed...  
Hard struck with insolent inspirited instrument.  
The Hammer thrown into the keen and hell ward flame,  
With ash crimson-dashed thus obtained.

Clamorous beast caterwauling, just below surfaces,  
In the flesh in excellent preservations,  
Screeching and squalling, wailing and weeping.  
Is not It bound to me, or I to it?

Did I summon it?  
Was I the ravager to eviscerate inhabitants?  
The slaughterer of Samaria?  
The eradicator of villages through the centuries extended?  
In black emblazoned skin the deceased point ashen fingers at me.

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In gulps the gluttonous drown in grand indigestion.  
There's a pitch-black aching heart,  
In a dark, unlit sound,  
A den of bedeviled mazes,  
Commencing every night eternally.  
As arises the Chalice!  
As arises the Maiden!  
As arises Saturn!

Saturnal’s radial radiational hate,  
With hellish hues turns concentric.  
Dark Prometheus ascends mockingly,  
With a wry smile, he knows,  
How the fire to our use unfolds.

And I orbit the infernal thrall,  
In circumferal twisting’s.  
I turn again,  
To trudge through aeon,  
The ephemera,  
The emphasis,  
For the unknown,  
I ink hair-raising notes grand,  
Last strands, last stands...  
And I walk— I walk alone.



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**Afroze Saad**

After Breaking All Hindrances

I'm very simple  
not so adorable  
weave love realm after all.

Universe doesn't support me  
blocks roads with rocks  
captures my soul.

Have tried best  
so toughed stage.  
Lost my sense.

When woke up  
I discovered my inner part  
want to break the cage.

The deepest mountain  
can't hold myself  
see my reflection as Goddess.

Previously, I was a timid one.  
Now the intrepid look of my heart-  
Ready to strike earth's surface.

From so far  
moon peeps in my  
cave showers the crescent verse.

Now I must win this stage  
coming with daring face  
by breaking all hindrances.

Ready to welcome me,  
Dear earth--- with respect and trust.  
It's me--- who was suffered, once as a caged bird.

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For The Name

I open eyes-  
To see outskirts.  
What a pleasant surprise!  
Where am I?

A tiny hope!  
So lovely for coping all nooks.

I'm here as a stranger.  
Is there any task waiting to accomplish by me?  
I don't know actually.  
I don't know who I am?  
I have no name!!!

Anyone please! come and try to feel my existence.  
Give me a name!  
I want to be called by sweet fragrance.

For the name-  
I have been waiting so long,  
Hope- one day I will get the memento.

The identity of being a human.  
The identity of being a woman.  
The identity of being a lovely soul.  
The identity of being the owner of golden heart.  
The identity for my beautiful mind.

Is that so difficult?  
You'll find the answer.  
I'm here from pristine verse.  
I must believe from deepest heart.  
I have accomplished God's tasks.  
You must give me my name.  
Don't dare to mock as a mere human.  
I know myself, for the best.

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Respect and trust-  
Tribute of love.  
Ode for life.  
I seek God's gracious arts.

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Way Within Rocks

Walking--- like a spiritless one.  
Distorted soul--- how can rejuvenate?  
Long time that was lost,  
My wings--- my ladder of hopes.

I searched everywhere.  
Earth to cosmic all sites-  
I scratched my emotions.  
I didn't find any compassion.

After shedding tears---a long period!  
I only lose my lively rhythms.  
Stand up with broken string.  
Try to make the fine tune.

After all collisions-  
I see a spark within earth's hub.  
I step forward to touch.  
Finally, I see- a door is opened, like magic.

I go with daring heart.  
Deepest inner, my lost wings lie.  
I take them and bow to God.  
I find out my spiritual wings.

Those are my supporters,  
My healer, my power.  
I can feel that finally-  
I can make the way within rocks.

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

**Michele Mekel**

Keening

Soils awaken to  
our cries—wolf women, howling  
under spring's Worm Moon.

Matron

Winter fruit—  
less sweet, more sturdy  
—doesn't tempt  
the palate like  
summer's fragile offerings.

Ode to Heels

Her glass slippers now  
gather dust, as middle-aged  
feet have other plans.

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

**Antoinette DiGiorgio Corbell**

Robber Of Souls

Silence swirls around me like a robber of souls  
It steals my senses my emotions my sanity  
It clouds my vision of reality  
Puts me in a coma  
My sight is covered with a fine black misty veil  
When I open my mouth a dank stench is emitted from deep within  
the bowels of my being  
Pores ooze thick brown slime as I sweat  
Disgusting me beyond all reason  
How could I have allowed this creeping fungus to take complete  
hold of my psyche I try to fight it back from whence it came  
Each and every time it is unsuccessful as it returns stronger darker  
slimier than ever before  
Years of empty loneliness have taken dire toll on me  
Understanding is beyond me Why can I not reckon with myself the  
reason for this never-ending disease this leprosy  
All my existence all I wanted needed was a genuine love  
Someone who cared for me and all my broken bits and pieces  
I live an unending nightmare of ghosts haunting my lonely world  
This thief of souls has spread its penetrating pestilence deep within  
the core of my bones Spreading through my brain like an  
aggressive cancerous tumor it fills my innards with blackened  
poison Progressing by leaps and bounds  
There seems no way out of this river of lost and tortured souls  
I resign myself to my fate left here with empty desperation  
Eyes full of black pools of tears and pitch-dark shadows  
Here within me lies a deadened heart  
which refuses to stop its throbbing beat

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

Childhood

I soared across a lavender field, beneath a violet sky  
A feeling of joy and peace floated in, it filled me with a sigh  
Memories came flooding through, happy golden days  
When life was so much simpler, and never full of misty greys  
Take me back to those years bygone, where color filled my years  
Running and playing and scraping knees, crying childish tears  
With age comes great responsibility, hidden away go the dreams  
Then we find our true reality, the sorrows, the adulthood schemes  
I shall throw my caution to the wind, and fly on rainbow wings  
Releasing convention that keeps me stifled, letting my being sing  
Songs of long lost freedom and beauty seen in the simplest terms  
Again, running with that childhood spirit, to myself,  
I do affirm

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

Sensual Color

I live in a world full of sensual color  
The beauty of it is sublime  
There is no room for dirt or squalor  
The moon is a shade of key lime  
Come take my hand, I'm the color of fire  
Lay with me on a carpet of teal  
For you are all I need and desire  
There our hunger will reveal  
Our bodies aglow with a yellow fever  
The thirst cannot be quenched  
I will make you a sure believer  
Two lovers forever entrenched  
The sky has turned a midnight blue  
We embrace the lilac stars  
For now we know our love is true  
Gone is the hurt of old scars

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

**Melinda Longtin**

Colossi and Contagions

Sludge.  
Splosh.  
The contagion stomps within.  
Famished peasants wrestle in vain  
Against violet miasma,  
While medics help them cope.  
Trained for the venting, the mirrors, the grounding,  
Blindfolded healers  
Cannot see the threat,  
As sandy stone vessels bash the walls.  
Hollow and beige,  
They disintegrate periwinkle bricks into dust.  
Deceived.  
Demeaned.  
A web woven of sailor's knots and witches' whispers,  
One spent healer unties her blindfold.  
Colossi.  
Conceive and birth the contagions,  
Pounding,  
On fragile forts and soiled floors.  
Furious.  
Free.  
The medic embraces her new ken.  
Desperate for meaning,  
Sifting the grits,  
She must become the unexpected  
To challenge stubborn giants.  
Minuscule.  
Unlearned.  
A healer in the present  
Can be a warrior in the future.  
For what contagions could survive,  
If the colossi are gone?

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

The American Dream

White picket fence  
Woman with her man  
Two kids  
Mansion  
Beauty on demand  
New nikes  
Sex and cologne  
Coffee sets itself  
Feeding the business suit  
While the mother stays home  
Is it as marvelous as it appears?  
A society obsessed with glamour,  
But vanity Hides singed faces.  
Missing wisdom teeth  
Blowing off steam  
As photographs smear  
The computer screen.  
But I was not meant for this.  
I do not want a picket fence.  
I want a glass house.  
I do not crave a man.  
I desire a soul.  
Two kids?  
I want students and fostered spirits  
The smaller my abode,  
The easier the maintenance.  
Soft faces  
Smile in photographs  
Like checker boards against my walls.  
Old and worn,  
Beautiful in its scars of use,  
My home will be art  
Made for me to flip  
Restore And glorify.  
Make makeup my art  
Decorated  
By the kindest heart.  
I will wear my self-esteem

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

Doused in the scent of gardenias,  
I play music for  
As they bloom in my care.  
Tea from my backyard  
Steeped in the summer sun,  
Feeding the pen  
Of the writer not home.  
It is just as marvelous  
As it appears.  
Forget society.  
Solitude is the greatest glamour.

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

**Val Smit**

**Rebirth**

On my walk-through winding,  
unfrequented lanes,  
the air is still,  
the sun not wholly ineffectual,  
my path firm

A meagre snowfall makes lace of the land;  
birds in their branches keeps mute vigil  
Nature,  
half in mourning,  
wears a grey mantle  
and sighs in the trees

The sun will soon become an early riser  
And grey skies will go into storage  
A living silence will issue a mumble  
from hedge and shrub  
From high in the trees  
sociable conversation of song,  
will fill this very air,  
with the humming of rebirth

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

Woman, Imprimis

A forest valley, with deep profundity of shade,  
formed by tree crowding on tree,  
descends deep before me.  
The oak roots, turfed and mossed,  
gave me a seat;  
the oak boughs, thick-leaved,  
wove me a canopy.

There is something in the air of this clime  
which fosters life kindly.  
Its dews heals with sovereign balm.  
Its gentle seasons exaggerate no passion;  
its temperature tends to harmony;  
its breezes bring down from heaven  
the germ of pure thought and purer feeling.

In all the grandeur of this forest there is repose;  
in all its freshness there is tenderness.  
The gentle charm vouchsafed to flower and tree,  
has not been denied to me.  
Nature cast my features in a fine mold;  
I have matured in my pure, accurate first lines,  
unaltered by the shocks of life.

My form gleams through the trees;  
my hair flows plenteous and glossy;  
my eyes beam in the shade large and open,  
full and dewy.

Above my eyes,  
when the breeze bares my forehead,  
shines an expanse fair and ample – a clear page,  
whereon knowledge may write a golden letter.

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

Still Life

Wandering in leafless shrubbery...  
Cold winter winds brought clouds so somber,  
rain so penetrating.

Forlorn regions of dreary space,  
that reservoir of frost and snow.  
My heart swollen to lameness by sharp air,  
began to heal under the gentler breathings of Hope.

The horizon bounded a great pleasure,  
outside the guarded walls of my garden.  
Noble summits, rich in verdure and shadow.  
Blue peaks no longer stiffened in frost and shrouded in snow .

A pale gold gleam remains  
in overshadowed spots  
like scatterings  
of the sweetest lustre.

I enjoy this often,  
unwatched and almost alone.  
This still life.

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

**Carol Edwards**

No One Can Stop Your Magic

You're a badass woman  
with magic handed down  
generations, infused in your blood –  
casting of spells by words, waves, glares,  
a toss of your hair,  
the way your mouth shapes  
your brewing intent,  
fingers a split-second stilled,  
unseen electric hum weaves  
breaths, leaps sound to sound,  
heart to heart ,  
colors carrying your loves and hates –  
the spark in your eye,  
the tip of your soul's bonfire,  
flames to coals,  
the sacred feminine within you  
holds nothing less  
than the power of universes;  
your spirit is beautiful fierce and free,  
captivating in its intensity.  
Beloved sister with whom I share a fate,  
feel within you the stirrings of your deepest call;  
draw it forth into your being,  
plunge into its mysteries –  
you were made for greater things  
than death and shallows and misery.

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

**beam**

A Feeling Like Marianne

Jesus, I never had a feeling like Marianne.  
An unravelling dead in my tracks attraction,  
couldn't understand it.  
She wasn't the epitome of beauty.  
She was something else.  
A fearsome answer to a question I didn't ask,  
couldn't contend with,  
benefit from, wouldn't get away with.  
Decimated like decaying leaves  
or a savage breath in minus degrees,  
and always knowing how near me,  
meeting a glance.  
Asking its name,  
catching your eye by accident,  
and awkwardly giving it back.  
Not wanting to admit what we're doing,  
in case we're doing it only in my head,  
coincidental merging of two pieces unsomething?  
But not nothing.  
Well anyways.  
You cut me in half.  
I started to panic in the bathroom.  
and imagine breaking up with my girlfriend.  
Terrified of what you were to me.  
You felt like the ghost of my life.  
I still wonder if you are my soulmate.  
Or an alien.  
Or myself.



**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

What Are You Doing To Get What You Want?

I am totally consuming my own reflection  
I am making space for myself in a world that is full  
I am taking a stake in the way this goes  
I am making a claim  
I am making a mark  
I am making my way in the dark

She's Every Song

Ask the Past, it would say "absurd"  
The Present claims that she's the gift  
The Future finds her as the obvious answer  
She's every ABBA song, every word

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

**Crystal Jackson**

Underwear Cowboy

She's not one night stand material...NO  
Not a woman like that  
One night she let it all go Invited him in, a trance  
Caved to his aphrodisiac  
Euphoric drenched temple  
Underwear cowboy, booted statue  
Adorned with belt and a buckle  
Nincompoop chuckles  
His passion was tantalizing  
Vibes far to strong not to desire  
Sensuality set her soul on fire  
He could not be dismissed  
Her pride left hanging  
Somewhere on a mantel  
Devoured his masculine presence  
As if he was the only thing  
In that moment, in the open  
In the dead of early morn, to exist  
Broken hearts entangled  
Under moonlights glow  
Reality stood dismantled  
Stars shimmering off  
Bared naked flesh  
Embodied between the sheets  
Oceans of unforgettable sex  
Cradled in his arms  
Provided a safe night's sleep  
Morning after essence  
Unforgettable bear hugs  
And a heartfelt kiss  
Undertones filled the air  
Breathes captured between

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

Not wanting to let go and  
Why do things end like this  
The taste of him left  
Lingering on her lips  
His impressions stagnating  
In uncompressed air

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

Let Me Love You

Open up to me  
Clear your mind from  
Mental emotional secret creations  
Free the stains of pain  
Blood clots of thoughts  
Wrecking your heart  
Left by someone else  
Who was dismissive  
Just let me love you  
Your soul spoke to me  
It wants to be free  
Let me help carry the weight  
Time will heal your wounds  
But...I want to kiss them  
Color your scars with ink  
And trace them with my fingers  
Just Let me love you  
Until love is resurfaced  
Fixing all your broken pieces  
Casted like an unbreakable mold  
Hold you in my arms  
And make you feel wanted...whole  
I promise my dear, my love  
Is not tainted or haunted  
Just let me love you  
I've been broken before  
I locked those doors  
Hurt here is subsided  
Lay it all out on the floor  
I'll be your little love whore  
Cause baby when it comes to you  
I'll always want you ...more

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

Between You And I

At some point between right and wrong  
I knew you were wrong for me  
But you felt so right  
At some point between friend and lover  
I knew our friendship would fall flat  
Because loving you is where it was at  
At some point between now and forever  
I knew you couldn't be here now  
And waiting for you had turned into forever  
At some point between ego and pride  
I knew your pride was stronger  
And your ego was crushed and non-existent  
At some point between kissing and hugging  
I felt your kisses hugging me  
And your hugs kissing me  
At some point between touching and feeling  
I knew my feelings were touching you  
And feeling you touch me was  
All I desired and wanted  
At some point between a heart and a soul  
I knew my soul belonged to you  
To every inch of your beating heart  
At some point between you and I  
I know I will bleed for you ,because you  
Continuously load the ink in my pen  
At some point between life and death  
I know when we die our love will have  
Life to continue to live on  
Between the shadows of where we used  
to roam and places we never got to see  
Adored by the readers who find  
Our ink-stained pages in books  
We never wrote or got to read

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

**Adrianna Goffredo**

Adore You (For Michael)

He was my Coney Island dream  
His eyes a sea of green  
I was innocently walking along  
When I heard him play my song  
On his guitar  
It was Nirvana's 'Come As You Are'  
His tan naked skin glistening  
His full beautiful lips  
Hmmm oh how I wanted to grind my hips  
He wanted to be on mine  
When our eyes locked  
I said to myself  
'Oh no no not this time!'  
He gave me a marigold  
And when I tried to leave  
He was very bold  
Green eyes I just want to adore  
Feast on our senses along the ocean shore  
He wanted my number  
But I wrote him  
I <3 U :) instead  
Green eyes  
I want to feel you deep inside  
Even if only in my head  
He tried to kiss me  
But I got shy  
I touched his soft skin  
And I'm not going to lie  
Ours was a deep attraction we couldn't deny  
But I had to walk away  
Yet I could never forget  
The sun-kissed free spirit on that day  
When I inhaled the scent of that marigold  
And my heart pumped wildly tenfold  
He was my Coney Island dream  
His eyes a sea of green.

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

Darkness

He is the silence in the dark night  
His eyes tell me stories  
He once tried to hide  
Vampire kisses along my neck  
Blood red  
Purple  
Pulsating  
Suck me dry  
One more night  
Reborn again this time  
My snakeskin slithers away  
After holding you tight  
Your nightmares  
Speak to my dreams  
Inner wounded souls  
Can you hear the screams?  
Untangle  
All my knots  
Unravel all my dark desires  
He holds me near  
While my tears  
Soak the spot  
On the back of his delicate heart chakra  
He bites my neck hard  
My blood runs dry  
Our souls intertwined  
He left this mark  
That can never heal  
I need the rush of the cold air  
To calm me down  
My pulsating veins  
My raw untouched emotions  
You are the baddest of the bad  
You don't want to taint this purity  
You want me wet  
Unclothed  
Naked  
You want to possess

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

We won't take no for an answer  
I revel in the fact  
That I effect you so  
Deeply beneath this flesh  
He is my silence in the dark night

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

Broken

Taylor Swift Sang It Best  
But now  
He is the reason for the teardrops on my guitar  
I didn't want to fall so hard  
He was once my big, shiny star

I thought I could keep him  
I didn't want him to see me cry  
He went and impulsively married another  
Before I truly got to say my goodbye

It's like a storyline written in the movies  
Of a girl falling in love at first sight  
Beautiful green eyes made me take flight

Coney Island  
Art Walls  
Hot summer night  
I can never replicate that moment

I wonder what could have been if I didn't kick you out  
after that fight?  
He is someone I am trying so hard to get over  
A real passionate red hot lover

His voice speaks to me in my dreams  
I wake up but remember everything is not always what it seems

Because,  
You're the reason for those teardrops on my guitar  
I always knew you'd be the one to break my heart

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

**Janelle Erin Elizabeth Peters**

Inner Child

It's okay to be broken  
And let it all out  
All the words you've left unspoken  
That you're unable to shout

Cry little girl  
You're not out of place  
Go right ahead child  
Have the tears roll down your face

Sometimes a burden  
Is too big to bare  
Cry little girl  
Hold my hand, I'll meet you there

There is freedom you will feel  
When you release your tears  
Your pain is so very real  
And so are all your fears

You don't have to be strong forever  
It's okay to let your guard down  
You have held on way too long  
In your tears the answers found

Little child you will be okay  
Take my hand and walk with me  
Tell me all you need to say  
Your adult self can set you free

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

The Walk

Deep down inside you feel,  
like you're never good enough  
No matter how hard you try  
You'll never measure up

You give so much of yourself away  
To try and fill this void  
You believe if you help others  
In return you will feel joy

One day you wish you'll love yourself  
For the person that you are  
And hope one day you'll recognize  
That you have come so far

You suffer from feeling guilt  
That does not belong to you  
You feel like everything's your fault  
After all that you've been through

I promise you one day  
All the pain, that you do feel  
Will pack a bag and move away  
And you'll begin to heal

Things will get better  
One day at a time  
The path is not a straight one  
And it'll be bumpy sometimes

Carry on your journey  
No matter how hard it may be  
I know this life ain't easy  
But the walk will set you free

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

Her Voice

Her voice is heard  
Through the poems she writes  
As your reading her words  
You can see that she fights

Her strength within  
Continues to grow  
She is grateful that you listen  
And she needs you all to know

You are not alone  
This I promise you  
Though this world seems heavy  
There are ways to make it through

Even when this walk has become a crawl  
Even in the moments you feel so small  
Listen to my words, I'm speaking to you  
Embrace your pain, "to thy own self be true"

Grab and pen and paper and let it all out  
Hold on to your pillow, scream and shout  
Little girl please speak, don't be afraid to talk  
Power comes back when the crawl becomes a walk

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

**Maria Evelyn Quilla-Soleta**

Forget-Me-Not (For My Special Daughter, Daniella)

One day, God created all of Earth's beautiful flowers.  
He gladly named them one by one:  
Jasmine, Rose, Daisy, Lily, Flora, Ivy, Petunia, Marigold, Iris,  
Violeta, Blanche, Lilac, Daffodil, Pansy, Zinnia.  
(He added too Andrea, Guia, Laura)..

He was not done with all the names  
When a shrill small voice to Him, came.  
"Oh, please, Lord, forget me not, I pray.."

The Lord turned around and smile to say,  
"Ahh, there you are~  
My tiny little pink one in May,  
You are not forgotten~  
Cheer up, dear one  
You are Special to me,  
For without you a bouquet  
Would not be as lovely.

My daughter, Daniella  
FORGET~ME~NOT is what I call you.  
Fondly loved by all  
Always remembered by Me."

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

Hail, Mother Fely

Hail  
Our Fely,  
Full of grace.  
Dear mother of six  
Whose eldest left bit early.

Bodol, first and only son  
Image of his father.  
Weary of world.  
Long been Gone.

Dear Mother Fely,  
Your mercy be.  
Upon your five daughters  
Devoting lives to love selflessly.

Germie, Eve, Joy, Carol, Jackie,  
In this earthly kingdom  
Trying each day.  
Motherly virtues Display.

Womb.  
Your womb,  
Whence Six came.  
Brought twenty-two grandchildren,  
And now thirteen great grandchildren.  
Motherhood, as exemplified by you,  
Has rooted and blossomed  
In the souls  
Of so many.

Fely  
Our mother  
Full of grace,  
Far blessed amongst women,  
For ever and ever. Amen.

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

The Sand, The Shore, The Sunset

Amongst the old decayed driftwood, a tiny twig I picked  
To pen your name.  
A swarm of seagulls and the skies witnessed.  
Half buried in the deep, soft  
Sand caressed my feet  
Along the Shoreline's vastness, the thin horizon slipped  
Majestically to meet your lovely face!  
Ah! I gasped in your sweetness,  
But too soon the salmon skies lounged  
Then perched into a Sunset.  
Alas, but the waves!  
The rising waves!  
The wrecking waves your name they have erased!  
Too quickly the letters vanished.  
How these eyes wept, this heart ached in anguish...  
Thus again, with the driftwood's tiny twig  
I wrote your name again with a postscript,  
A sketch of a silly heart-shape.  
Ah, this time night herons glided and the stars witnessed!  
In my poignant longing,  
Right now, in my sore missing,  
I lovingly blew to you my sweet tender kisses!

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

**Elizabeth Bapst**

The Storm

You've always been my stronghold  
My shelter from The Storm  
Your arms my blanket from the cold  
Your love keeps me safe and warm  
Tidal waves of emotions  
Crash against my brain  
Causing chaos and commotion  
And driving me insane  
There is a storm that's churning  
From somewhere deep inside  
My inner demons yearning  
To break my heart and mind  
Now black clouds surround me  
And the rain begins to fall  
An endless darkness is all I see  
I'm trapped up against the wall



**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

Monotonous

Many nights when the world's asleep  
Often times my mind will keep  
Nagging at me while I lie in bed  
Of things not done and left unsaid  
Try to tell myself its all okay  
Out of the chaos I will find a way  
Not to worry about what is or was  
Or deny my dreams just because  
Under the blankets next to you  
Sleep has come and a dream came true

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

Waiting

So many emotions are running through my head  
I don't know what to do  
What would you do if it was you  
They say patience is a virtue  
And I know that this is true  
But I've already waited 16 years for you  
You tell me that this will be worth the wait  
But by then it could be too late  
Tomorrow isn't guaranteed to anyone you see  
And that is my issue with you and me  
But here I sit waiting however long it takes  
Because being with anyone else would be a mistake  
Waiting for the day when I am yours and you are mine  
Keeping that dream alive in my mind  
Passing the time until we become one  
Loving forever until our time on earth is done

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

**Rhiannon Owens**

Lioness

I toss my mane  
with faux confidence and pride,  
even when I feel small  
and am hurting inside...

I'm fiercely loyal  
though quiet these days  
with my lazy and hedonistic ways,  
but pull my tail  
or insult my loved ones  
and hear me roar!

I want I want!  
Indulge me...  
and then indulge me some more!

My heart swells with love  
My passion blooms full,  
My desires are sweeter than wine...  
Spend a night with me, it's written in the stars,  
our lovemaking will be sublime,  
I turn my eyes to the sky, drawn to the sun,  
I dream of red, orange, yellow ,  
of golden flames...

I am Fire  
I am blazing...

And you must be amazing,  
Because  
You have your bold Leo undone!

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

Sour Milk

Sunrise...a stork glides as I impassively gaze  
at the pink-tinged, tangerine dream of sky,  
symbolizing the delivery of another sweet baby  
to be the apple of its mother's eye,

But something inside me is missing,  
I'm an empty vessel, nourishing no soul  
as I stand aloof, no room at the inn,  
cold, smooth, unyielding as marble  
detached - my insides just a gaping hole,

I am not a Mother, I offer no succour and my milk runs sour...  
What is my purpose? Why do I exist?  
I sustain no life, photosynthesise, no plant or flower,

My soul just one colourful balloon among many  
all floating up, up away, even if I knew which one was mine  
the strings dangle out of reach as they tantalizingly sway,

I have never breathed life into our planet,  
I have never put a smile on the face of our Earth,  
no tiny heart beats because of me,  
and no chubby hands reach out to this Mama,  
because I'll never have a child to birth,

I am an unnatural monster, with no love to give,  
hollow inside and now biology is catching up to me,  
I missed the boat and the change of the tide,

Why do I lack a nurturing nature?  
Why is there no twinkle in my eye?  
I am not a Mother, I am ice-cold, brittle ...  
Please tell me, who am I?

Vultures circle looking to pick at my entrails but there is little  
substance to me, now a stork is silhouetted by the setting sun,  
that soaring bird in fiery sky just a sign of the darkness to come.

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

Flesh And Bone

Armor shining with the same divine light  
that radiates from her saintly face,  
she and the horse are as one lean and strong,  
and ready muscles rippling beneath smooth,  
young flesh as they join the skirmish.

They are flesh and bone.

A cloak of red and gold streams from her shoulders.  
The Angels are with them  
wings of vermillion and flame.  
She hears their voices.  
She knows her purpose.

The child turns her cool eyes to the Heavens  
as the fire licks at her skin,  
eager to consume and ravage her virginal body.

The Angels gather above  
silhouetted in the sunshine;  
they have always been with her  
and soon she'll always be with them.

She burns but is not burning.  
Why would she?  
She is a maiden with fire in her belly  
and ice in her veins.

Born of the blazing sun and she is ready to go home, where she  
can fly in defiance with magnificent wings of red and gold.

(Inspired by Jeanne D'Arc - The Maid Of Orleans)

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

**Ahuva Chachasvili**

The Voice of God

I would like to be heard  
I will scream my voice out loud  
I will be the MESSENGER of GOD  
No shame, no pain!!!  
I will be whatever I wanted  
Will fight for the weaker ones  
Will justify their allegations  
Will find a way to help them  
In their way to prove the corruption  
Yes, I will be that one!!!  
Because I'm a fighter  
I don't like injustice  
All my life I have been fighting for others  
But somehow have been put aside  
No more fears  
No more excuses  
If someone doesn't satisfy from my existence  
He can go to.....  
Will win the battle  
I will be the voice  
Of those who won't be heard  
I will be their legs  
To lead them to their path  
I will be their mouth who can't say hurting truth  
I will be their hearts  
Who can't be melted from beautiful lies  
I will be their hands  
To reach out their wishes  
I will fight for what I believe  
Cause no other way

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

**Kadambari Kaul**

Poetry

In moments of deep revelation  
That seldom come  
And when they do  
It is in moments of suffering  
Of varying magnitudes  
And intense reflection  
About existence  
The universe and ourselves  
When the world around  
Dissolves into nothingness  
And all there is  
Is truth  
Pure and sublime  
And it is in such moments of Grace  
That the soul speaks softly to us  
And then writes poetry.....

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

Temptation

The long road ahead  
Stretched endlessly  
Into Eternity,  
Without a visible end  
Or a beginning,  
But it mattered little  
As I stood beneath the  
Lamp Of Mercy and Kindness,  
Its Light guiding me gently  
Towards the sunlit clearing  
Past those crevices and bends  
Treacherous all,  
Full of promise of good times  
That never seemed to end  
Of false laughter and gaiety  
That I may Temptation befriend,  
For Temptation is friendly, always  
Smiling brilliantly  
In the darkness of despair  
Till she was banished  
By the penetrating Light of the Lamp  
That fell upon her  
As she stood exposed  
In her utter nakedness  
At the crevice and the bend.  
And I moved on  
Thanking Temptation  
For showing me the worldly way  
Of transient satisfactions and joys,  
'Twas a lesson learnt,  
But all said and done  
And to be fair,  
Temptation though not the ideal companion  
Was not entirely bad,  
Perhaps we would meet again

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

Or perhaps not, who knows  
And so, I cast judgement aside  
And moved on  
Without regret and happily,  
Upon the road  
Lit by the Lamp  
Of Mercy and Kindness  
Endlessly long, stretching towards Eternity.

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

**Arja Endaya**

**The Ordinary Girl**

I'm just a girl running around  
in circles lost in the vastness of my emotion...

I'm just an old soul lingering in that moment where my feelings  
were all valid...

I am crazy most of the time dancing on my own with wild  
abandonment reckless and carefree...

I am the same girl who was mistaken for an angel, a daydreamer,  
and a poet lover...

I am ordinary, a simple girl whose heart is layed before someone  
who thinks – I am their 'more'...

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### One Sweet Day

I will bask in the sun as its rays touch my skin, I will wait for you  
by the river where we once met and for the first time  
said our first 'hello'.

I will sit quietly and listen to the sound of the water gushing while I  
wait for the wind to whisper that you're nearby and anticipate your  
sweet scent .

I have worn the white dress where you once said, "you will always  
be an angel" and a smile escaped my lips with that memory in my  
mind - a tear fell at the same time.

"...I don't want to wait in vain..." as the song goes thru my head but  
we both know what happened next; I waited...and...waited...  
but in vain you never did come on that one fine sweet day...

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### The Saddest Goodnight

Out of 7.9 billion people our strings got tangled, which pulled me  
closer to you; you let me in without hesitations, without even  
knowing who I was.

"... fall in love with the literary; but never ever with the writer..." -  
was the topic that bonded me to you; our conversations started  
with a line or two and always ended up in the wee hours of the  
morning...

Exchanging poetries directly from our hearts, poems that no one  
has ever read nor heard of and we were completely oblivious; until  
you plucked the chords on your guitar, accompanied by the subtle  
fall of rain...

I felt the sudden fear of the inevitable, this was crazy...this was pure  
madness... I was deeply...profoundly... falling for you... but I knew  
I can't... I couldn't... No! I shouldn't... still...I am in love with  
you...

But I felt the weight of your sadness, like a cryptic 'goodbye', when  
you uttered your 'goodnight' I couldn't sleep after...overthinking  
things...Would I have to lose our friendship too?

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### **Jyoti Nair**

#### Bindi, Bosoms, and Virago

**B**-Breezy bewitching moon-gaze swoon over her forehead.  
**I**-Indigenous pride, scrubbed through umpteen culture erosions.  
**N**-Nancy, Nandini, Nilofer, all adore her...  
**D**-Dainty designs, welding religions, righteousness, distant friendships...  
**I**-In purses, through relics, they weave their indomitable smiles.

**B**-Ballsy conjoined Glaciers...  
**O**-Orbs, have been melting, to feed us...  
**S**-Since God chose her, as the elixir of life.  
**O**-Orbits, donning her boisterous spirit, around the sundial, while...  
**M**-Morpheus, empties his palette, his vigor, copiously...  
**S**-Serenades her, in silver-serene nights.

**V**-Valiant tresses...  
**I**-Indefatigable warriors, they are.  
**R**-Resurrecting battered bones, also the blurred faith of that dawn.  
**A**-Azure braids, ride away at a canter...  
**G**-Gallant victories gleam, moral police shrug through their peering eyes.  
**O**-Ode to women, this...Crusaders who write transgressing tides.

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

#### Humanity: The Galactical Embrace

Akin to the galactical embrace is the colossal circumference called humanity. An agglomeration of myriad, each of our visceral quanta is an infinite travelogue. Imbued with resurrected voices, of manifold cultural triumphs and pathos. Resonating with combustible roars from the Ganges and the Niagara Falls. The soul of humanity is woven from that azure, which churns only one color indefatigably. The color of compassion and kindness, though they smile in varied hues. As Amethyst, Orange and Cerulean parasols, the way our skins diffuse brown, pink and black radiance. Albeit, when hunger pangs tear, the intestines of rich and poor, contort for morsels the same way. When our spirits crouch, they emit facsimiles of excruciating shrieks. When fusillades grasp us, we all are dismembered, whether soldiers, royalty or poverty-stricken. Plausibly, the war epigraphs may contradict, and gallantry applauded would differ,

However, all our swallowed sighs would be prodded with remorse. Remorse, hence opines unanimously across many continents...  
"If only we had built more doors than walls, If only we had steered towards the limpid twilight, of that benevolent cosmic vessel called humanity".

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

An Ambrosial Whiff

The languorous fragrance dispersed  
in the ebbing dusk, glimmers.

As the breeze fairy takes-off her ballerinas...  
That roasted evening aura, cloaked in a peculiar pungency.

May be when elegance trickles from wilted Purple Hyacinths,  
the terrain ought to exude such an ambrosial whiff.

Was an epilogue being muted,  
at the cusp of those Ochre footprints.

Seared eyelids of that sky,  
her diminishing walk, being painted.

Brush strokes warbling in implausible nuances,  
of palette biases emanating evocative, yet elusive scents.

My daze intermingled with straggling  
Bergamot noon and fatigued Lavender sunset.

The Sun dawdled as if she wanted  
to cuddle our quivering tale.

As if she wanted to peel off her rind  
and wrap it around my flayed sighs.

The reminiscent dusk,  
continues to whisk an intoxicating aroma,  
into my pores, bones and veins.

In tandem, my soul slyly adorns  
that arcane frankincense.

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

**Mandakini Sahoo**

Woman Through The Ages

When I look at the moon,  
I remember  
how the ancient poets described my face.  
When I look at the forests,  
I remember how the tribal communities  
used my hands to collect firewood,  
but when I walked through last century,  
I launched movements to demand equal rights  
and I hope  
this millennium will be a golden age for me  
and the world will simply not  
wax eloquent about my face or hands  
but respect me for my intellect as well  
and that I shall not fight for it.



The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

**Shuchi Patra**

Hold On To The Night

Oh, can I hold on to this night...  
Never to take flight...  
Clutching every delicate moment...  
The heartaches, pains, tensions, giving vent...  
The azure skies in gay abandon...roar...  
The soft fluffy dancing clouds, to high heavens soar...

The stars shyly peep...  
Over our passions so deep...  
The raindrops sounding like anklets,  
Overflowing desires in feverish fervor, small quivering, trembling  
rivulets...  
Bubbling to be one with the mighty sea...  
Embrace me, heal me, see...

Behold, the night of delight...  
As we are bathed with heavenly light.  
Fare you well, to go on call of duty, my brave knight in shining  
armor.  
My restless breaths without you will clamor...  
To see you, feel you, how will my heart endure...  
The separation, the moments will be painful sure...

I'll hold on to every coming night...  
In sweet remembrance of tonight...  
The celestial moon, my messenger...  
As you and me look at him, together...  
We'll revel and lose ourselves in the moment...  
Won't be very long, but baby I'll be missing you every moment...

Then we'll meet in our dreams...  
In silvery, starry moonlight streams...  
As the night swiftly fleeting...  
With sweet intoxication till the next meeting...  
Sing and gaily dance, holding on to the night...  
Before arrives the new dawn bright.

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

Entanglement

However sweet soothing the zephyr  
Beware, don't let it near Heart tugs, chords ring...  
Ephemeral songs to sing...  
However happy the escape route...  
Finally it ends, hurts, the heart mute...  
Attachment, entanglement hurts...  
The already sad and agonized heart bursts...  
Lack of equal affection, care,  
Trust lost in the fare,  
Why the same mistake repeating...  
The emotional fool again time to time surfacing ...  
Deep down the heart's abyss...  
Hidden scars, their pain reminisce...  
Tears flow on,  
Serendipitous shower gone!

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

The Heavenly Angel

The pretty seraphic damsel in disguise...  
Surging ahead to give the quintessential surprise...  
Is but a heavenly angel, waiting to rise...  
Full of goodness and alluring pulchritude, elegance and grace  
sublime...  
Her enchanting exquisite aura lights up the entire earth...  
Embellishing the realm of stars and planets no dearth...  
Her boat slowly sails through life in joyous mirth...  
She meets her prince charming, sweeping her off to paradise...  
Magnificent, magical and mystical...  
dreamy delirious with amor, pulchritude dazzling twinkle...  
Aeons pass, with starry sprinkle...  
The angel's beauty enhances manifold...  
Touching hearts of all she meets...  
With a special magic spell, full of love and care she greets...  
Filling their voids, performing fascinating and fantastic feats...  
The fairytale is enthralling and eternal!

**The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1**

**Sarah Ramphal**

My Spirit Within

With strength, power and perseverance  
I shall overcome every obstacle  
That life has set before me  
Unleashing my passion, my love  
Setting myself free to live in a way  
Where my love ignites sparks  
In the hearts of those  
I cross parts with  
Leaving a trail of love  
Heading towards the light  
Releasing the light within

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### Women Power

Let's weave a web  
Build a net  
Sister to sister  
Uplifting each other  
Creating a tight bond  
Sharing and caring  
No bad minding  
Cut from the same cloth  
We feel, we break  
We rise, we fall  
Let's help a sister to  
Stand back up tall  
No backbiting, no backstabbing  
Ain't got the time  
To crush another  
Women power  
Working together  
To make everything better  
Watch us soar  
Hear us roar  
Stronger together  
Women power

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### Be Kind To Yourself

Are you feeling broken?  
Lonely or lost today  
Please be kind to yourself  
Know that you are worthy  
That you are loved and  
That you are doing your very best  
So what...  
Your dreams failed  
Try again and don't quit  
Some dreams are never meant to be  
But you don't give up  
Dare to dream new ones  
We are all a work in progress  
Everything takes time and  
Everything will be beautiful  
In its own time  
Just as the seasons  
Winter, spring, summer, autumn  
So are our lives  
Enjoy the journey as you go along  
Smile in every chance you get  
And love every single day

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

**Laura Felleman**

Luna Obscura

somebody submerged the moon sunk it to the riverbed sequestered  
with fish and mud subdued to least reflection

ghost of Virginia hair streaming behind shade of Ophelia  
hair waving beside

someone submerged the moon drowned it from the current mired  
in silt dragged to a lesser pale

something submerged the moon was it, YHWH, you?

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

**Christine Fowler**

I Am Paper

One page amidst a forest  
Words scratch my surface  
Tear and shred

I am paper  
Thinned with age  
Wet with tears  
Falling apart with sorrow

I am paper  
Ripped apart  
Used,  
Thrown away  
With no tomorrow

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### Still Birth

Hot tears ran down my cheeks  
filled with anguish and with pain  
my hopes shattered;  
only greyness, now remained.  
The love I'd carried inside had died  
before he saw the light of day,  
my baby; still born,  
in my arms limp he lay.  
My tears flowed,  
they could not water him back to life  
unlike a plant, he could not revive.  
I held him close and kissed his brow  
and wished and wished  
that this was not how  
his birth had been.  
My son had taken my heart away  
and with it, all my imagined future days.  
I would never see him grow tall  
or play with friends,  
or wipe his bloodied knees,  
or hug him tight, or tell him stories in bed at night.  
I'd never see him go to school,  
play football, swim or ride a bike.  
All I would have would be packed in a box.  
A name band, a bootie  
and...one photograph.

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### What Does Not Return?

Past pain  
Liberation is at hand  
Balance regained  
Life begins  
Sunshine brightens cloudless sky

My heart sings its song of joy  
Feet dancing through brilliant hours  
I thrill to life  
And what it brings

A poet's words  
Sounding out on page  
Voice rings loud and strong  
Each syllable swelling  
Flooding the ears

Life's rhythms  
In thrumming waves  
Spinning...spinning

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

**Shaneke Gordon**

Flowered Moonlight

Wondrous eyes grasped at the oblong light  
Smirking smiles in her naked eyes;  
she visually created the entitled scene as flowered moonlight.  
Petals fell like autumn leaves, raining in spacious air to flop in  
manumitted grief.  
Flowers scattered like shattered glass trying to find what they could  
greet.  
Flowered moonlight cried in pale reft with mustering splatters of  
milk white laced lights on the face of a shameless creed soul in  
search of the true story her eyes have been told.  
Her widowed heart fell in love with a new love of flowers that fly  
with wings in moonlight, and she romantically made it into healing  
the strings of her faithful heart.

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

Bled In The Rain

Thunder ignited the tears of the perturbed clouds that are perched  
in the sky of her heart.  
Tears made trail of sad messages that she bled in the rain of pain  
that swallowed every gain of peace in the swamp of the storm.  
She used the umbrella to protect her in shining hopes of a dancing  
ballerina to heal her bleeding wounds.  
But she shields the steamed droplets braced and ran on the skin of  
her protection,  
she faced the tyranny of the rain bleeding on the shirt of her  
shirtless heart.  
She bled in the rain of an unforgettable beam.

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### **Ann Privateer**

#### Raining

A lonely butterfly gathers her beauty near a solitary tree she  
referees, parades beauty's anthem explodes color, pulses into a new  
day.

#### The Girl's Team

Plays at the ball game the home team scene keeps score under a  
darkening summer sky where folks yell, clap line up for  
memorabilia excitement scores more as the girls play hard ball.

#### Sacred Sunflowers

Sunflowers at night shake their heads dropping seeds upon the land  
slacking their private eye this way and that, announcing a new  
annunciation day that will annex and eclipse all other days for  
sunflowers at night to harvest goodness by day as they turn to  
follow the sun.

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### **Honey Novick**

#### Vox Feminina Divina, My Divine Feminine

My Divine is found in humor  
My Divine is found in adversity  
My Divine is found in imperfection  
My Divine is found in the desire for expectation,  
optimism, hope  
My Divine is found in the Vox Feminina  
My Divine is found in the reflection I see in the  
bathroom mirror My Divine is found in you

My Divine is found in humor like, the hopes and dreams of my  
parents wanting a child reminiscent of Snow White, until I drifted \*  
finding my way - straight, down the middle, trustworthy  
I am a loyal friend with the ability to honor humor  
For it is in humor that the hard edges of life are  
rounded out  
My Divine is found in adversity every step of the way  
barriers sprang up with words like "no, you can't, you'll be  
rejected, don't do it, you're too short, you're so smart, you're too  
old, who do you think you are?"

And every step of the way I found a way to surmount the walls, the  
barbed words, the unexpected turn of events, the snags in places  
other than my pantyhose I had a faith in myself, a belief that if life  
gives me shadows, make shadow soup - easy as boiling water and  
waving a rock in the steam  
Delicious!!!

My Divine is found in Imperfection for in Imperfection are the  
two words  
"I'm Perfection" and who's to say what's perfect anyhow? I was  
the only surviving child born to parents who faced 7 pregnancies,  
including several babies once referred to as "severely retarded"  
all eventually dying, except me

### The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

When I came, they said, “she’s perfect” until I learned to speak,  
offering different opinions, an articulate child, eventually silenced  
for being insubordinate, mouthy, sassy, too smart, incorrigible, and  
worst of all  
WILLFUL

But, in being willful, I survived  
I learned about priorities  
I made a ton of mistakes and consoled myself saying “I’m damned  
if I do, and damned if I don’t” so, I did  
I persisted, I prevailed, I learned forbearance  
I sometimes used humor.  
I was more often than not, misunderstood. When a local  
newspaper humor columnist was looking for “Miss Right”, I  
applied as “Miss Understood” and won!!  
( a steak dinner with the columnist in my prevegetarian days)

My Divine is found in optimism, an expectation, hope.  
I have choice. To be or not to be, to do or not to do damned if I  
do, and damned if I don’t.  
I choose hope, the struggle to see through the dark, vaporizing  
pewter-colored clouds. I sail over and into the silver blue sky, over  
barriers and with clenched teeth  
like holding a rose of determination

Faith in myself that if this is the hand that life dealt me, I will  
prevail and be positive.  
Nothing is worse than being unkind, dragged down taking others  
with me.  
No, I won’t!

My Divine is found in the Vox Feminina.  
My beloved father once quipped,

“Who do you think you are, Shirley Temple, wanting to be on  
stage?”  
“No, I’m not” I retorted, “because you’re not Shirley  
Temple’s father”  
That is the Vox Feminina, able to defend without being offensive  
(unless necessary)

### The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

Those thorns just bouncing off the invisible cuff of this Wonder  
Woman.

I sang, and spoke and wailed and keened and lullued I heard the  
song of birds in my voice the roar of a lioness traversing her home-  
ground the authentic reverberation of a woman’s voice

My Divine is found in my mirror’s reflection morphing from  
familiar to unknown to whoever I see. It is not smoke and mirrors  
I am human art, definitely in the eye of the beholder

My Divine is found in You it is in you that I see me it is for you  
that I say thank you it is in you that I share courage and teamwork  
it is for you that I write these words  
it is with you that I walk this earth  
and say “WOW” (Words of awesome Wonder)



## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### Why I Write

(inspired by a poem written by Lillian Allen)

As I age, writing connects my present to my future.  
Placing pen to paper, I seek all thoughts, experiences, expectations.  
When vocalizing with others,  
I ask them to tell me a story about their names, that story is a vocal expression.  
Writing expresses a voice, my voice.

When I tell you that I love maple syrup,  
I'm telling you more than a simple statement of fact, more than a prosaic like or dislike,  
I'm telling you that the historical, majestic maple tree loses its foliage every autumn, yet inside that defoliated maple tree, entities are alive.  
Those entities endure the harshness of winter and when least expected but most needed, they form little buds on the branch an omen of hope,  
signaling that soon the time will come to drill a hole into the bark of the tree, or tap an existing spout, awaiting the flow of the warmest, tastiest, life-affirming sap one can ever imagine tasting.

That is why I write. I tell you who I am, why I like what I like what things mean to me.  
Through writing, I can share something with you.  
Even if you don't write, you can share something with me.  
What you value, what you see, What is it that makes you happy?

Do you love to dance, take a chance. Do you think life is just happenstance?

Do you value independence, or people telling you what to do, letting someone else make up your mind for you?  
Is your opinion important? Do you want to be heard?  
Having a dialogue is more than the noise of sounds chirred.

This is why I write, conversation, connection, daring to go beyond personal introspection.

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### Witch\*

"You look like a witch", he says.  
She nodded, "If only."  
He proclaims, "If only you weren't intense, cleareyed."  
She looks at him, "Witch is an honorific, someone worthy deserves being called a witch?  
And this is why:  
A witch is a woman connected to nature she knows the power of plants, understands their language and that of animals, she travels between worlds and communicates with the Great Spirit.  
A witch loves herself and loves every living being, respects and is able to listen without judging.  
This heals a broken heart.  
Being a witch, she knows the power there is in you, enjoying who you are without denigration.  
Witches dance and sing decipher messages from the moon and the wind, and swim naked in rivers and seas.  
They make magic at home.  
With a good pout, they warm your body and soul.  
Witches appreciate their sexuality and use it to cocreate.  
There are witches singing and witches writing.  
Others make bread or sell their creations.  
You find them in all professions.  
Some gather in moon nights around the bonfire, others invent rituals at home and light candles.  
And you know why?  
Because they are not afraid.  
Their dances and songs honor and invoke the ancestors who died unfairly.  
They raise their voices to wake up women still suffering from the fate of centuries of repression.  
They whisper self-love spells, pass them from one to another.  
Witches, magicians travel all four directions healing the world with their donations.  
Witch?  
I hope so!

\*inspired by an anonymous posting on Facebook

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

**Linda M. Crate**

For I Am Immortal

I learned early on  
a woman's no  
meant less than  
a man's yes,  
why did we agree  
to this world?  
The disrespect for  
women is  
unacceptable,  
we have a magic and a power  
all of our own;  
I am sick of us being seen only in  
three forms: maid, mother, or crone—  
want us to be property,  
but we are people and we have  
passions and ambitions of our own;  
I resist the society norms people  
tell me to abide by because I wasn't  
born to be a lady but rather a legend—  
I am a daughter of the moon,  
you won't snuff out my light  
or put out any of the flames of my feathers;  
I will rise from the ashes  
forever for I am immortal.

The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

The Perfect Storm

Every battle  
has only taught me  
something I needed to  
learn about myself  
or the universe,  
and each one has made me  
stronger no matter how  
painful they were to endure;

I like dresses and I like jewelry  
and make-up, but I also like  
kickboxing and swords.

I contain multitudes and femininity isn't weakness—  
it is sacred and divine,  
and each woman is a goddess of  
her own merit and worth;  
none are replaceable and each of our  
voices matters—

Some may allow you to strip them  
of their spirit,  
but I have always been a wild thing;

I don't fear your swords because I  
have talons, fangs, thorns, wrath, darkness,  
fire, oceans, earth, and air dancing in my veins;

Go ahead and disrespect me,  
you'll be met with the perfect storm.

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### Not Your Moral Compass

We're not your moral compasses.  
If you cannot appreciate  
the vast diversity of beauty in women,  
and all of their strength,  
then I will never be someone  
you wish to speak to;  
If you cannot appreciate the power,  
the magic, and the strength of women,  
then you're not someone I wish to know—

Because even on my worst day,  
I had the strength to get up and face it,  
and there is nothing wrong with  
feeling your feelings;  
it doesn't make you strong to bottle  
everything up inside and explode all over  
innocent people—

Feel what you feel, do what you must do;  
and better your life, but do not blame a  
woman for your weakness because we're not  
your moral compasses or pillars of emotions.  
Our lives, our dreams, and our magic are all our own.

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### **Purple Princessness**

#### Loss

We lose some in life and some we lose to death  
Hits us hard  
Some disappear, some take their last breath  
A piece or shard  
Breaking, scattered pieces needing to be found  
Leave a hole  
A cycle of grief keeps going around and around  
Emotional  
Kaleidoscopic fragments trying hard to join or fit  
Dark matter  
Feelings overloading and with them we need to sit  
Shatter  
Though no one hears the sound of a heart  
Splinter  
Freeze  
Causing our hearts to become cold like a bitter winter  
Ease  
One day the loss will be a memory we have sealed  
Because  
The pieces rejoin and our hearts finally are healed  
Loss

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### Moments In Time

If in life we were only given these moments  
Would we waste them with painful remnants  
Would we not wish to hold tighter and just be  
The best for each other as lovers, you and me

If these days were all we were given to love  
Why spend them guessing what we're unaware of  
Or should we cherish each word, each feeling  
That we feel it's our reality we're not dreaming

If our life was only destined until tomorrow  
Would we just give up and spend it in sorrow  
Wouldn't we want to give anything for it to be  
Moments that are etched forever in our memory

Time often is spent worrying about the future  
We make our hearts bleed without a suture  
We let all this love flow from us in our tears  
We let ourselves be consumed by all our fears

So if these moments we are destined to have  
Let's us use wisely, a timeless love we will pave  
Maybe if we hold on tight, our fate may adjust  
It may allow us to be reunited again as stardust...

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### Derelict Heart

Her heart had become a site of dereliction  
The hollow sounds where love once lived  
Now was only pumping life to a lifeless body  
The cobwebs of self pity engulfed within

It needed to do more work to keep her alive  
The mere beating of it was now a dull roar  
If only love would return to her pitiful core  
She needed more to live, not just survive

Air of change was now felt in its chambers  
The wind had taken on a westerly notion  
Whistling through the cracks of heartbreak  
Trying to revive all her long lost emotion

Until one day, she felt the flutter of birds  
They had come to inhabit her humble heart  
Awakening each time he would say her name  
The crevices now allowing light to dwell within

Now what was an epitome of devastation  
Had now become a humble brand new home  
Soon love flourished in all of her soulful being  
Becoming a monument of love worth seeing

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### **Camillion Lion**

#### Passages

Some day when I have nothing left to give.  
My stories will fill the pages in a book.  
Where my chapters will be told.  
As another holds them so dearly.  
Trying to find clarity.  
Through the roads that I have walked.  
The places that I have discovered.  
Right down to my hidden little treasures.  
Where I've kept my secrets tucked away.  
In another hidden passage.  
Where something new may be learned.  
All as they close those eyes trying to imagine.  
The images that I paint.  
Where my ink has spilled out.  
My flaws begin to be seen.  
Of where I was on my darkest days.  
And how it came to be that I found my light.  
I held those moments so tightly.  
Never to forget.  
How every phase brought me to another.  
That every time I broke.  
I found I way to be awake again.  
That perfection was never meant to be real.  
That illusions were never for me.  
That a girl will one day read.  
As her tears fall from her cheeks.  
Only to say I'll never fear again.  
That her tears were never a sign of weakness.  
But only the moments she had to break.  
So she could stay strong.  
In the quiet whispers of the night.  
When her mind is playing tricks on her.  
Reading the chapters.  
Is what will silence her mind so she can hear again.  
Where her vision will become clear.  
Squeezing the book as a way to keep going.  
Knowing quit is never an option.

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

#### Toxic Love

I said that I loved him.  
He was my hero in the dark.  
My prince that taught me to shine.  
From a girl that was lost.  
I had forgotten myself.

But then I remembered.  
My voice got a little louder.  
I even felt a little taller.  
I came out of the shadows.  
Ready to fight but you gotta hold on tight.

Words became sharp.  
The truth came out.  
Egos started to rise.  
I washed my layers away.  
Shedding a new skin.  
A little bit thicker than before.  
I started to shine a little more.  
My eyes started to see.  
The fear in his.

I was stronger than he knew.  
Ready to roar with the power in my heart.  
I wasn't the girl hiding any longer.  
I took a stand and I built boundaries.  
I wasn't gonna budge not even a little.  
I loved him, but he only loved the control.  
I wasn't as little as he thought.

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### I Am A Woman

I was once a girl too afraid to speak.  
Now I am a woman.  
Painting a world of whatever colors I wish to see.  
Finding what is unique.  
Listening to this earth.  
As my heart pounds in anticipation.  
Craving what is raw.  
Finding the uncut beauty.  
Before a polish was ever given.  
Looking under the dirt and mud.  
We can be so rough.  
We are so tough for the stories our lips have to tell.  
Trying to not choke.  
They say to be brave.  
Don't cave.  
We are not yet in a grave.  
We have so much to give.  
In every day we find our strength.  
In the length of the hours.  
Ticking by the seconds.  
Time flies before we see change.  
We blink and we are different.  
In a mirror, I still see though.  
The coy girl hiding, hoping to never be seen.  
Where ankles would begin to collapse.  
Hands would shake.  
Looking for a place to hide.  
Trying to ignore the whispers of the world.  
I am still her.  
The little one who had to break.  
Before I could be brave.  
In a night as tears fell.  
I became a woman.  
With a heart of the little girl.  
Who still hides in the dark.

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### **Nardine Sanderson**

#### Lullaby By The Sea

You walk awake my dreaming hours  
And dare to cross the ivory towers  
To the land in which I sleep  
Upon a cloud of pillows were only angels weep  
Underneath the stars  
A knight within a nights dreamlike state  
Chanting the woes of love  
Within golden fields of breath, he takes  
Upon a landscape  
Within the skies  
So many stars having fallen in your eyes  
To dance within my head  
Like lilies beautiful and dead  
Pretty smile upon thy face  
Causing hearts to bend not break within the timeless pounding it takes  
Setting fire to all souls abound  
Once falling into the depths of the moon splashed  
silver across the shores Waves calmly greet the rocks  
Awaken your face to see  
Your standing staring back at thee  
For awake within my dreaming hours  
Walking in my sleeping air, dancing in state of sleep  
Your heart my love  
My dreams in thee  
Play a peaceful melody  
You're my lullaby by the sea  
I love you in my dreams  
And in my waking reality

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### Chamber of Love

Come not by my chamber of love, it seeps with bloody tears,  
the morning light lays in solitude but only for my fears, dust to  
dust engraved on stone.

The walls were marked by days longer than the night, but dark  
enough to bear the wounds of this pretentious fight.

Have not your eyes been tarnished by the glimpse of hope relayed?  
For ghosts, they haunt the gallery halls where her love had played,  
in a tribute to the king.

Who laughed at love's demise, and in the wake of loss set fire to  
the skies?  
Overseeing her passion, broke the chains around her  
feet, but tied her by the heart, an unwilling beat.

To die a death beyond betrayal in the light of all the mourners gold,  
slowly in the name of love, her body lay with cold, chilled as the  
ivory waves of the sea.

In a romance that tragically found her pale, lips without breathing  
breaths none for love exhale.  
Into the dark night barring candles for the soul, she sweeps the  
bloody tears in light of his console.

## The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

### Lasting Rose

Where's the thunder I brew a storm  
In my heart which lays still warm  
But cold is the memory of that night  
And dark is the battle of that fight

Clouds of grey torment my soul  
He left me with a gaping hole  
In my thoughts the lightning strikes  
As the pain so often spikes

To bleed the petals of the lasting rose  
Red and dangerous to touch, it grows  
But grasped in my hands within no doubt  
Feel the agony pouring out

To life, I say I love again  
And wait for the potential falling rain  
To wash my sins and cleanse me whole

For no longer does my heart enthralls to death  
But life and living love  
I hold the only rose to bare  
For he whom sleeps above

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**Courtney Glover**

Amaranthine

As I ardently aspire to be the tempest storm that I so desperately need to be.

With impassioned eyes, blinded by potent lies, the truth I now so fervently see.

A torrent of emotions, as I dance precariously, teetering on the precipice of a knife.

Desperately clinging to the edge, awakening the abyss. Causing it to surge with life.

Translucent, blue waters, iridescent, circumferencing an infinite black void.

A great resurgence of all that was lost, forgotten, cast aside and needlessly purloined.

For I am the Amaranthine flower. Unfading, eternal, and infinitely obstinate.

You may shatter my heart, but you will never extinguish my soul. For it is incandescent.

(Previously featured in Calypso Dreaming: A Collection of Ravens and Revenants)

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Obsidian Wings

After everything was truly said and sadly done, she conquered all of her demons one by one by one.

It left her heart shattered and scattered, with emotional scars deep, her mind tattered.

But in the end, her rook had survived his king, wearing her scars like great obsidian wings.

(Previously featured in Calypso Dreaming: A Collection of Poetry)



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### Fauna of Mirrors

I'm here, while you're there, just on the other side of this trap.  
A hair's width away from me, through the *Looking Glass*.

I may look just like you, smiling as you do, but I'm not. I assure  
you.  
As I learn all about you, every day. Imitating your each and every  
move.

For my side of the *Glass* is a nightmare. My world cold, dark and  
bleak.  
Trapped in this hellish world, through these portals my kind often  
peek.

And when the day arrives, after we've absorbed your personality...  
A picture-perfect mirror image of you, we'll take your place quite  
eagerly.

We'll gobble you whole, our mouths filled with rows of razor-sharp  
teeth.  
No one will even notice you're gone. Your world now ours,  
bequeathed.

It's happened once before. Back in 2697 BC, in China, I believe.  
Almost five thousand years later, a new plan we shall achieve.

For we are the Fauna, and we will do whatever is necessary.  
And very soon, your world will become our new sanctuary.

\*An original poem based on Chinese Historical  
Records

(Previously featured in Calypso Dreaming: A Collection of  
Sunshine and Sorrows)

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### **Author Biographies**

**Celesia Parker** lives in the deep south and is the mother of two  
children and two grandchildren. She enjoys reading, art, gardening,  
and taking walks. Just recently she has self-published two poetry  
books, "Practice Perfection" and "Glimpses Of You".

**Jamie Santomaso** is a poet from Kansas City, Mo. A writer since  
the age of five, she has used the literary arts as a means to express  
her thoughts and feelings through the written word.

Jamie takes inspiration from both life experiences and imagination  
to create vivid pictures of love, heartbreak, fantasy, darkness, and  
other residual works. Her works have received praise for their  
ability to evoke emotion, paint pictures, and tell stories that the  
reader can fully immerse and lose themselves in.

Jamie has been published in several online and print productions,  
including anthology works from Impspired, the Rio Grande  
International Poetry Festival, 300 South Media Group, and Open  
Skies.

**Melinda Longtin** has several years of experience providing multi-  
disciplinary education and social work support to K-12 students in  
the foster care system. In addition to her foster care work, Mrs.  
Longtin has extensive hands-on experience working with children  
with special needs. As an advocate for equal educational and  
economic opportunities for both children and adults, she  
volunteers for a variety of relevant organizations and has also  
founded inspiring, a blog about the right to pursuit of happiness. In  
addition to inspiring, Mrs. Longtin uses poetry to provide a voice  
for domestic violence survivors. Her previous publications include  
poems in literary magazines around the world as well as her  
collection, *Metaphoria*, which focuses on her own journey of  
surviving domestic violence.

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**Honey Novick** is a singer/songwriter/voice teacher/ poet, living in Toronto, Canada. Her poems have been translated into French, Spanish, Urdu, Japanese, and Greek. She has 10 books and 8 CDs and has been published in numerous magazines and anthologies. She is working on her next collection "Bob Dylan, My Rabbi" to be published by the Secret Handshake Chapbook series. Her spoken word poem "I'm Mad – I Matter, Making A Difference" is a project of the Friendly Spike Theatre Band . This poem is the history of mad people's theatre in Toronto. She is also the editor of "POEMDEMIC", another Friendly Spike Theatre Band project. [www.honeynovick.com](http://www.honeynovick.com)

**Christine Fowler** has always written poetry to process life major events, but only began seriously writing and performing poetry in 2019. Starting in her sixties means that she came to poetry with a lot of life experience from working with people in a range of challenging situations. This is reflected in her poems which often follow a dark theme. Since 2020 she has begun to be published in journals and anthologies both online and in print.

To see more poems go to:  
<https://www.christinefowlerpoetry.com>  
[Instagram@christine.fowler.poetry](https://www.instagram.com/christine.fowler.poetry)

**beam** is a 26-year-old woman from Ireland. She has participated in workshops led by Kevin Higgins, read at Galway City's Literary Organization event called Over The Edge and has been published in Cabinet Of Heed, Broadsheet.ie, Impspired, Lothlorien Poetry Journal, and Spilling Hot Cocoa Over Martin Amos. Recent work includes; surviving the pandemic and several disappointing sourdough loaves.

You can find more of her poetry @personalbeam on Instagram.

**Rhiannon Owens** is from the North-West of England and is married to a handsome Welsh boy. She loves to write poems and short stories. As well as working on solo writing projects Rhiannon has had four poetry books published along with her writing partner, the super talented Ashley O'Keefe. You can read some of their work on Facebook:  
<https://www.facebook.com/RhiannoAsleyPoetry>

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**Carol Edwards** is a northern California native transplanted to southern Arizona. She lives and works in relative seclusion with her books, plants, and pets (2 dogs, 5 cats, + husband). She grew up reading fantasy and classic literature, climbing trees, and acquiring frequent grass stains. She enjoys a coffee addiction and aspires to be a succulent mad scientist. Her work has appeared in *Space & Time*, *OpenDoor Magazine*, *Origami Poems Project*, *Uproar Literary Blog*, *Heart of Flesh Literary Journal*, *Cajun Mutt Press*, *Gyroscope Review*, *Agape Review*, and *Red Penguin Books*.

**Jyoti Nair** is a quintessential Learning and Development Project Management Professional, presently, she works for a top notch Indian MNC as the Capability Development Manager for multiple HR Business Units, where she partners to foster and accelerate transformation momentum for Center of Excellence (COE). She has won several accolades for her literary pursuits, she believes in incessantly whetting her writing skills, and traversing new learning bends each day. Way forward, she aims to harness the power of her pen, championing for the eradication of social stigma around mental illness, for upliftment of victims of domestic violence and for curbing blatant incidents of child abuse.

**Kadambari Kaul** was born into a family of lawyers, scholars, theosophists, and educationists. She is the author of three books on Indian philosophy namely, the Brihadaranyaka, the Great Upanishad, Verses from the Dhammapada, and Gautama Buddha - A Noble Life, all of which have received positive reviews in the National Press. Her latest book Brihadaranyaka, the Great Upanishad has been accepted by the US Library of Congress, the British Library, the libraries of the universities of Chicago, Northwestern, Cornell, Stanford, and Washington, and most recently, the Chinese University of Hong Kong. It is also a part of the Main Robert Woodruff Library, Emory University. Writing poetry is an integral part of Kadambari's spiritual journey. Her poem "Peace" was published in the Literary Paritantra, An International Journal on Literature and Poetry in 2010.

Her book Verses from the Dhammapada forms a part of the library collections of the Heidelberg University, Germany and the National Taiwan University, both reputed centers of research in

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Buddhism. Recently, however, Verses from the Dhammapada was cited by Les Kaye, the Zen Master and Abbot of Kannon Do, in his book 'A Search for Something Greater: Zen and the Search for Balance in the Silicon Valley' that he has co-authored with international journalist , Teresa Bouza.

Her poem 'Peace' was published in the Literary Paritantra, An International Journal on Literature and Poetry in 2010. Subsequently her poems have been published in the Statesman, India, and the anthologies ' Freedom Raga' released by Exceller Books, India, and 'Ocean Waves' released by Red Penguin Books, US.

**Val Smit** is a South African artist and poet based in Cape Town. She writes ekphrastic poetry per artwork created and uses various media in portraying images that she feels fitting to deliver the message of the words she pens down.

She focuses on the inner turmoil experienced by our disconnectedness from nature and each other. Her work has been published in various online international journals including GloMag India, The Chachalaka Review, The West Review, The Raconteur Review, Literary Garland, Valiant Scribe, and Mississippi Books. Recent anthology publications and Interviews:  
Insulatus: An Anthology of Modern English Poetry  
(Amazon) CYAN: An Anthology of Confessional Poetry (Amazon), Quintessence, Soul Poet Society (Amazon)  
Valiant Scribe:

<https://www.valiantscribe.com/showcase>

“As a Visual Artist and Poet, the goal of my artwork is to find existential meaning in the most mundane: A walk in the park, shattering winter winds, spring at its most magnificent moment, flowers and smells, all creating poetical imagery smoothly transferring the audience into another world.” -Val Smit

**Kay Watkins** is a deaf writer in her 60's and retired from doing occupational therapy for 40 years. Cochlear implants have enabled her to enjoy hearing sounds, especially birds which she also loves watching. Kay loves music, nature, all forms of art and especially

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enjoys combining photography and poetry. She has an amazing family and husband she has been with 12 years who has helped her with her new journey in the hearing world. You can find out more about that journey in a short documentary called "KAY" in [AdamGundersheimer.com](http://AdamGundersheimer.com) under his directing section.

"Thank you for sharing my journey with me!"

- Kay

**Adrianna Goffredo** was born on August 24, 1977, in New York, NY, and was raised in Staten Island, NY. She has been writing since she was young and started writing poetry in 2007. She has read her poems around at various open mics since then in Staten Island, Brooklyn & Manhattan. She is a lover of Astrology, Yoga, dance, and meditation as well. She works part-time as an actress and currently resides in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn. These three pieces are some of her most intimate, vulnerable, and passionate works she's written.

**Laura Felleman** is an accountant in Iowa City. She organizes a writer's open mic at the public library (or via Zoom during pandemics) and serves on the advisory council of Iowa City Poetry. Her first chapbook, *The Length of a Clenched Fist*, is forthcoming from Finishing Line Press.

**Ann Privateer** is a poet, artist, and photographer. Some of her recent work has appeared in Third Wednesday and Entering to name a few. She grew up in Ohio where she played baseball and field hockey in school and now resides in California where she continues to discover the natural setting.

**Mrs. Mandakini Sahoo** (daughter of Dillip Kumar Sahoo and Hemalata Sahoo) was born in Brahmapur, Odisha, India. She left her teaching job to become a homemaker. She is an avid reader and an unfailing guide and advisor to her child.

**Camillion Lion** is a self-taught writer. She works in multiple different formats from a poet to a storyteller. She has contributed to Ravnecage magazine, Open Skies, and with new publications in the works. She now writes for an award-winning anthology book.

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Being released on October 2022 "The FEMDOM COVEN"  
Where her first story will finally be released.

You can find more of her work and updates on her page.  
<https://www.facebook.com/shoultzouser>

**Purple Princessness** was born as a consequence of a need to express everyday raw emotions that not everyone talks about. To find words that visualize sentiment with ardour. In her opinion, she is a writer of simple raw relatable vehemence.

“They say to be a poet you need to experience either love or heartbreak. I say to be a poet you need to really just experience life! As life is a journey full of moments just waiting to be captured. My anonymity gives me the freedom to be enigmatic, like wearing an invisibility cloak whilst absorbing my surroundings and using words to convey fervor. My inspiration is derived by my favorite writer, Ernest Hemingway, and my go-to quote is 'We are all broken, that's how the light gets in.'” -Purple Princessness

**Ahuva Chachasvili** hails from Israel, she is a computer technician, programmer developer, and currently, she is studying the Cyber Security field. She has her own group "Global Poetic Legacy" which she manages herself. She also works in "Dark Poetry Society" as a moderator, she is an admin in other groups like "Open Skies Poetry", Poetry & Stories, and "Pen Is Mightier". She is a designer, an author, and she illustrates poems and quotes.

Ahuva's favorite style of writing poetry is "dark poetry". Most of her poems delineate real events happening around her. Her poetry interprets her poetic philosophy. When she writes about others, she delves deep into their inner character. She has her own inspirational quotes which she designs by using digital book. She devises and releases her live poetry videos. She also has her own websites which she created for poetry groups. She writes poems in English, Spanish, and Hebrew. Her Hebrew poems have been published in an Israeli Magazine. She is the recipient of many certificates and honors.

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Ahuva had been selected to participate in a prestigious magazine in which she will represent the introduction of the Feminism subject. Recently she has joined to one more respectable platform which represents the "World Nations Writers Union Kazakhstan". She often sits by the sea and looks at the waves, magic of silence emerges in her vibes and when she is overwhelmed by the poetic mood, she pens down her poetry. She likes photography, it is her hobby, she takes pictures of nature and then she upgrades them to changes them into professional pics. She has a big dream i.e. to sing her own songs with her guitar, and by composing her own music. Right now she is working on her own poetry book.

**Antoinette DiGiorgio Corbell** was born in Brooklyn, NY. At a young age, she was attracted to reading and writing poems, and creating her own song lyrics. She also had a love for Classical Dance and studied and performed for over 20 years. Antoinette now lives in Florida with her two children where she writes poetry and creates jewelry for her jewelry line.

**Sarah Rachel Ramphal** is from the beautiful island of Trinidad and Tobago. Born on the 9th of October 1981. She is a dedicated wife and mother to two beautiful children aged fifteen and seven. She started writing four years ago and it has become her passion and she loves nature and roses.

**Maria Evelyn Quilla-Soleta** gives thanks to poetry! She hails from Cavite, Philippines. Her poems are unadorned yet truthful, purposely warm, and witty. People, things, living and non-living creatures, and even circumstances give colors to her rhythm and rhymes, stanzas and lines. She started to write poems when she was six and has published two books on poetry, My Twenty Poems and Finding My Heart, an Amazon bestseller in five categories a few hours after its launching in January 2021. Her poems can be found in several anthology books and journals. Evelyn's poetry has won her local and international awards. Her poems resemble the works of woman poet Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Her husband Danny, and their four girls Andrea, Guia, Daniella, and Laura and two granddaughters, Tala and Mayla, keep her inspired to continue this passion of hers- Writing!



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**Linda M. Crate's** poetry, short stories, articles, and reviews have been published in a myriad of magazines both online and in print. She has nine published chapbooks: *A Mermaid Crashing Into Dawn* (Fowlpox Press - June 2013), *Less Than A Man* (The Camel Saloon - January 2014), *If Tomorrow Never Comes* (Scars Publications, August 2016), *My Wings Were Made to Fly* (Flutter Press, September 2017), *splintered with terror* (Scars Publications, January 2018), *More Than Bone Music* (Clare Songbirds Publishing House, March 2019), *the samurai* (Yellow Arrow Publishing, October 2020), *Follow the Black Raven* (Alien Buddha Publishing, July 2021), and *Unleashing the Archers* (Guerilla Genesis Press, August 2021) and three micro-chapbooks *Heaven Instead* (Origami Poems Project, May 2018), *moon mother* (Origami Poems Project, March 2020), and *& so I believe* (Origami Poems Project, April 2021). She is also the author of the novel *Phoenix Tears* (Czykmate Books, June 2018).

**Michele Mekel** wears many hats of her choosing: writer and editor; educator and bioethicist; poetess and creatrix; cat herder and chief can opener; witch and woman; and, above all, human. Her work has appeared in various academic and creative publications, including being featured on Garrison Keillor's *The Writer's Almanac*. She is coprincipal investigator for the *Viral Imagination: COVID-19* project ([viralimagination.psu.edu](http://viralimagination.psu.edu)).

**Leila Samarraï** was born on October 19th, 1976 in Kragujevac, Serbia. She writes poetry, short stories, and plays, her work largely contains the motives of fantasy and humor. Her debut collection of poetry "The Darkness Will Understand" won the First Prize of the competition organized by the Student cultural centre of Kragujevac in 2002. She has had her work published in numerous local magazines, both in print and electronic form. Some of her notable works include the collection of short stories "The Adventures of Boris K." by Everest Media and (as co-author and critic) "Poetry Against Terror: A Tribute to the Victims of Terrorism Kindle Edition". Her works were published in Serbian, Hungarian and English. She has won numerous awards for her written works, including the third place as a representative of Serbia for the aphorism, "Stars and Us" of the "Beleg" competition and three separate awards in the "3-5-7 – A Story in a Moment"

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story competition, as part of the "Helly Cherry" competition, both in 2011. She currently lives in Belgrade with her two cats.

**Janelle Erin Elizabeth Peters** was born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada. She is a mother of 3. She studied Dental and Medical Administration as well as Personal Support Work. She spent 9 years taking care of seniors with different forms of dementia and 2 years in Dental Administration. She has been writing since she was 8 years old. Poetry is a form of therapy for her. She writes about many different struggles with mental health as well as addiction and recovery. Writing is a healer. On Facebook she runs a group called The Poetry Labyrinth and has a personal poetry page under the name Poetry Pen. She hopes her writing will reach others and show them they are not alone.

**Shuchi Patra** is a mother of two, born in Nagpur. She currently lives in Pune, Maharashtra State of India. Her parents are both retired professors of English Literature. She became interested in literature and reading from childhood. Her mother, a renowned published contemporary poet, has been her inspiration. Shuchi is an Information Technologist with 20 years of experience, working primarily in India and several years in the US as well.

Shuchi also has her own FB poetry page, entitled *Shuchi's Page*. Her work is featured and awarded in many online literary forums and part of many Anthologies like BREAK THE SILENCE, VOL2, HTWFS, THE RAIN, Be literate, COSMIC INK SPILLERS, Sparkling Quills, THE POETIC SOUL, Genesis World Writer, INKED WITH PASSION, Passion of Poetry, and A GHAZAL's ECHO.

She recently published her very first book of poetry, HEART BLOSSOMS, on Amazon. For her, poetry is a spontaneous flow of intense and heartfelt emotions, giving relief from stress and strife. "Poetry is a way of life, and a dear friend who is always there. Poetry heals, soothes, inspires, motivates and satiates!"

### The Sacred Feminine: Volume 1

**Shaneke Gordon** is from Kingston, Jamaica. She has been writing poetry since 2020 but discovered her talent for writing while she was in primary school. Currently, she is working on a project to publish her first poetry book that will be on love, life and nature. Her work was also recently featured in Soul Poets Society's anthology Quintessence: Aspects of the Soul.

**Nardine Sanderson** is an Australian author/writer poetess whose love of words stretches across the sea to immortalize the loves in her life. Recently published in New York Adelaide magazine, also published in numerous anthologies and poetry journals. She's written over 5,000 poems, including nine children's books yet to be published. Her inspiration comes from her supportive family and cherished children of three. Nardine endeavors to publish her own collective works of poetry and stories in the not-so-distant future. She has received numerous awards and certificates, including an international ambassador of peace award. Her passion for poetry was discovered at a young age, where she found a deep sense of belonging. She hopes to inspire the world through her mix of poetry about love, life and death, taking the reader on a journey throughout her desires and dreams. Her biggest ambition is to teach poetry and help others express their emotions in this great art form which is poetry.

**Afroze Saad** (Real name -S Afroze) was born in Bangladesh. She completed M Pharm. she joined the world of writing in August 2020. Poetry is the calm and balm for her. She loves to write in different poetic forms whether it's free verse, rhythmic, or short stories, etc. Her work has been published in several online magazines and anthologies. She tries to spread inspirational words by the magic of ink, for a peaceful earth, and to lead a lively life.

**Arja Endaya** was born and raised in the Philippines. She loves to read and write prose and poetry. She normally writes about snippets of life, love and anything under the Sun or the Moon. Right now, she is challenging herself to write works based on a specific photo or something that is out of her comfort zone.

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**Elizabeth Bapst** was born in Galveston, Texas in 1980. She has been writing poetry for as long as she can remember. She has three sons and a dog, and lives in Wyoming.

**Courtney Glover** is originally from Fulton County, Georgia. She is both an amateur writer and photographer. Her passion for photography and poetry both started when she was very young. Three poets that greatly influenced her are Edgar Allan Poe, Robert Frost, and Shel Silverstein. Her hobbies include reading, writing poetry, photography, and spending time with her family. Her three poetry books, "Calypso Dreaming: A Collection of Poetry", "Calypso Dreaming: A Collection of Sunshine and Sorrows" and "Calypso Dreaming: A Collection of Ravens and Revenants" are all available for purchase on Amazon. Her work has appeared in several poetry anthologies, including Open Skies Quarterly, Impspired, and Quintessence: Aspects of the Soul. Courtney is also the editor of the Open Skies Collections poetry theme books. She currently lives with her family in Camden County, New Jersey.

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