

Emerging Goddess

By Tim Kavi

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About the Cover Photo: Jade Snow Dragon Mountain is in Yunnan Province, China. The goddess Chenhong Baobai transformed herself into a crane to ascend the mountain and later became the mother of the Naxi people. Immortal Lake in the nearby Yak Plateau area is the revered abode of a mother goddess.

This book is dedicated to the Goddess everywhere, and most of all to my wife, Jennifer, who inspires the poetic sense in all her love as a muse, an eternal flame of love, and who deserves all my joy and devotion.

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Preface

There isn't a lot that can be said as I put together this collection of poems, that isn't hushed by the sacred responsibility of understanding how sick the world can become with unbridled masculine power. It is no wonder that postmodern man in every sense, has lost his way, and if he cannot look to his own spiritual quest and find the softer more nurturing sacredness of the Feminine Nature at key moments, then I am saddened very deeply for the future of all our kind. In that case, there is no hope as we consume each other and Mother Gaia in the complete giving over to the destructive nature and annihilation of wars and multiple aggressions. (I am being gender specific here).

Some will wonder at this collection of poems here. Whether it is some misguided ramblings of a love struck romantic gone mad, a poet walking in the moonlight of some dusty trail that leads only to deeper longing, if only to see Her unveiled face at a moment crying in the wind of redemption's need. Some will think it is but a journey to my own anima (in some Jungian sense), but know assuredly, masculinity without femininity is death; and the sooner we realize it, the better off we will all be.

So this collection of poems is for those on the spiritual quest, the seeker, the mystic, who seeks the sacred female face, who yearning for the face of the other, finds wholeness, finds transcendence, again and again. And to the one who appreciates the Goddess in all her historical manifestations in encounters, in visions, and in the smiles of feminine faces and in every place where Her shrines still speak to the unconscious hearts of us all.

This collection could not be completed without my own encounters in the feminine faces of grandmother, mother, daughters, and especially my wife, that so brilliantly showed me manifestations of the local goddess. And about the Goddess herself, those grand archetypes that are the stuff of legends, love songs, and even ancient myths. This is also for Beatrice and Fanny, and all those lovers that the souls of many poets and mystics trembled and journeyed for and seemed at a loss. And for those lovers who find each other despite great hardship or across many barriers, I am forever inspired by you!

And for Dr. Christine Downing, who in her own way touched my life so greatly in a way that she knows not. And for my other mentors that so greatly taught me that it is the encounter between person and person that is so important, and to respect everyone, the best that we can.

Ultimately this collection although imperfect, is a testament to the eternal love that lives between the hearts of those in love, and to those may I suggest that you read these poems aloud to each other.

Last but certainly not least, this book is to emerging goddesses everywhere! Recognize the nature within you and in your redemptive compassion, go forth, and love your world. ---Tim Kavi:
Shanghai, China October 2011

Love Among the Ruins

Oh Goddess

your ancient images

lie among the ruins

many miles

from here

Hai goddess

some thought you were

shattered

your lingering presentness

makes your conspicuous

absence increased

by the eternal tears

Hai goddess

others thought in love

you were tattered

your resonant songs

were still sung
in children's rhymes
and beautiful portraits
that their mothers hung

Hai goddess

they and I sought you
like You mattered

until one breathes
and it is
already a decade
or two
amongst memories
who cares how many years

For You live
and live
and live

and will never die

still there
in the ruins

clothed priests
of the newer traditions

thought there
is only gatherings
between your wooings

but
Hai goddess

soon you sleep no more
arise from
the ashes of slumber
I rebuild your statues

but they look
like a real woman

in the moonlight

as we love
among the ruins.

Longing

longing to kiss you and hold you
ever to stand
against the long wind

we will always stand together.
our hearts beat together as one.

gentle breath of the goddess
you seek me out and shine
when in the eternal recurrence divine
you make me glad to be thine.

longing to see you and behold
your gentle saving grace
I see you face to face
In the sacred place.

there is no shadow of retreat
only the openness where all is known
truly met by you, my sweet.

Graceful Appearing

with clear destiny

assured place

she moves history

with grace

no marvel

no concern;

if mortals

did not praise you

all of nature

could not stop

your eyes

hold mystery

aware of all

bold misery

unfairness

made right

wicked balances

even

unintended sleight

made plain

and straight

all knowing

not estranged

from this contained

explained

sustained

in your kiss !

sweet goddesses (you are everywhere)

sweet goddesses

all around

brave heroes approach

your sacred ground

Quan Yin

Chastises Monkey King's

pride and hour

his staff

falls to the sound

of her

commanding power

sweet goddesses

rightfully adored

knights and princes

bow and tremble

in approaches

toward

your yearning hearts

search deep

for a

spiritual love to keep

seekers turn
to find you
still, lovers burn
with passions
with adored loves
to fulfill

sweet goddesses
without you
no hopes
can mortal men instill

sweet goddesses
no powers
are in them
outside in
nature's views
they are all empty
without you.

Angels at Night

some think
on any given night

that angels
and seraphs
and other beings
take flight

but angels
fly best
only in the
starlight

her
beautiful wings
outstretched
in the moonlight

her
beautiful body
shadowed
on the wall

her form

is like a goddess
in the great hall

heart quaking
room shaking

is this
a dreamed sight?

when all her love
was revealed
I already knew

that this angel
was really
the fully
unconcealed you.

Goddess

I looked to the East
to the land beyond
ferocious beast

tempest of wind
a goddess strong and not least
wandered around the bend

she slayed
all my monsters
dried all my tears
tried all my fears
doted all the years
she stayed

I looked for love
and an eternal friend
was not known
yet it was always you
the goddess
is just now shown
revealed in your face

just and true

and in that place
a gentle affection
a true love was growing
in the light of your grace

Aphrodite

your love is showing
and was showing
forever
I just didn't see it
my empty eyes
were blinded
by Athena's sighs.

Heavenly Bodies

Togetherness eddies

Across empty space

Reading vectors

of purpose

the set includes

each face

movements dance

each one knowing

they are

full of grace

bright eyes

wistful sighs

hearts beat

across the galactic skies

her smile

lights him

like the sun

his responses

bring orbits

of meeting

until the

encounter

is made sure

love is on the horizon.

The Mighty Writer

at bed time

she said

are you writing again?

yes

because of you

I am

a mighty writer

in love

so you must

tame me

yes tame me

with those

mountains

in the distance

see them?

your ruby

red lips

oh you are

doing a poem again?

she said

no this
is real life
I replied

look at the great valley
and the infinities
of You and your
love's ocean views

I am the explorer
of all of you
kissing every inch
and centimeter
of your world

kissing you
from your toes
to your head

time for bed
she said
laughing

but I was

preparing the
goddess
for her sleep

I adore her so
her love
makes us
whole

sweet goddess
I worship you
even as goddess
is about
to be sleeping

she said
oh! and sure!

and giggled
like Sarah*

as the lights faded.

(*Sarah is a reference to Genesis 18:12)

Night and Day

when the night time came
I knew it would be different
your love is never the same
never tired, never spent
yet your gentle smile lit the night
as you held me so tight
while in your sacred touch
it was the love of YOU--that I knew so much

On the morrow, your sun was still shining
as we walked
I was happy to again know you
as we talked
your brilliance did show you
to be the soft angel's wing
that only your love could bring!

Oh what happy notes did ring
fresh day newly begotten
when our love to each other we did sing
the happy songs never forgotten
sounding new again and again

night and day, night and day

forever and ever when.

Gentle Rain, She is You

when I sit
imagining thin lines
passing through the air

shapes and beauties
are always
eternally there

a sweetness
that dazzles
that greets us
and glorifies
oh perfect goddess
that meets us
no longer
concealed

revealed
in your special songs
nature's pitter patter
glorious splatter
all that is you
falls
and cleanses

ultimately rinses
all a man's wrongs
it is you
gentle rain
erasing heartaches
and sweet pain

at last my love
fall on me
fall on me
like a cleansing snow
no wonder
a man returns to you
to always go

sweet gentle rain
you water
the earth
and in the spring's
morning
your love always
gives new birth

falling

the midwife is calling

our love has yet another girth.

About the Author

Tim Kavi is an American born poet and mystic who writes about the Goddess, love, and personal freedom. His work celebrates the capacities of human beings to love, and to make changes in their lives that are positive and transformational. He believes that genuine dialogue, dialectical thinking, and a quest for wholeness are important aspects of human development. As a result of multiple university degrees and experiences, Kavi has worked as a counselor, businessman, and consultant.

In poetry, he is most well known for his Goddess poetry collections where he celebrates the Sacred Feminine and emerging goddesses everywhere with love poems. Besides this collection, he has been published with two other collections: Lost Love Poems (2012), and Ascending Goddess (2012). Forthcoming collections include: Poems of Protest, City of Night-City of Light, and Revealed Goddess. He has also contributed to other works about Goddesses and his short story, American Crow is available through links at his blog shown below.

You can follow him and his current work through his blog at:

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