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.

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