

## Wiggle

A day without you is filled with a loneliness I  
never thought I could bear.

You were always just the next girl I'd meet  
or she to bump into turning the corner, someone  
who would recognize me from whatever distant  
world we were once upon.

I've hugged and embraced and wedded my  
heart and soul but always the loneliness yearned to  
linger.

I knew it was you. Angry at times that  
you remained so ethereal. Wondering at others if  
loneliness without me was bearable for you.

I hoped not. I still so hope.

I've prayed to the Mother, Our Mother, Goddesses all,  
*just send me a daughter* I'd plead, voicing desperately the  
term of my just punishment, this heartless bereavement,  
a poignant lacking that  
of course I knew as you know is the creative madness  
that bonds us.  
It has always been so.

Can I simply say, "I miss you."

My beloved, I sense your presence in every woman I meet, even  
those who hate me.

As I age it is almost with a sweetening desire to pass beyond  
to be with you not outside my body but in the full flesh of an  
unending embrace.

What is my flesh but a desire to be with you in heartbeat?

What is our flesh but life zestfully embracing?

What is flesh itself—this bounty of intimate presence—but  
the ever-recurring disassembling back into our Mother Earth's tender  
arms and the rising from Her womb again to soar wildly with our Father Sky?

Such is the true witness that this loneliness proclaims so fearlessly. It  
gives a heartfelt ring to my claim, "I am lonely because you are all about!"

You are so ever-present in every kiss and whisper, every fiery gaze, every  
turn on your heels that arouses my celebration of the maddening wiggle that is you!

A day without you is filled with a loneliness I  
never thought I could bear—one that is me being so sweetly  
savored by you, my Beloved, that I rejoice, like  
the cup emptied, in momentary loneliness yearning  
to be filled once again with your winsome and enticing bountifulness.