

Tears



Tears of longing,
And tears of grief.



Tears of anguish,
And tears of disbelief.



Tears of impotence,
And tears of defeat.



Tears of violation,
And tears of deceit.



Tears of searching,
And tears of despair.



Tears of surrender,
And tears of repair.



Tears for friends
now deceased,



And tears for dreams
now released.



Time to heal,
And time to breathe.



Time to love,
And time to be free.

September 22, 2010

Tears

A tragedy occurred on our little peace of chicken heaven this week. Again the neighbor's dog (same neighbor different dog) went on a killing rampage in the chicken yard. Returning from an all day spiritual retreat, I returned to find widespread carnage.

The cold, hard fact that this is not the first time one of his dogs killed our chickens, making the whole thing preventable after the first rampage nearly two years ago, makes this violation only deeper and more gut wrenching. It feels like cayenne pepper rubbed into the multiple wounds of the countless previous dog violations, each one supposedly the last.

The Chicken Yard is my spiritual haven, my center, my sanctuary. It is my Church of the Holy Chicken. During the last six years of being substantially home bound (due to circumstances not of my doing) and living with chronic pain, my animal family has literally saved my life more than once. They have comforted and consoled me, presented their children to me and trusted me to care and love them. As many animal lovers understand, we share a bond of a cosmic nature. Spiritually, I'm feeling like someone in a story on the evening news where a gunman (dog in my case) comes into their sacred ground, randomly killing congregants. Now, I wonder, how does one heal from this?

I am raw. My heart has been in a million pieces ever since. We have buried the 21 dead and I am treating the 4 remaining more seriously wounded, and am keeping a list of the "missing in action" – those whose bodies we never found. Thirty more have missing feathers, scratches, bruises and saddened spirits. Everyone is much subdued. Everyone need time to heal.

In my attempts to find solace and move forward, I wrote this poem. This morning, honoring Autumnal Equinox, I took pictures from around our precious My Chicken Diaries home to illustrate the poem.