



The Call

by Oriah Mountain Dreamer

I have heard it all my life, a voice calling a name I recognized as my own.

Sometimes it comes as a soft-bellied whisper.
Sometimes it holds an edge of urgency.

But always it says: Wake up my love. You are walking asleep.
There's no safety in that!

There is nowhere to go. What you are looking for is right here.

Open the fist clenched in wanting and see what you already hold in your hand.

There is no waiting for something to happen, no point in the future to get to.

All you have ever longed for is here in this moment, right now.

(partial quote of the poem)