

## **THE AUTHORS SHOW – Poetry**

### **Author: Ambika Devi**

As a child colored pencils and paper, writing and drawing and journal pages free of lines beckoned my heart. I despised dolls and preferred to read and create in quiet contemplation. There is no border between writing and visual art for me. They intertwine like vines growing up the ladder of life weaving in a cosmic dance of joy and creativity.

When I was six years old I attended a public school in the suburbs of Philadelphia. I struggled with reading and could not recite the alphabet. A local Quaker school launched a pilot program for children in the same situation and I was gifted with a specialized reading and writing program along with nine other wee students. The requirement for us to attend was that we had to be willing to attend first grade for a second time.

As I look back I am thankful my parents encouraged and supported me to take full advantage of this. My teachers at the new school nurtured us and we all became avid readers and speakers. I am still in touch with friends from that program.

Creativity is just as vital and necessary to me just as breathing, eating, and sleeping. I embrace sacred storytelling as essential medicine for the well-being of our planet and to navigate the way for unity and acceptance to triumph over adversity. The message I convey in my teaching, artwork, and personal writing is encapsulated in one single word: love.

I believe that writing is a soul evolutionary process that produces joy and healing at every level of existence. I teach my students and my colleagues to dive deeply into their emotions and dig into the roots of their beliefs. This is a practice of trust that builds a superior level of self-esteem that I believe can only be achieved through quiet contemplation and inner reflection.

In this last year I have written and published seven classes on the topic of meditation. Next I am planning to place this information into a book form to satisfy my dissertation. After, I intend to write a novel for teen audiences embedded with lessons I have been teaching for decades in

hopes of creating well-adjusted, happy young people who are going to value one another, this planet and our connection to the universe.

My third book, *The Wizard and The Wrench*, has just been released on September 13, 2018. It is a collaboration of poetry with renowned local writer Dominic Albanese. My original drawings and black and white photography accompany the poems in this book.

Here are a few of my poems from the book:

**Beads the shaman strung for me** April 24, 2016 ©Ambika Devi MA

Maybe they are not shiny like pearls

but they are filled with love and wisdom

many hours of deep contemplation

facing fears and demons

purging in the garden

releasing perceptions of past hurt

and mistakes

learning to love life and spirit

once again

in celebratory healing

Each bead leads to the next

shimmering

catching light

marking the steps of the journey

encircling the physical boundaries

a gateway to the

psyche

Each lesson

Slipping through the eye of the needle

Then the eye of the bead

**The Crayon** February 14, 1996©Ambika Devi

The Crayon Named Flesh didn't necessarily look like me

Early on I switched to Cerulean, Sea Mist and Violet

To describe my true colors

Thank you Vincent Van Gogh for showing me the Fauvist groove

And thank you Crayola for having the wisdom to admit

What's in a name?

A Crayon is just a Crayon

So Flesh became Peach and colors that I knew and loved

Mahogany and Apricot, Raw Sienna and Burnt Orange

Found their way out of the sixty four pack

And into a multi-cultural meeting of the tribes

I once had a teacher tell me to pour out all of my crayons onto my desk

And tear off all of the paper wrappers

He said, "The words will just confuse you."

And so I learned to feel all of the colors and blend them together

Last night I had a dream

That in my hands I held Crayons the colors of people

And I was tearing off the Labels

**Moon flowers** April 8, 2017©Ambika Devi

Moon flowers

telling me tales

of deep rooted memories

I'm drunk

from a waft

of almost too sweet jasmine

plucking a sprig

to decorate my braid

hoping to inhale genius

of words

melody

feeling the counterpoint rhythm

and rhyme

shaking my soul

to awaken

**Kali Stotra** January 20, 2016©Ambika Devi

Love daughter

delicious dreaming vision

blaze angel of power

awake in the vast void

speaking essential

through ferocious lips

changing woman

of a thousand perfumed colors

melt the naked moon

with deep honey breath

and a symphony of translucent secret flowers

together we dance

in velvety rhythm

devouring in sacrifice

weak tongues poison hearted eternity

into your

sacred belly

In the Roses Wizard

This morning I heard your whisper  
in the roses  
and I saw your smile  
in the echoing patterns of the petals  
I need no reassurance  
to know how much you love me  
We go beyond the boundaries  
Of so many years and lifetimes  
The leaves are releasing  
And as each one dances to its resting place  
I am reminded  
Of just how easy it is  
For me to let go  
When we are together  
In your eyes I experience all the scenery  
We are native warriors  
dancing and playing our drums  
around a fire  
Inside a hut by the ocean  
Palm trees and hibiscus

A cooking pot bubbling

You are soothing me

With your touch

Upon a flat top pyramid

A great ritual

For which you are preparing me

A falcon flies above

He cries, "All is love, all is sacred."

This morning the raindrops fell from the sky

caressing the roses

and I felt your hand brush my cheek

I took petals of the roses

And smoldered them on a charcoal with frankincense, orris and yarrow

As the essence filled me

I felt your hands on my shoulders

And your breath in my ear

You are always with me

But it is in the roses

That we are eternal