

I Surrender

*I surrender to that
which has been patiently waiting
for me to come un-done.
To drop the torch of personal will
and come into the quiet
knowing of darkness.
Space of unlimited potential
and creation. Like the cocoon
where Caterpillar creates herself a butterfly.
I call forth the Angels
Strong
Protective
to create my cocoon; holding me in
the safety and comfort
of a soft downy bed.
I pray for Grace.
I pray for Divine Will to be mine.
And thus, with the blueprints of my Soul
and the promise
of emerging in flight
on the wings of angels,
I am rapt in my dark cocoon.
I surrender.*

-yvonne roza 2011 ©