

Blooming in the Night Garden-Songs of the Beloved
by Suzanne Eaton

It was Dawn.
She walked slowly.
The road was dusty, and she wasn't sure where she was.
The place was familiar, yet strange.
The sun was warm, it was early Spring.
The Arbor was covered in star jasmine, the vine dense with white flowers.
It draped down like a curtain, the essence was deep, heady and almost made her drunk on Beauty.
She walked under the arbor slowly, she wasn't sure if it was someone's private Garden.
The Gate was open, so, she stepped through.
She was lost in color and charmed with the joy of new spring birth.
This is her favorite time of year.
White and yellow butterflies hovered above the colored faces of the blossoms.
Bees hummed and buzzed in their busy feasting.
Then, she saw Him, dressed in a shimmering white robe.
He was bent with His back to her, as he was bent to caress the new growth in the garden.
His hands large, yet He palmed the delicate flowers with Loving care.
He stilled, He sensed Her presence, and slowly, He turned His Head and smiled.
His whole Face was bright with recognition.
Puzzled, she shook Her head as if to awaken herself, to clear the daze.
"Am I dreaming?" she whispered to herself.
"Please excuse me, the Gate was open, Beauty invited me in.
I couldn't resist Her."
"Are you the Gardner?" she asked.
He smiled again, and answered, "This is my Father's Garden. I am here to tend It."
He stepped forward as if He knew her.
She asked, Her voice just above a whisper, "Do I Know You?"
Then again, She became lost in His smile.
"You visit Here often," he said.
"Am I dreaming?" She asked.
"No, not now, but you have been. Will you stay this time?" he asked.
Then, the Star fell into Her Heart within the Light of Day.
It burned through the Seals; Her Heart was Freed to Him; Her Beloved.
They sighed and melded into One.