



poems from the album

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i met a tree

this tree
in front of me
doesn't see me

oh

but perhaps
it has the sense

of me

seeing it

feeling it

we are the cells

of ourselves

together

alive

breathing

into each other

new friends

I will leave
my new friend soon

we will both weep then

this is the Way of Feeling

this is the Way of Heart

why did all of this

why did all of us come into being

all that i'm touching

all that i'm seeing

all that you're touching

all that you're seeing

do you ask this question

every day?

or do you believe this question

just gets in the way -

but then...

how to learn

how to yearn

how to love

how to know

how to feel

how questions got born
at the Moment of Touching
at the Moment of Seeing
at the Moment of Being

ask...

ask...

ask...

Science and Art

Let me tell you About

Science

and

Art

That They Are Not Far Apart

That They Live together

As They did from the Start

They both look deeply

Into nature's Ways

To find direction

and purpose to our

Daily Days

They find Order

They find Chaos

They know Need

Is among Us

They expand Us

They shape Us

As a lens

of Focus

for They are indeed

Part of the Soul

and the Soil

and the Heart

of

Need

i am not my Brain

talk to me about being Whole
talk to me about being a Soul
just don't talk to me about my Brain
for then i may get a bit insane.

i am not a work of body parts
made of switches, keys, chemicals and locks.

And i am not on some kind of Search.

I have nothing to Seek...

nothing to Reach...

nothing to Teach...

for all of Me is right here

because my Heart stayed open
to every Hurt,
to every Tear
to every Fear
so I can never be divided in half
or quartered
or made smaller and smaller
by telling me:
"it's just your Brain
that needs Rewiring
to stop the times of Stress
and all kinds of Pain."

now

that really makes me feel a touch insane!

This Spine of Mine

this spine of mine
as it does unwind
tells my story
tells your story
tells the whole story
of all mankind

imprinted i am
and you are too
thru nerves
thru cells
thru filaments of light
that radiate a legend
about

wrong and right
left and right
struggle and fight
laughter and delight
rude and polite
day and night
opposites it seems
yet there are eternal dreams
of quieting those streams
so that the radiant light
that plays with the light of itself.....
can find rest in the soul
rest in the body
rest where opposites
breathe together

this is the story that lies

in the spine

some call it divine

i call it 'just fine'

I'm opening up

I'm opening up to some parts of me

that I long to know

and want to see

but I have to go slowly

into this mystery

yet by showing you

then I too can see

the soft and sweet

parts of me...

and also the not-so-sweet parts of me

for your eyes tell me
and your hands reveal
what these parts say
what these parts feel

they breathe
they glow
with what they know
but they must be seen
so they can grow

look now
look right here
i open to you
i reveal my fear

i am ready

it's true

so no hurt can hurt me

i need not close

my world is opening

my soul needs to be free

my spirit must learn

how to live and to be

with all of the many parts of me

i met a man

i met a man i loved so much
and all i wanted was to touch and touch

through cell

thru skin

thru blood

thru bone

i wanted to touch the part called "alone"

i met a woman i loved so much
and all i wanted was to touch and touch

through cell

thru skin

thru blood

thru bone

i needed to touch the part called 'alone'

i met a world i loved so much
and all i wanted was to touch and touch

through cell

thru skin

thru blood

thru bone

i wanted

no

i needed to touch that part we all share

that part called 'alone'

the thief of love

in my heart

you will

always be

even if you

I never again see

there was no us

there was no we

there was just a moment

that we could not flee

it was a marked moment

in what humans call

history

but I can only
hold the truth
of a timeless state
where my heart
did ache
and watch
and feel
and love

your wandering soul
trying to learn (and also fight)
what's real:

that love and sacrifice are not the same
that love gets lost in the veil of shame
that love cannot deliver the soul from blame
that love cannot cancel the times of pain
or ever alter the human domain

as the lesson it is and will always remain:
that this Human Life is not for Personal Gain
whether for Worldly Riches

or

Inner Relief

it's just the same lesson again and again:

No One Can Be The Thief Of Love

sunday september 6

sunday september 6 I felt

every feeling

holding me

not captive

but as a lover

every feeling

enunciating itself

with clarity

resonance

thru me

as a lover

embracing me

with life

most ardently

as a lover

showing me

textures

colors

fragrances

motions

fullness

as a lover

i say

yes

as a lover

to a lover.....

forever

and

always

to every feeling
playing me
eternally
thru time and space....
as lovers...
as hearts
opening forever.....

Love matters

since days of old
we've searched for gold
and given it honor and value

as for me
I watch that show
with a hurting heart
for to me it seems so strange and rather shallow

for if that search is real
if that search is true
if that is what we are born to do
then what can be said
of our time on earth

of the act of our birth
of the act that created us
of some fight that will break us
at the moment of leaving
if we haven't used our time for seeing
the pure gold of love's being
if the hold of earth's gold
from days of old
keeps us from knowing
that love is real
and love is bold
because

(and it has been said so many times)

Love cannot be bought
Love cannot be sold
and love cannot be valued
by this earth's gold

The Connection to Connection

the Connection
to Connection
can never be broken
even thru bitter
fighting words
that are daily spoken
when shouting out
Opinions
And
Beliefs
In the news
and everywhere

as if all of those words
had the power to abuse
the Soul of Connection
for personal use

Connection Lives

In many ways

some Noble

some Bitter

some Anger thru Twitter

but the Need to Connect

Is greater

you see

than all the
hard hollow harsh words
that try to break
the Force of Connection
permanently

for Connection
will live
On and On and On
as the Mark
and the Power
Of Eternity