

Pen's Handpicked Poems

**A free tantalising taste of her book
'Journeying Through The Elements'**

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You can also contact Penny at pennyhayes@hotmail.com

INTRODUCTION TO THIS E-BOOK

My hardcopy book, *Journeying Through the Elements*, shows you a different way of looking at life. It uses poems to resonate the different elements, to help you deal with life.

Earth poems to ground you, to bring you closer to reality, your body, nature and the earth.

Water poems to help you understand and deal with your feelings and learn to flow in your own rhythm.

Air poems to help you find clarity and tolerance in your mind.

Fire poems to assist you to find a balance between too much action and not enough.

Spirit poems to take you to that quiet space within and find your natural intuition, inner authority and wisdom.

This E-book gives you just a sample of the poems that you can find in the full book. Two poems from each of the five elements have been selected; the full book has 500 poems.

You can find out how to get your own copy of the full book by visiting <http://pennyhayes.com.au>



COME ON DOWN

I hover out of my body,
part of me not wanting
to be on the earth plane,
with all its murky problems

For the critic lurks there,
never giving up his point of view,
always making me wrong,
no matter what I choose.

and it's so delicious up here,
in this free-floating boundless space,
where I make such amazing images,
spurred on by my fertile imagination.

Yet sometime I must come down into my body,
to feel my strong muscles and conquer the critic,
to feel my solid bones and ground into reality,
to feel my beating heart and manifest what I want.

[from Earth Chapter 1: Disembodiment]

FIELDS OF GREEN

In snows of white,
fields of green,
skies of blue,
I will worship thee.

In suns of yellow,
pools of purple,
deserts of orange,
I'll worship you.

In clouds of grey,
blood sap of red,
caves of black aubergine,
I will believe in you.

I'll let your seas of aquamarine,
breezes of rose-pink love,
sunsets of hot crimson fire,
sands of soft tangerine, heal me.

Mother Earth, whatever your hue,
I honour and adore you.
As your daughter, I'll love myself too,
in all colours, phases and moods.

[from Earth Chapter 9: Mother Earth]

UNFEELING'S KILLJOY

I guard against feeling so much,
against anger burning me,
envy poisoning me,
confusion clouding me,
sadness drowning me,
fear destroying my peace.
But I can't escape them;
they just go underground
to slowly eat away at me,
numb me out and kill my joie de vivre.
But what are they trying to say?
It's stop buying into the same old story,
that says life should be a certain way;
all pleasurable conditions and glitter glory.
It is as it is. Every day is a fine day,
when I breathe love into every situation,
feel my feelings, listen and be with them.
Confusion shows me my many choices,
fear highlights all possible pitfalls
envy tells me what I really want,
sadness takes me into my heart,
while anger impels me on and out.
Then I laugh with joy as I open
to my rich bloodstream of feelings
and become so much more vital, real and free.

[from Water Chapter 5: Numbing]

SWARMED BY EMOTION

Sometimes I feel way too much.
It's as if I'm my own voodoo doll
and am busily putting pins into myself.
I just don't know how to stop
this mental anguish and emotional torture.
My emotions swarm all over me,
attacking me like greedy feeding insects.
There are just too many of them in my garden.
So I put a strong thick net over me
to protect me from their incessant bites.
I cover myself with liquid repellent,
my own anti-emotion potion.
It's eau de resilience and works well.
I play nice music and say mantras
to lull my emotions into calmness.
I rub my hands and massage my feet,
till my emotions come on down
to settle on the ground ready to sleep.
Together we have a nice cup of camomile tea
and wonder what the fuss was all about,
that is until the next time.

[from Water Chapter 4:Turbulence]

WORDS AND WORDS

Words can paint
a picture of such richness,
take me to a space of such bliss,
sound like a symphony
that touches my heartstrings.

But words also confuse,
fill my head with endless chatter,
take me away from myself,
sentencing me
to a life of emptiness.

Words can twist memories,
distort experiences,
make excuses, justify cruelty,
create distance,
maim and wound.

So powerful, words can create war,
their tongue an instrument
as deadly as any bomb.
At times I gasp in horror
wondering was it really me
who made that off comment?

How I crave the sweetness
of simple words from the heart.
They are the silver pearls
we all search for in the stormy seas of life.
[from Air Chapter 2: Words]

THE REAL GOOD

Socialization to be 'good'
tricks me again and again.
With every (k)not I tie myself up.
With every 'but' I button my lips.
With every hurt I thicken my skin.
With every must I grow mustier, sicker.
Yet I can turn the tide
just by changing my direction
from outside back to in.
then every not and but, simply,
tests my determination and resilience,
every hurt deepens my compassion,
every must becomes a must to be me,
as I climb off my dusty shelf,
to inhabit my full self,
and how good that is.
That's the real 'good'.

[from Air Chapter 3: Perfectionist]

DISSOLVING WOMAN'S ADDICTION

Right now I can really see my addiction to Fire,
in my woman's display, drama and vivid imagination.
It's there in the fascination with the colorful flashing
of my chakras and my crazy wild energetic dance,
But this firey frenziedness is a tiring distraction,
wiring me into dancing in, only more ego,
to find no lasting or real satisfaction and burn me out.

Ah but when I surrender to silent black,
and give up all that man-made grasping,
and frantic future grabbing,
I find a soothing vast still space of peace,
where the emptiness I feared becomes bliss,
and existence sinks into the arms of consciousness,
spirit's fire breath weaving and spinning my chakras,
to naturally rise and fall in and out of emptiness,
my true flame ever at the center, burning bright yet gentle.

{From Fire Chapter One: Burning Out}

OLD NOT

I grow old
when I forget my hopes and dreams
and my ability to change and shape-shift
into different and amazing parts of me
I grow old
when I lose my freedom to be myself,
make mistakes and laugh.
I grow old
when I tarnish spirit's spark
with cynicism or criticism.
I grow old
when I buy into worry,
forget to dance and be jolly
I live in a house with thick walls,
inhabit a body in a skin stocking,
play so many societally defined roles.
Time to be OLD NOT.
There are so many amazing rooms
to be explored in my huge house;
fascinating skeletons in the basement
just waiting to march out.
So much power held down
in history's false images.
Oh she's ready to erupt and save me now;
the bitch, the crazy wild witch within.
Between my thighs her broomstick rides.
Out of my vagina her cackles arise.
She may not be always pretty or nice,
but she's fairdinkum and so interestingly alive.
[from Fire Chapter 2: Freeing the Fire]

MANIFESTING LOVE

As much as I can,
I'll be the love I yearn for,
the gentle hands I search for,
the shatterer of stuck old patterns,
the transformation worth burning for.
I'll be the heart bursting out,
the skin unzipping itself,
the horizon I must jump into,
the enemy I must hug and forgive,
the baby I must birth,
the new bud that must emerge,
the song I must sing,
the dance that takes over my limbs,
the poem written in my blood,
the sacrifice to the altar of me,
the eyes surrendering to mystery,
yet also opening to reality,
the smile stretching to infinity,
the responsibility that strangely brings freedom,
the seeker continually becoming the server,
love that has found her arms and legs,
the earth in every cell, the universe in every space,
the masculine and feminine bowing to each other,
manifesting love consciousness in every form and place.

[from Fire Chapter 8: Action]

ALWAYS THERE FOR ME

I fear darkness, yet your light always shines.
I fear falling down, yet your arms are there to catch me.
I fear the unknown, yet all I need know is you are with me.
I fear the emptiness, yet you are there filling me with love.
I fear losing my identity, yet you are me, original me.
Your multiple arms are everywhere,
picking me up, dusting me off, again and again.
I'm beginning to remember;
you are the one I must embrace.
There is a place for me.
It's in your heart.
There is a shape for me.
It's your tear of love.
There is a space for me.
It's your consciousness.
There is a safe haven for me.
It's the cradle of your parachute.
There's a face for me;
It's your face. Now it's mine too.
For I have fallen into you.

[from Spirit Chapter 6: Surrender to Spirit]

ANSWERING THE CALLING

There's no hurry to get to spirit's deep.
If there's a forcing, then that's your ego.
For when the deep calls,
despite your protesting,
your cells start opening
to naturally lead you in that direction.
Then the song in your heart
and the drumming in your blood,
will impel you into a life profound.
And you will find yourself
pulling back cutting words,
instead letting honey
drip from your tongue.
you will stop lying around
on your couch of comfort,
but leap up to embrace the more,
to embody and realize you are her,
that there's nowhere you need go
except deeper into your authentic self,
so that as you come back home,
you know you are the universe,
and must express her love verses
in each and every precious moment,
to help spin the world into the more.

[from Spirit Chapter7: Embodying Spirit]

About the Author

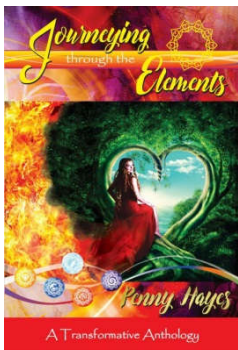


Penny Hayes started her career as a Pharmacist, returning to University to become a Social Worker and then worked professionally in a number of roles in the community sector until she sustained a severe back injury. This was the catalyst for a healing journey and Penny studied a number of interesting modalities, becoming a private practitioner working as a Process-orientated Counsellor, Body-centred Psychotherapist and Feldenkrais Practitioner.

Penny is endlessly curious, questioning and passionate about how and why things and people work. Throughout her journey, she has developed a keen eye, enquiring mind and open heart and in this book shares her observations for others' growth, healing or plain entertainment! Her poetry will make you laugh, cry, touch your heart and compassion, inspire and motivate you - and an entire range of feelings in between.

Penny is married with two sons and lives in Brisbane, Australia, and is passionate about facilitating women's groups and circles and working with the Women's Wellbeing Association. She is also an active member of the Brisbane Playback Theatre Troupe, loving its spontaneity, fun and lateral thinking. She has spent the last ten years working on this book and is very excited about finally sharing the fruits of her passion with the world.

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ABOUT THE BOOK

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About the Author



Journeying through the Elements is a transformative healing journey through the magic of poetry and the alchemy of the elements.

Enjoy the thrills and spills of the journeying. Fall into each poem. Laugh, cry, get angry. Feel chills up and down your spine. Say “yes that’s me, wow I never thought of it that way, yes that’s my favourite, no, this one is.”

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