

A scenic view of a wooden bridge over a pond in a park. The bridge has a wooden railing and is supported by several posts in the water. The background is filled with lush green trees and a clear sky. The foreground shows a grassy area with some small plants.

Poems of the Heart

from

Joan Burtner

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*is a growing collection of poems by
Joan Burtner and is presented exclusively
on www.WeAreSentience.com*

*We are eternally grateful to Joan for this beautiful gift for all
spiritual seekers. Please check back as this collection is updated
regularly... most recent poem first.*

Namaste

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Tonight's Main Attraction

The dance of our Love
Is tonight's main attraction.

Come you stars, you planets,
you moons, and suns.
Purchase your tickets.
No need to push and shove,
Space is unlimited.
But time won't wait,
and neither will our Love.

It defies those weak
and beggarly elements
of time and space.
It interpermeates and infuses
itself in sweet Bliss.

Time, space, touching, hearing, seeing,
we make a mockery of you.
Where are you now?
Where are your boundaries?
Where are your limitations?
Where are your imaginal
superimpositions?

It Occurred to Me

Oh my Beloved, it occurred to me last night that:
I am the sun that warms your tender skin,
I am the wind that blows through your delicate hair,
I am the moon that lights your quiet nights,
I am the rain that waters your beautiful world,
I am the worshipper at your feet,
I am the mighty ocean that you play in,
I am the voice that whispers your name, and the name whispered,
I am the breath that makes your chest rise and fall,
I am the sleep that refreshes your holy body,
I am the water that quenches your dry parched mouth,
I am the laugh by which you delight me,
I am the mirror by which you see yourself.

God, Let's Take a Stroll

Hey God,
Let's brush
our hair,
Put on a new dress,
Paint our toes
the colors
of the rainbow,
And go
on a stroll
through the universe
and see
if
anyone
notices
us.

What to do
about those
three naked
toes!

Oh, we'll think
of something.

I Know That One

I will
Love
in such
a way
that
God
will think,
Hey,
I know
that
one,
I should
start
spending
some
serious
time with
her.

Not Really Poems

These are not
really
poems.

They are
sketches
of a
Heart
opening
in
slow
motion.

Those that
have
eyes
to see
will need
no
explanations.

Those that
have
ears
to hear
will need
no
interpretations.

Our Poem

My Beloved, let me ask you something.

When you woke up the Universe this morning,
Tell me, did the sun shrink back in shyness at the glory of your presence?

Did the majestic mountains prostrate themselves at your feet?
Did the birds finally get their chattering act together and sing sweet
harmonies in your ear?

Did the butterflies gently kiss your cheeks?
Did the flowers of the field give up their fragrance to anoint you?

Did the trees of the field wave and clap giddily as you passed by?
Did all beings, sentient and insentient stand and salute you?

Did the whole Universe humble itself, realizing it shines by Your borrowed
light?

If not, then my Love, we have some serious problems.

What is to become of a world that forgets its only purpose for existence?

Keep Singing

What is this
sweet melody
arising from
my
Heart?

The birds
know.
They have
been inviting
me to
join them
in this
song
for eons.

Thank you
my little
friends
for
continuing
to sing
until
I could
learn your
song,
until I
could understand
why you
sing.

(continued on next page)

Remember,
your job
is
not finished
yet.

Sometimes
this
heart forgets
the tune.

Keep
Singing!

Who Can Sleep?

Beloved,
I must say;
I would not
prescribe
You
to anyone
who wanted
a good night's
sleep.

YOU ARE VERY HARD TO IGNORE!!!

Constantly touching
me,
moving through me,
whispering
all sorts
of enticing
things,
igniting fires
within
me.

Who could
possibly
sleep
when
such a
Divine Lover
as You
are
near?

I Have Touched You!

My Divine Lover,
let me tell you of my love.

My heart swells like
a mighty river
overflowing its
frail boundaries.

Flowing out
until it is
sure it has
reached
you.

Then, totally
satisfied, delighted,
and fulfilled,
it recedes back
into itself.

Quenched,
but not for long.
It must taste
again.

The process
repeats itself
again and again
and again
until I am intoxicated
with having touched
you over and over and over.

I Sleep!

My Beloved,

You have arrested this heart in every way.
Now who can argue against this kind of imprisonment?

I pity those on the outside of these bars
who think they are free.

They are really begging God to handcuff them
to Himself.



A Mystery to Myself

You have made this heart to long for you.
You have made these eyes to weep for you.
You have made this body to burn for you.
You have given me this voice to call for you.

This much I have done.
Alas, I am exhausted once more.

What do I have to do to entice you?
Strip naked?
Oh, I see!

The veils and seals are many.
Somehow they shroud me,
Until I am a mystery to myself.

I Am Coming

My Love
as you wonder
through this
cold, cold
world;

You will come
to a place
where you
feel the warmth
of my flames.

Plant your
heart there.

Do not be
deterred.

I
Am
Coming.

My Heart's Duty

It is my
Heart's duty
to retrieve
Itself
from all
the cages
of this
world.



Drowning is the Goal

God is like an ocean
roaring, raging, spilling
gently at your feet.
Inviting you to dive in.

Oh, you can't swim?
No worry!

Drowning is the goal.
Those who can swim
will miss the prize.

Tortured by Love

Where are you my Beloved,
That this aching is still within this heart?

I have looked for you under every leaf,
Behind every cloud,
In every face I see.

How can you be so elusive?
How can you escape my grasping?
You mystify me.

You come to me like a haunting presence.
I'm sure I hear your footsteps.
I open my eyes
And lo, no one is there.
But I know you were.
You were careless and left your presence.
I close my eyes
and you repeat this game again and again.

Why do you torture me such?
My heart is aching.
My flesh is on fire.
My mind is crazed.
How long my Beloved can you deny me?
How do you bear to torture me so?

Is your tenderness not provoked
By the ocean of tears I have poured at your feet?
Is your compassion not arrested
by the continual crying out of your name?

How, please tell me Beloved,
How can you deny me?

Oh My Heart

I have no compass
but my Heart.
Trusting that seems
a risky adventure,
having been estranged
from it for so very long.

Oh my Heart,
I long to know you
as the Friend once again.

I long to gaze upon
the face of this imposter,
thought so long to be me,
with total dispassion and
indifference.

Oh my Heart,
teach me to soar
once again.