



Where the Heart Dwells

Hidden and buried mothers
speak of a timelessness.
Step into the weight of it.

Allow yourself to see the inner
workings of a heart. Loss, love,
birth and rebirth.
The grandmothers have seen it all
come and go.

What's left if you choose, is a light,
an opening
a place for wholeness to become.

A pulse of light a coming and
going each day.
What will you crown it with?
Sadness or joy?

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