

Birthing A New Way

by Kelly Ann Hall

We've arrived,
this is where I open my hands and completely let go.
I AM about to reveal more of what I AM not
so that you can receive more of what I AM.

It will be sobering, but liberating.

There's a construct here, a shelter-in-place made by
a frame of mind, a body of belief, a spirit of scarcity, a need for control.
I am disrupting the illusion from within the illusion by telling you
You are none of these things...

I'd like to show you who you really are,
but before I do, I want you to know it feels risky.
It feels like death, and it is.
It's the death of your identity apart from me.
I will go first, because you need to see it before you believe it.

Will you trust me?
Will you look at your life with me?
Can you tell me, honestly: What do you love?

Who do you worship?
What do you adore?
Where is your reverence?
Bring the harvest of your religion to the table, let's have a taste!
Cut open the fruit of your way, tell me: Have you lived a life worth living?

Endure the stripping with me.
The undoing,
the raw nakedness,
the uncloaked being.

You can face the illusion,
and you can brave what appears a loss.
I AM right here dosing grace,
opening the lens by which we see.

I know the way,
Come birth a new world with me.