

INFINITE SEA OF

Stars

Poetry to open the heart & wake the inner Divine

SHANNON CROSSMAN



NAP

naked armadillo press

This is an unpublished sampling of a larger work. There are three sections. Each section contains a sampling of eight pieces.

The larger manuscript contains 113 pieces in total.

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INTRODUCTION

Shannon Crossman is a modern-day mystic embedding the power of the divine feminine through her verse in an *Infinite Sea of Stars*. Shannon's poetry deftly mirrors the mystic journey of many women, as we move beyond those deep chasms of discontent and disconnection and learn to "lean into the light" a little more each day.

With the passion and devotion of a Rumi-like joy, Shannon guides us along a luminous word-path to discover our truest selves, our Inner Divine, a path she knows too well. Knowing and loving my friend and sojourner for more than a decade, I marvel at her dedication to her physical and spiritual transformation. She is not only walking her talk, but she's also holding your hands as you find the light switch and begin to truly SEE who you are. With this book of poems, you are holding a true spiritual friend, a Mithra, in your hands. Feel her love and presence as you savor each word.

As the journey begins, we awaken to the Call of the Divine and allow ourselves to trust: "to tiptoe up to the edge of ourselves and dive off." In RECEIVE she beckons us to "leave behind your umbrella" and let the deluge of synchronicities soak your being. With natural images that are both childlike and playful we merge into the Divine partnership – the dance of Love and Mischief, like "two holy troublemakers in search of unexplored universes."

Readers, you will delight in each poem, each image uncovering deeper secrets of self-discovery as the words wrap you in a blanket of light and carry you along from YOU to ME to US. This journey into the arms of the Divine is filled with authenticity, courage, and wonder. It shimmers with the truest of love for

her readers. Poetess Shannon Crossman is an enchantress weaving words into worlds, ever "intoxicated by the sheer joy and lightness of being alive."

Rev. Dr. Patricia Keel

A NOTE FOR READERS

Throughout this book, the words Beloved, Friend, She/Her, and the Divine are all used interchangeably to describe a sense of what might be deemed holy or sacred.

THE FREEDOM YOU SEEK



Lose yourself in
a field of
flowers.
Intoxicated by
the deep scent
of wild blooming
beauty.
Speak bee.
Speak butterfly.
Speak blossom and bud.
Unbind from
limitations of skin,
blood, bone.
The freedom you seek
arises in letting go of
your mother-tongue
and dancing
to the rhythm
of a more
universal language.

SMALL BIRDS



Beautiful sister,
rest in the palm of the Beloved.
Nothing, oh nothing,
can push you over the edge of
that Divine cradle.

No tornado of rage,
sea of shame,
mountain of guilt or fear
can pull you from
the Beloved's gentle caress.

There is no falling.
You are as the small bird
guarded in the nest...
loved and delivered safe
to the day you remember
your own wings.

COME UNMOORED

In certain states
and spaces
with a little luck
and diligence
you can come unmoored
from yourself.

Let go the controls
and soar
inside the octave
of a note or
along the arch
of a light beam.

Divine moments of
empty-full-ness
where all you
thought you were
dissolves
until nothing
remains

save the deep
resonance
of

laughter

echoing
in the

silence.

OFF THE DEEP END



Only in the arms
of the Beloved
am I free to let go.
I tiptoe up to
the edge of myself
and dive off.
She is always
there like some
Divine net, strung
across the chasm,
waiting to catch me as I fall.
Now, I excel at falling.
Off rooftops, high bluffs,
edges of my mind.
Soaring over the ends
perfecting my
tuck and roll,
I stick the
landing straight
into Her arms
every time.
Come. Leap.
Feel for yourself
the glorious
nature of being
eternally caught.

A previous version of this poem was originally published in
Goddess: When She Rules

TUMBLLED



Suffering is optional, She whispered and a hidden doorway opened in the floor of my being. I tumbled through and have not been the same human since.

LOVE & MISCHIEF



Are you willing to be influenced by me? the Beloved asks in a hush one dark evening when the moon is near blotted from the sky.

I throw back my head in full-throated laughter, *as if I could ever be otherwise*, I reply, and we set off in search of unexplored universes,

two holy troublemakers guided by equal parts love and mischief.