

## GOD PARTS

When I can embrace  
All the parts of me  
Maybe then I can see  
How God sees me

*by Neil Meili*

## POETS' CORNER:

### *Voice Dialogue in Poetry*

by Yolanda Koumidou-Vlesmas  
and Neil Meili

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## VOICE DIALOGUE

The facility of the facilitator to facilitate  
depends on the faces of the facilitator  
the facilitator has the facility to face

*by Neil Meili*

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## BONDING PATTERNS

Although it may not be apparent to you  
the non apparent parent in you  
is more than apparent to me

Although to be perfectly fair  
it's not likely I'll mess with a hair  
as long as you're taking good care

But when it gets too big for its thighs  
when it starts to guilt and to criticize

Something will change in a blink of our eyes  
and it'll be fighting with something its size

Even though it may not be apparent to me  
I'm gonna go running to the parent in me

If I tell my Dad he'll have something to say  
and

if I tell my Mom there'll be hell to pay

*by Neil Meili*

## THE PARADE

I sit in silence.

I close my eyes.

I fold my hands.

My intention: to surrender to Him.

But suddenly,

the inner meditator transformed into a single spectator.

A spectator to a Parade.

The Grand Marshall,

my inner organizer

holding banners with l i s t s   a n d   l i s t s

of my unfinished plans and tasks and dreams.

Others follow holding posters

featuring yesterday's events:

what I said

how I said it

what I should have said instead

The Parade concludes with my inner critic

chanting her favorite mantra:

"You failed to meditate correctly once again!"

"You failed to meditate correctly once again!"

So,

I readjust my posture,

I sit in silence with closed eyes and folded hands.

This time with no intention,

none.

*by Yolanda Koumidou-Vlesmas*

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## RELUCTANT SHE RISES

Reluctant she rises from morning love

The voice of a million things to do

Argues with the voice

of the perfect moment

Slowly concedes

and falls back

into a purr

*by Neil Meili*

## REED BETWEEN THE LIONS

My mother's will was always  
stronger than my won't

My father's won't was always  
stronger than my will

Caretaker soft or Cowboy strong

How quick I learned to change my face  
to face the faces that I faced

And

I can still spin that mirror now  
so you can see the face you want to see

But neither you nor I will know  
which one is me

*by Neil Meili*

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## A CONVERSATION WITH GOD

-When will I begin living in my House?

Renting rents me homeless.

God, help me find the road to my House.

-I never stopped showing you!

But every station, you treat as destination,  
you get lost.

When you do get a glimpse of It  
you let in crowds.

I Am with you in your House.

Close the Door.

Visit through your Windows.

Be careful who you let in.

This is sacred ground.

This is My House.

*by Yolanda Koumidou-Vlesmas*

## THERA AFTERNOON

Black cat sleeps  
dreams flickering on an eye  
  
long since blind

*by Neil Meili*

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## THE EGGSHELL

Lately I've been feeling so empty  
and more fragile than ever before

Everything I believed in is gone

Desperate I turn  
my jagged edges to the world

Step on me

with sensitive feet, you will be sorry  
with lumbering boots, I will be crushed

*by Neil Meili*

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## PSYCHIC FINGERPRINT

There is a Dance you dance alone.

You hear the music,

You feel the beat,

YOu mOve.

This, is Your Dance.

God, your only witness.

The rhythm, familiar only to Him.

He composed it,

Just for you.

*by Yolanda Koumidou-Vlesmas*

Contact Yolanda Koumidou at [www.koumidoucenter.com](http://www.koumidoucenter.com)

and Neil Meili at [MeiliNiel@hotmail.com](mailto:MeiliNiel@hotmail.com)