



www.plantsandhealers.org

What You are to Me

Frank Cook

When I am with you, I am there

When I with you and someone else

(or something else)

I am there

Don't you see (feel-insight)

You know if this is written to you?

If not then pass it on

Pass it on to mulch in the garden.

Mulch for an oak tree

With you I feel god (or some other) word

The way JFK would say it

You are other than me and yet together we make one

One and one is one

The mind will never get that it must go on faith,

become open to it

It is the body's insistence

Yet we must work

Hard to be in the moment with the one, with others
In whatever way we can (as in able)
And so paradoxically we must leave each other to do that
For as two, acting with respect to each other
Our one and one = one will grow
Can you feel it?
We are always, a tribe of energy, sharing and growing
Living our dreams
And where we intersect, how beautiful.
Where we leave how sorrowful?
But the more we come and go, the tighter our tribe, the higher our vibe
So now I go, so that I may come again
In this we grow, again