



*Chasing Light*

Poems

by

*Teresa E. Gallion*



I lay a prayer on your chest  
To soothe your burning sleep  
It is selfish to hold back  
When love flows in my river

*Teresa E. Gallion*

# General Information

## Chasing Light poems by

Teresa E. Gallion

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To feel lonely is a failure to see  
All the gifts that surround you  
Open your eyes  
The world waits for your embrace

*Teresa E. Gallion*

*D*edication

To

HERTZOG AND TERESA  
GALLION

Two Loving Parents

# Foreword

I met Teresa in 1998 at a Ghost Ranch writing retreat. We share a common bond, a love for writing. That bond resulted in the exchange of work that led to a mutual understanding of each other's voice and a lasting friendship. Teresa's voice continues to grow while remaining grounded in her love of nature and the spiritual implications of walking the earth. Teresa weaves the physical and spiritual universe with a slant that compels the reader to think about life from a different perspective.

This collection includes work from over a 30 year time span. Teresa examines childhood rituals, love, pain, grief and joy and the underlying spiritual aspect tied to all experiences. She is clearly in tune with the intricate web of the natural and spiritual world, as evidenced in the title poem *Chasing Light*. The poem addresses the challenges we all face on the journey of life. The humor in the poem, *This is Your Happy Meal*, is a form of chiding self-respect about humanness. She teases us with the line, *sacred greens and the cornbread of light*.

Never heavy handed, Teresa addresses many social and political issues in her writing without preaching solutions, as exemplified in *Don't Mess with Me*, where she quite literally gives a voice to our living planet.

Sit back, read a few poems at a time and see which ones are likely to strike a previously unacknowledged sore or celebration in your soul, a yearning in your heart, or a beautiful memory of magic.

Debbi Brody  
January, 2013



# Preface

With each passing year more clarity comes to me and the blessing of more joy and peace. I learned to live in the moment with the light of Spirit providing my circle of protection and guidance. The challenges presented to me this lifetime have led me to this moment.

Chasing Light highlights my journey in verse over many years. This collection gives glimpses of my encounters with the sound and light of the planet that impact me at all levels of life. My primary writing influences meet at the intersection of the natural landscape, the writings of Rumi and Hafiz, two great mystic poets, numerous contemporary poets of the 20<sup>th</sup> century and my personal spiritual journey.

We each walk our personal journeys on life's road according to the lessons we are here to learn. Experience and growth shed lights of understanding across my brow. The recognition that every lesson revisits with a different slant until learned is a gift. Spirit has no time clock and

continues to provide a myriad of opportunities for enlightenment for as long as one needs them.

The seeker is drawn to the light that may illuminate the essence of what resides deep within us. Every breath, every step, every thought, every utterance is bound to that candle that burns within us. We move forward when we recognize we are spiritual beings in physical bodies on a walkabout to embrace the lessons we must learn to find our way back home to God.

I sit in gratitude for every experience that bends my knees to earth and finds me rising from the dust stronger. May you find something in my journey that touches and uplifts you at some level as you walk life's wilderness.

Teresa E. Gallion

Blessings  
January, 2013

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*Teresa E. Gallion*

# *Chasing Light*

Poems by

*Teresa E. Gallion*

*inner child press, ltd.*

The Beloved sits at the river bank  
Relieving hearts of pain and sorrow  
I think I will sit at the river  
Wait for my turn to surrender

*Teresa E. Gallion*

*The Pulse  
Of  
Nature*

## Chasing Light

The river walk calls forth the memory  
of the deep emotional revolution  
within the depths of my soul.  
The water ripples and flows  
on its endless journey as my soul  
ripples and flows in the battle within.  
Mind twists create obstacles to the  
flow of spirit as it reaches for me.  
And I chase light

for the intricate need to be  
and yet, what I cannot tell.  
My mind bends with the battle inside  
and all moves are downstream  
into the infinite void within me.  
How deep it goes I shudder to know.  
My rage and fears block entry  
into the inner void  
and I chase light.

Fear has been my intimate partner  
for many long years  
holding me tight on every turn  
to a new experience  
limiting, retarding, slowing, holding back  
growth and soul expansion  
and I chase light.

*Chasing Light ~ Teresa E. Gallion*

The hounds of darkness chase me  
but they do not catch me  
for I chase that shifting light  
out in front of me.  
It makes me sway and bend and curve  
and contort and laugh and cry  
and stretch and grow  
and I chase light.

Negative baggage trails  
close behind, nips at my heels,  
but I move  
with the speed of those rays in front of me.  
I am reaching for the stars  
chasing light.

Inhale the present exhale the past,  
let go of the darkness,  
release rage and fear, cling to light's heels  
to protect me as I approach  
the door to my unknowns  
chasing light.

Now, in the dawn of my jubilee  
eyes open wide, spirit is free,  
the hounds of darkness are left behind.  
Negative baggage drowns in the river of light,  
fear melts on the wings of doves.  
My void fills with radiance,  
I reach another growth field,  
and I chase light.



*Chasing Light ~ Teresa E. Gallion*

I approach my next learning experience  
stronger than ever before  
for I touch the glow in front of me  
and electrifying strength  
streaks through my body and soul,  
and I chase light.

Next, a pause in experiences  
as the stream flows  
into my reflecting pool,  
I stand before the water,  
gaze at my image  
and behold my authentic self.  
And I chase light

as I move with the flow  
of harmonic energy surrounding me.  
I have a long journey ahead,  
but touched by the Beloved,  
I ride the victory horse, swim  
in joy and laughter, protected by his glow,  
I know I will reach God realization and still  
I chase light.

## Best Deodorant

Clouds roll across the Sandias  
cruise, scratch, bump,  
show off forms.

Yesterday I saw a country bumpkin  
blow bubbles on Sandia's throne  
five thousand feet above me,  
more than 10,000 feet above sea level.  
People cheer those raucous clouds.  
It simply encourages their behavior.

No one, looking up, complains.  
I have endured a thousand mornings  
of cloud mischief on the mountain.  
Yet each morning, I look for more.  
Gratitude is a powerful deodorant  
we all need to wear.

## On Behalf of Mother Nature

I want to take a walk in beauty  
feel the earth rub my feet.  
I want to share with a friend  
all the beauty the planet gives.

I want to smother adversity  
with a burial at sea.  
I want to awaken to Spirit  
with a blazing sunrise in my hands.

I want to feel the heartbeat of harmony  
to Mother's beautiful charms.  
Give me a cool drink of water  
from Mother's hands.

So I ask mankind to back off  
from polluted thoughts and deeds.  
I weep when mankind scratches  
Mother until she bleeds.

Some of us are asleep,  
do not hear her painful cries.  
Wake up mankind,  
Mother is breaking under your painful hands.

And you wonder why she strikes out.  
She bleeds, she hurts, she is stressed out.  
Frustration penetrates her core.  
Stop the madness Homo Sapiens.

Only love and good stewardship  
will calm her down.

## Day of Gratitude

The forest gives brilliant light streams today,  
floats like a river through the trees,  
open for business to all souls.

Air streams strike cords of harmony,  
a lullaby for the trees  
to soothe the wounds of a harsh winter.

A sky heavy with clouds  
rushes to the treetops  
to tease the silence of the woods.

A snowball melting between winter and spring  
participates in the annual celebration,  
precision steps in the changing of the guard.

Birds sing in the trees  
somewhere in the branches  
dressed in Irish greens.

Wild flowers flirt close to the trail,  
check the signals in the breeze  
to decide if it is time to strut their colors.

The sacred ritual  
catches the heart  
in a day of gratitude.

*Chasing Light ~ Teresa E. Gallion*

*Sailing  
on the Cosmos*

## Stretch has Left the Playing Field

I think of age 35  
and 135 pounds,  
softball, volleyball,  
tennis and bicycling,  
walking pleasure miles.

I think of Stretch,  
my softball name,  
as I do a split,  
toe holding first base  
ball in glove, umpire shouts,  
*You're out.*

With a swan's grace  
I rise, articulate  
a fluid throw to second,  
umpire shouts, *You're out.*  
A double play and team  
howls, *Go Stretch.*

Now at age 60,  
190 pounds,  
a split, a call to 9-1-1,  
paramedics rake me off the ground.  
Stretch has left the playing field.

## Death is a Stone

Death is a stone  
polished to perfection.  
At the bottom of the river  
a courtship with sand  
does such things.

That's what you tell me  
the day you fall off the mountain.  
You slide down its ruffled side  
bump through stones,  
twigs, branches and brush.  
Sand moves with your weight.  
You hit the arroyo on both knees.  
A prayer of pain soaks bloody sand.  
My dog snuggles you in warmth  
while I run like hell to get help.

Why did you tell me such nonsense?

You raise your eyebrow to salute me.  
As we sit on the couch, you say,  
*I told you the nonsense to distract  
myself from the pain  
and to give you the kick in the butt  
you needed to calm down.*

I smile, slap him gently upside the head.  
Two broken arms and two broken legs,  
he cannot swing back.

## Random Movements

1

Surrender your breath to the night  
in violent eruptions.  
Release the fear that binds you.  
For daybreak opens  
to new adventures  
on the open road.  
Each a code of wisdom  
to tease the taste buds.

2

Some days hang heavy in the axle wheels  
crunching new roads, repairing old.  
Some of us don't notice,  
in our vision's narrow span  
like the pot on the stove  
gazing only at its lid,  
that life is a walk about  
we are driven to pursue.

3

Broccoli, cauliflower, zucchini,  
separated from their last  
earth meal are washed  
in the sacred wine of life  
over the kitchen sink.  
Each a kamikaze pilot  
eager to give life  
to preserve life.



*Chasing Light ~ Teresa E. Gallion*

4

Young blood  
runs across the field  
destination unknown.  
Youthful vigor  
sometimes falls into knowledge,  
and what a surprise  
to awaken to what mom and dad  
already know.

5

Rocks climb upon rocks  
to make a mountain.  
A violent tantrum crosses  
your line of sight as boulders  
fight for position  
on an emergent creation.  
Just like the species human,  
everything fights for position  
on the side of the mountain.

6

Random movements  
or so we think.  
Life is purposeful.  
Everything is tied to  
a time and a place,  
a season and a reason.  
There is  
order in the universe.

## Attitude

If you are going to read to me,  
you better be good entertainment,  
a brain stimulate,  
a mind soother,  
a heart massage.

When you close your mouth,  
I better be high on words,  
an ethereal smile on my face.

Your tug at my shirt must be hard harmony.  
Your challenge to bring me back to earth,  
a tug-of-war words that don't let go.

If you are not a master at this task,  
please do not read to me.  
Give me my space,  
I respect yours.  
The planet is big enough  
for both of us.

*Chasing Light ~ Teresa E. Gallion*

*Traveling  
The Far Country*

## This is Your Happy Meal

This is your happy meal,  
the light and sound of Spirit  
circling your heart.

Reach out and taste the fruit.  
It ripens in your garden.  
The one blessed with  
sacred greens and the cornbread of light.  
The lyrics of chai tea embrace your table.

Take a cool drink of purity,  
raise your head toward the sun,  
expose the glitter in your eyes.

This is the only meal you need.  
Bathe in that stream of love.  
This is your happy meal.

## Sometimes

Sometimes  
it takes a long time  
to grasp meaning.

A life filtering  
over the dark side  
gets caught  
in the clutches of living.

Sometimes  
it is hard  
to let go of ugliness  
that clings like a fungus.

A life filtering  
through a mask  
needs time.

Sometimes  
the darkness  
shields painful light.

A life filtering  
through experiences  
stalls at the reality base.

Sometimes  
a life filtering  
through exposure,  
  
meets surrender  
and freedom's light  
floods in.

## Love is A Hiking Trail

Love is the trail in front of me  
where footprints are made in the sand.

Love is the sculptured stones  
dripping with color.

Love is the black Apache tears  
buckling under the weight of boots.

Love is the pine tree barely hanging on,  
yet clinging to that magnificent boulder.

Love is this cloudy day,  
a blessing in the land of enchantment.

Love is the tender breeze  
caressing my face, telling me,

Love is God everywhere on the trail.

## Feast Day

A mystic wind sings in your face,  
draws others to your table.  
A scent of sage tickles the nose  
of each soul at your gathering.

A love blossom glows  
around your essence,  
hooks the gaze  
of each eye that beholds you.

A blanket of silence  
is your cape of hope.  
You share freely  
the wisdom of your heart.

Ready recipients  
touch your garments,  
and they glow  
with your expression of love.

*Chasing Light ~ Teresa E. Gallion*

# *epilogue*



*Chasing Light ~ Teresa E. Gallion*



*Teresa E. Gallion*

about the **A**uthor

Teresa E. Gallion moved to New Mexico in 1987. She completed her undergraduate work at University of Illinois Chicago and her Masters Degree in Psychology from Bowling Green State University in Ohio. She recently retired from New Mexico state government.

She has been writing sporadically since the 1970s. She started reading her work in the New Mexico poetry community in 1998. She has been a featured reader at local coffee houses, art galleries, museums, libraries, Outpost Performance Space, the Route 66 Festival in 2001 and National Poetry Month at Rook Theatre in Cheyenne, Oklahoma 2004. She occasionally hosts an open mic.

Teresa's work is published in numerous Journals and Anthologies. She has published two books, *Walking Sacred Ground* and *Contemplation in the High Desert (quatrains inspired by the poetry of Rumi)* and a CD, *On the Wings of the Wind*. The surreal high desert landscape and her personal spiritual journey influence the writing. When she is not writing, she is committed to hiking the enchanted landscapes of New Mexico.

You may preview her work at . . .

<http://teresagallion.yolasite.com>

&

<http://www.cdbaby.com/cd/gallionhall>.

*Chasing Light ~ Teresa E. Gallion*

I cannot tell you how to live your life  
I can only tell you how I live mine  
Is there something from my dinner plate you need  
Take a spoonful please

*Teresa E. Gallion*

## **E**ndorsements

Like a modern day Rumi, Teresa Gallion uses poetry to see through the surfaces of the familiar and get at the spiritual essence of what is right before our eyes. She has the eye of a lover, both tender and humorous, sometimes chiding, trained on a landscape of human foibles in a natural world that is our origin and still our teacher. For the reader of these poems the experience is one of revelation, of a world we thought we knew, transformed.

### **Mitch Rayes Poet and Musician**

Teresa Gallion's poems reveal a deep sensitivity to nature's complex beauties, to everything green and flowering, and to the necessity of water, its cleansing and healing powers, metaphorical and actual.

Among several important recurring tropes are wolves, emblems of a wildness and hunger in her, "my wolf pack went out today," "the wolves cried all night."

Her poems, "lonely for the touch of a humble hand," are filled with yearning for communion, for loss of self in love, in nature, and in spirituality.

### **Elizabeth Raby Poet and Writer**

## *Chasing Light ~ Teresa E. Gallion*

*Chasing Light* is a big book in every sense of the term “big.” It is big in number of poems, big in its scope of vision, and, above all big in heart. These are poems that reaffirm faith and human dignity. Nature looms large in many of these poems and it is a nature that we need to embrace, in which we need to participate not as masters but as loving members of a global community. If you are ever feeling down and out, and who doesn’t feel that way in these times, you need to read these poems. These poems are honest and life affirming. These poems are not “uplifting” in the clichéd and corny sense of the term. Teresa doesn’t preach. She develops her poems with clarity and captivating imagery. They will not make you a better person but they will inform you of the potential for a good life, a better life, a loving life, that you carry within yourself.

**Tony Mares**

**Author of *astonishing light*.**

Ms. Gallion touches on many subjects that we may all embrace. The poetry projects enlightening threads throughout to be devoured and enjoyed. *Chasing Light* contains a stunning collision between language, reality, memory and desire.

Her fiery and enlightened verse reveals the Divine within us all and transports the reader in a very earthy and yet sensual means which ushers forth a Spiritual Transformation. I invite you the reader to take the journey with her. I did and I recommend that you do as well.

**Janet P. Caldwell**

**Author of *Passages & 5 degrees to separation***

## *Chasing Light ~ Teresa E. Gallion*

Chasing Light is a beautiful testament to Teresa's personal journey towards self-discovery and spiritual enlightenment. Gentle, loving and encouraging words flow from her pen and take flight reminding the reader to "just be in the moment, a little star in the vast universe."

**Patti Littlefield**  
**Jazz Singer and Songwriter**

There is something *Divine* and yet *Quite Unique* about Teresa's writing that resonates within my Soul. As a Writer, Poet and Publisher, i find her *Construct* and *Message* hard to not stop and contemplate what is being spoken by way of her spiritual musings in verse. I so thoroughly enjoy all aspects of what she offers to such a wayward soul as i. Just love her !

**William S. Peters, Sr.**  
**Inner Child**

*Chasing Light ~ Teresa E. Gallion*

A thought of you so powerful  
It breaks my wine glass  
I cannot afford such thoughts  
Crystal is too expensive

*Teresa E. Gallion*

## Acknowledgements

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Adobe Walls

El Malpais Review

The Harwood Review

New Mirage Journal

Cherry Blossom Review

200 New Mexico Poems

World Healing, World Peace (Volume 2)

Earthships: A New Mecca Poetry Collection

Sunrise of the Spirit

Turtle Music

Along the Rio Grande: Poetry from New Mexico



*Chasing Light ~ Teresa E. Gallion*

Fixed and Free Poetry Anthology

the Rag

Central Avenue

Synchronized Ink

The Poetry of War & Peace

World Trade 911 Tribute

Thanal Online Magazine

Aquillrelle Magazine – Issue 8



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