

A POETRY PREVIEW

I AM THIS MOMENT

A Poetry Collection by Andreea Austen

Selected passages from the manuscript

THE WOUND · THE AWAKENING · THE SACRED ORDINARY

I AM This Moment

I glance up and see the sky as if for the first time...

I marvel at its beauty, drifting clouds,

Rays of aureate sun shooting across darkness,

Enveloping my world in the warmest light.

Beauty is all around me, eternal life force from the divine:

Sparrows welcoming the spring,

Trees dancing in the wind,

Seeds sprouting from the ground,

Splendid stillness without sound.

With awe I notice nature's art

Practice my sadhana with an open heart

Surrender to this moment now

Transformative power to heal my calloused heart.

Excerpt from I AM THIS MOMENT

The Tide Is Turning

I once worshiped sacred waters in porcelain bowls,
watched my face break apart in the flood of vomit.
I swallowed my shame like a sacrament,
buried hunger deep within my belly,
until it carved a hidden cavern inside me—
a wound unseen by mortal eyes.

The tide is turning.

Now I gaze into the black mirror
and call upon the old sagas,
asking them to place their runes upon my tongue,
so I may taste my destiny.

Excerpt from I AM THIS MOMENT

Deconstructed Diamond

I don't have to destroy
the diamond.

I turn it
slowly
toward the light.

And every old wound
catches something new.

Piece by piece,
the message changes.

not enough
not enough
not enough
becomes quieter.

Until I can hear
what was beneath it
all along—
I am here.
I am whole.
I am enough.

Excerpt from I AM THIS MOMENT

Heartbeats

Three synchronous heartbeats,
Little bodies pressed tightly against mine,
My long arms embrace them,
Wrapping them tight, surrounding them with love.

Nostalgic Neptune calling me to the stars,
Magnetic pull heals my contorted scars,
Bathing me in celestial light,
Lightness floods my brain,
As I regain my soul's sight.

Shed the heavy chain—
That anchored me down.

Excerpt from I AM THIS MOMENT



I AM THIS MOMENT

*A collection moving through The Wound, The Awakening,
and The Sacred Ordinary.*

Andreea Austen

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