

*This book of tiny stories is third in an ever-expanding series. The author dances through tall grass as she shares the experiences of a soul triggered. Mystical moments, happy happenings and joyful oracles reveal themselves along the way.*

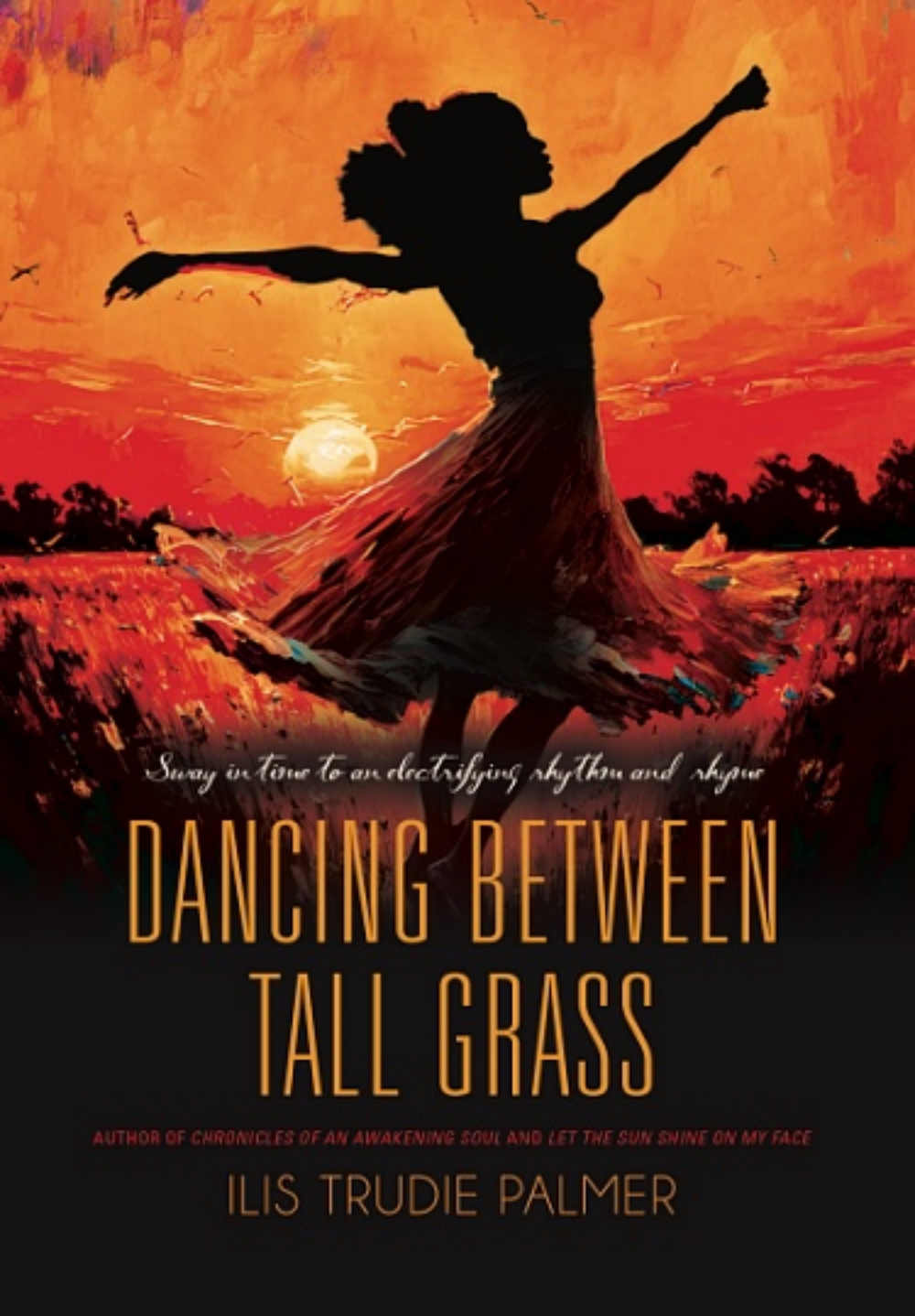
## **Dancing Between Tall Grass**

By Ilis Trudie Palmer

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*Sway in time to an electrifying rhythm and rhyme*

# DANCING BETWEEN TALL GRASS

AUTHOR OF *CHRONICLES OF AN AWAKENING SOUL* AND *LET THE SUN SHINE ON MY FACE*

ILIS TRUDIE PALMER

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## Table of Contents

Dancing Between Tall Grass .....	1
As the Storm Rages on the Outside .....	2
Spirit Asks That We Feel the Change Through Meditation .....	3
Tick one off the to-do list.....	5
Palmistry — A Fish or a Frog? .....	6
Answering the Call of the Soul Mate .....	9
Dear Universe, This is My Request of You .....	12
In What Year Did Spirituality Become an Olympic Event? .....	15
When in the Flow, Go with the Flow .....	18
An Old Soul with Stories to Tell.....	22
When Even Words Fail.....	23
A Smart-Mouthed Beetle with Words of Wisdom.....	26
Appreciate the Small Blessings from the Universe.....	30
Your Smallness Lies Only in Your Imagination.....	33
Ask a Question, Get an Answer .....	37
Beauty Appears After the Rains.....	39
Your God Adores Me.....	42

*Ilis Trudie Palmer*

You Were Not Ready for Me, My Beloved .....	46
Climbing Down That Mind Shaft to Find a Cache of Pure Gold .....	48
Dear Jayne .....	51
Do It Like the Birds Do it—Fly South.....	54
You Light a Fire Under Me .....	57
You Get Back What You Give Off ( <i>A limerick</i> ) .....	60
Do Not Talk to Me About Getting on Purpose .....	61
You Crashed into a New Life .....	65
Why Are You So High?.....	68
Who Invited these Thoughts to Dinner? .....	70
Feather Pen and Potted Ink .....	74
Get a Massage—A Gateway to Astral Travel.....	76
Whispering Hello to My Tomorrow .....	79
Feel the Fizz Even When Life Fizzles .....	82
Where's This Thing They Call Success? .....	84
Get On Your Magic Carpet Ride .....	86
Where Are You Going, Young Lad? .....	89
When Words Mean More Than They Say .....	92

*Dancing Between Tall Grass*

Have Fun with Your Manifestations.....	94
Didn't You Hear the Sound of Universal Forces? .....	96
When Trying Not to Fail Becomes Too Much.....	98
How Do You Find Your Meditation Sweet Spot? .....	100
When There is a Yearning to be Touched.....	104
When There Is a Full Moon in the Sky .....	106
How Is Spirituality Like Pizza? .....	107
How the Universe and I Had Our First Fist Bump.....	109
Hot Weather Brings Hot Thoughts .....	115
When Starry-eyed, You Stargaze.....	117
What's Worth a Farthing?.....	118
What My Spirit Guides Said to Me, Again .....	121
How to Boost Your Spiritual Immunity.....	124
Wellness Surges Through Me .....	127
Introspective Thoughts from a Dying Leaf.....	129
Let Mindfulness Lead You to Emptiness.....	134
Waiting for the Birds to Land on My Head .....	137
Let Self-Healing Flow — A Message from the Ethers .....	139
Use Me, Use Me Up .....	143

*Ilis Trudie Palmer*

Message from an Aging Body .....	147
Monkey Business is a Serious Business.....	149
Mystical and Prophetic Dreaming.....	156
Unrequited Love .....	159
To Be Like the Moon Behind the Mask.....	162
This One's for All Our Indigo Kids .....	163
This Is My Confession ( <i>A Matinada</i> ) .....	167
They Say You Ought to Market Your Work.....	169
Reach for the Abundance That is Always Available .....	172
The Universe Has Perfect Timing.....	176
The Place Where Souls Go to Feed .....	180
The Perfect Match for a Cup of Tea .....	181
The Illusory Nature of the Elusive.....	183
Really, Why Do I Give?.....	185
What if They Feel That You are Two Bricks Short of a Wall? .....	189
Spend Your Spiritual Currency Wisely.....	191
The Eyes Are Pathways to the Soul ( <i>A Dizain</i> ) .....	194
Spirit Asks That We Forgive Ourselves First .....	195

*Dancing Between Tall Grass*

The Caress of a Single Raindrop.....	198
The Best Chef in the Land ( <i>A Somonka</i> ).....	200
Spirit Asks That We Learn to Lengthen Our Fuse.....	201
Thank You, Mr. Healer Man.....	204
Thank You for Accepting the Human in Me .....	207
Ten Things Not to Do Regarding Love.....	210
Spirit Asks That We Practice Being Happy .....	212
The Day When I Realized That My Spirit Guides Didn't Care.....	216
Teasing Thoughts and Feeling Words.....	220
The Tale of the Two Avocados.....	221
Superstitious Happenings.....	227
Summer is for Fresh Fruits .....	230
There's a Fly in the House and It's the End of the World.....	233
Spirit Asks That We Pause and Remember .....	237
Sorceress — That Is Me.....	240
Make A Battle Lost, A Battle Won.....	242
Trust, and Then Let Go .....	245
You Tell Me That I'm Going to Hell .....	249



*Ilis Trudie Palmer*

Secret Notes — How You Make Me Feel .....	252
Universal Forces Give You Just as You Ask For it .....	253
Sincerely Yours,.....	257
Respecting His Innocence .....	260
Redefining the Concept of Distance .....	263
Waiting on Updates, Please Do Not Shut Down Your Computer.....	264
We Never Miss the Water Until the Well Runs Dry .....	267
Ode to my Past Lovers .....	269
What Happens After the Sunflowers Bloom? .....	274
What is the Secret to Good Living? .....	278
No, It's Not Just My Imagination .....	280
When Dreaming Leads to Knowing.....	282
My Studied Thought .....	285
When Trees Start Talking .....	286
Love Has No Use-By Date .....	293
Love Drug .....	296
Let There Be Light.....	298
Let Mindless Thoughts Reign.....	299

*Dancing Between Tall Grass*

Let Me Roar (Loud enough to deafen the silence).....	301
Let Me Hold Your Hand .....	305
It Is Not Just Four Simple Words.....	308
Imagination Brings Satisfaction.....	310
If You Love Me, Set Me Free .....	312
I Spoke to the Strawberry Moon .....	316
I Smell You in the Morning Breeze .....	318
I Say No, or Perhaps .....	321
Big O's and Little Ones .....	325
Be Brave and Make Bold Moves .....	327
I Will Wait Forever for You (A quintain cinquain) .....	332
I Take My Bucket to the Well.....	334
I Take a Bow.....	336
I Sit in Non-Resistance .....	337
I Hear Your Name.....	338
I Have Five Dogs but Only Two Hands.....	341
I Found Happiness Here.....	343
I Don't Have to Conquer My Fear of Flying .....	345
How Yoga Inspires Creativity.....	348

*Ilis Trudie Palmer*

How to Master the Art of Betrayal.....	351
How to Sharpen Words and Ideas.....	352
How Do You Know That You Know?.....	353
Headstone, Gravestone .....	355
Giving Thanks for a Healthy Body ( <i>Cethramtu rannaigechta moire Irish poem</i> ).....	358
Full Moon Over Dieppe Bay.....	360
From the Tingle to the Shine .....	362
From the Cradle to the Pen .....	364
Fidelity or Monogamy .....	369
Feel the Feeling of Prosperity .....	371
Essence Of His Essence .....	375
Did I Tell You How Much I Love My Body .....	376
Deep Waters of Wellington .....	378
Dead Calm in the Centre.....	381
Create Your Own Masterpiece.....	382
Connecting at the Level of the Soul ( <i>A Dizane</i> ).....	385
Body Conscious, Body Proud .....	386
Blurred Line Between Passion and Spirituality .....	388

*Dancing Between Tall Grass*

Between the Sheets .....	390
Believing in the Mystical and Magical .....	394
Waiting On Love, Not Waiting in Vain .....	395
The Universe Does Share Its Secrets .....	397
The Magic of the Music Man.....	402
Souls Searching for Their Song .....	403
Believe that Life is Getting Better .....	406

## **Dancing Between Tall Grass**

I sit and enjoy the dance between the wind and the tall grass, as they bend and sway in time to the music — their quiet sound.

Heard and interpreted only by them as they two-step and tango,  
adding some sweet salsa and mixed merengue,  
and when gusts are strong,  
they break into an easy breakdance.

A strong Caribbean wine, mulled to perfection,  
line dancing in lines that fail to remain straight,  
going down in low limbo over parched earth;  
and on hot days,  
when there is barely a breeze, both embrace in a beautiful ballet.

## **As the Storm Rages on the Outside**

A different type brews on the inside

Crash of thunder  
then flash of light  
across the sky.  
Sound on steroids  
caught by the senses — in reverse.

Storm thrills  
Excitement builds  
anticipating the outpouring  
as darkness hovers.

Touching and feeling  
delving and exploring  
beneath the covers.  
Nature, wild and wonderful rages outside tonight

Nature, beautiful and passionate offers wondrous  
delight.

## **Spirit Asks That We Feel the Change Through Meditation**

Health Officials are doubling down on the message of healthy lifestyles for healthy lives...well healthy lifestyles to build immunity. This is their immediate hope. So, they speak about balanced healthy diets including: the recommended daily allowances of fruits and vegetables, drinking water throughout the day, adequate sleep, exercising regularly, ceasing smoking and using alcohol, and managing stress to keep its level to a minimum.

For the uninitiated into self-care, this seems like a tall order.

They are asking many to do an entire 180 in 30 days or less — the time that experts say is needed to break a habit or adopt a new one. They are asking for miracles, some feel.

Everything begins with a single step and Spirit recommends stepping into a meditative practice with the promise that everything else will begin to fall into place.

There is no miracle cure. All of our problems will not be solved through meditation but it will do more good than many of the other activities we engage in on the daily.

Calmness reduces stress.



## **Tick one off the to-do list**

Spirit asks that we start to connect with our bodies on an emotional and mental level and we begin to listen to it. We will hear it softly asking for the things it needs to be healthy and strong. Over time we are unable to ignore the entreaties and things start to fall away by themselves — the need to drink and smoke excessively along with our craving for foods that are unhealthy. The body begins to balance itself, something that it was capable of doing all along.

We listen to our bodies: so, we rest when it asks and we exercise when it asks.

We begin to marvel at the utter genius that went into our creation.

We feel the change.

We are the change.

Meditation changes.

## **Palmistry — A Fish or a Frog?**

As I scrolled through my social media feed this morning, I came across the most interesting article. The author was writing about the fish sign as being the luckiest sign on one's palm. It indicated success, good luck, spiritual name and fame, and lots of wealth. I became curious so I went searching my palms for this fish symbol and I found two, one in each palm! All excited, I went digging for more articles on palmistry. As I started checking the information, I discovered that what I thought were two fish symbols, were actually called 'islands' because they were not perfectly formed and these islands were in no way an indicator of future success. I laughed out loud. That was just my luck; but I did come across a large triangle symbol that, according to an article, was a sign that I had an increased chance of winning a lottery at some point in my life. So, lotto here I come!

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The abundance of the Universe is available to all of us even if there is neither a fish nor a triangle symbol in our palm. We can all be abundantly rich.

Abundance means different things to different people. For some, it means excellent health and a good family; for others, it is signified by great physical wealth and good living; while for another group, it might simply be peace of mind.

Unfortunately, many of us are not willing to take what is being offered. We figure there must be some trick because gaining abundance should not be so easy and accessible. We were taught that success and wealth had to come from years of hard work and that by the sweat of our brows, we shall eat bread. Mind you, I am not saying that the Universe might not send you down a path of hard work to get to its blessings, but we have to be willing to tap in and follow the trail that leads us to where we want to be.

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I invite you to tap in, sit quietly and connect to Source Energy, and all of the blessings of the universe, fish and all, shall be yours.

## **Answering the Call of the Soul Mate**

There was something  
about her

Elusive —  
as evaporating dew on a morning flower

Yet strikingly captivating  
niggling around the senses  
of his sensibilities,  
no answer.

Slight annoyance  
mixed with anticipation  
that he may never see her again  
or perhaps,

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he may glimpse her  
walking down the street of his future.

He dreams of her sweet smile  
and kissable lips,  
tasting the rich nectar  
of her mysteriousness.

Niggling around the senses.

Her eyes  
her mystery  
her seat to her soul  
wise and knowing  
having been there  
and now grown old.

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Cast her gaze upon him  
naked as he slept  
with pillows for companion  
and dreams for comfort.

She feels the connection  
of her to him  
soul mates — not staying  
but merely crossing paths in the wind.

## **Dear Universe, This is My Request of You**

I found the answer to my dilemma. I have these big plans that I have been working to accomplish for over a year now. Perhaps I have been working on them all my life but I did not even realize. I was sleepwalking, but also being looked after by a kind and benevolent Universe that was leading me to my soul's work.

*“What was the dilemma,”* you ask impatiently?

You know me. You fondly call me D.

To make my plans come from manifesting mode into my now reality, I needed some of what makes most things happen — not just some, but a large sum. I have been contemplating it for a while now. I knew enough was out there, we live in an ever-expanding universe, awash in resources, there for the asking and the receiving.



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I had been doing it all wrong. I wanted to receive, but I was not asking. I was not going to the Source with my empty cup and asking that it be filled. I just expected it to happen because the Universe knows what its role is — to meet my desires. It did not dawn on me until recently that my part in the game was to *ask* for what I wanted.

So now, I sit with my cup and I ask.

*I ask for abundance.*

*I ask for blessings.*

*I ask for wisdom and clarity.*

*I ask for love and charity.*

*I ask to be filled to overflowing.*

*I ask for peace, joy, and happiness.*

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*I ask so that I can give—knowing that my cup will never  
go empty.*

So, Universe, hear my plea.

I ask.

I receive.

I am grateful.

## **In What Year Did Spirituality Become an Olympic Event?**

I do not know about yours, but my spirit guides have a wry sense of humour. I am relieved that we communicate most times when I am alone or else my constant laughing out loud at their comments or jokes would have surely been a cause for concern in my family and friends circle.

This morning, as I was trying to work my body into a lizard pose on my yoga mat, I heard, *not an Olympic event*. At first, I was uncertain as to the meaning and my initial thought was that they were making fun of me and my insistence in contorting my body into several of these poses. But then they provided greater clarity...*Spirituality is not an Olympic Event...* and I knew then, it was a message.

I have touched on this topic many times before while encouraging the ‘**do it your way**’ whether it is how you

meditate — sitting, standing, or lying down; the avenue you use to connect to the greater part of who you are — or simply the way you do you.

Do not use others as a benchmark for where you should be and what you should be doing. There is no competition and we are not running hurdles to get into Heaven. We are spirits having an experience on earth. We chose different paths. How boring would it have been if everything was the same? If one and one always equalled two? Many of us see it as eleven and so what? We would have failed math by earth's standards and it would have been okay because some of us did not come here to be math geniuses.

Every day there is some article or video by experts writing or talking about spirituality and awakening and enlightenment — and for the life of me I still have not figured out the need for one experience to be like the next.

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Your awakening might have been triggered by some traumatic event, and another's might have happened just so.

I speak to my guides — being an Aquarius moon and all— you may believe that you hear angels because you grew up in a religious household; or leprechauns because you were raised in earthier and more natural surroundings. And so what? My spirituality is mixed with astrology and yours with Christianity. And so what?

There is no competition. Do you. You are running your own race which means you cannot lose. Stop listening to people (even me) and experience your own experience, wake up on your own accord, trod, walk or run along your own path. For at the end of the day, all paths lead to Home.

## **When in the Flow, Go with the Flow**

Her hands moved quickly over the keyboard, as swiftly as her now intimate knowledge of where the letters were, would allow. She had written so much and still had more to go. The words were coming like a fast-moving river — flowing, surging, rushing from her head to the page.

Her fingers were already tired, the tips sore and she wondered if carpal tunnel was in her near future, but she had to get it done;

She had to write — as the words that came for tomorrow may not be like today's — a drought can appear anytime, even in plenty.

Her dogs missed her scratches and rubs. They were accustomed to their fair share but today they were less than satisfied.

*What was she all in a frenzy about and what was it about the laptop that was more important than them?* It was enough that they sometimes had to compete with brushes and canvas and acrylic paint; with plants and gardening and wild birds. But today, of all the days when she would come and sit with them, she was busy on that machine that looked like a book but didn't have any pages.

She absent-mindedly scratched one on the head and the other four came rushing towards her, hungry for attention.

But after a very short break, she was, with both hands again on the laptop, typing away feverishly.

This was what being in the flow resulted in — no food, little water, no shower, no distraction. The flow flew out of nowhere. She has been at it for a few days now and it seemed not to be letting up. The more she wrote the more it came — stories, poems, thoughts, musings.

It just moved through her into words that she did not even recognize after — into thoughts and ideas that she could claim no ownership to. She was the instrument through which the *flow-er* and the *flow-ee* were to meet.

She paused again, sniffing the air that was now filled with the scent of burning wood. She looked down at her fingers as if to make sure that the fire did not start there — for she was on fire. She was burning up but not being consumed.

She was racing through a matrix of thoughts and words that extracted the fire out of her, or more likely, that sent the fire through her. She was the instrument.

She recalled a few days ago writing about having the great writers and poets of the One Consciousness guiding her letters to produce letters that would be read far into the future. She recalled asking them to use her, and it appeared that they decided to join in the play.



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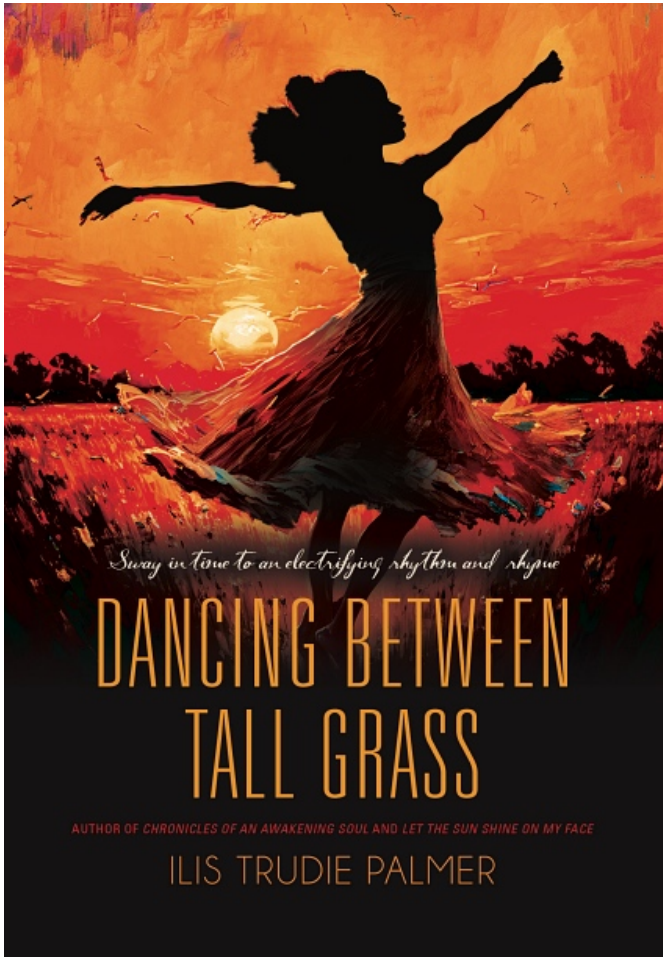
And now she sits, tired but not tired — more invigorated, energized. Electrified. “Yes,” she thought to herself. “*I am being electrocuted with words.*”

Her mere mortal body is being used for so great a purpose that spontaneous combustion might be her fate.

## **An Old Soul with Stories to Tell**

Pure and innocent  
like washed volcanic sand on a tropical beach  
No sign of indentation  
Or human footprints — ideations.  
Just like the newness of early salt-sprayed mornings—  
full of promise.

I see your old soul in a young shell  
Constantly enthralled by the secrets you tell  
Of things you've seen  
And places you've been  
Hurling through lifetimes —  
32'000  
Clearing karma  
Seeking moksha



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