

This inspirational and motivational book of poetry is divided into the five phases of life and nature. The five phases depicting the 'Sacredness of Life' include: Awakening, Existence, Synthesis, and Attainment.

**The Wind in the Whisper:
Affirmations on the Sacredness of Life**

By Kevin Mullaney

Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/13414.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**



The Wind in the Whisper

Affirmations on the Sacredness of Life

KEVIN MULLANEY

All glass art by Kevin Mullaney

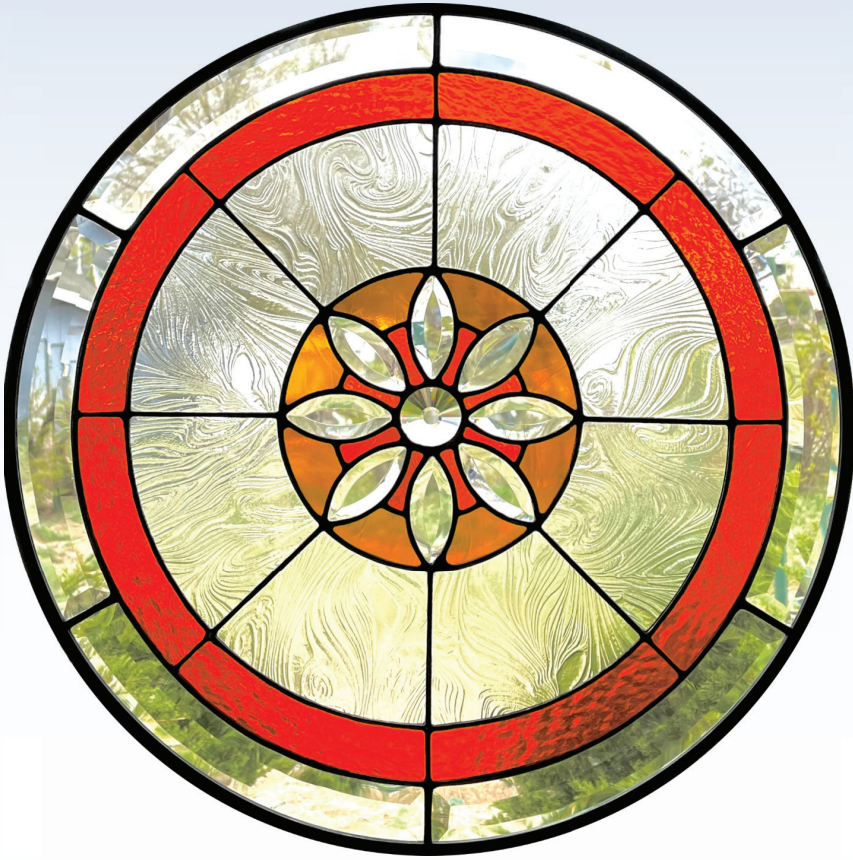
Print ISBN: 978-1-958892-92-3

Cover art “Descent of Spring” is based on a painting
by visionary artist Gilbert Williams.

Copyright 1985. Used with permission.
Special thanks to Tess Mullaney for edits and support.

Library of Congress Cataloguing in Publication Data
Mullaney, Kevin
The Wind in the Whisper by Kevin Mullaney
Library of Congress Control Number: 2024910214

These poems should be read slowly.
If not, you may miss embracing yourself in the verse.
Let them reflect your thoughts like a mirror
And let them reverberate like an echo.
Find a quiet space where you can immerse yourself in these lines,
..., and you just might catch the wind in the whisper.



THE SACREDNESS OF LIFE

Attainment – the supernal season

Divinity

The living spirit

A state of unity

Kevin Mullaney

The Spirit of Love

When we see the Divinity in all things
It creates a mirrored effect
And reveals an image of ourselves
Like the observer observing the observed.
God is in our image, as we are in His
Observed
And through observation, we find
that God and Love are synonymous.
They are the same and have no opposites
They are autonomous, self-determining, absolute.
They see each other as in a mirror
As an observer, observing the observed
God is love is God
And observed
Love is God is Love.



In Between Somewhere and Everywhere

There are just so many notes on a musical scale
And a limited pattern of chords, ...yet
From just a set number of notes
Come an unlimited number of songs.



There are just so many colors in the spectrum
But nature provides endless
Variations of color
Within the natural world.



There are just so many nouns, verbs, and adjectives
Yet, there are an infinite number of poems,
And storied books, which reveal
The highest expressions of thought.



There are a measured number of days in our lives
A fixed number of sunrises, sunsets,
A given number of heartbeats
Yet, each day brings with it countless blessings.



The infinite is born of the finite
What is endless is born in time,
In God, we are assembled
And it is there we set our roots
Till angels fit us with seraphic wings.

Kevin Mullaney

X - (symbol of an unknown value in mathematics)

Is it possible for the impossible to be possible?

Is it possible to measure the unmeasurable?

Can we ever measure the immeasurable grit
generated by a person's endurance and determination?

Can we quantify our own joy and happiness?

Our pain and sorrow,

The depths and heights of Love,

The distance between mind and heart?

Infinity.....

...God

Spiritual DNA

What is this magnetism that draws us to each other?
Is it that we dwell within the shadow of each other's heart
Which has always been
Safely buried
Behind the veil of perception,
Illuminated only by feelings we can sense?



In my heart,
I feel you are alone,
You are the one
The only one
Who occupies this heart?
And yet somehow
I loved everything about you,
Before we ever met.
Your walk, your talk,
The lovingness of your face
Was waiting deep inside
Hidden in the shadow of intuition.
Were it not,
Something in your style
Would have weakened my affections.

You were in my heart
before the start,
A name inscribed
Lasered on my stony walls.
Yes, you were mine
And I was yours
Before the world was born.

Kevin Mullaney

Niente

An echo carried on the wind
Softens
Into a whisper
Absorbed
Within the walls of stone

Waves riding on the wind
Vanish
Into foam
Its secrets held
In every grain of sand

A Breath, the spark of life
dissolves
In, then out, and then
A pause -
An elemental whisper

When the music
Fades
To a hush
It is still whispered
In memory-mind



And the day shall come when we all
Disappear
As niente
Our song will linger
As it fades to a whisper
Like the sound of crickets
Drifting off
Into the breaking dawn

NOTES:

From Wikipedia

Niente, also called **quasi niente**, is a musical dynamic often used at the end of a piece to direct the performer to fade the music away to little more than a bare whisper, normally gradually with a diminuendo, **al niente**.

This poem emerged as I reflected on the things our loved ones imparted while they were with us. When they depart from this realm, their voices fade to a whisper, but their expressions will always linger where they have taken residence in a place we have made for them in our hearts. Even though they are gone, we can always commune with them.

Kevin Mullaney

Love

Is the root of the feelings we feel
It is the virtue behind our worth
The force behind our strength
The mettle behind our fortitude
Love is
The longing behind our desire
The energy within our passion
Love is
The Spirit acting through us
And we in the Spirit
Arising from within ourselves
Becoming what we love.



Eternity Road

The physical world and the spiritual world coexist
together
they work in concert,
The form cannot exist without the spirit
And the spirit manifests itself through form.
As one, they abet and protect each other
They build an undying friendship
And, as friends, remain true to each other.



In life, they absorb one another.
In death, they are married,
Awaiting a cathartic release
From their cloistered cocoon.
It is the path
It is the way
It is the road home.

Kevin Mullaney

Along the Spirit Trail

If one of these days I don't find you
Living in this earthly space,
I will look for you in light years
Like stars that have died
But whose light still shines
Long after they've lived.

When Death Comes

Death shows us
that the body is just a vehicle
It shows us
that any material gains are of no consequence
because death is the equalizer
Rich or poor,
the shares we bought in the afterlife
will hold no currency.
We will stand exposed,
not in an earthly sense,
But as spirit.
Our beliefs will be purged
Our race and creed will become ONE.
Our stature in the material world will diminish
Until all that remains
is the lighted soul
polished by what we did to help humankind.
That is all that remains.



Death will arrive in an instant.
And we will yearn to touch the hands
Of those, we loved.
Just once more.
We will want to take more deep breaths
under a sky of stars
Or trace the constellations
like a map of remembrances
of our place in the universe.
Just once more.
To taste again
A measure of honey
Or hear the three sweetest words
'I Love You'
These are the gifts of Now!

Kevin Mullaney

The Grammar of Gratitude

I want to leave this world the same way I arrived,
Welcomed by those who lovingly awaited my birth
And by those who lovingly await my return.
Birthed into life and death by the mother,
Enduring her pain in anticipation of reunion,
In adoration for being a participant in a phenomenon
A marvel,
A wonder of creation. As only a birther could know.
The Mother – a portal of fertile seed,
The seed of consciousness,
The seed of the immortal soul.
Through her, I have become this body
And in this body, I am also the eternal divine nature
Of creation,
From life to death
And from death to life.

The Celestial Gardeners

Plant me in the garden Eden
Where the gardening angels tend
And refresh the seed of soul
As they open their arms
To my unfolding self.



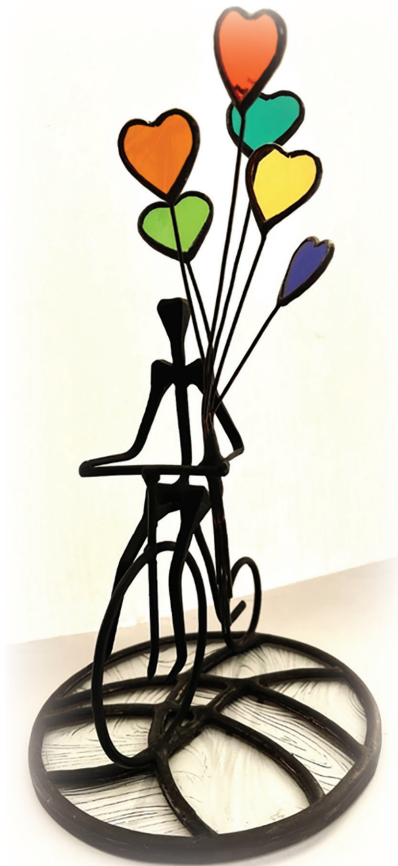
Cull my weedy wrongs,
Prune what no longer suits,
Nurture my roots of lineage,
Fill my veins
with life-giving-force,
Pollinate my thoughts
with vision and clarity,
Dress me in light,
and in the gloaming
let me change into a dream,
Adorn and dress me
with the magic of it all.

Then, through the bleeding,
The return to seed,
May a gardening seraph
In time
Replant again,
And breathe me back
to life. Again.

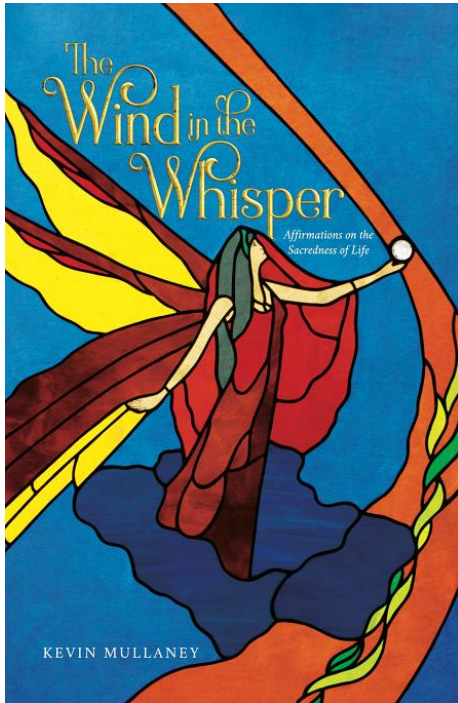
Kevin Mullaney

In Closing

May you seek peace until peace becomes you
May you love others until you become love itself
May you find your calling, and may that call release you into the
wonder of presence
And may you honor your divinity until life's majesty rests deep
within you.



Pedaler of Hearts



This inspirational and motivational book of poetry is divided into the five phases of life and nature. The five phases depicting the 'Sacredness of Life' include: Awakening, Existence, Synthesis, and Attainment.

**The Wind in the Whisper:
Affirmations on the Sacredness of Life**

By Kevin Mullaney

Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/13414.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**