

## DARK ANGEL

*By Karen and Bunny Bowen*

March, 2015

It took forty years of mountain-gazing before I saw it:  
Late afternoons, close to the equinoxes  
The dark figure hovers at the heart of the Sandias  
Touching the deep canyons with disquiet  
Domination shading old granite faces

A name could make it safer, compartmentalize it into something manageable  
Ease the vague sense of threat  
Shall I name it fear, the malevolence sweeping these hills  
Raiders come to plunder the herds, the harvest  
Brokers to lay down lines in the earth  
Homes springing from arroyos and hills  
And everyone with their own watchtower

Fear is catching, a virus hiding out in the very soil of a place  
Under the rocks — in the darkness of the heart.

How are we to live?  
Don't pick up the rock  
Leave the fear there, in the dark  
It will not lack company

March 2017

I would hold that shadow, let it meet its kin in my heart  
Sometimes blue, an angel  
Why hover over the foothills?  
Is it a protector?  
Does it alert us to our shadow selves?

We can choose to live in compassion and love, rather than fear.

*Take everything that's bright and beautiful in you  
and introduce it to the shadow side of yourself. Let your  
altruism meet your egotism, let your generosity meet your  
greed, let your joy meet your grief... But when you are able  
to say, "I am all of the above, my shadow as well as my  
light," the shadow's power is put in service of the good.*

— Parker Palmer