

# A New World

Poems by Andrea van de Loo

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# A New World

*The land behind your back ends here.*

—David Wagner

Going inward

I see my grey sleek wolf's belly  
moving forward on long legs striding  
free, clear, unassuming  
my natural strength carrying me  
into the clear space ahead.

Walking in natural grace

my path in the wilderness  
one amongst many  
solitary but not alone.

Emerging from the ashes of my past

an inner knowing seems to lead me  
to the birthing of a new world.

# In this singular place

*To each of us you reveal yourself differently,  
To the ship as coast line  
To the shore as ship.  
—Rainer Maria Rilke*

Here in this singular place, this moment in time  
watching the sun rise over the bay  
I have a view of the world that is solely mine,  
no one else sees the light's play on the water  
from this precise angle.

So each one of us  
in those rare moments of attention  
beholds and weaves and makes visible  
the tapestry of creation,  
the garment of our Great Mother.

In the dark folds of the cloth  
we hide or sleep,  
in its shimmering hues  
we dance and awaken.

# Silent Snake

*A shamanic name I received from an encounter with a rattlesnake, while on a vision quest in the Joshua Tree desert*

I am and unfold, Silent Snake,  
undulating in my core, quietly  
carrying the vibrations of the Great Silence  
into the life of my loved ones  
in and out of bodies  
bringing the unseen gift to all  
a quiet presence for those still somewhat lost—  
a refuge and a constant  
ever changing reflection  
of the One Great Love.

# Doorstep Delivery

*(Inspired by a poem of the same title by Greg Hall)*

What was left on my doorstep  
Like an abandoned orphan?  
Will someone please take care of her  
Claim her and take her home?

But no, years later she is still there  
Shivering in the cold  
Silent and beyond hunger  
Her big eyes looking at me darkly  
Will I ever pick her up and take her in?

When, finally, it became clear  
That no one else would claim her  
I picked her up and brought her in.  
Making up for decades of neglect  
I washed her and dressed her  
And combed her hair. I nursed her  
And rocked her and soothed her to sleep.  
I cooed over her. I named her and  
Came to know her as she slowly  
Softened and began to trust.

Over time she told me everything.  
She learned to cry and rage.  
Together we shook our fists  
And stomped our feet.

Now she is my happy, funny little girl.  
She lives with me and I belong with her.  
Hand in hand we walk through life  
Sometimes skipping, sometimes stalling  
Finding our way into love.

# Fragile

So fragile I feel  
having coughed all winter  
my tissues wilting—  
petals of a flower  
when its blooming is done  
turning slowly translucent  
and slack  
before gently drifting  
without a sound  
back to earth.

# I am the One I have been looking for

Out of the bustle of the town  
I enter the narrow passageway  
leading to a stairwell.  
Going down, the city noises disappear.  
All becomes quiet.  
I descend  
until I stand before a tall wooden door  
with many panels, but no handle.

A word appears on the door : *Ave*.  
My soul bursts into the *Ave Maria!*  
But no,  
it is *I* who is being greeted.  
I am welcomed and expected,  
I am holy.

With a slight push, the door opens.  
I enter a small circular room  
with a tall domed ceiling.  
On a table in the center  
a book lies open.  
There I leave my past behind  
along with the suffering ones.

Effortlessly, I rise above the city  
and up towards the stars  
spreading large white wings  
luminous.



I am only a slight silhouette  
in the totality of being  
the same and yet distinct.  
I dissolve for a while  
as in a silent dream.

Then, I find myself  
walking back up the stairs.  
I stand at the portal to the city.  
I have my form but  
my heart is a wide open cosmos  
like a window to the infinite.

I am silent.  
I know myself.  
I will re-enter the world  
But not be of it.  
I am open and free.

Grace can flow  
and Love unfettered.



**Andrea van de Loo** was born in the Netherlands in 1942 during WWII. She studied psychology at the University of Amsterdam. In 1971 she hitchhiked to India where she met the Mother at the Sri Aurobindo Ashram in Pondicherry. She lived in Auroville, South India, Mother's experimental city in the making, till 1978. Her two daughters were born there. Andrea has been living in Santa Cruz, CA, since 1979 where she had a healing practice. She is now retired.