

Selected Verses

A Collection of Original Poetry

By Randy Salars

Foreword

Poetry is compression. What takes paragraphs to explain takes lines to evoke. The right words in the right order bypass the rational mind and speak directly to something deeper.

These verses arise from years of attention—to nature, to consciousness, to love, to grief, to wonder. They are offered not as finished artifacts but as doorways.

Enter as you will.

I. Threshold

The Door

Every ending is a door
you did not notice
until it opened.

Walk through.
The only failure
is standing still.

Morning Practice

Before the first thought
convinces you
who you are today,

sit in the space
where you are no one yet,
and everything
is still possible.

Instructions for Waking

Open your eyes slowly.
The world was being dreamed
while you were gone.

Feel your weight—
you have returned
to the place that holds you.

Notice breath,
the tide that never forgets
to rise and fall.

Now rise.
There is work to be done
and you are
the only one who can do it.

II. Nature

The Mountain's Answer

I asked the mountain
why it didn't move.

It said:
"I am always moving—
so slowly
you call it stillness.

Learn to move like me:
inevitable,
unhurried,
certain of arrival
without concern for time."

Night Sky

Lie back.
Let the stars
remind you what you are:

old light
arriving late
from incomprehensible distances,

atoms forged in furnaces
that died before
this world was born.

You are their inheritance,
their unlikely flowering,
their way of knowing
themselves.

October

The trees release
what they no longer need,
gold and crimson falling
like old certainties.

Learn from them:
there is a season
for letting go,
and it is beautiful.

River

The river does not struggle
against the stones.
It does not argue
with gravity.

It simply goes
where water goes,
wearing smooth
what will not move,
filling every space
offered to it.

Be water.
Find the way
that finds itself.

III. Love

What Remains

After the words end
and silence settles
between us like snow,

what remains is not
what we said
but what we meant by saying it:

I see you.
I am still here.
This is what love does—
it stays.

To My Beloved, in Difficulty

I cannot fix this for you,
cannot reach into your chest
and unknot the tangle there.

What I can do is sit with you
in the dark,
shoulder touching shoulder,

reminding you by presence
that you are not alone,
that this too is a kind of light.

Anniversary

Twenty years of mornings,
your face the first thing seen.
Twenty years of evenings,
the last voice heard.

They say love fades—
perhaps some does.
Ours has not faded;
it has deepened,
like a river cutting its channel,

becoming more itself
with every passing year.

After the Argument

The space between us
hums with unspoken things.

I could fill it
with more words,
more defense, more attack.

Instead I wait.
The space itself
may teach us something

if we let it breathe.

IV. Sacred

Lectio

Reading the old words
I do not seek information—
I seek transformation.

Let these letters enter me
like seeds,
finding the soil they need
to grow.

Prayer

I do not know
who I am speaking to,
or if I am speaking at all.

Perhaps it is listening
that matters:
the sound of the world
breathing,
the sound of my own heart
repeating its question.

Here I am.
Here I am.
Here I am.

The Mystic's Report

They ask what I found
beyond the mind's chatter.

How can I say?
Words point at the moon;
they are not the moon.

I found what was never lost.
I became what I always was.
I returned unchanged
and utterly different.

You will have to go yourself.
The path is unmarked
and absolutely clear.

Centering

There is a place in you
that has never been wounded,
that cannot be wounded.

Go there now.
It is not far.
It is closer than breath,
closer than thought.

It has been waiting for you
since before you were born.

V. Shadow

Depression Speaks

You think I am your enemy.
I am your teacher.

I come when the old life
is ready to fall,
when the pretending
has exhausted you.

Stop fighting me.
Lie down in the dark I bring.
Here, in the nothing-place,
something new begins.

To Grief

Old friend,
we meet again.

I used to run from you,
thinking you meant death.

Now I know:
you mean that I have loved,
that something mattered
enough to miss.

Welcome back.
Stay as long as you need.
I am no longer afraid.

What the Wound Said

"I am not here to harm you.
I am here to open you.

There is something inside

that cannot come out
any other way.

I am the door
you did not want.
Walk through anyway."

Night Watch

3 a.m.
The dark hour
when masks slip
and truth arrives uninvited.

Do not close your eyes.
What comes now
comes for a reason.

There is a message
in this insomnia,
a question
only silence can answer.

Listen.

VI. Becoming

Chrysalis

Inside the cocoon,
everything dissolves.

What was caterpillar
becomes soup,
becomes chaos,
becomes—
finally—
what it was always meant to be.

You, too, may be dissolving now.
This is not death.
This is the price of wings.

Permission

You have permission
to put down the weight
you've been carrying for others.

You have permission
to disappoint expectations
that were never yours.

You have permission
to become who you are
instead of who they needed.

Start now.

Midlife

Halfway across the bridge,
I look back at who I was.
He seems so far away,
so certain of his plans.

Ahead, the mist.
Nothing is clear.
Only this:
the bridge will hold.

Keep walking.

What I Know Now

At fifty,
what I know fills a thimble.

What I don't know
is the ocean.

And this is good news—
it means
there is still so much to learn,
so much to wonder at,
so much to discover
in this one precious life.

VII. Mortality

Memento Mori

One day you will be gone.
Not metaphor. Gone.

This is not meant to frighten—
it is meant to wake you up.

What would you do differently
if you remembered
every moment
how little time remains?

Start today.
Today is all we have.
Today is enough.

For My Children, After

When I am gone,
do not look for me in the grave.

Look for me in the morning light
slanting through your window.

Look for me in the song
you suddenly remember.

Look for me in the stubborn love
that refuses to end.

I am there. I am there.
As long as you remember,
I am there.

The Last Poem

When I have nothing left to say,
may I rest
in the silence between words,

knowing I was here,
knowing I tried,
knowing the trying mattered
more than the results.

Let the last poem be simple:

Thank you.
I loved.
It was worth it.
Goodbye.

Closing

These verses are seeds. Plant them in the soil of your own experience. Let them grow—or let them lie fallow until their season comes.

Poetry isn't finished when written. It's finished when read, when something passes from my heart to yours across the impossible distance of words.

Thank you for reading.

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