

"As I See"

As a child, I treasured a picture post card of *The Little Mermaid* that sits upon a Danish rock,
My grandfather sailed to America from the island of Bornholm's dock.
One day I would see her and share her view,
and that is all that I knew.
I have yet to travel to see her glory,
yet She is as real as this story.
Looking out from the Danish shore,
The Mermaid welcomes all to her door.
She watches out over the harbor view,
only a vision of a beginning that I knew.
For you see, my grandfather from another land
gave me my first easel and paint, and his artist hand.
Time has passed since this first connection,
and again *The Mermaid reaches* out in my direction.

The Mermaid smiled so innocently as She looked into her mirror admiring her complexion,
and saw a reflection of the time of her introspection.
She alone came out of the sea,
and primped and preened with glee.
Was She a beautiful nymph from the sea,
travelling the years through waters, swiftly as can be?
She sat all alone atop the wave, steadying herself and standing upon her tail,
like a fine ship waiting to set sail.
She longed for a life,
to walk upon land with no strife.
She truly was a natural beauty as She awoke each morn,
yet her inner beauty was her form.
It is not the physical that we need admire; it is the love that shines in the eyes,
and the wisdom of knowing wherein one's heart lies.

It is serene to know one's self,
a mere reflection can be put on a shelf.
To inquire within one's soul is to ask why,
and to resolve this mystery before we die.
It is to love and be loved for more than our beauty,
in this life it is our duty.
The bloom of youth fades as the years go past,
it is not this reflection that will last.
It is the miracle of every new day to be filled with love and to say good morning with the joy of
heart,
from this the soul will never part.
She knew that to recreate herself was to touch,
to feel, and that was not so much.
Because you see She was a part of the sea, of the earth and its wondrous creations,
and She counted as blessings her many relations.
She arose and sat up tall,
For She knew She would not fall.
For She was more than a mere reflection
as She went within wanting introspection.

Her image an illusion that is translucent and yet so real, She holds in her hand,
her future on land.
What will it be,
but we.
Not alone,
but guided by God and His strength, for must She atone?
Or be locked in an image upon the glass or come alive with the holy power,
and to ascend the clouds to the highest tower?
As strong as the largest oak tree, held hand in hand with the Lord above,
She is as gentle as a dove and truly beautiful in God's love.

She arises from this new found self,
and it surpasses any wealth.
Serenity is found in her face,
and is reflected time and again in any place.
Capturing her magic against the window, the trees beyond seen through her face,
put her in reality of time and space.
Why has She waited so long
to be singing in the trees her song?
Looking again at her reflection of the world outside She is all and more,
and has what she needs,
It is perfect although She knows not the future or what is in store.

The holy cross is within her, and rises from her, She seeks forgiveness, and is forgiven,
thankful for all that has been given.
Blessed for eternity that passes before her form,
She is free from any storm.
All in that reflection, she now can see,
it is not me, but we.

She knows the keys to life's mysteries shown in her lovely face,
for She has found her place.
She loves to move and dance in the water,
whirling and twirling like a young daughter.
Oh what a gift to come from the sea,
with its vast domain as far as you can see.
The movement of water can stir the restless soul to rise from the deep to the surface above,
cleansed and pure in every way
to find the comfort and peace of love each day.

And every now and then She expresses herself
as never before,
for She need not weep any more.
Through the years *The Mermaid* has been in repair,
many have broken and disfigured her head, but not to despair.
Each time She is put back together, her radiance ever brightens it's glow,
and once again She feels the wind blow.
To be human in its fullest sense,
She explores without any fence.
Nothing to hold her back from where She is to be,
nothing between her and the sea.
And She is glorified and humbled by the gifts She has been given on this earth,
and her works are a living symbol of this rebirth.

Above the water She rises out,
and it is of this that She is reborn without any doubt.
The fears are released and let go,
and her positive image will go with God's flow.
Life will be grand and She can stand,
no more days on the shifting sand.
Like a pearl which illumines light,
She fills her life with all that is bright.
Living, and loving and wanting all good,
She peers in the mirror, for She knows it is understood.
Be in peace, and in the light,
in one's consciousness things above will always be in the right.
To honestly know where one can go, lifts one to heights above thine own will,
it takes the reflection of time to be still.

The song of *The Mermaid* is ever so clear,
She is so precious, and so dear.
As one of God's children She is different from all the rest,
yet She too finds life's test.
What does it matter in the long run,
She can play and sing and have so much fun.
Her scales are too numerous to count by ones in the sand,
each one adds to make her whole in His hand.
She is as ageless as far as man's calendar years,
and has lived thousands of lives and tears.
Her radiance abounds as her soul continues to grow to the ultimate spanning of eternity in her
days,
and She has grown over time in so many ways.
Not to be the physical adoration of the mortal man,
She is as elusive as any "pan".
Is She grounded with no legs and cannot walk,
She thinks not, because you see She is learning to talk.
Oh yes, She knows no bounds in life and can move through her playground of each day,
laughing and joyful in her way.
You see *The Mermaid* can ever change,
and that is never strange.

I was commissioned to design a lovely mermaid to adorn a door of steel,
and now it seems She is forever real.
When I created her I reflected on this vision,
and there is no more indecision.
Capturing her spirit on the glass,
has brought me to understanding which will never pass.

Cynthia D. Ray, Artist
April, 1998

P.S.

We have challenges in life that we face, as I say often to myself "I have to get back up on the horse."

The mermaid is a symbol for me in so many ways. And especially in understanding myself as the days and years go by. I have so much to create and to do and to walk in this path. Living

with chronic pain since 1981 is what I wake to each day. I use the metaphor, "How many marbles do I have in my fish bowl today." If I use them all up, I will have a setback. I try to adjust and keep some in reserve, though my mind and body want to push me past my limits. Yes, I can walk on land, be strong, be hopeful and know the joy of spirit in life. I have to mentally practice "I have no limitations" and life is to be enjoyed and fulfilled by the spirit of love, serenity and peace evermore.

Cynthia Ray, December 8, 2010