

# Love is love

Birgitta Jonsdottir



-Larry Jaffe, Poet, LA: USA

How do you explain the embodiment of beauty and peace. Are they equal in their powers to haunt and attract yet maintain serenity simultaneously? Or are they disparate concepts that uniquely come about once in such a great while? For me, Birgitta Jonsdottir embodies beauty and peace it stretches from her soul and embraces an entire planet in both word and deed. Such is the power of her words. Such is the power of her beauty. Such is the power of her.

-Paul McDonald, Kentucky: USA

"...a soul that has been here for a long time, Birgitta Jonsdottir is an emerging voice of the Goddess calling us into the new millennium..."

-Aleksi Aaltonen, Helsinki: Finland

"I'm proud to say that Birgitta must be the most outstanding multimedia artist of our time. The immense depth, strength and at the same time sensitivity in her poetry, music and art work is a joyful, powerful, and very personal, intimate experience time after time."



Beyond Borders  
Chapbook Series #6

Birgitta Jonsdottir

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## B i o g r a p h y

Birgitta Jonsdottir was born in Reykjavik, Iceland 1967. She has lived in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, England, USA, Australia, New Zealand and The Netherlands. She is currently living in Iceland

Birgitta has been active in the Icelandic literature, music, and art scenes for 20 years and is considered one of the pioneers in bringing The Arts to the Internet. Her first book of poetry, *Frostdinglar* (Icicles), was published when she was twenty by one of Iceland's leading publishers. Her art has been exhibited in the USA, Asia and Europe. She has performed and lectured at festivals around the world. Her work has been published in anthologies, TV, Radio, Magazines, Newspapers and on the Internet.

Her work has been translated to 12 languages.

In 2002 she edited the *Book of Hope & the World Healing Book*, global anthologies of poetry, prose and art. Birgitta is a member of United Poets & the Icelandic Writers Union. Birgitta is the founder of Beyond Borders Press and Radical Creations.

She is currently working with the Italian comic artist Maruzio di Bona on various projects, such as experiments with poetry comics. Birgitta is currently translating two books of poetry, one by Diane di Prima and other by Michael Lohr. Her first novel *The Chameleon's Diary* was published in November 2005. In 2006 she translated the *Four Agreements*, a Toltek wisdom book by don Miguel Ruiz and *Moral lessons of the Twentieth century*, conversations between Ikeda and Gorbachev.

Birgitta has devoted her time in the last few years to the struggle to save the pristine Icelandic highlands from destruction for heavy industry for aluminium smelters from the USA and to radical movements for peace and tolerance. She organised Poets against the War, Artists against the War and various other creative demonstrations before and after the war against Iraq.

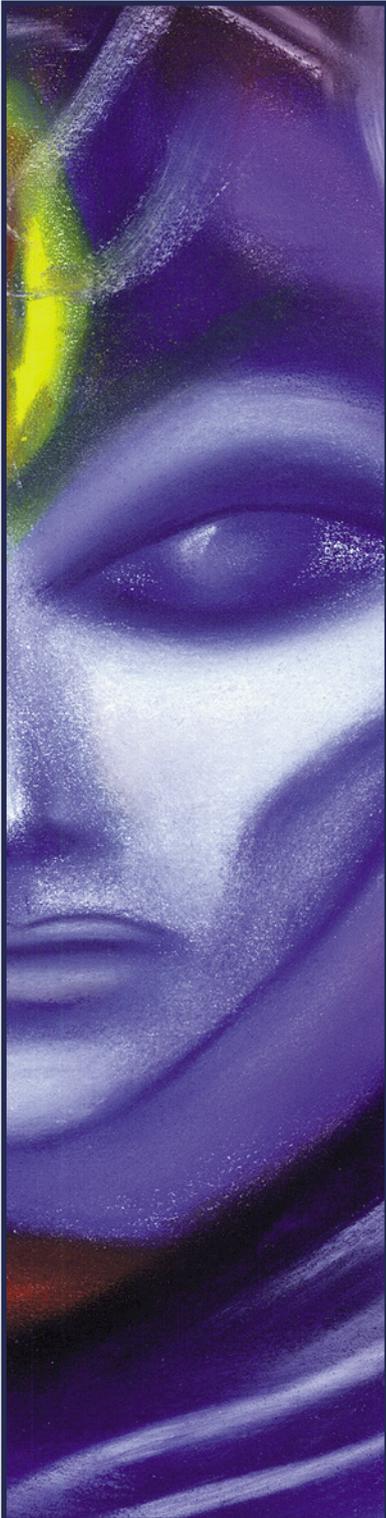
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Reykjavik, Iceland 2004  
poems@this.is

## THEY WHO KNEW ME

What I am known by  
is many things I was  
but am not



Love is love



# The Greatest Gift

It is easy to love  
things that reflect  
beauty, strength & joy

The greatest gift of love  
the greatest challenge of love  
is to love  
the things that reflect  
shame, guilt & sadness

The greatest gift of love  
is to love  
all one is

We reflect the inside  
of the outside world  
the marrow  
of our collective soul



# Broken Waves

My skin caressing the wind.

Absorbs the adventures

that travel in its arms

In the swirling awareness

the illusion is as touchable

as my body.

In the broken waves of longing

his pictures wash ashore.

Smooth and round as the beach pebbles.

Mystical and deep

as the voices within the rocks.



## The Elements of Love

love is me and you  
circle of exchange

love is love  
i love i  
you love you  
all love is  
is love all  
i love love  
love love is  
it is a mirror

it is a warm feeling inside  
it is butterflies  
it is compassion

being love  
is beyond in love

## Mind Games

I see runes carved  
in the wind battered  
cliffs of my destiny.

I look with the  
eye of the raven  
over this swollen ocean  
that separates me from my desires.

While I look with the  
eye of the human  
at the ocean  
that I have created with  
my mind games

I see dolphins  
gliding trough  
into my future  
that the moment is  
constantly shaping.

I am so still  
that my breath doesn't  
move the moment.

Have to shake it up  
open for new streams to flow into mine  
so the water of awareness  
will not stagnate.

# Shadows in Paradise

Finding you within  
the fields of dreams  
—a miracle

Layer by layer  
I peel the onion  
of perception  
trying to understand  
you

Nested in the top layer  
is the shadow  
Intoxicated with  
the ritual of isolation

I reach for oneness  
beyond the layer of fear

After tasting  
ripe mangoes  
The sweetness  
of you  
After being love with you  
it tears me apart  
to feel only the top layer  
—present

Shivering within my own shell of fear

What to do  
What to do

Let it unfold  
or run away

Fear singing in my head  
Love singing in my heart

Can we peel the layers  
of self destructive habits  
Nest within the layers of love  
Extract the beauty

and move beyond this fear  
—into love

## Swimming within you

I swim in your water.  
I am a golden fish  
that glides through caves.

Investigates the bottom growth.  
Multicolored stones and slippery moss.

I tickle the edge of  
your waterfall.  
Humble I wait for  
you to let me in to your most  
sacred cavern.

I wait with all my treasures  
hidden in my eyes  
to give them to you  
when our eyes will touch.



## Forbidden fruits

In the shades  
of your eyes.  
I swam for a stolen moment  
that broke all boundaries of time.

I walked silently in your forest  
of knowledge.  
Picked fruits of love.  
Planted seeds of hope.

When I looked into my eyes  
all I could see was the shades  
of your blue eyes.  
In the depths of my forest  
all I could see was you.

The lone path of life  
pushes me further away from what was  
into what is.

Our love  
forbidden fruits.  
    The bitter aftermath  
    of rejection  
is sweet at the moment  
of understanding that ...

... love is not limited to space  
to time, to separation.

Love is not relationship.  
Love is not being there.  
Love is an experience.



## Emotional Fire

Like a flickering light.

Like a black cat

licking of its darkness.

Like a silent thunder.

This is how I feel

when I wake up

and look within.

Dancing within are

the shadows of my feelings

longing to be within the dream

where there are no limitations.

Where the image of us

is floating in free space

of the emotional fire.

# H o p e

If I whisper into  
the ear of the eagle  
that I miss you.  
Will you come  
riding on his back,  
to terminate  
this emptiness?

If we melt together  
will my desire cease?



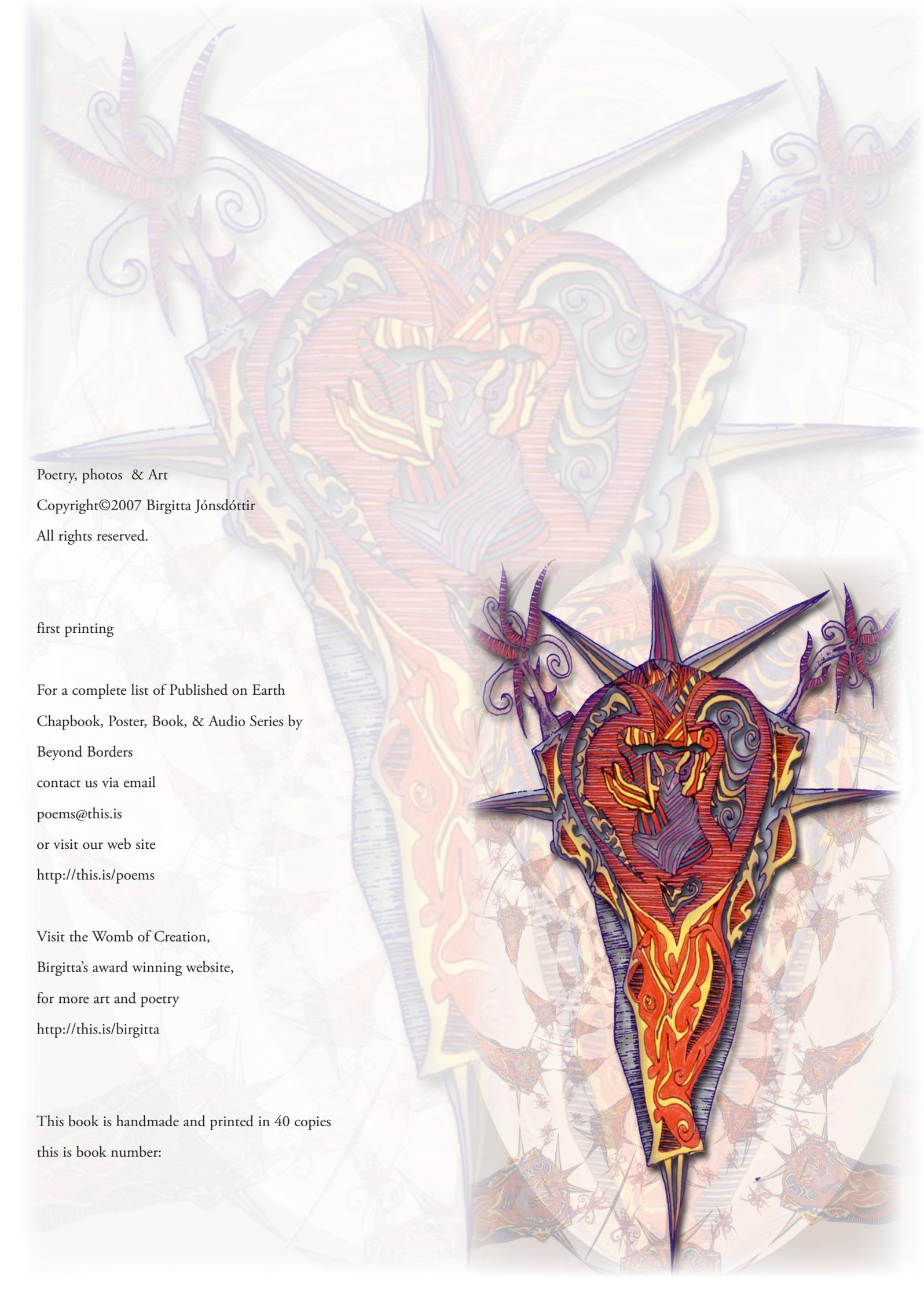
Will my soul always be  
a flickering light.  
Looking for something  
that will grow in my rhythm?  
That will walk the same  
untouched paths?

Will boundaries of time  
grant me roots to grow in foreign soil.  
Will I then be a tree  
that stretches my limbs  
towards the ever changing sky ...

... until my life fades away?

Or will I always be  
a migrating bird?  
Flying around in this  
gigantic golden cage  
of my perception?

Or will I become an angel  
with huge wings  
and eyes that see through it all.  
Will I then become your  
guardian angel  
that takes you above it all?



Poetry, photos & Art

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