

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

Love is love



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 Maruizio 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 Toltec 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.

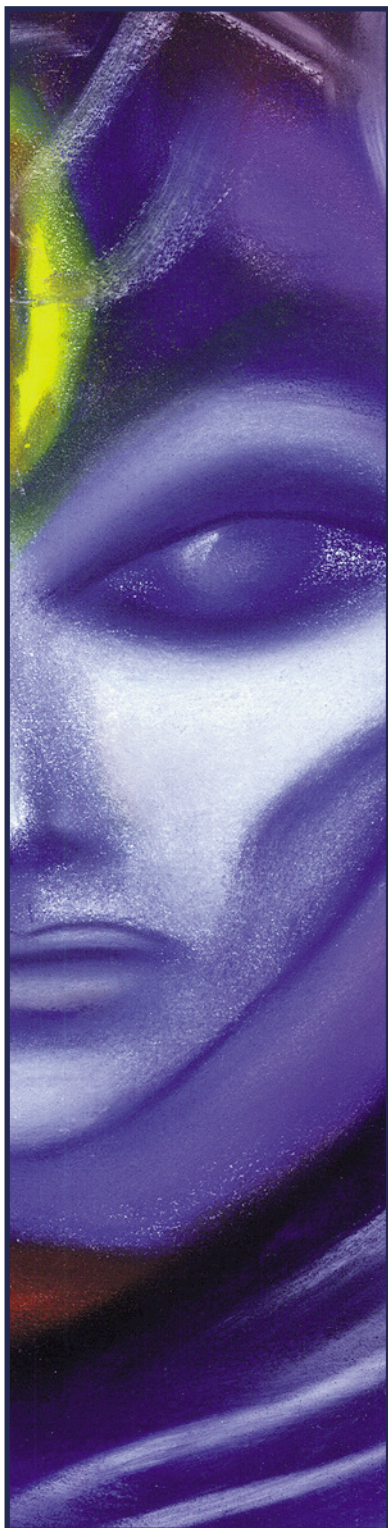
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poems@this.is

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.

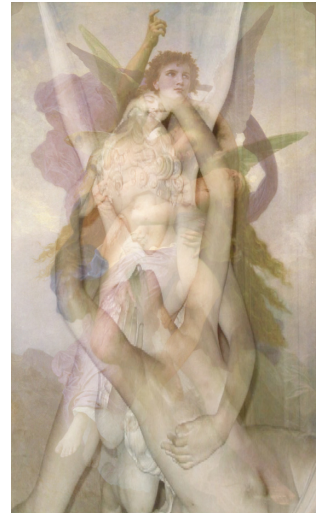
Dancing within are
the shadows of my feelings
longing to be within the dream
where there are no limitations.

Where the image of us
 is floating in free space
of the emotional fire.

Hope

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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