



*elsa's personal collection
of whatever's*

in a span of years, in a gradual flow, i've written short pieces.
some are still a pinnacle on my journey back into myself.

i have a feeling you'll like them, maybe even love them.

HAPPY READING. HEALING. FEELING.

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prayers

the following's are prayers i've written to myself. half of them i still use today.

feel the words.

PS. NEWER PIECES ARE ON TOP.

note. use them as you wish but please don't distribute them as your own. all right belong to LOVE OR FEAR / elsa saks.

invitation

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER 2018

fear, please teach me
how to love you,
and how can i help bring you
into the light where you belong.

fear, please show me
the evolutionary gifts of you.

whenever you're ready,
i am here, heart open.

daily prayer

WRITTEN IN FEBRUARY 2018

sweet elsa,

you are...

the doorway of my soul.

the centre of my universe.

and the vulnerability of my heart.

please lets join forces.

i invite you to help me

to feel and experience everything

with openness ever present,

and to share your courage

combined with mine

so we can use our light

to recognise the light

within the darkest of things.

lets love fully and humbly.

i am the light the light i am.

artist prayer

WRITTEN IN JUNE 2017

great spirit, please...

allow me to speak from my heart.

help me to be honest and vulnerable.

guide me to show my pain and joy,

and share my fears and love.

please help me,

to bring back memories of old and new,

to remember my thoughts, then and now,

to activate the feelings of past and present,

to be connected with all that's been and is,

to do what i am sent here to do

with love as my guide.

great spirit

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER 2016

mother earth, please ground me in this beautiful body.

father sky, please deepen my connection with the intelligent holographic universe.

great spirit, please balance my feminine and masculine energies, and reunite my mind and heart in a holy matrimony where my innocent heart is the object of my affection by cracking that holy heart of mine wide open so that my actions would only speak the language of love with myself and with everyone else.

great spirit, please give me the strength to respect my shadow and the power to bring darkness into the light of divinity.

i am a human, and also a miracle who's whole and complete, and i am a giver of divine love and light of the ages.

i am also an actress on this earthly plane who came here to play her part of ascension in a manuscript, to step on life's stage, recite her lines and then leave once again.

therefore i ask and invite all the powers omnipresent to help me become greater than any external circumstance – to go beyond body, time and space – to see everything from a higher perspective, through the eye of quantum me.

great spirit, please give me the willpower to surrender to life's flow with one breath at a time so i can be of service for the wellbeing and liberation of all where my spirit is strong and powerful with a river of gratitude flowing through my being.

it's time to wake up the master within.

i am taking back my power to live in an infinite universe full of creation.

i am joy.

i am peace.

i am love.

and so it is.

and that i am.

namaste.

bike prayer

RECITED SINCE JUNE 2015

angels please keep me safe energetically, physically,
spiritually, mentally, and emotionally. and please protect my
bike and all my things from people who want to do harm for
me or for my things, consciously or unconsciously.

namaste.

food prayer

RECITED SINCE DECEMBER 2014

thank you mother earth for being so giving and providing life on earth. i am so thankful for you and for all the people who have blessed and touched this food with love.

and for all these people, their friends, relatives and acquaintances, i wish much peace, joy and love in their life.

namaste.

--- ADDED LATER ---

dear body, let's enjoy this delicious food. let's take out all the nutrients we need and let's discard the rest. and please, do let me know if you need anything extra nutritionally.

thank you for all that you do.

whatever's

i call the following's whatever's. not poems.

when you read them, you can tell, some are very personal.
they've all been a part of my healing, my coming back home.

if one of them speaks volumes then use it for healing. for
guidance. for gratitude. for whatever.

laugh. live. love.

feel the words.

breathe.

PS. NEWER PIECES ARE ON TOP.

note. use them as you wish but please don't distribute them
as your own. all right belong to LOVE OR FEAR / elsa saks.

selfless needs

WRITTEN IN JULY 2019

all choices i make
the people i meet
tell me the truth
the way i feel

choosing them
brings feelings i fear
choosing me
brings feelings unknown
choosing both
brings feelings i love

what if
in choosing them
i say what i think they wanna hear
i do what i think they wanna see
ain't i the pleaser of our wants?
i hope they think what fits my thoughts
i hope they feel what fits my feelings

but darling,
this feels, no good
aren't selfless wants selfish wants?

what if
in choosing me
i say what feels good but they don't wanna hear
i do what feels good but they don't wanna see
no pleasing our wants
ain't i the fulfiller of our needs?
i know we think what brings clearing to both
i know we feel what brings healing to both

oh darling,
this feels good
aren't selfish needs selfless needs?

but what if
in choosing both
i say what we're both open to hear
i do what we're both open to see
no pleasing our wants
only fulfilling our needs
shipping hormones of feel good now
ain't we the transformers of our wants n' needs?

i feel we think thoughts unknown
i feel we feel feelings of love

darling,
this feels good,
damn good indeed
selfless to selfish
and back to selfless
aren't selfless needs what we need?

what if
to choose them
i choose selfish selflessness
to choose me
i choose selfless selfishness
to choose both
i choose selfless selflessness

history says,
perspectives bring dark to light
selfless to selfish
and back to selfless
its okay, its all okay
you've done no wrong
its all okay

lets make a choice,
selfless or selfish?
needs or wants?
love or fear?

you can't go wrong.
its okay, its all okay

just feel the truth,
love is here at any choice.

up n' down

WRITTEN IN JULY 2019

tears break down
on tracks of drought
they flush the cracks
with downward thoughts

hearts break down
on doors of fear
they wash the soul
with downright tears

down-down-down
up you go
down-down-down
for all its worth

break through now
up you go
break down now
bring havens on down

down-down-down
up you go

down-down-down
for all its worth

break-a-down now
to break-a-through now
to bring those havens
down right now

breakthrough tears
upright fears
breakthrough hearts
upward thoughts
up you go
bring havens on down

bites unchewed

WRITTEN IN JULY 2019

i am a stray dog,
do you know how i feel?
i am sorry mate,
i bet you don't!
but if you do,
tell me right now,
or listen in
to hear me bark.

food is not
what keeps me alive.
i need it, true,
but it's junk right now.
so save yourself,
don't waste your time
to feed the hungry
on a timeless watch.

meat n' bones,
i chew them good.
you throw me food

i truck it in.
three bites chewed
i am chock-a-block full.

but do you care
how i truly feel
when throw-ups near
to eat once again?
true, i need some food,
but more i need
is love from you.

willpower

WRITTEN IN JUNE 2019

i juggle with life
through crowded air
to catch my breath
to breathe again

i try
i fail
i don't give up
to breathe again
in crowded air

blindful

WRITTEN IN JUNE 2019

they walked in
from here
from there
from everywhere

name a place
i got a list
long and wild
without mistakes

they changed my stride
i slowed down
i couldn't run
to hide away

they walked in
with fears
with hopes
with dreams

name a word
i got a list

long and wild
without mistakes

we shared our lists
and dismissed
our whys were blind
they had no eyes

we shed our skins
and removed our blinds

as time went by
i saw myself behind blue eyes
with fears transformed
with hopes renewed
i met a dream to love myself

curious about my make- up

WRITTEN IN JUNE 2019

what's my make-up without a maker?
and who's the maker of my make-up?

is it me?
or someone else?
or it's the creator of life and love?

if me then seriously
why do i hide behind layers of dirt
where honesty struggles to breathe free with me?

if someone else then tell me
why do you throw your dirt on me
while i choose to be clean right here & now?

if the creator then what-the-fuck
why define beauty with shades of make-up
when all i want is to be who i am with nothing on me?

i think aloud now

aren't all things pretty by default

where make-up's never needed to cover me up?

blocks

WRITTEN IN JUNE 2019

road blocks misunderstood
people ducked underground

we hear what we want
we block the unheard

we see what we hear
we block the unseen

faith is lacking
hope is crawling
love is crying

we know what we see
we block the unknown

we love what we know
we block the unloved

again and again
we stumble on blocks
of people, places, things

we feel what we love
we block the unfelt

pick n' choose is what we do

we escape dislike
we're hungry for likes

we reject ourselves
we're thirsty for love

ain't change what we need?
now and forever, for ever ever?
but dammit, change is hard
and i know it is so

we dance in comfort
we fear discomfort
we think it's safety
but we know, it ain't so

we swim in confusion
to open our senses
to wake the fuck up

feel my love,
what if blocks are only blocks
to the blocked?

what if blocks ain't blocks
to the unblocked?

so why not,
i invite you love,
welcome blocks
to become unblocked?

honesty speaks

WRITTEN IN JUNE 2019

honesty is tricky,
i never know
how it's received.

honesty speaks volumes
to the hearts of all
that look for safety
from somewhere else.

honesty knows
the power it holds
when spread its wings
in fearful hearts.

honesty rewards
courageous souls
who change the culture
in their own hearts.

words vs feelings

WRITTEN IN MAY 2019 / TO COLIN

words are just words.

they come.

they go.

feelings are feelings.

they come.

they stay.

i know.

no-no, i feel.

but to use words i say,

i love you colin.

today.

forever.

bridge of blessings

WRITTEN IN MAY 2019 / TO NORA

mind the gap
on left and right
walk drunk my love
glide into the fire of yourself

worry to warrior
crawl and climb
slide back and forth
swing on the bridge of blessings

ship it

& fuck it love
there's no right
you can't go wrong
do whatever bursts your heart

and while busy in action
may the world
eat
drink
and lick

the beauty of you
on the bridge of blessings

and nora,
always know
you're loved in my heart

germans

WRITTEN IN MARCH 2019 / TO KATHARINA

germans,
they are like wildflowers.
they spread everywhere.

i know,
i can live without them.
but their fragrance,
their beauty,
their love,
is blinding.

they shine bright.
they glow godly.
like nothing else.

so,
i can live without them,
but i choose to live with them.

i breathe better,
i am better,
with them.

openness

WRITTEN IN MARCH 2019

i am scared
to let someone close to my heart.
but i have learned,
it's in closeness where all barriers break down.

i am scared
to open myself up
but i have learned,
it's in opening myself up for safety to be discovered.

i am scared
to love fully, deeply, madly,
but i have learned,
it's the best protection to my heart.

i don't know much about love,
but i know this -
it feels good
to give myself the permission
to invite you into my heart.

ode to rose

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER 2018 / TO ROSE

you are here.

all around me.

and nowhere.

i feel your love.

it breathes oxygen in my cells.

i am renewed with each breath i take.

all is new.

ever so new.

mystery ever present.

i loved you.

no-no, i still love you.

and i feel, i always will.

my life is better.

it's brighter with you.

more than words can ever say.

i thank my feet.
and i'll never stop thanking.
they found you, and help find me.

today is new.
this moments, it's brand new.
it's never happened in history before.

i can't assume.
i can't think ahead.
what's coming, it's the unknown.

i didn't know then.
and i don't know now.
it's the unexpected i need(ed).

you are my rose.
your fragrance keeps me up.
all day and night, forever and ever.

deep down i know.
you've grown and changed.
and only to better as never before.

so here i am.
i watch you grow.
and i cheer in silence.

we will meet again.
somewhere, sometime.
whenever, wherever, why not?

i bow to your love.
but now, i will love me.
because lovin' myself is lovin' you.

- - - AFTERWORDS - - -

it's two year since i saw you.
meeting you changed my life.

i love it.
i love it so much now.

it took time.
time i needed.

i love you rose.
thank you.

bigger

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER 2018

my heart
is bigger than
my actions,
my thoughts,
my words.

on writing

WRITTEN IN SEPTEMBER 2018

i write what comes through.

i am surprised to read every word.

i can't seem to think and then write.

thinking happens when writing starts.

it's as if writing shows my thoughts to myself.

healing

WRITTEN IN SEPTEMBER 2018

in my writing.

in my stories.

there's joy.

there's pain.

and every emotion

in between.

even anger.

that's how i create.

it's an open communication

with myself.

it's honest.

it's transparent.

and you can be a part of it all.

when i write, i heal.

second chances

WRITTEN IN MARCH 2018

without a fail,
my heart keeps giving,
second changes.

so why do i refuse
to give another chance
to the unwanted?
to people?
to opportunities?

aren't my (lack of) response to others
showing how i relate to myself?

i guess,
no for one is a no for all.

rebirth

WRITTEN IN MARCH 2018

my memories are wiped away.
my thoughts are in submission.
my feelings are exploding.

it's as if i experience the world for the very 1st time.

it's as if i am an infant,
learning the ways of human experience.

it's as if every breath
is the only breath
there is,
was
and will be.

i feel newness.

it's a rebirth.

because

WRITTEN IN MARCH 2018

i hurt because i loved.

i cried because i loved.

i healed because of love.

i survived because of love.

i am alive because i loved.

i am better because i loved.

i trust because of love.

i believe because of love.

i love deeper because i am love(d).

no matter

WRITTEN IN MARCH 2018

it doesn't matter what happened before this moment.

it served me well getting me where i am at.

here is where i am meant to be

to experience the moment

with no comparison

to what's been

and might be.

always welcome

WRITTEN IN MARCH 2018

no matter where i have been.

no matter if i have expressed my love.

no matter for how long i have been away.

no matter if i have been a devil or an angel.

no matter if i have kept the communication alive.

always, without hesitation,

i am welcomed back home, to my parents.

easy, eh?

WRITTEN IN FEBRUARY 2018

it's not easy to be honest and transparent.

it's not easy to be happy and joyful.

it's not easy to listen and hear.

it's not easy to not reason, to not understand and to not want.

it's not easy to be sincerely grateful.

it's not easy to not blame someone or something.

it's not easy to trust myself, everyone, everything and nothing.

it's not easy to have faith in the unknown of the unexpected.

it's not easy to be an open river of emotions and feelings.

it's not easy to love myself through each stage of awakening.

and it's definitely not easy to be a living example of all those words in the warm, toxic circle of society that smothers disease.

it's scary, every bit of it, but it's doable.

someone has done it, so can i.

help, please

WRITTEN IN FEBRUARY 2018

are you gonna love me when you meet my shadow?

how am i gonna hide if all of us is made of light?

medicine is good

but on some days

it's hard to swallow.

i gotta stop saying things like,

i'm fine coz i'm not.

i need help.

balance

WRITTEN IN FEBRUARY 2018

once i have changed enough,
its time,
to flatten the climbed mountain
of self-success
to then merge
with the totality
of the perceived
and unperceived reality.

unknown

WRITTEN IN JANUARY 2018

what comes comes anyways.

why 'what' comes is what i need.

when 'why' comes is divinely timed in me.

i will become aware of it, to feel it.

i will feel it, to transform it.

i will transform it, to be it.

and i will survive it, to live it.

words

WRITTEN IN JANUARY 2018

the written
and spoken words
can transmit the beauty
of someone's expression
but only the feeler self
can pick up the vibration
alive within those words
where the verbal meaning
versus the non-verbal resonance
can contradict one another.

empathy

WRITTEN IN JANUARY 2018

i truly cannot help
but love the people
who know,
the pain
i felt
and
feel.

becoming of

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER 2017

elsa's become a friend i never had but always wanted.

elsa's become a lover i never had but always wanted.

every thought

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER 2017

every thought i have ever thought,
every thought i am thinking,
every thought i will ever think,
has already been thought by someone.

in fact,
every thought already existed
before anyone even thought of the thought.

wants

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER 2017

i don't know what i want,
but i know what i don't want,
and that's enough.

journey

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER 2017

i came to this body
only to re-experience myself
in spiritual childhood.

fear of losing you

WRITTEN IN SEPTEMBER 2017 / TO ROSE

i had a fear.

a fear of losing you.

since the beginning,
way before we said it,
so alive under my skin.

the connection was pure.
ever so unknown and new.

i wanted some more.
taste the love of ages.
dive deeper and deeper.

still, afraid of losing you.

and then, in an instant,
all and more was changed.
the sexual energy mixed the game.

lust conquered fear.
love spoke and had its way.
so wild and ever more intense.

but fear, still lurking in the dark.
blinded by the new days light.
more alive, as never before.

still, i took the risk.

friends or more?
so scary, ever so scary new.

i learned quickly.

i never knew i can love so deeply,
so madly, truly and so completely.
i never knew what i was longing,
until i was loved by you.

months passed ever so fast.
growth sharply present at every single breath.

all new, ever so scary new.

i never knew i was blessed,
but now i do.

i never knew what i was longing,
until i was loved by me.

who knows?

WRITTEN IN AUGUST 2017

no one knows what it means . . .

to swim in my thoughts . . .

to live in and under my skin . . .

to see the world though my eyes . . .

to be trapped or freed from my emotions . . .

. . . to be me.

you and i, we have an inclining.

still, no one knows, no one, not even me.

so who am i?

who is this person?

a unique expression of spirit in action?

nonetheless, what's important,

only i can know and love myself the way

no one else can.

my home #2

WRITTEN IN JULY 2017

i don't want to run, not anymore!

i am done.

so done.

as done as can be.

fi-fucking-finished.

finally, the day has come.

i am ready, so ready, to go home.

i can feel my heartbeat.

so gentle and kind.

it's calling me, calling me back, back home.

a home i never left.

a home that's waiting.

a home i've been running from.

so this is it.

i am settling in.

i have made my heart my home.

my home.

i am going back, back home.

to...

... anything.

... everything.

... and nothing.

to the depth of my soul.

to the infinite space of my love.

to the center of my universe.

back home, back home.

my home.

my home.

my home #1

WRITTEN IN JULY 2017 / TO ROSE

whenever, if ever, we will meet again.

however, now and forever, we will grow.

whoever, you to me and me to you, we will be.

it's beyond beautiful.

i can feel your presence.

i can feel it here, all around.

i can feel it all the time, everywhere.

and that's enough.

actually, more than enough.

it's beyond beautiful.

any time of the day and night,

as we ride the wave of divinity,

i know, you gave me the greatest gift.

you made my heart my home.

my home.

blockage

WRITTEN IN JULY 2017

i wanna write.

but i can't write.

i wanna love.

but i am afraid to love.

undefinable

WRITTEN IN JULY 2017 / TO FRIENDS

i want to see you.

i want to feel you.

i want to breathe the same air
in the same square meter
that lies between both of us.

i want to
create deeper
eye-to-eye,
heart-to-heart,
soul-to-soul,
connections.

no phone.

no social media.

insecurities

WRITTEN IN JULY 2017

why do i worry?
worry about things,
things out of my control.

why do i talk?
talk so much . . .

why, oh why?

i never saw myself worry,
and i didn't hear myself talk.
but now, i see, i hear, loud and clear.

i was worrying,
and i was talking.
more, more than enough,
and i still am, actively, to some extent.

i was . . .
so consumed,
and disconnected,

unwilling to swim in the murk,
dive deeper into the waters of me.

wants n' needs

WRITTEN IN JUNE 2017

before, just years ago,
i wanted that new thing -
shoes, clothes, technology.

there was always a list,
either short of long,
things to buy then or later.

nowadays, i hardly even see shops.
i don't need them as much as they don't need me.

i am happy with my one pair of shoes.
much happier i have ever been.

things just come to me,
one by one,
straight from the unknown.

i have all i want,
and much more i need,
a load i can hardly carry,
two backpacks worth of goods.

i could live with less,
even more simply.

i don't need more.
i don't want more.

i am happy and beyond blessed.

too fast

WRITTEN IN JUNE 2017

all my life i have been . . .

too fast to think.

too fast to act.

and too slow to love . . .

. . . until recently.

now i am learning . . .

what's love.

and how to love.

a move

WRITTEN IN JUNE 2017 / TO ROSE

you are so close,
so damn close!

just a message,
one phone call,
and a visit away.

there is nothing else,
just a physical distance,
and a fear that lies between us.

simplicity

WITTEN IN JUNE 2017

less words.

breathe.

listen.

feel.

be.

i'm scared

WRITTEN IN JUNE 2017

i don't know, if ever,
i've been so scared in my life.

i am scared to love.

i am scared to live.

i am scared to talk.

i am scared to create.

i am scared to work.

i am scared to travel.

i am scared to hug.

i am scared to be me.

i am scared of relationships,

and going back home,

and so much more.

it's okay.

it's a process.

reconnection

WRITTEN IN JUNE 2017 / TO MARLENE

i love how we've connected,
i love how we're reconnecting.

i love what we've done,
i love what we're doing.

i love how we've grown,
i love how we're growing.

i love what we've learned,
i love what we're learning.

i love how we've inspired,
i love how we're inspiring.

i love what we've created,
i love what we're creating.

i love how we've loved,
i love how we're loving.

i love who we've become,
i love who we're becoming.

i love that i love you
and that you love me.

what is love?

WRITTEN IN JUNE 2017 / TO MARLENE

what's love?

i am not sure if i even know.
and i am not sure if i ever will.

but here's what i know.

i fell in love with you
before i realized,
i already loved you.

all was new, so new,
vivid with unknown colors.
in an instant my world lit up,
it became brighter as never before.

we danced, a dance of lifetimes.
we loved, passionately and intensely.

just you and me.
nobody else.

and then.

a surprise knocked on a door.
something that shocked me and you.
i didn't see it coming, then nor never.
especially, so soon!

i decided to gamble.
take my chances with love.
try my luck with an unthinkable adventure.

scary.
powerful.
unexpected.

i was flying.
and confused.

i was happy.
and in denial.

i talked, talked a lot.
i shared, overshared.

and then i chose me and another.
i left myself and i left you.

things shifted.

life took new turns.

i welcomed darkness.

i hurt myself and i hurt you.

i endured pain.

openly and bravely.

i allowed it.

i needed it.

i wanted it.

but i was never alone, never.

love was always there, beside me.

even through the darkest of times.

love seemed to come and go.

it entered and left when it was time.

and it knew exactly when and why.

how come?

there was no schedule.

or maybe, there was?

a divine orchestration.

who knows!

lately, love has knocked on my door.

in fact, several times.

and it said . . .

love is what i breathe.

love is my very existence.

love is the answer to everything.

love is behind every emotion and feeling.

i learned quickly.

love knows what it is.

so i bow to love and let love do its thing.

i trust.

i want to get to know love.

learn endless lessons from love.

become a dedicated student of love.

there's never an end to learning.

i am living in an infinite universe,

full of unique characters,

each bringing forth the beauty of love
that resides within each heart.

but what changed?

my love for you.

our love for each other.

the mystic definition of love.

i think, it always has and always will.

and it's okay.

my decisions determined a quality.

the impeccable quality of our love story.

the story that played out

so beautifully and powerfully.

nothing, absolutely nothing,

will ever take away the beauty

of how much i have and will love you,

now and forever.

you are living in my heart.

and you will always be a part of me.

a precious indescribable beauty of you.

i will let love lead me home.

a home i never left.

a home i share with you.

danke marlene.

i love you.

memories

WRITTEN IN MAY 2017 / TO ROSE

it's been months now.

six, to be exact.

i remember you.

i remember your smile.

i remember our connection.

i remember our deep sharing.

i remember the way you made me feel.

i remember.

your eyes.

your voice.

your embrace.

i remember.

day by day.

month by month.

you're here, near me always.

i see you.

i feel you.

gone from my sight,
but so present in my reality.

say what you say.
believe what you believe.
you're here, near me always.

there's no distance.
there never has been.

i don't live in a physical world.
i live in a quantum world.

all is here.
has been.
and will be.

so are you.
so present in my reality.

deep inside, i know.
you're doing good.
and so am i.

i miss you.

i love you.

and i always will.

here

WRITTEN IN MAY 2017

who i was,
i can't recall.

who i am,
i don't know.

it's okay.
all is good.

i am here.
it's all i know.

whatever

WRITTEN IN MAY 2017 / TO ROSE

whatever we said and will say,
whatever we did and will do,
whatever we were and will be,
nothing, absolutely nothing,
can ever take away the beauty
of how much i love you.

polarity

WRITTEN IN FEBRUARY 2017

who's the victim?
and who's the victimizer?
me, i am and have been both.

i am the light,
and i am the dark.
i am both, equally and entirely.

it awakes,
and it awakens.
both, me and another.

oh, what a gift of love in action.

heart of surrender

WRITTEN IN FEBRUARY 2017

i am here,
fully conscious and alive.
i am ready,
to heal the wounds of the past.
i am willing,
to do the work of a hero.
i am open,
to unlock my innocent heart.

i am here,
as never before.
and i am listening
to the beat of my heart.
together with you, creator,
i can do it.

divine masculine

WRITTEN IN FEBRUARY 2017

the parent like mind,
thank you for protecting
the child like heart.

you've done good
but now, the times are changing,
protection is no more needed.

let's join our forces
and work in unison
to also allow the heart
to open and show her beauty.

are you ready?
is she ready?
i am ready!

homecoming

WRITTEN IN JANUARY 2017

there's this longing,
forever lasting,
a seed of love,
that ask for growth.

it knocks and knocks
but none one hears.

it hopes and hopes,
hidden in layers.

it waits and waits
that maybe one day,
she feels her tears.

it knows and feels,
the day will come.

its so-so patient,
humbly patient.

and then one day,
a miracle happens.
her holy heart
cracks wide open.
her wounds are healed,
forever healed.

and the wonder child is back again.

always

WRITTEN IN JANUARY 2017

once love is there
it never leaves.
it grows and grows,
until one day,
it bursts wide open
that holy heart.
the gift of god
that never leaves.
the gift of god
that's been within.
it always has.
it always will.
always.

together

WRITTEN IN JANUARY 2017

i am a leader,
but i am not here to lead.
i am here to walk
besides you and the beloved,
to build a bridge,
a light bridge,
to ease the crossing
for each and every one.

beloved,
please use my services
for the wellbeing and liberation of all.

respecting the shadow

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER 2016 / TO MARLENE

i am not perfect.

i have never been perfect.

and i will never be perfect.

i have hurt myself.

i have hurt you and others.

unfortunately, i will hurt myself and others in the future.

i don't want to.

i don't know why, when and where.

and i also don't know how not, not.

i don't know much.

actually, i don't know fuck all.

i only know that this hurt

has helped me to grow into new heights.

it has been extremely painful

but all i can do is to allow life work through me.

i am learning about me.
and i am learning about life.

life is a journey.
filled with endless cycles.
and it's a never-ending one.

i need more love, not less.
you need more love, not less.
and the collective needs more love, not less.

i will be gentle and kind to myself.
and i pray that you're gentle and kind to yourself.

i hope you have a wonderful support group,
friends and angels and guides.

you're in my thoughts and in my heart.

in estonian

some whatever i have written in my native language can be found below. perhaps you're an estonian. if so, then give it ago, and feel the words that follow.

PS. NEWER PIECES ARE ON TOP.

note. use them as you wish but please don't distribute them as your own. all right belong to LOVE OR FEAR / elsa saks.

nii hea

WRITTEN IN JULY 2019 / TO KADRI VOORAND

Kadri,
kui kuulsin, kuis laulad sa,
siis armund olin ma

läks mööda sekund-kaks
olid müüdnud plaks
inimlik või jumalik
mehelik või naiselik
mu keha sulas lummuses
madal, kõrge, vigurlik,
kõik oli kõige hulluses

veel üks kord
veel üks kord
kättemaks
voo-rrata
voo-rrata
rand-a tahan ma

voorand, voorand

korrata, korrata

randa tahan ma

viiskend-sada korratud

hääli oli hinge valatud

nüüd tiksun kodus luule rea,

et öelda sõnu ilusaid

sulle, mulle, Eestile,

et loovus panna õitsele

su Tartu jazzisulestik

ja südi dueti tulevik

su stiili kirglik kingitus

ja voolav kõla muudatus

su sõna vooliv mänglevus

ja naeru nakkav looklevus

su näpu-jala sujuvus

ja pilli paitav puudutus

on hea
on nii hea
nii hea, et lausa piinlik

muusa või mitte
seda ma ei tea
aga sinu panus mulle
on hääle julge hüüd

mul on hea
nii hea, et lausa piinlik
ma ei tea miskit muud

auhh ja mjäu
täna, homme, ülehomme
loon ridu ausalt, visalt
mil mõtted valjult sul

hõissa
elu-valu-arm
improvisatsiooni kuldne ajastu
ja sinu panus ajatu,
mis loomas lugu armastus või hirm,
mis kingin kord ma Eestile

aga täna ainult endale,
mil lood on sünni alguses

auhh-auhh-auhh
mjäu-mjäu-mjäu
haugun, kräunud, ja nurrun,
sest mul on hea
nii hea, et lausa piinlik
ma ei tea, mis hüüan nüüd

sõnatud sõnad

WRITTEN IN MAY 2019 / TO LIISA

kas on elus sõnu, mis kirjeldaks sind?
su ilu, su väge, su hoolivust mu rikkas elus.

kas on?

tunnen, et sõnad on sõnad,
mis kannavad puhtust pimeduse sees.

sõnad tulevad.
sõnad lähevad.

sõnad on muutuses siin muutlikul teel.

ma võiks öelda palju,
värvida komplekseks see lihtsuse keel.

panna ritta kõik sõnad,
mis loodud siin loomingu teel.

laulda, kui lind.
nutta, kui laps.
naerda, kui sa.

öelda kõik, mis öleda ma soovin.
tunda su ilu, su väge, su hoolivust
siin sõnade sees.

laulda. nutta. naerda.

aga kas see on see, mis kirjeldab sind?

kas on?

ma ei tea.

aga tunnen,
et meel on puhas mu nägemuste ees.

siiski, sõnad on sõnad,
mis kirjeldaks sind,
kus kirjeldus puudub siin sõnade sees.

sõnad toidavad ilu mu enese ees,
mil emotsioonid toidavad ilu mu enese sees.

nii ma tunnen ja lasen tunda
su ilu, su väge, su hoolivust
oma tundliku kesta sees,
kus su olemus avab mu südant
siin sõnatus maailmas mu enese sees.

sõnad on sõnad.

need tulevad.

ja lähevad.

tunded on tunded.

need tulevad.

ja jäävad.

aastaid tunnen ma tunnet,

ma armastan sind.

see on kõik ja rohkemgi veel,

mis sõnad on loodud kandma

oma lihtsuse sees.

breathe

