

# Silence is alive

Mayra Porrata



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PUBLISHING

In the silence of love  
you will find the spark of life.

Rumi

For my daughters

For all mothers, the Divine Feminine,  
and fierce lovers of humanity,  
Mother Nature, and God.

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## Silence is alive

She comforts. She listens. She reveals.  
She never conceals.  
She's the safe womb  
where our false selves go,  
so that we may finally know.

Silence is the language of heaven --  
the secret language of the soul.

She feels. She grapples. She steers.  
She prays you'll stay near--  
for she's a safe and wise refuge  
when we believe the illusions  
and fight for all we've contrived...

but this time, it's not business-as-usual  
because silence is alive.



# Midwife of the soul

When a mother grieves,  
all the way down  
to the marrow of her bones  
she'll bleed and dissolve  
and deeper still, she'll have to go,  
but not alone—  
for in the womb of her painful suffering  
and through her open veins  
the voices of all mothers who grieved before her  
are transfused and unchained--  
through the blazing fires of hell and heaven,  
she'll be transformed, made whole  
and given a new role  
as a midwife of the soul.



# The light we don't see

The light we don't see  
is still there, only covered--  
obstructed by layers of fear  
and false logic,  
replicating and ensnared  
in hopeless despair—  
clinging and negotiating,  
perhaps demanding its darkness  
be witnessed and embraced...  
That great flash that will usher in  
the sweetest dreams of our remembrance--  
*you are* that light we'll finally see.



# Belonging

Belonging is not for winning or gaining,  
nor for faking or squeezing yourself  
into straightjackets that you sew  
with rusted zippers and mismatched buttons  
instead of making beautiful aprons  
and painting landscapes from your heart.

Belonging is the simplest thing to do  
when you're not swooned  
by the confusion of friendly strangers  
looking for direction out of their  
own painful creations  
looking for clues.

Belonging is the relentless unbecoming  
of everything that isn't you.





# You will know

Where do Ohio birds go  
during each small turning  
when the leaves show  
their true colors  
right before they fall  
to become, again?  
A powerful season  
is also upon us,  
when we will show  
the brilliant hues of God...  
what will you do and  
where will you go  
when the vibrant shades of  
humanity and divinity, combined  
emerge—  
like a forest that never forgot what it was?  
You will know.



## Masked

We all do it-- don't tell me you don't.

We all squeeze ourselves into

colors and pronouns

reasons and seasons

causes and chaos

trues and lies

to connect and rejoice in our humanity

and delight in the colors of culture

while we're here in this life.

Your soul's yearning for freedom

is what reveals your nature--

inviting you to become

divine and unbound.



# Authentic

Do you know how it feels?  
the sensation in your heart  
that nods in resonance  
and sings in silence  
when something is known?  
Listen—Stay aligned.

Tune into what activates  
the currents of hope and compassion  
through this storm of darkness--  
of a virtual reality that  
pales in comparison to the  
truth of your being.

Do you have the courage  
to live undefined?



## Wounded healer

I was expected to fit and conform  
to the culture that embraced me  
as one of their own—  
but even without words  
I knew I was different,  
and felt so alone.

The hardships and slurs I sustained  
and the ones I dealt to others,  
without knowing,  
are the same--  
for we are divine beings  
making sense of it all—  
through silent threads  
we find our way home.





## Hot mess

Aren't we all a hot mess?

Running from ourselves and

blaming it on the weather of our senses--

the hurts and bruises,

the criticisms people throw,

which is always a confession of offenses

they must bless and let go.



## Beautiful anger

Mesmerized by my own flames,  
I am still, I remain  
to make sense of the fire within me  
with no place to go  
except to a blank page  
to interpret its spark,  
consider its spread and smoke –  
its pressing heat  
imploring it to burn away  
all illusions and gently explain  
what part of me  
feels unseen or unloved.



# Forgiving

Until you understand forgiveness  
you'll remain ensnared, seething--  
deceiving yourself into believing  
in the sunless sky of grieving  
and demanding reparation  
for emotions inflamed--  
when what's truly called for  
is yielding and releasing  
of that which coaxed your shadow  
into sweet communion  
with what is yours to claim.



# Entangled

We forget—that we belong to one another  
through the inseparable web of life  
contracting and imploding  
expanding and evolving  
meeting the dissonance and friction  
in an infinite dance, attuned,  
to the pulse of creation  
to remember our truest rhythm  
and tune.





# Nurturing

Do you sense we need new threads of socialization  
ones that nurture our true nature  
and support our evolution --  
spark magic in our hearts?

For the blueprints of fear  
always point in the same direction  
destroying the perfection  
of what requires our love.



# Hospicing

The caregivers know--  
they know the restless hours  
between the tending and the feeding,  
the sterilizing and forgiving  
all that must be endured  
without resistance  
before the sunrise of each day--  
allowing what is  
to live and breathe...  
Hospicing is deep and steep  
we shed quiet tears  
and soothe away fears,  
but the masters of modernity  
don't know how to weep.



## Inner pollution

Negativity is the polluted matter  
we taste and digest  
that doesn't fill our lungs  
with the lightness of love--  
that doesn't spark our imagination  
with boundless choice  
that doesn't open the chambers  
of our brilliant heart  
and activate its living power  
to transmute the low clouds  
of darkness and doubt—  
it's time to let it go.



## In exile

It's there—we just can't see it  
it's grown painfully accustomed to being buried,  
hidden beneath the Earth-- in exile,  
where the cool darkness can cradle it,  
ever so quietly, secretly, with ease  
without asking for forgiveness  
and where no one can reach it  
or shame it for not shining,  
or have to turn itself off  
for being too bright.





# Truth

You don't have to believe me,  
but the mask of false belonging  
can be shed anytime you decide  
for the truth that is you-- that sweet, gentle soul that is  
here as you and ever-present *with* you  
through all the trials and tribulations  
and the countless separations  
of your infinite existence  
is waiting to be seen  
and known.



# Yield

I became a master at yielding-- for once I recognized my own ignorance, it's a sign of deep respect to allow the other to proceed-- to go on without me...

to allow the natural flow of life to shape us both and chip away at the hardness of fear...

but you can't explain this to anyone, out loud, without further wounding or sounding like a fool speaking about systems, psychology, evolution and love....

but what do I know?



## The prize of consciousness

We must welcome the decay  
of all the ways we strayed  
from our being and seeing  
our fundamental selves—  
a constitution that cannot  
be stolen or ignored  
living unmoored,  
thinking it's detached from its Source.

How many more lifetimes do you wish  
to endure before you remember  
the prize of consciousness is love?



# Immigrant

We're all immigrants— but playing a game  
deciding, who is worthy or not,  
putting up walls  
forgetting we're all brothers and sisters  
of one human family,  
which the Source of Heaven provides,  
to all immigrants on Earth,  
including you.





# Articulate

When your geometry  
becomes poetry,  
and is blessed by this place  
you'll be spurred--  
informed by the impulse of your being  
you'll speak its secrets,  
you'll remember your name.



## Word

God's word is all around you  
in every branch and leaf  
and every form you see—  
in every shadow, every light  
and every sound that fills  
the air with melodies of heaven  
and breathes your lungs with life.



## Propagandists of love

Have you heard of them? The propagandists of love?

They're the humans who dare to imagine the most beautiful outcomes --- they share the light and grace they've witnessed and received-- who invite us to look more closely at the tiny, the painful, or the sacred of our own human existence, but more so, the divinity in all things...

Those crazy propagandists of love want to sell us something: economies of peace, prosperity, beauty, and innate security — would you ever buy into that?



# Communion

Without sturdy rafts or pretense  
no longer drowning nor clinging,  
without desperation, nor regrets  
I offer myself -- to be baptized  
by this sacred moment  
again and again...

Near the river, I hear and then feel  
its waters flowing from my wounded eyes  
sacred stillness I observe  
and remain,  
where all boundaries dissolve.





# Swallow

Allow that which  
is undigested  
to be received like  
Holy Communion  
the faith, unseen  
that nourishes  
every cell of your  
precious body—  
swallow that which  
blocks your voice  
so that you may remove  
this blockage--  
allow what is stuck  
so that you may sing  
your joy into this life.



# Interest

I'm no longer interested  
in my cleverness, or degrees  
of knowing or obscuring  
what is here, now, in front of me.

How much kindness  
and compassion I can express  
to the ones around me,  
is my only interest,  
for in this investment  
is how our world  
is enriched.



## Practical poet

What you notice  
can only change  
through the kaleidoscope  
of your inner-seeing  
birthed from the marrow  
of your imagination  
so that maybe, just maybe  
you can see it in visible light.  
Can you imagine living a poem  
you, yourself write?



## Morning song

The birds never sing out of tune--  
they don't have such worries  
or wonder how the trees will receive their  
fresh morning symphonies  
as they fill the forest with  
their acoustic celebration  
and alert all living things  
that light has returned.

And the squirrels--  
they don't run in straight lines--  
they dart around in zig zags  
and leap from branch to branch,  
never interrupting the singing,  
perhaps they're dancing  
to that same morning song.





## Amazing grace

Do you remember the smells, the sweet sounds,  
and boundless joy of your precious newborn?

Do you remember stretching time  
so that you could hold her  
forever in your heart?

So that you could relive  
the splendor of being a mother  
to a beautiful angel  
sent to Earth just for you?



## Outside adult

I want to be one of them, again—  
the ones who spend their days  
in the sunshine and soil  
whose sweat perfumes the air  
and who hum the sweet melodies  
of the living world.

What a great day that will be  
when we walk away  
from the prisons of progress  
to serve Mother Nature again.



## Awetistic mystic

Like a welder uses fire and a sculptor uses earth,  
I work with silence ushering the sacred into birth.

But don't call me a poet,  
I'm just a humble mystic—  
silent noticer  
veteran of verbs  
lover of humanity  
midwife of words.



## Abiding in peace

Without veering, I proceed

to embrace all things—

especially me—my sweet, imperfect self

who has tripped and fallen more times

than I can count...

visibly bruised, bloodied, and nearly dead from the

crucifixions— just alive enough to remember, take notes

and remember the point of it all...

never once questioning why

because I know the rituals and the prayers

and how to abide in peace.





## Feminine fall

I no longer resent them...  
the short days  
and dark colors—  
that impressed upon me  
the looming density  
of the impending shift—

like a peacock who dazzles us  
with his jeweled-colored feathers  
knowing that all at once that luminous  
display will end—then what?

This fall I'm choosing the gentle tones  
of my feminine authority  
ones that inspire my serenity  
and remind me of who I used to be

a noble palette of warmth and comfort  
that nurture my senses and harmonize my spirit  
this fall I'm choosing the colors of me.



## SELECTED POEMS



## Ordinary

I wanted to be ordinary;  
to immerse myself into Midwest life--  
of production, and seasons, and calculated reasons—  
to prove that I mattered, somehow.

Weaving in treasured memories,  
with the grief and persistence  
during long, harsh winters  
that taught me how to die,  
I became so ordinary,  
I could no longer remember  
the blue hues  
of my Caribbean skies.

Now embracing all the shades of my living  
confirming what many already know:  
there's nothing ordinary  
about any of us.

# DNA

Unraveling the strands  
that bind the body-  
generational mainframe of  
blatant strife-  
we carry the wounds of ancestors,  
we carry the promise of life.

Downloading the code  
of humanity's promise  
of patience and kindness  
and infinite grace--  
in word and in deed  
we build the foundation  
of who we'll become  
in this place.

# Becoming

Memory flashes

we each gleam

in graceful moments

and in dreams...

Veils that fall

reduce our plight

beckoning, welcoming

our soul's light.

# Engagement

Remember the lessons,  
so you don't use them, too.  
Monetized. Standardized. Scrutinized.  
That's the price we pay  
for believing the want ads  
that others design for you.

Sweet purveyor of goodness  
How are you different from them?  
Pay attention to what you're thinking  
and to what you sell.  
Forget about engagement,  
forget about the clicks,  
Forget about convincing  
stop using all the tricks....

There are new expansive projects  
and adventures in store,  
the most essential things  
must now come into accord  
engage with your heart,  
and do nothing more.



## I was wrong, too

For the merging of our journeys  
and the confusion that got us here.  
For delusions dissolved by presence,  
and awareness blessed by tears.

For pain mutually inflicted,  
for my bleeding hurting you--  
it's obvious, but bears stating,  
that I was wrong, too.

For forcing my adaptation,  
for forcing me to fight....  
for my dormant spirit awakened  
grateful freedom, open flight....

For the fire you lit around me,  
which you thought you would control,  
was my wake-up call to rise  
like a phoenix, fully whole.

## Writer

String your words together  
like precious beads of light  
that amplify hope and soften  
the sharp corners of our life;  
words of love and joy and truth  
words that hold the broken-hearted,  
write the words that soothe.

## The days that remind me

Consumed by worries

beyond reason's reach

hijacked by demons

that don't even exist...

those were the days that reminded me

of who I used to be--

those were the days that forced me

to surrender and to weep—

those were the days that birthed

who I was here to be.

## Soul contract

Who are you to think you know  
of the sacred agreement  
that God and each soul make  
before their first breath,  
to become flesh and blood?

We cannot know--  
we can only guess and speculate  
with compassionate curiosity  
the deeper reasons of another's life.

Better to accept what you cannot tolerate.  
Better to accept that you cannot know.  
Better to love our brother or sister in their bliss or misery,  
than to think you have any clue  
about their journey or their path.

Better to look within  
and read the fine print.  
Better to review  
the contract you created  
when you entered this world  
with your own sacred pact.

## Good grief

Escorting the humble  
through valleys and summits,  
exhausting and burning  
the fumes of your mind,  
reducing the need for regular senses  
it is *you*, grief has come to find...

The kind that distills  
the willing to kindness-  
the kind that disorients  
and revolts the heart-  
the kind that transforms  
the newly forsaken,  
the kind that turns pain  
into art.

## How the story goes

First, you're the victim, then you're the hero, then the director, then the producer. Then, the investor and then the observer from the seats.

Then, you become the writer. Then, you become the story.

Then one day you drop the story, because even that powerful story is just a tiny preamble – a virtual experience for the intelligence that lives through you.

## I am that

I am that which sees and senses  
the tender spaces  
of the human heart;  
*beauty-loving, life-observing,*  
*world-belonging, justice-serving,*  
*I am that.*

I am that which rides life rapids  
and jumps off places  
saying yes to every fall;  
*soul-affirming, health-preserving,*  
*truth-confirming, love-deserving,*  
*I am that.*

I am that which photographs the sunrise,  
noticing the mundane and the glorious,  
embracing dark in every light;  
*memory-making, art-creating, community-nurturing,*  
*light-embracing,*  
*I am that.*

I am that which knows true wealth  
and that every failure is a breakthrough--  
*I am that which sees herself in you.*

# Diaspora

Dispersed, we have been  
for decades, perhaps lifetimes  
searching for everything  
*we thought* we lost.

Seeking sense and meaning making,  
longing for birthplaces  
and peaceful spaces of belonging  
and love...

Broken-open, our wounds we nurse  
through all the heartbreaks that remind us;  
what is whole cannot be dispersed.



# Hardship

Whenever you notice,  
in your own life,  
or in the challenged life of another...  
an unfairness, an unkind fate,  
an unfathomable injustice,  
an illness, a death,  
walk up to it and  
breathe it in as if it were  
the freshest air in this world.

Then, repeat until your lungs are saturated  
with the uncommon knowledge  
underneath it all;

and then you will know  
the rhyme and reason  
for every human hardship on Earth,  
and then you will know  
that the only anecdote for suffering  
is love.

## Until it happens to you

Until your heart is broken-open,  
and your tears begin to flow.  
Until truth challenges knowledge  
and opinions you outgrow.

Until your body is harshly shaken,  
and awakened from the dream.  
Until your wounds meet open daylight  
and you fall to your knees and scream.

Until disillusionment is no longer a stranger  
and your sorrow becomes known.  
Until defeats are humbly treasured  
and you see the world's suffering as your own.

Until the water you drink becomes sacred,  
and the sound of your breath, your guide.  
Until you allow life to live you,  
because you take everything in stride.

Until sitting in silence is cherished  
and you're fed by Mother Earth.  
Until you see coherence in everything  
and with each death, a birth--  
you have not truly lived.

## What is here

What is here is everything--  
everything you imagined  
to be worthy of you,  
in this moment in time  
for you to relish your creation  
and to observe, through the mind of God  
what serves or destroys  
the harmony within, so that you  
may wisely choose  
what is here, now,  
again and again.

# Turning stones

At the beginning,  
it's important to honor and explore,  
whether painful or pleasurable  
each recurring curiosity  
that speaks your name  
and asks for the impossible--

so that you may rise  
from your own shadow,  
and transmute the dark  
into Light...

Until all stones have been turned,  
only then can you rest assured  
that each living thing  
undergoes this sublime journey--  
of turning over illusions  
until they're affirmed  
there are none.

# Quarantine

It's always best to stay inside  
to tend to high-grade fears.

Until you befriend the virus you still carry --  
the one that divides and splits you,  
the one that insists you are not whole,  
the only proper medicine  
is for you to remain at home.

Make some tea, journal.  
Drink water, breathe.  
Rest until you're centered and calm.

Until you've wrestled every demon  
you've ever imagined,  
and ponder and argue why your way is  
right and *they* are wrong,  
it's just best to stay home.

# Solidarity

I'll tell you where I stand...

I'm here to help heal our separation,

to gently open hearts,

to inspire peace in those who crave it

to shine light where it is dark.

I stand here before you

at the threshold of nowhere,

I know what's possible

and can sense what is true.

I'm a sister to every pain

that needs belonging

and every injustice longing

until there are none in you.

## I'm leaving a little trail

I'm leaving a little trail  
of words, and deeds,  
and books telling stories  
of dreams that became nightmares,  
and nightmares that became grace.

Filled with understanding and thanksgiving  
redemption and care giving,  
collapse and disillusionment  
and how I came to be free.

Little heart-crumbs, I have dropped  
on digital trails and solid places  
to support the flourishing  
of our precious human race.





## Other works by Mayra

Unmasking

Have you ever been here?

Honoring your grief

60 ways to know love (journal)

All my mistakes

52 weeks (journal)

Gratitude Yearbooks

(2018, 2019, 2020, 2022, 2023)

My true feelings

Essence Glossary™

The Workbook of Human Superpowers

GRATEFUL | 30-day self-care journal

People are like flowers

Emotional Intelligence: making sense of your  
emotional data

A Nighttime Trip to Planet NUF

Soul Friends

Wake Up Beautiful Girl

Lilly's Life



# Deepest gratitude

To my loved ones -- on Earth and in Heaven.

## About Mayra

As a granddaughter of Spanish immigrants, Mayra was raised in a blended and lively culture. Born in Puerto Rico, she experienced a pivotal transition at age 11 when her family relocated to Munroe Falls, Ohio. This shift thrust her into a profound valley of cultural, social, mental, emotional, and spiritual exploration – a space where she grappled with the complexities of identity, language, and belonging.

Mayra holds a BA in business management and a master's degree in community health education & promotion from Kent State University. She has worked with corporations, nonprofits and numerous educational and social institutions throughout her career.

Today, she continues to explore the intersections of wellbeing and personal leadership through spiritual awareness and grief recovery, offering powerful insights into our innate benevolence and potential for true prosperity and peace.

[mayraporrata.com](http://mayraporrata.com)