A misty forest scene with tall trees and a picnic table in the foreground. The trees are silhouetted against a bright, hazy background, creating a serene and atmospheric setting. The ground is covered in green grass, and a wooden picnic table is visible in the lower right corner.

Secret Garden

Of the

Soul

Poems by  
Christine Miller

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# Dedication

## Kindling Spirits

This collection is dedicated to the Universality of Love, to higher consciousness, to the rediscovery of connectedness and oneness, and to raising awareness on a global scale. I hope that by revealing this ongoing discovery of my inner core and essence, that wonderful awakening which is a joyful emergence in progress, more Hearts and Souls may be aroused, and encouraged to tread the path into their own unique Secret Garden of the Soul.

Warm and heartfelt thanks to my family, my husband, Alan, and my children, Chloé and Alex; they have been there when I wanted them, disappeared when I needed space, and always offered their love, support, encouragement.

I also honour my mother, who, in her fading moments passing from this life, offered me a privileged opportunity to experience true inner calm and forgiveness, and gracefully showed me how peaceful death can be.

Thanks also to my spiritual kin, (you know who you are), for inspiration, encouragement and support in bringing these poems out into the public domain, and to all those who have attended my workshops and insisted that this volume should be published: your ongoing faith in me is truly valued.

Christine Miller

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# Secret Garden of the Soul: An Inner Journey

## Introduction

These poems are an invitation to journey through the Secret Garden of a Soul, a soul in the process of re-mem-bering its essence and reconnecting to its authentic, joyful self. My intention is that in reading the poems, you will find a meaning unique to your life, and that you, too, may be led to a place of inner peace and joy, a private place where your soul can dwell unfettered by mundane concerns.

In many ways these are Love poems; not in the conventional sense of being addressed to another person, but calling on and recognising universal love, the love of a greater being, with a sense of coming home. They also represent the development of my relationship with my inner core and essence, that wonderful awakening which is a joyful emergence in progress, and all the elements that have contributed to this.

Some were written from a place of separation, from experiencing 'dark nights of the soul', and are taking the soul towards re-connection and consciousness of its collective nature and origins. Such feelings are often beyond words, and I hope my attempts to describe my experiences, written from the heart as the soul comes forth, will resonate as the honest expression of my truth.

At these times, the anguish is so great that we cry out to be delivered, to be relieved, to be anywhere rather than where we are – the pain seems too great, the loneliness and sense of separation are intense. Yet, ultimately, we know that we are never really alone. We are connected to all other souls, and a shift in perception can take us to a place where a sense of blissful oneness pervades.

Such times pass – often they precede great breakthroughs in consciousness and awareness. We are being boosted to a new level, and it hurts. To be

really able and congruent to illuminate the steps on the path, we have to have been in these places, and live and metaphorically die through them. Then we can hold the hands of others and shed light along the way.

Perhaps this little book can act as a companion and hold some hands, hopefully many, and lead them away from self-sabotage, the inner doubts, the ego-created fear – the lack of love, the enemy within. I'd also like to think that when we rest in the secret garden, and gaze at our own reflection, we can learn to see our dearest friend, our most frank and honest witness, our greatest champion, our totally sincere and adoring lover...

That from the depths of our being, our darkness, our mind-created illusions give way to light, and we are flooded with the illumination of the heart and soul, the inner knowing, compassion, authenticity and trust that opens us to the oneness.

This volume represents only the tip of a limitless iceberg of poems and other writing, and I anticipate with great joy manifesting many, many more.

# Christine Miller

For More Information visit:

[www.soulpoet.org](http://www.soulpoet.org)

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(♥This Free Gift is a selection of 8 poems from the above contents list: Full Book [Click Here](#))

## Poem Catcher

Dreamily,  
I wrote poems;  
Exquisitely expressed,  
In my head  
In bed  
This dawning.

Mourning now,  
The words  
Dissolved,  
By light,  
By consciousness,  
By mundanity.

If Dream-catchers  
Take hold of  
Night-time forms,  
Will a well-versed  
Poem-catcher ensnare  
Emergent thoughts?

Landing those  
Un-harboured lines,  
With finely meshed  
Nets, golden havens  
For the precious  
Butterflies of the mind.

A self-made memento,  
Handmaiden crafted  
To honour urgent  
Rôle calls to the  
Playgrounds of  
Creative collaboration.

Pockets for dreams,  
Soft resting place  
For tender thoughts;  
Passions arising,  
Scintillating senses captured  
To resurge, renew.

Given in love,  
Enduring, Enchanting,  
Enlightening,  
Enriched by magic threads,  
The Wondrous Embroidery  
Of the Heart Expressed.





## Masks and Roles

I'm not supposed to fall apart;  
I'm the strong one, brave of heart.  
I'm not supposed to speak my mind;  
I'm the sweet one, calm and kind.  
I'm not supposed to ask for aid;  
I'm the helper, that's my trade.  
I'm not supposed to say I'm sad,  
Nor be the one who's feeling bad.

I am supposed to make a show,  
The one whose happy, inner glow  
Brightens up a sad friend's day,  
Illuminates the others' way.  
I am supposed to understand,  
Be sympathetic, lend a hand.  
Solid, sure and steady stock,  
I am supposed to be the rock.

When this stone begins to weather,  
When I'm tossed like a tattered feather,  
When my heart wants comfort and care,  
Will there be some dear friend there?  
One to witness me in pieces,  
Sit with me till my strength increases?  
Is there someone there for me,  
Fearless of what they may see  
When the curtain moves aside  
Revealing turmoil deep inside?

Who am I supposed to be?  
And is it my right to be me?  
To open up my deepest part  
And demonstrate my inner heart?  
I chose my roles, I donned my masks  
Volunteered for helper's tasks.  
If the mantle pricks my skin;  
If this cloak is wearing thin,  
Then I reach out for the new,  
For the cause lies with me,  
Never with you.

Christine Miller

FOR DETAILS OF MASQUES AND ROLES WORKSHOPS  
PLEASE GO TO

**Soul Poet**

## SEA OF MIND

Floating  
Featherlike,  
Thoughts exude,  
Powerful,  
As waves  
In the sea  
Of mind

A raised hand signals,  
Gestures royally  
Sinking lower  
Then rising  
To attract attention  
Surfacing,  
Tensioning intent.

Be careful  
What you wishfully think  
You may find it  
Appearing;  
Heartstoppingly accurate,  
Skimming stones  
Through your dreams.

Skipping along,  
Pebble-dashing  
Your deepest soul,  
With watery creatures;  
Salt-rimed shells  
Barnacled to your Being  
As Destiny made manifest.

## Conscious Living

Years of sadness and stifling suppression  
Bring tears of release, resurgent expression.  
My heart now bursting with love and delight,  
My soul now guided by clear inner sight.

Angels appearing, aligned in support,  
Emerging now, inspirational thought:  
"If you want to truly live,  
The solution is to only forgive."

Forgive yourself, forgive the world,  
Then the splendour is unfurled.  
Radiant beauty illuminates all,  
And into dust transforms the wall.

That wall you built for your protection  
Has been the root of disconnection.  
Now horizons clear and free  
Enable you to truly see.

The panorama spreads in glory,  
Beginning now, a wondrous story.  
Love is for giving; and truly forgiving  
Transports your soul to conscious living.



*In a secret location,  
very close to paradise.....*

In a secret location,  
Very close to paradise  
The Love of your life  
Awaits, trembling.  
Ever present Love,  
Gifted to you, now.  
Searching within,  
Delicately unlacing  
Dreamy silken ribbons,  
Revealing enchantment  
In diaphanous, floating layers.

Peeling back panes,  
Ethereal strata of colour,  
Cellophaned, translucent,  
Kaleidoscopic;  
Jewelled-windowed  
Ingress to the inner realms.

Gazing into the box of mysteries,  
You will discover  
Pearls of preciousness  
Previously undreamed,  
Unrealised Beauty,  
Rapturous delight.  
Your diamond-clear soul  
Scintillating with prismatic points  
Of brilliance and bright perfection.

The emerald essence of your  
Spirit emerges, flowing with  
Spring-like lucidity,  
Leaving only  
The pure love  
Of the realised mind,  
In rapturous peace,  
Forgiving, forgiven,  
Forever.



## Being in Light, Lightening Being

### You will have light

With you

Wherever you may travel.

Light emerging;

Delicate plumes

Of Lambent beauty.

Light flooding;

Opalescent pools

Of mysterious depth.

Clarity,

Illumination,

Joy

Delight.

### You will bring warmth

With you,

Wherever you may enter.

Warmth surrounding,

Whispering,

Soft embrace.

Warmth supporting,

Caressing,

Gentle kiss.

Calm,

Peace,

Safety

Bliss.

## You will take light

With you  
Wherever you may travel.  
Light, bringing  
Radiant beams  
Of sparkling glory,  
Weaving  
Gossamer wings in  
Pearly shimmers.  
Cascading,  
Spreading,  
Creating the way ahead.



## Light will encircle you,

Enfold you,  
Wherever you are,  
Shining the way.  
Light of love,  
Light of warmth,  
Light -  
Beauty of the awakened heart.

## Go safely into the light,

A beacon  
To shine  
With the purity  
Of your inner glow.

## The Goddess Tree

Goddess, Mother  
subtle feminine divine,  
ethereal light gilds and goldenly catches  
rippling fluid leaves, supple waving branches,  
your roots firmly planted, your secrets hidden, embedded deep  
in lushest rich green grass, drawing elixir from emerald wells of wisdom.

stately erect,	you	stand alone
elegant	yet	strong
beyond	all	measure.
ivy spins	at	your feet
clinging	and	caressing
encircling	your	limbs.
beseeching	or	interceding,
arms	out	stretched

tenderly reaching upwards  
offering calm protection.  
unassailable guardian  
of Sacred space  
ever watchful

true giver  
of shelter  
nurturer  
of love  
of life  
of rest.  
showering  
blessings,  
inspiring  
dreams,  
visions,  
magical  
moments.



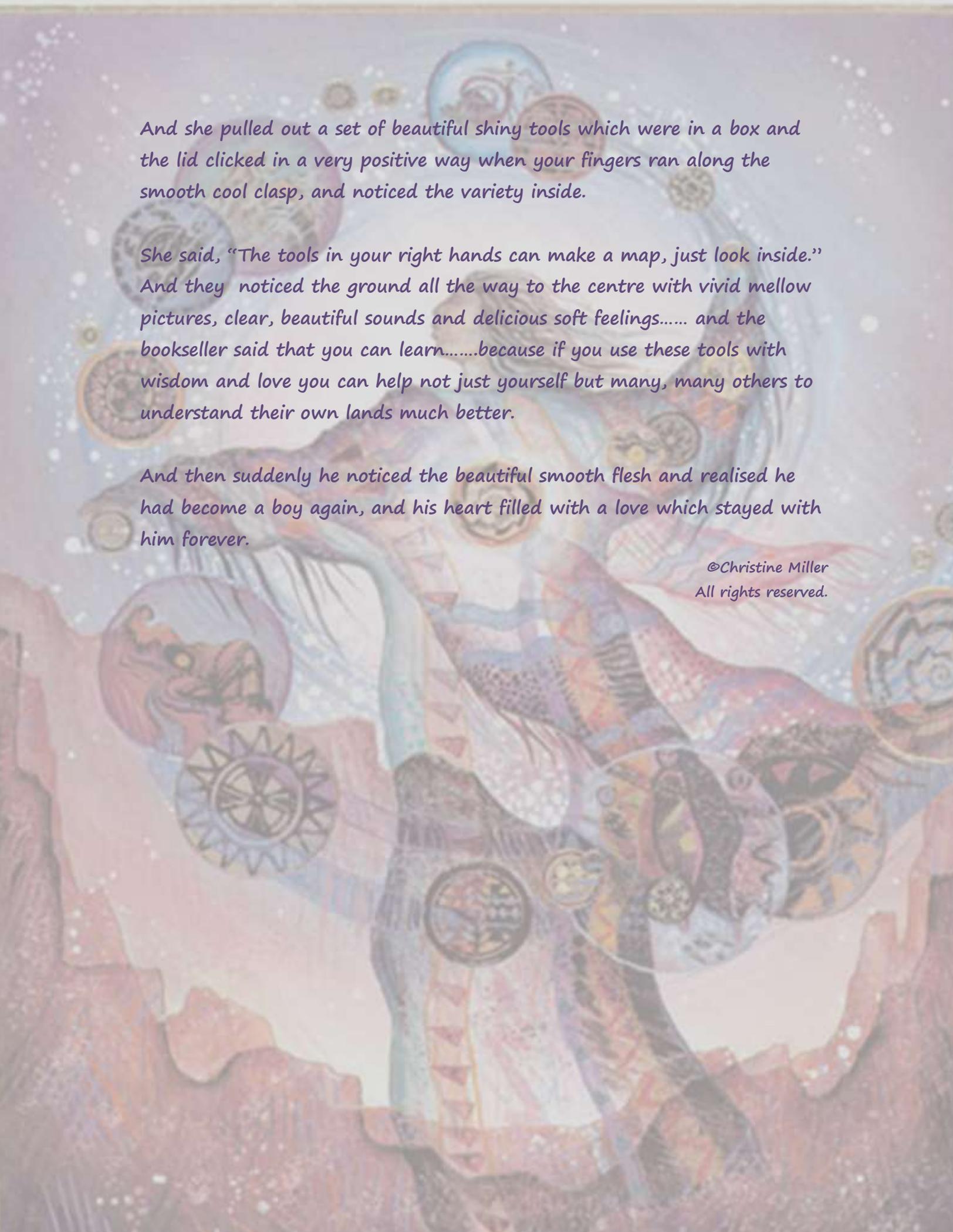
## Love in the Dragons Nest...

Once, in the loft the Magician said to the child,  
"Tell me how this happens that you aren't what you think you want".  
And the child said "I lay down to sleep on the dragon's nest and when I  
awoke I was the dragon. I flew to visit my companions and found they  
didn't know me.

If I could really be me again, I'd be really me and leave behind all the  
thoughts and ideas that my companions were unkind and didn't love me.  
I've discovered they changed with my changing and I want to be the real  
me again."

And so, the magician said,  
"Scratch off the surface". So he did and there was another dragon skin  
beneath, and the magician said "Scratch again" so he did and this time he  
felt a little tender and delicate, and there was another dragon skin there.  
So he scratched deep again and there was hurt and pain and although he  
felt this he continued on and on, and uncovered another painful, tender  
layer...

And in the grounds the woman said "I need a better map than this, I can't  
find my way to the centre". And the bookseller said "I can help to show  
you a better map and as it's magical it can help you to know what's truly  
at the centre".



*And she pulled out a set of beautiful shiny tools which were in a box and the lid clicked in a very positive way when your fingers ran along the smooth cool clasp, and noticed the variety inside.*

*She said, "The tools in your right hands can make a map, just look inside." And they noticed the ground all the way to the centre with vivid mellow pictures, clear, beautiful sounds and delicious soft feelings..... and the bookseller said that you can learn.....because if you use these tools with wisdom and love you can help not just yourself but many, many others to understand their own lands much better.*

*And then suddenly he noticed the beautiful smooth flesh and realised he had become a boy again, and his heart filled with a love which stayed with him forever.*

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## About Christine Miller



A prolific poet, author and speaker, Christine Miller MA FRSA is renowned for her powerful writing. Described as 'A Poet of Her Time', whose poetry is 'sublime', Christine's first volume of poetry, 'Secret Garden of the Soul', was published to great acclaim in 2006. A moving collection, beautiful and soulful, these poems have the ability to touch the hearts and minds of many people. Demonstrating her great inner wisdom, Christine's voice is greatly needed in today's world, and her new collection 'Courage to Love' goes to press in 2019.

Christine offers a range of workshops and retreats using poetry and reflective writing to foster communication, creativity and imagination, helping people rekindle joy, experience inner calm and peace, and refresh their senses. Participants are encouraged to bring through heartfelt messages from the soul for personal, corporate and global transformation.

Founder Editor of global business and personal development portal ['Your Ultimate ReSource'](#), Christine also regularly consults with global leaders and thinkers on matters related to creativity, education, transformation and leadership and Love.

For more information:

[www.soulpoet.org](http://www.soulpoet.org) and [www.christinemiller.co](http://www.christinemiller.co)

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## QVC LOVE LETTERS CAMPAIGN

Christine was commissioned by Shopping Channel QVC and Mischief PR to spearhead a campaign to bring back the art of writing love letters and poems.



Creating over 100 poems in two days, Christine demonstrated her creativity and ability to express loving, inspiring thoughts. Hundreds of lucky recipients had these lovely designer cards with personalised messages drop through their letterboxes in time for Valentine's Day.

The artwork for the cards is by Kate Forrester (<http://kateforrester.co.uk>) and a selection of the poems will be published later this year.

Christine found herself quoted on London's Capital Radio and in the Daily Express and various other media.



## Four Key Reasons Why People Find It Difficult To Write Love Letters

Just imagine, you're madly in love with a new flame...or you're deeply loving someone you've known for a while, relishing the joy they bring to your life, and you want to let them know. How do you do it?

Of course! You take a piece of pristine paper, or a lovely card, bring to mind your beloved, pick up your pen, and write beautiful words of admiration, adoration, inspiration...tell them how much you love them, what it is that makes them so special and unique to you - don't you? Ahhh. Well. Fifteen minutes later, and the paper's still blank. Thirty minutes...still an empty sheet. An hour...same scenario. In frustration, crumpling the paper and throwing it in the bin, you give up.

Your romantic gesture thwarted, you wonder why that sheet of paper seems to reproach you, challenge you, as if it were asking you what right you have to write a love letter...maybe even what right you have to write anything.

Why, when it's one of the most natural things in the world to love another, is it so hard to write a love letter expressing those sentiments?

**First of all**, it's not something that is taught in school, and poetic language hasn't been high on the agenda of subjects deemed necessary for success. In fact, in some instances, poetic language is considered soppy, weak, emotional nonsense, irrelevant to modern life. How many people these days have a stack of handwritten, treasured love letters tied with a satin ribbon?

**Second**, we live in a fast-paced world where writing *anything* by hand is more and more unusual and considered quaint and old fashioned by many. The delicious pleasures of carefully forming letters and words with a pen and ink are unknown or forgotten to many. It's easier and quicker to send an email, a text or an E-card.

**Third**, the words. The vocabulary of romance, the imagery, subtlety and description are rare to find, and few will be reading Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley or even our current Poet Laureate, Carol Ann Duffy, to find inspiration and learn by example.

**Number Four** – and the really BIG reason, which underlies all the other reasons - is FEAR. Fear of rejection, fear of losing face, being seen as soft, being ridiculed...fear of not being good enough.

***To overcome your fear – put yourself in the position of your loved one, and imagine how you would feel if they were to write a few precious lines dedicated just to you: wouldn't you melt with delight, and be truly thrilled?***

So set aside the fear, be bold and courageous, pick up your pen, and share the  
Love...after all, it's what makes the world go round...

**You can pick up a free guide to writing  
Love Letters and Poems here:**

**<http://soulpoet.org/wordpress/community/free-gift/>**

**You can find information about Christine's mentoring and  
business consultancy work here:**

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