



:: AUGUST

Sunday at the Park

You want me to what?

Lie here?

That's all?

No phone calls or emails?

No errands or chores?

No work or list of things to do?

Are you sure?

You just want me to

lie here on this blanket?

With that gift of a cool breeze

blowing in from the ocean?

And the sun sneaking through the branches

to dance across my skin?

You just want me to lie here?

And not do anything?

Seriously?



:: NOVEMBER

Quiet Mirrors

“Only in quiet waters
things mirror themselves
undistortedly.

Only in a quiet mind
is there adequate perception
of the world.”

— Hans Margolius, *Values of Life: Essays and Notes*²¹



Resistance

There is resistance this morning. I can feel it. It has rooted itself in that spot in the middle of my chest—where anxiety and love commingle sometimes.

I'm trying to breathe through it. Let go. Be in the moment. Recognize it as thought that serves no purpose.

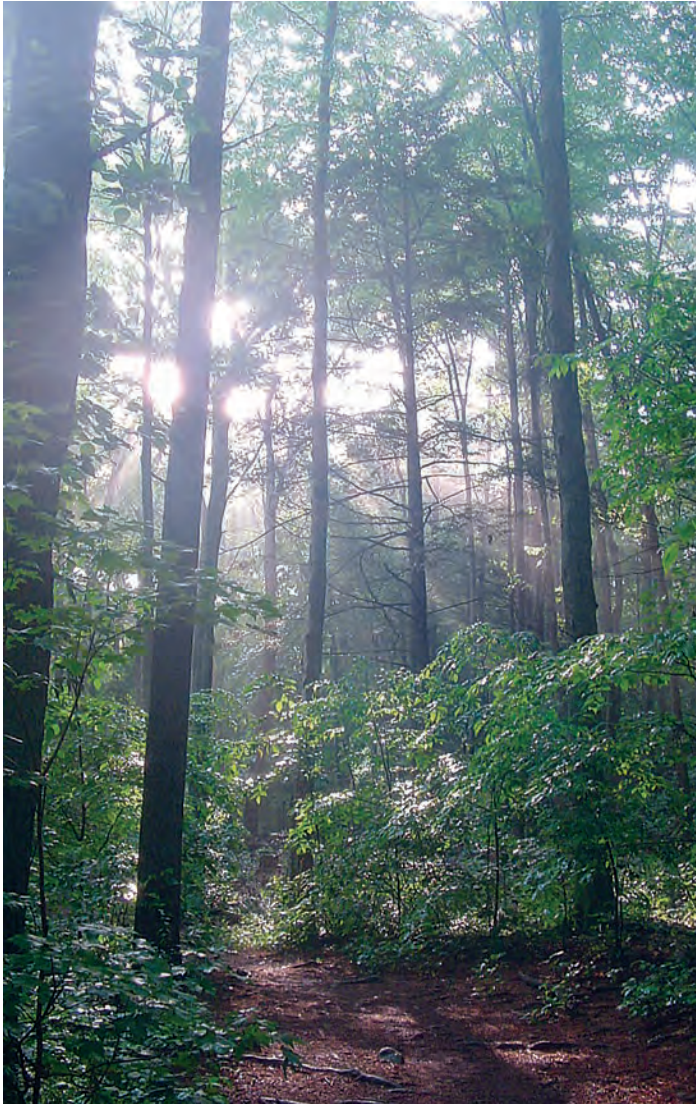
But still there is resistance. And worry. And fear.

And then these beautiful words find their way into my sightline, and I think...

I want to unfold.

*Let no place in me hold itself closed,
for where I am closed, I am false.*

— Rainer Maria Rilke, *Rilke's Book
of Hours: Love Poems to God*⁸⁸



:: MAY

A Morning Walk

it is just past seven when I walk into the woods

a new day casts its light softly through treetops
and into still-dark places

the nighttime labors of small creatures wait like ghosts
in morning mist

the sun points the way, while bullfrogs and blue jays
serenade

the air is heavy and humid, but cool from last night's rain

forgotten raindrops fall from leaves and dance
across a stream

the forest smells familiar, its dampness and earth
like memories I can touch

they stay with me as I leave, the day so far ahead
from where I started



No Other Choice

When the Universe serves up a breezy, 70-degree morning in the middle of the summer, you have no other choice but to get outside and wrap yourself up in it for a while.

OSPREY IN FLIGHT