



Violent Winter, Silent Spring

Today, as I crouched on the rocks by the pond,
my eye met with that of a foot-long bass
through the veil of the water's surface
and for the first time, in a long time,
I felt myself swimming in him.

Then, on the meandering path through the woods,
I was bathed in pale-pink, crabapple perfume
from the big balls of blossoms bowing limbs above me.
We had both about cracked under the weight of winter,
but, had thrown back our shoulders and moved on.

I was so full from the smell of sweet grass in the field,
creaking trees could have rocked me to sleep.
But, Silence was singing, "Come back to me!"
so, I stayed awake with her still.

She opened her arms wide, looked around & pronounced,
"You are Resilience itself!"

"I Am?"

"Yes! You understand! ... See?"

She had to spell it out for me:

RE - SIL - I - ENCE

Today, "I" returned to the middle of "SILENCE."
I feel buoyant whenever I go back to her.
When I can Re-Silence myself,
I spring back quickly from the shape I've been in,
no matter how far I have been stretched.

Then, Silence held my hand and blessed me,
"You have weathered a wicked winter
and are swimming and blooming again.
You are whole and one with Everything.
Go in peace."

MANTRA: *I Am in the Great I AM
when I return to the middle of silence again.*

