

Trust

Life is not mundane.
It is our interest in it that makes it so.

It is *I* who feels bored, restless, wanting,
dreaming of past or future.

Life is life.
It keeps moving in its merry, or not so merry, way.

People pass me on the street.
I see lives of rage, calmness,
eagerness, laughter,
talking and speeding by.

Energy flying everywhere.
Stories and melodramas constantly written,
constantly changing.

So many lives my life meanders through.
How many of their stories do I feel a part of,
really know, or care to know?

What tulips grow through the weeds of other gardens?

Do I sit too long in my own garden,
pondering its growth,
being confused and overwhelmed over
what seeds to plant?

*Permission is granted to take a break
from this ponderous quest.
Soul begs us to relax.
It requests your company on a jaunt through joy,
where tulips still grow while the mind rests.*

Relax into the imagination of joy.

Allow the fullness of trust to pull us out of the mundane.

We can lie on a cloud.
Its softness enfolds and holds our aches and pains.

We are so comfortable in that cloud,
we lose our sense of body.
The cloud and our body just float gently and
serenely with the movement of life.

Our mind gives up thought.
It is content to just be.

The sun keeps us warm.
We float in a cocoon of sun and cloud.

A thought may arise,
an experience remembered,
and we gently send it on its way
to float on its own on a smaller cloud,
leaving us to relax and be.
Not to be with...
Just to be
in the moment of stillness,
trusting the moment will not hurt,
trusting the cloud's joyful softness,
trusting the sun's warmth.

No past to ponder.
No future to worry about.
Just relaxing in the lap of soul.

A moment of contentment to re-experience
when we need to befriend our breath
in the speed of life.

Remembering The Cloud

I was on the phone at work,
blabbing away.
Feeling tense,
voice loud,
hearing but not listening.

Suddenly, while the other person speedily talked,
I remembered the cloud.
I slowly breathed in its softness - three deep breaths.

I opened my mouth,
and slow, soft words came out.

My smile blossomed.
I listened.

The voice on the other end slowed too.
Softened. Listened.

We hung up smiling.

Dying/Reconciling

I am dying.
You are dying.
“Life is terminal,”
 a very often heard cliché.

So in our dying
let’s say hello
before we say goodbye.

Let’s reconcile our anger,
so we don’t take it on our next journey.

What prideful pain did *you* feel
that you perceived I hurt you?

What fear threatened *me*
that I saw you as my enemy?

Are we defined by our past?
Or are we more than our learnings?

Can we meet on the bridge of trust?
Sharing our learning,
hugging our sorrow.

If I die before you, please
allow me your hand at the end of the tunnel
so I may ease you through the passage
of our future memories.

Let’s now say, “I’m sorry.”
“I understand.”
“It’s okay.”
Before our hands reach the end of the tunnel.