

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 energy,
calm and tumultuous,
laughing, talking, speeding by.

So much is going on.
Energy is flying everywhere.
Stories and melodramas constantly being 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,
getting confused and overwhelmed over
what seeds to plant?

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

Let's 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 that 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.



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,
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 ok.”
Before our hands reach the end of the tunnel.

