

In Reaching Her

She planted seeds for me.
Seeds of chalk

scribble a trail
Like constellations
mapping a truth in the soil

Skipping stones and pinecones lead the way
A brewery of doubt lost
like dust that's backpacked across continents
Melodious winds call curious critters out to play; I am one.

She tells me to abandon my shoes
To feel the mid-summer silk of plush green grass
gently seek the spaces between my toes

Already,
I know
I have arrived.

Even when the trail extends for miles
This is where I am called to sit.

//

Settled,
In the warmth of the sun's smile
I see her in all of the landscape.

Stretching her skin across seafloors and mountain crests
that dance to the indigenous strumming of her heart
Driving the creation of the definable and the infinite,
She is all too kind for us
to walk with headphones in and

to mistake her love for an infidel heart

to litter her garden
like we were the ones who planted her.

She tells me, "Branches reach their arms down toward the Earth
so that we may climb closer to the soul."

And in that moment, I know
this to be the place
Where blooms can cry
Instead of crackle

Where Resin, from the Bodhi tree,
wraps its soul around ailing bones
and says, "This

This right here,
Is to be trusted."

And I'd take the trail any day
For *that*.

.