

Meditation Two

Morning dew reflects the rising sun.
Consumed by sunlight, the landscape
shines like thousands of tiny star lights.

Birds wheel and turn in lazy arcs. Their
chirp and warble songs a handful of love that
breaks the tender quiet of this early hour.

A spider spins its intricate web. The fine
silken strands hold tight and strong. A silver
mandala of bold beauty but deadly deceit.

I call out to you, *Good morning,*
good morning my friend! Join me right
now. Come on, hike the trails with me.

We are the pathfinders:
wandering velvet byways
trekking airy tree groves.

Roving a vast salt marsh. Marveling
harbor views from Eagle Hill.
Exploring those well-hidden places.

What lies at the fork ahead?
What's beyond the trail's bend?
The aura of trains linger.

A rumble, tremble. A sudden whoosh
of wind and air horn's clarion call
announce a passing express.

Memories of long ago adventures or that
let's skip out on life today journey we
seized in Rockport just this last Tuesday.

Handing the conductor our blue ticket stubs, she
swiftly and deftly punched out our terminus then
clipped the slips to the back of the worn red leather seat.

The train dims and quickly fades. We
resume our restorative sojourn. Calmly,
slowly; it welcomes and weaves us into itself.

Swampscott, Salem, Marblehead, beyond
and beyond, our dense woodland travels lead
us to private anywhere/wherever destinations.

I walk with you my friend, we meditate:

*Mother Gaia, bless and provide us on this intoxicating day. Guide our course
toward gilded paths and help us sweep away those stormy days.
For this we seek and receive. We breathe deeply with one profound breath. Amen.*

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