



Sitting Softly by Jodi Girouard

I will sit softly with my mind, with kindness for the sadness,
With the exuberant bewilderment spent addressing me.
I am simply sitting with the idea that all the many fragments
Sent once into a spinning debris of chaos is no longer
Myself as a loss but in a beginning sensation.
I am facing a thinking, sinking into the mossy seat,
retreating from defeating noise, sensing the joys
of tranquil thought brought on by the discovery of spring.
I find things remain, the stains of delusions, the confusion
Of caring too much. As such, I still will myself on,
Dawn, cracking light onto my face, caressing the trace
Of wisdom observed, like the hummingbird that is heard.
I act upon the graceful sways, the disarrays managed,
The edge of unease released into a peaceful pause...because
I am all that there is missing. I lift my voice to the singing
Blue feathered friend. I send myself up the hillside beside
The daffodils and the stillness I long to succumb to.

I am not new at this direction, this Monday section of meaning,
Gleaning the bits of truth that forever echo strands of belonging
As a youth. I trail dandelions, yellow, the low brush, the rush
Of the river awakening from the silver-edged ice of before.

And I want more of this that I have missed.

I kiss and wish in the bits of pollen, the fallen mist
Of remorse, this course I savor. I rather favor this softness,
This compassion, this rational piece of my mind, for I find
The days shorter, but oh so much more with my cohort,
You, the other piece that fits into our struggle, our puzzled ways,
These days that we deliver ourselves from the harshest comments

That meant too much before.

The blended hands of flowers, the meditating no longer waiting
For all the showers that come, but simply humming like the bird,
A word, a phrase, the amazing possibilities of resting, nesting
Into the days we learn to stay within.