

## BEING A MONK ON BIG SUR FOR A MONTH

One can lose oneself seated  
on this Big Sur cliff -  
a turning inside out of sorts,  
beside a rustic log cabin  
created by long-gone friends  
who believed creativity birthed in isolation.

A surrounding path begs for meditative mindful steps  
beneath bowing branches,  
as visitors nudge night crawlers left behind  
by Steinbeck boys, and museums.

I used to take my thoughts there,  
catch glimpses of magic  
on moss-covered benches,  
beside buried journals  
hidden in pine needled paths.

In the distance, an ocean washes woes away  
and hugs hungry hearts,  
while braided memories  
are written with her crystals  
in glistening waters  
weaving disconnected stories.

This cabin has no phone  
no TV nor human utterances -  
one only hears a purring forest  
to embrace lonely souls like me.

There's a universe of possibilities here,  
a real-life force - Pacific powered inspiration -  
as these cabin walls capture  
creative bursts and bleed  
onto the pages of our minds,  
in a place where Nin and Miller

made deep penetrating love.

Hearts come alive here  
and loneliness evaporates  
like whiskey in open canteens,

on this edge of Big Sur, and it's cannon-like waves.

So yes, we can lose ourselves  
on this Big Sur cliff  
once turned inside out,

we can also find ourselves  
and our long-gone friends.