

Being a Monk on Big Sur for a Month - Diana Raab

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

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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 its 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.

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