

SPIRITUAL PRACTICE

Walking through my garden today,
I stop and study the magnificence of nature
and how it heals my broken hearts
as olive tree branches sway in the wind.

Sterile olives fall to the ground,
and bees buzz inside purple flowers,
while hummingbirds flutter from
one red flower to the next.

Crows sweep down for water
into my birdbath, an arch of roses
drop their petals as I walk beside
a plumeria with its sweet scent
reminding me of beloved trips to Maui.

Pebbles crunch under my feet,
camouflaged lizards remain still until approached.
In the corner, large rocks my grandson climbs

under a big oak tree hanging over
a bench where I sit as he swings
in his very own playground.

Another hummingbird
arrives from the heavens
to tell me that grandma sees all,
and reminds me how being still
is the best spiritual practice
in our ever-transforming universe
of life's garden.