

Gratitude

There are pills
there are doctors
there is desperation

and you look in books
where at first
there is nothing

then by luck
or fate
you see it

your hand running along the top shelf
it comes like a flash
you don't know why
your hand had retrieved it

that particular book

the one with the basket of oranges
the one that's all about seeds

Understanding Our Mind
it says on the cover

there on the shelf among others
in the store that day

somehow your hand pulled it down
that book
that day

and standing there
not moving
you read
for a long time
an hour
two
or more

traces are left
maybe something like ruts
in drying fresh mud
they harden
with time

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you come to know them
you start to think
you see that things have changed
you can deal with this way now

you learn to look
you learn to listen
you can even learn to smell all over again
to taste
to feel

this whatever it is
you can deal
you can deal with what must be done

it is spelled out for you now
by this humble monk
with so many Hs in his name

water the good seeds
he says
water the good seeds
and let the bad seeds be

You're going to be okay

anxiety
fear
need
wanting

understand your mind
calm your mind
water good seeds

now you are sure
now you are safe

life starts again
and you even like it

so much to be done
and so little

so many preparations
and none

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there is taking the giant leap
and there is
 that you are already home

there is courage
and there is no fear

there is the joy of life
the freshness
the song of a bird
the breeze on your skin

you are home at last
possibly
 for the first time
settled, sure, relaxed and safe

how could you ever tell
of such gratitude?

- - David Gates
 (11 October, 2020)

