

The Maple Tree

By Judith B Miller, March 2015

Just before the bud of the blood red maple leaf springs open;
the instant before the birthing of a child's first breath,
and just before the ocean wave breaks,
and just before the hover of the hummingbird halts.
I find that place I have, but where I have not been.
I reach for it; I try to pull it in
I breathe deeply, pause, and there it is.
It is the place, the peace,
the stillness where the I, I am, is.

Here is the calm which so often eludes me,
here is the all-knowing without thought.
This stillness has no color, no sound.
It is where the lost is found.
Here the absence of rhythm pulsating through my veins,
quiets and soothes the beating heart.
No comings or goings, no time,
no judgment, no future, no past
a place where it is just now at last.

It is a place I can gift to no one and
no one can take it from me.
Stillness provides its own safety net,
the rabbit, the deer, the wind claim it so easily.
Yet I journey the world to claim
my own safe harbor where no distance governs its boundaries,
and no map points the way.
So I say to me, "Go to the maple tree.
Watch, wait silently and breathe in the birth of the spring bud
and know you will have traveled to a stillness that is you."