

## The Mosses

The voices retune  
when I close my eyes  
when I follow my breath  
when I say thank you  
when I place my finger tips together  
to be a small basket to fill.

Then the hemlocks nod further,  
the cedars bow lower,  
and in ebbs grace,  
a bit like the mosses opening to the mist  
that is everywhere and nowhere  
but now has reformed into droplets,  
into something that would seem too soft to hear,  
but which I realize is the percussion of this forest  
the beat that lulls me,  
nets me,  
until I come back  
- not awaken -  
but come back  
after being absorbed by the mosses who,  
and I mean who,  
ask for so little.

Calm comes in the voice  
of waves on the sand  
covering  
uncovering.

In wind through needles  
translating  
humming.

By stones rubbing in water's  
inwash  
outwash.

By sunlight on soil  
receiving  
radiating.

And by the mosses  
who transform all edges  
into roundness  
into what feels like kindness,  
into where we become the same kind,  
the same kin.

John Bates. 12/15/15