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