



I N T O Y O U

Can I find my way to you,  
you who arrive on the breath of the wind,  
moving in the afternoon's warmth,  
on the edge of the bird's song,  
rushing with no haste,  
inviting me in with the steady breath  
of this moment, sinking through  
layers of sky, clear and unclouded,  
receiving me, as the day drops me in,  
to unexpected relief,  
to nothing demanded but to *be here*  
as *you are*, be here as we move  
to no destination but the one we arrive at,  
you whispering my name,  
I, sinking deeper and deeper  
into your beauty.

S U M M E R S O L S T I C E 2 0 1 3