

## **Sensations from Succession**

The temperature shifts  
The sky glows  
Everything is fresh and clean.  
I stop to sun myself on a rock who has invited me  
To lay  
With it.  
My fingers come alive at the stimulating contrast  
Between my  
Soft skin  
And the rough,  
5-o'clock shadow of granite.  
I am so sensuously pleased,  
I can't stop  
Breathing. In.  
Southern California's blend of sage,  
Gazing. In.  
To the colors of distant water  
On snowy peaks and glistening ocean (yes, I see them both!)  
Tasting. The bitter, astringent  
Chamise,  
Feeling. In.  
The cracks of the rock, to the moss  
All the way in to the deeper crevasse  
Where pure liquid pools.  
These corners, these nooks and crannies  
Where life is born! Let's Celebrate!

And celebrate in awed silence.

And then maybe,

Just. Silence.

For the last sense is perhaps the most profoundly medicinal of all.

To get here, I hike. Hike.

Step. Crunch. Step.

Huff and Puff.

Even when all that stops,

My heartbeat pounds in my ears

And I must wait.

When my body has had its say,

And the airplane faded out, still....

I must wait.

And in waiting I just  
Am.  
Until a realization breaks like a wave  
I am not a  
Centerpiece sticking  
straight out from the middle of the table  
But an additional dab of clay  
That's been smoothed  
Into the sculpture  
Seamlessly.  
My breath. IS  
The wind.  
My body. IS  
The rock.  
The chamise is IN  
My blood  
I AM water  
Moving.

And yet I AM also  
Human.  
Moses, you know, couldn't hold the waters parted  
For long.  
The balancing rocks  
Eventually shift their weight  
And thoughts, feelings, future past  
The responsible adult says  
Time is up.  
But I have a memory  
And a smile  
And refreshment that  
I couldn't have gotten  
Any  
Other way.  
My heart ponds softer  
My feet step lighter  
My eyes reflect the vibrancy  
That once again  
Courses not around  
But through. Me.