

Wherever You Are, Find a Trail
By Ingrid Goff-Maidoff

The sky is not falling
for the cedar tree.
The heron's infinite blue world
has not changed.
The marsh shows no signs
of Wall Street volatility.
Trees and grasses
are golden with the sun.
The ocean and sky still join
like lovers
here, now, and
on the horizon too.
The swan, content,
faces a gentle breeze.
The cormorant dives, resurfaces,
belly once again filled.
Follow that trail.
Find the lunch, or stone
that waits for you there.

We must learn to walk away
from the carnival of the world—
to become still and remember
what it is that holds us;
what, in us, is held.