**Thoughts By the Ketchikan Waterfall**

*May 1985*

Water in Dance. Sun on our skin.

Warmth from the rocks. Old Orb's special gift.

Air full of food for our lungs and our blood.

Manna from gentle giants in our midst.

One Special Tree in the center of this.

Suspended on stone. Alive in the mist.

One Special Friend at my side. In my mind,

INTIMATE STRENGTH. Peace found at last.

Learn not to seek. Only then will you find.

Her presence more dear than I hope to express.

Let this poor effort be heard lest I miss

A chance to relate the meaning we found.

To try and tell, what we knew, what was there.

Share the feeling of being with someone who cares.

Share the feeling of knowing when finally we dare

to try and still running and listen to sounds

Of our own inner music and Nature's soft prayer.

How precious.

Delicious. Life's Blood itself.

Flows by our souls as we rest.

A few moments found by the side of the trail,

While the thoughts from within,

Timid, hopes from the shell,

Peek out. Kindle. Flicker.

Ever so cautiously, Dance and then swell.

Awake from the slumber our mind knows so well.

Yes dare to give creed to the heart.

After so many endings, can it all start?

Will the order of what we are do as well

As what we've been told is our part?

Yes. Of course. When we pause we stop in our march

And look, at God's friends surrounding us here,

His song fills our needs, sooths our pain, gives us cheer,

We accept what life is. Who we are.

Remember Reality. Relinquish the mark

Of a thousand defenses so dearly bought

By the death of our feelings and the decay of ourselves.

Till we desperately need what is sought.

Only because the seeking is there, and

Not for the worth of the goal.

But to sate the thirst of the heart.

Never knowing the captor is caught

By the very thrill of pursuit and its lust

By the rot it can bring to your soul.

The pottage so easily taken until

We live not aw we are,

But as the world wills,

And dance to the music of care, guilt and woe.

Lose from the sounds of our birthright, the scars

Of what we regret so crippling. As though

All hope is dead.

All intellect killed.

Scurrying about, blind to it all.

Wondering why we're so sad and so numb.

When it used to be good, and Life used to ring.

But now it's just wasted and gone.

But the sound! Soothing sound!

As the water flows down.

As the hordes tumble merrily by.

So many like us flowing down through their life.

Would a Billion begin to describe all these drops,

Of our essence that pass

While we capture one thought?

Nay. No numbers exist

To tally their rush.

As no pen can begin

To harness our thoughts

As we rested at last

For a moment's respite

From our own made dash

Down the mountain of life.

But try if you would

Come back if you will.

With me. Just one moment

To that space we discovered.

That flicker of truth as the universe hovered

And our essence drove back the chill,

Of our Fears, Egos, Anxieties, till

We simply took time to be still.

Had the courage to think.

Happy to know

That a friend was really nearby.

Secure in the warmth

Of another's respect.

Secure in the we of the I.

Let ourselves see.

Let ourselves feel.

Know the stream.

Breathe the air.

Taste the sun.

Touch the sky.

And know that the rest of our lives stretched ahead.

That what had gone by was gone by.

But that which was now or to come

Was the best. The only thing left to do was to live.

No need to look back or ask why.

Our friend, aged pine, stood so strong on his rock,

Never sad, at the water that had cascaded down.

Only joyful at all that he knew, as we knew,

Would follow, sustain and flow soothingly round,

Bringing hope, life, and love to the unending sound

Of the miracle of existence we shared and had found.

So we moved and we laughed.

We walked on again.

On down the trail.

Back to the strife.

With a strength and a gift

From each other received.

Genuine.

Timeless.

A few moments of life.

The auras blend softly.

The meaning of bliss.

Two souls on their journey

Took time for a kiss.