

A Sacred Trend

There is a beginning and an end.
A push and pull. A sacred trend—

The moon sets as the sun peaks at dawn.
Stars burn bright and expand before they are gone.

With the sway of the trees, there is a back and forth.
The winds blow south and pivot to the north.

The cicada's loud hum precedes the silence of night.
Thorns adorn rose stems, whose petals delight.

Mushrooms grow amongst the burnt brittle earth.
With life comes death, with pain comes birth.

Rituals ingrained in the antonyms of the wild,
mirror the intrinsic blueprint of a child—

who breathe on beat with blood pumping through the heart.
That familiar pulse reflected in art.

The beat of the drums, the metronomes sway,
black and white keys— patterned notes do they play.

Words that rhyme without fail in a poem,
bring comfort, calm and a feeling of home.

A mirrored design for life unspoken.
A bearable existence in a world so broken.

A rock back and forth for the divergent brain,
an inhale and exhale to relieve the pain.

The tap of a foot, the screen scrolling thumb,
films watched six times with a familiar outcome.

Acquainted hymns sung and a repeated prayer,
an infant rocked to sleep under a loved one's care.

This sacred trend broken breeds divergence and discord.

Restored with intention—

A hug to those that grieve
A new mother given reprieve
Planted seeds in the earth
Assuring all of their worth
Prayers for all who are astray
Cherishing the rarity of a new day

An “I’m sorry” to those who yearn to move on.

An “I love you” for all before they are gone.