



Resourcing

Care of the Soul

A Sabbath Poem

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Look at all we've had to navigate this week
all the Tweets
all the inner tweets never sent.

But they lodge in us. They stay there and hijack our peace.
All the voices barking at us like angry dogs.

All the layers of stress that have accumulated
in our inner sanctums.
That lie like thick dust on oak tables.
What if my heart is this old grainy table needing a good dusting.
If it seems too much
then it is too much.

It's a different day today.
It is this day of ceasing
unlike the other days.
Light your candle. I have lit mine.
Sit and stay a while.
There is no hurry today.

Ponder anew. There have always been problems.
Read a poem and listen to the music that will stir you once again.
Without this rest, we will lose our way.
But not today.
Not today.