

## Shards of Daily Life

Clouds lie like feathers across a blue-domed sky.  
They welcome me to the desert to heal my wounds.  
I find solace in restorative waters, surrounded by  
soothing desert colors.

I bathe. I gaze. I float away.

Dreams come of long journeys that take me into the  
rest of my life and back to the ruins of the Posi,  
who dreamed their lives under these same Cloud  
Beings along the high mesa behind me.  
Shards are all that is left of their dreams – beautiful  
shards of daily life, scattered over cliff and meadow.

What will I leave behind?

Wishful thinking?  
Good intentions?  
Right livelihood?

I too must climb to the top of the mountain to be  
with Spirit -  
    within and without -  
    following my destiny -  
leaving no footprint behind  
but the shards of my own dreams.