

One Morning by Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

One morning we will wake up and
forget to build that wall we've been building,
the one between us
the one we've been building for years,
perhaps out of some sense of right and boundary,
perhaps out of habit.

One morning we will wake up and
let our empty hands hang empty at our sides.

Perhaps they will rise,
as empty things sometimes do when blown by the wind.
Perhaps they simply will not remember how to grasp, how to rage.

We will wake up that morning and
we will have misplaced all our theories
about why and how and who did what to whom,
we will have mislaid all our timelines of when and plans of what
and we will not scramble to write the plans and theories anew.

On that morning, not much else will have changed.

Whatever is blooming will still be in bloom.

Whatever is wilting will wilt.

There will be fields to plow and trains to load and children to feed and work to do.

And in every moment, in every action, we will feel the urge to say thank you,
we will follow the urge to bow.

~*~

Posted by Marie Bloomfield, B.Sc.,M.Psychol.MA

Website: www.bloomfieldpsychology.com.au

Website: www.mindfulpath.com.au