

## The Quiet Power

I walked backwards, against time  
and that's where I caught the moon  
singing at me.

I steeped downwards, into my seat  
and that's where I caught freedom  
waiting for me like a lilac.

I ended thought, and I ended story.  
I stopped designing, and arguing, and  
sculpting a happy life.

I didn't die. I didn't turn to dust.

Instead I chopped vegetables,  
and made a calm lake in me  
where the water was clear and sourced and still.

And when the ones I loved came to it,  
I had something to give them, and  
it offered them a soft road out of pain.

I became beloved.

And I came to know that this was it.  
The quiet power.  
I could give something mighty, lasting,  
that stopped the wheel of chaos,

by tending to the river inside,  
keeping the water rich and deep,  
keeping a bench for you to visit.





## The Rhythm

In any creative feat  
(by which I mean your work, your art, your life)  
there will be downtimes.

Or so it seems.  
Just as the earth is busy before the harvest  
and a baby grows before its birth,  
there is no silence in you.  
There is no time of nothingness.

What if,  
during the quiet times,  
when the idea flow is hushed and hard to find  
you trusted (and yes I mean trusted)  
that the well was filling, the waters moving?

What if you trusted  
that for the rest of eternity,  
without prodding, without self-discipline,  
without getting over being yourself,  
you would be gifted every ounce of productivity you need?  
What would leave you? What would open?

And what if during the quiet times you ate great meals  
and leaned back to smile at the stars,  
and saw them there, as they always are,  
nourishing you?

There are seasons and harvest  
is only a fraction of one of them.

There is the rhythm that made everything.  
The next time you stand in the kitchen, leaning,  
the next time a moment of silence catches you there,  
hear it, that rhythm, and let it place a stone in your spine.  
Let it bring you some place beautiful.



## This Is Your Time

This is your time.

Your time to say what you have kept silent.

Your time to ask your big questions without apology.

Your time to shine like a blazing comet,  
whether they like it or not.

Your time to believe what your heart tells you:  
that this world could be very different.

Your time to live by your rhythms,  
and teach them to the world.

Your time to nurture your village back to health.

Your time to show the world what it has been missing.

Your time to show the world the other side of itself.