

LEARN TO BE STILL

By Chuck Dayton

Learn to be still, my Grandson.

Find a rocky point at sunset.

Don't think. Feel. Sense

the touch of the wind on face and hair,

its murmur in the waves and leaves.

Inhale the long low wail. Over there,

See how the skybluepink deepens,

And Venus pokes through,

To remind you: the Great

Spiral, ancient and vast,

Rolls for you, tonight.