

SIMILIE

By Steve Murray

In the midst of winter, the stream closest to me doesn't flow.
The water that flowed freely long ago is now frozen.
Come spring, there will be the flow warming and thawing.
Unobserved by me water loosens and thaws, drop by drop.
Re-freezing happens at night, but with time, more thawing.
Then, seemingly all at once, when the weather is right,
I walk by and the stream has resumed a free flowing.

I experience habitual reactions of fear to circumstances.
These reactions seem frozen in place and, try as I might,
hammering at breaking the ice will not make it flow.
I can know the fear is groundless and self-destructive,
but the knowing does not flow to the center of my being.

In the midst of this winter, I meditate, day by day.
It can be dark and cold; I am certain that nothing is changing.
Meditating is like the spring, gradually thawing, warming.
Then, when the conditions are right, seemingly all at once,
the knowing flows from the brain to the center.
I see more clearly through this window of freedom
the weight of habits, carried for so long, being washed away.