

SACRED SPACE

MY SACRED SPACE
NEEDS A KEY FOR THE GATE
TO ENTER THE TEMPLE'S GARDEN
WHERE WHITE PEBBLES MIX
WITH JADE GREEN GRASS
UNDERFOOT TO LEAD ME HOME.

WHERE MOURNING DOVES COME
IN A FLOCK, EAT SEEDS,
DROP, GET BURIED IN SAND,
A BUSHY SQUIRREL
ARRIVES FOR HAND-FED-ALMONDS,
RUNS ACROSS THE STREET
TO THE WELL-PACKED IVY,
THE STASH-AWAY-PLACE.

AT NIGHT STREET LIGHTS BRIGHT.
GREYS IN THE RAIN.
AS I ENTER THE GARDEN
AFTER PRAYERS AND SONGS,
I AM KNEE-DEEP
IN ROSES AND IRIS.
I MAY RUN INTO A SPIDER
CROCHETING A MANDALA WEB.

Sadhika ma
3-12-03