

Being Present

Darkness blankets you in silence
The world, asleep
Except you are not
Windows thrown open
You lie, listening

You hear the beating of your heart
The darkness cannot hide
The tell-tale thud of life
Elsewhere, the hum of machines
In a house otherwise quiet

Beyond the windows
Others awaken
You hear a screech, a hoot
A call or a warning
The night is waking

Trees join the throng
Rustling in an unseen breeze
The night-time symphony
Of dry leaves and branches
Conducting the song

A roar breaks the music
Shattering the peace
A crash, creating dissonance
Heart aching, anxious
Pleading for peace to resume

Slowly the echos fade
Harmony is restored
The trees ancient song returns
Soothing fractious muscles
A quiet lullaby lulling you to sleep