



'Ribs' written during Deepening Practice Course by Lynda Conrad

Afloat

A tiny form

Life arising

In

A primordial

Ocean

Of possibility.

Something miraculous

A knowing of tender beginnings

Grows long tendrils,

Like fingers of two hands curling round to cradle something precious

Life giving to life,

Poised in prayer so long

That the tips fun

To form a temple

Wherein the breath and the beat dwell.

All that once moved with the swell and the ebb of the ocean.

Now contained within.

*Tendrils so steadfast come to bone
That move still with oceanic swell and ebb
And a bellows that works like the moon on the waves
Drawing the breath across a waiting reef.*

*So when I stand
Pulled up of cast down
By some habitual idea of how to be
I might remember with wonder
These beginnings*

And be restored.