

Connecting New

October, 2020

Denial, anger, bargaining, depression, acceptance. Many of us recognize these as the five stages of grief. Many of us know that while the progression through the grieving process is generally linear, it can also be a spiral, revisiting earlier stages over a process of years or decades. Many of us have been grieving the effects of the pandemic for countless losses, some small, some devastating.

This month I share a poem and painting that came out of a recent experience of acceptance that I hope may lead you to a bit of healing, or at least the hope of healing.

Birthday

When the world shut down and stayed down,
when the expanse of my life shrank and shrank some more,
when the web of human connection fell apart,
I fled to the garden,
I escaped with sweat and soil and sky,
and lost my troubles in the small sphere of
weeds and insects, seeds and seedlings,
and the illusion of some control.
When my creativity withered,
I looked to the earth to give me hope.
Both a metaphor and what seems most real,
my garden is never finished,
in this case born of primal human impulse more than intention,
aching for new life and possibilities,
grieving countless losses,
feeling there was nowhere else to turn.
Until now,
until this day,
I choose to receive the gifts and graces regardless of the circumstances,
and I welcome the fruit the world offers,
and I will share,
once again I will share,
the love and beauty.



May we all continue to grow in love, authenticity and freedom.

Peace and Blessings,
Clarence

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