

Personal Narrative: Pause

Pause

David Watts

All day in shelter
on a granary floor, rain
on the roof like buckshot
in branches, Aroma
of wet earth, dry
grain. The air unhurried
and intentional. I have made
a chair of hay bales, spread
a saddle blanket. Contained
womb-like against the heft
of the out-of-doors, there is
this soft heartbeat of contentment.
The dark print of my life
outside the walls.

We cultivate our resilience and become stronger so that we can help others become stronger; we cultivate our resilience so that we have energy to heal and transform the world.

Think about a time you have paused; think about where you have paused and where that safe space is... and listened to the soft heartbeat of a small contentment. Share the space and the feeling that you have that you need to keep in you as you move out in the world.

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