

Written 4/31/2010 sitting at the labyrinth at the Mountain Retreat Center, Highlands, N.C. – a compilation of personal and shared experience channeled through my hand and into the page.

“A Pile of Rocks” by Dian Lyn

“It was just a pile of rocks,”

the woman said

as she stood at the middle

crying

amazed at what felt now

borne in her.

“I don’t know”

she said.

That her life had a meaning

different than what she had given it.

A purpose defined in some

ancient contract before

the cells of the body that now

carried her coalesced into who

she had thought she was.

“I am more,”

she thought.

More than these cells,

more than my name,

more than the assignment of labels . . .

mother, daughter,

doctor, lawyer,

Indian chief.

She saw only circles,

maybe spirals

intricate paths appearing to lead nowhere.

Twists and turns

that at a glance

seemed meaningless, random,

a pattern asymmetrical

without design or destination.

And as she stood there in the middle

of that pile of rocks

she realized

that by respecting the path . . .

it lead her home.

And she rejoiced.