

Sage

By Glenn Currier

There you are through the seasons
quietly standing
in your humble green
not seeking attention or glory
even in spring your little magenta flowers
peak out from your branches too modest
to make a loud fuss.

The scent of your body
transports me
to the place of your birth,
the plains of heaven.

May I take your simple doctrine
of acceptance and humility
to heart and rest silently
unconcerned with appearance
happy to let a soft inner light
be the meek gospel of the universe.

Author's Note: This morning I was reflecting on the way the divine is manifested (and mostly ignored) all around me in the most humble things of creation. Then I noticed the sage bush in our back yard, planted and growing a little way off from the corner of the sidewalk. I remember smudging (burning a small bunch of sage) as a meditative spiritual practice decades ago. I can almost smell the unique aroma of the smoke rising to my nostrils and on to the heavens. Even the memory gives me a momentary wonderful peace.

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