

Drops from Heaven

By Glenn Currier

“Look for the soul,
you become soul;
Hunt for the bread,
you become bread
Whatever you look for,
you are.” – Rumi

A glorious magenta thistle blossom
a humpback whale breaching
a haiku by my friend John
a kitten swatting at a bouncing string
a silent moment just sitting peacefully
Debussy's La Mer
a giggling baby
a golden leaf falling from oak.

Author's Note: This morning I had a moment meditating that brought tears to my eyes. It felt like drops from heaven. As I wrote the above piece, I thought of Rumi and looked over on my bookshelf spying a decorative box: "The Card and Rumi Book Pack." I took it down and opened it. Inside the book cover was a well written affirming inscription from the one who had gifted me this beautiful volume in 2001 upon my reception of an "excellence in teaching" award. It was from Valerie, a former student who is Native American. She ended her remarks with "Aho!" a Kiowa word that means thank you. I opened the book and turned to a tabbed page and read this quote from Rumi: "At every moment, Love's voice talks to us from left and from right, all we have to do is to know how to listen."