

THE FARMERS MARKET LIFE

It's now the brilliant season
and so I imagine living a farmers market kind of life
one which so often eludes me
eyeing the perfection
of my new woven French market basket
found for a song at the thrift shop
I imagine drifting gracefully from booth to booth
hand picking perfect produce
for my evening table

I step outside and cut a bundle of peonies
this sunny June day
trying to decide between the white, pink, and burgundy purple
heavy headed they are
like ladies wearing layers of frilly petticoats
I decadently gather some of each
to arrange in the squat green metal vase
they look so lush and abundant
I go out and pick even more
to nestle in with my austere bamboo stalks

Stepping back
I feel satisfied at last
the heady scent filling my cottage

Shutting out the world
I need to shut out the world
and I am thinking
this is the way to do it

Itchy for more sunshine
I drive to the new sacred garden site
after the party is over
to meander in solitude
along the stone paths
among the raised annual gardens
as the Zen rock waterfall
babbles soothingly

minding its own business
not questioning my motives
or asking anything of me

Turning into a different maze
I face the labyrinth
intricate with stone and brick circular paths
some patterns seem vaguely Moroccan
others like man-made best attempts at industrialized nature
in shades of slate and faded terracotta

Stepping deliberately
slowing my pace
slowing my breathe
I know I cannot hurry to the center that awaits me
with the simple stone bench

It's about the trip not the destination as they say
listening to the chattering sunset birds
moving one step at a time
sequestered from the chaos of the outside world
cloistered from the hubbub
the exhausting useless energy
I find that prayer wells up easily
like another song chorus
I did not know I could sing
on this most brilliant day