

Vernon

I park downtown,
Step out of my truck
Feel the late Okanagan fall air:
Warm, crisp, inviting.

I am new here: I moved from Alberta
A week previous.

So, my future now
Unfolds before me against this Vernon city backdrop
And I can see, in startling clarity,
How our presence and action can
Change the world.

I pause;
A communion with this gentle world
And the incredible harmony of life's vibration
Fills me with wonder
And vast possibility.

I turn and look down the straight
and nearly empty street
And see myself rising above the surface
Of this road like the ancient
Lake Monster and announcing
my presence
In an epic and deafening roar.

I feel a part of me, huge and loving,
Embracing this space that nestles
Within these blue, hazy mountains.

And in this magical moment, I sense
The memories of the
The dry earth and rock
That climb above this town:
The salty waves and melting
Glaciers that created this beautiful valley.

These great currents of time and space
In this all-important blaze of awareness
Disappear down my daydream
While I click-lock the doors of my truck
And turn towards my destination.

As I move down the sidewalk,
I catch a full reflection of myself in a
Jewelry store window:
An image of inconsequence
For sure,
Yet, free and already imprinting
Itself in this warm and kind valley.

- Marv Machura