

## **The Session**

A candle lit  
presence acknowledged  
silence descends  
questions  
reflections  
too many words  
ricochet the room as  
your nodding head  
asks what I hear  
when I am  
finally silent  
My thoughts  
closer to the surface  
remain buried  
scratching for more air  
than I can afford today  
as the candle is snuffed.

As the smoke wanders  
at the end  
of our time  
together I watch  
it circle  
spin  
move toward the door.  
Lead me  
in that same manner not  
a straight  
predetermined path  
rather a way that  
the spirit  
runs as it will  
like the untamed dove  
it will go.  
I rest in trust  
without hurry  
and try to keep up.