

Present Moment

by Nicole Kubilus

*A yogi encouraged me
To deal with change
As if I were a rock
Weathering the weather
Yet robustly rooted
As if the mountain I sat on
Was the lap of my mother
Cradling my fetal position
Ensuring I'll never fall down*

*The yogi said that one day
Like a seed grows into a sunflower
And a caterpillar matures into a butterfly
I, as the rock
Will grow sturdy and centered
A mountain in its own right
Viewing Earth and Heaven simultaneously
As decades, centuries, eternities
Pleasantly pass me by*

*It seems as though I participate in change
While remaining unchanged*

*What do you find problematic
About my present moment?*

*You pick me up
See my rough, gravelly, atypical surface
Use the guidance of therapists
To chisel and buff me
Into a smooth stone
You can fit into your hands*

*With the goal of skipping me across the lake
Towards the best future you could imagine
for me
Where people will eagerly wait to scoop me
up
Like a group of friends
A landlord
A soulmate, a child or two
Teachers, employers*

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*You insist that this is natural
Yet all you did
Was sever me from the algae
The moss, mud, grass, columbines
The soft and steady incline
Belonging to a mother
That truly understood my nature*

*Why must I be thrust
Into this kind of change?
Every skip is a slap
Tearing my skin to shreds
I avenge my lost roots
As an avalanche
Not prone to persuasion
Barreling down the path
Dug only for me*

*Once I am sedentary
I am a stone
On sand in the Sahara
I don't budge from heat
Or human inertia
But atop a sheath of ice
I slither just a little bit further
Then, I wait for the next freeze
Proceed like the tortoise does*

*I am capable of moving
Towards my destiny
As my natural rhythm
Intends me to
Please don't push or prod
Just watch, maybe even
In mountain pose*

*Be grateful that amidst
Typhoons, hurricanes
Wildfires, droughts
I am solid and steadfast
By your side
In this present moment*