

**A Maze Groove**  
**By Lenett Partlow-Myrick**

There's only so much you can do in a kitchen. At some point outside calls

That's when you find yourself inside a paradise green sprinkled pink with bougainvillea blossoms and fauna fanning a tropical breeze.

You find yourself giving praise on the pulse of a sacred river right outside your back door where tears flow naturally because it's natural to be filled with joy, and "thank you" is a prayer.

You find yourself learning the language of lizards playing hide-and-go-seek around trees that speak rooted truth in elder tongue; everything around you has a lesson to tell.

You find yourself smiling as easy as sun shines on your face and grace finds the faithful, those who believe in believing.

And suddenly, the job doesn't matter; the bills don't matter; the lover who won't act right doesn't matter—not even tomorrow matters . . .

. . . because you have today, this one, glorious, awesome day when you find yourself waving at boaters passing by as if life ain't nothin but a Maze kind of happy feeling.

And all is well, is well in my soul. All is very well, In my soul.