

Spring Cleaning

By Helena Trifillis

I'm at the doorway
Towel wrapped around my head, turban-style
Standing in tree pose as I knock the sand out of my boot into the trash can
I look like the hanged man, upright
I'm him living his domestic life

Sometimes
He climbs down off that wooden cross
Covers his halo of light
So the connection doesn't get lost
And decides to tackle the pile of laundry that's been building up

Surrender doesn't mean neglect
Your material world still deserves respect
Brush your hair, get an oil change,
Wake up on time, start the day
Stretch
and
start
to
tap
at
your
cocoon
Until
Finally it breaks

Then extend one leg...
Feel the fresh breeze
If winter was a deep rest then
Spring is a light kiss on the cheek
It beckons, awaken
We don't know where we're going but inside us
The inner knowing
Says
Ok, back up on that cross
You know the way
Tie up that leg and let the rest f a l l a w a y
Ushering in the new season
With clarity of mind,
cleanliness of body,
lightness of soul
Clear out the cobwebs
Make space for the divine