

Zero

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On the edge of winter,
When the snow migrates
Between water and ice,
The temperatures hover
Around a tipping point.
In the metric system,
Freezing is zero.

A circle...
An empty space,
Holding ice and liquid
In this place of in between.
Zero...
Possibility and no-thing.
Emptiness and fullness.
Solid and liquid.
Fluid and rigid.
Soft and hard.
Above and below this point,
Everything changes.
Plants die and green shoots emerge
Death and new life.
Again and again,
Forever circling through the seasons.

Like the rings of a tree,
Recording the years
Within its innermost being.
Rings of remembrance:
The seasons of plenty
And times of drought,
When survival and staying alive
Were more important than growth.

Like the rings of a tree,
My body holds
Memories of these seasons.
The endless changes
Imprinted in my flesh.
Each ring recording
All that has nurtured me
As well as that which threatened me.



Send your roots down deep,
Into the cracks of rock
Into the soil of the earth.
Drink deep of the water that sustains.
Breathe in all that you need
From the air that surrounds you,
And allow the sun to bring forth new life.
Hold in the heart of your being,
All that makes your life possible.
Here is the alchemy of the elements.

As the sunlight warms the earth,
What was once frozen at zero,
Gradually awakens.
The melting snow and ice,
Become streams of water.
The sap of trees
Begins to flow again.
Color returns to the landscape.
My heart opens,
As I travel through the rings
Of the changing seasons..

The exuberance of spring,
With shades of green
Bring a small bud or seed to life,
Emerging from the hidden inner world
Awakening from fr

And hope?
Tears replaced my prayers,
As my looms became silent.
I became frozen in my grief.
Unable to move forward
Into an unknown landscape.