

All the World is an Asana

A petal on a flower practices her yoga.
in a body no longer strong and agile,
her favorite posture being dormancy.
Her light, imprisoned in rigid form,
craves a change of asana.
Maples awaken in the distance with swaying red buds,
birds and bugs fly and wiggle,
stream currents flow,
moving beings in their unique
flowing, growing, flying and wiggling asanas.
Rocks still and sturdy in unperturbed posture,
the sun in fiery, shining Warrior Stance
and the moon in golden Silent Savasana,
pose, gazing at us, dreaming that all the world
has moved into the asana of loving.

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