

Gardens of St Edmund's, U.K.
Bench facing Abbey Gate

24 May 2001
Glorious morning

© If a day such as this was ever before, than surely Eden's first dew graced its aged birth, resounding forth across the myriad paths and years into this circular frame, root drawn into these unarmed soldiers of beauty standing upright before heaven's review, bright-capped, each in colors that speak to the regiments of Spring.

Yet, I question what I do see. What whisper of ancient truth is revealed in all before my eyes and sung delicately to my ears? How has this place come to the design wherein a separate song heralds each shade and caresses the passing eye?

What means, beyond force or mere divinity, provided for the translation of shade into melody, that these gardens from the center, ebbing, may emanate delicate harmony to the very walls, transposing the unbalanced who shuffle through, regardless of their ability to see?

How had such majesty come to exist so powerfully, in a place where temperate colors dance in shade or shadows, irrelevant of season? Does all I see exist irrelevant of me? Do the shufflers-by sense the fingertips that are rarely still, even in dreams, as what is seen by day washes over our depths by night, washing away the anchors of life outside these fair walls?

And if these walls so conceal, so preserve, so protect, as body does the soul, is there not some silent nod from ancient stone to eternal stem; an agreement across the ages written in color and sound? I sense a hint in the darkest of soil here, edging toward the roots which rise above the consuming, awaiting, grasp.

Few look to the roots, their eyes taken by the fruit of wavering stems, so lulled by form and color. But soil is the potential that balances universes and gardens. Beauty, speaking of and to the promise of eternity, must have its balance, its opposite. Soil speaks this truth in shades of depth-by-silence.

For what, hidden from my inquiring eye, resonates the other side of purple, the other side of sultry hues, the darker side of grace? As these walls harbor beauty within, this soil conceals a different kind of potential, no less beautiful in its divine purpose, no less resounding than the spring bird's song.

No smile graces my face from within or without at the sight of midnight soil. But it moves me, converting a single shade, short of daylight hues, into a dirge-like melody of truth by masking all decay.

There can be no certainty of proportion to that which I inadequately address. My very vision ensures my fallibility. But I know what draws me here, like tulip chalice turned-up to the face of day. I hope it is not the beauty of these things, nor the frightful whispers of the soil.

I believe more so, it is an emanating wave between ancient wall and eternal flower, just as soul to body resounds within, pressing upon our tools of simple discernment, toward that majestic voice that carries Eden's first dew wrapped in its final sunset. Into that void I am drawn.

Here, today and every day, as if I had always been, before souls had bodies, and beauty had walls. Mesmerized by the seen, while frightened by and incapable of transcending the unseen, before I assume a shade of soil. Brightening it, as I carry the colors of this garden like those who had carried it before me. As if we had always been, today and every day, souls in review by these soldiers of beauty as we passed.