

# Passed The Steel Structures Of My Heart, La Luna Fills Me With Exactly What I Need

*By Melody Lima*

I am in Central Park, at a softball game with my yoga mat under my arm and a green smoothie in one hand. For the first time, I added hemp seeds to my usual recipe. In a word: yum!

The sun is shining off the skyscrapers making me wish I had two pairs of sunglasses on to protect my post meditation-blissed-out eyes. Kundalini for lunch is like a triple shot espresso, *Venti*. I am simultaneously energised and completely at peace.

This respite of nature in the middle of the hustle-and-bustle of city life is refreshing and restorative. [Ommmm, maybe I will unroll my mat, if I sit on these bleachers too much longer my back will start to spasm and continue for days.](#) A down dog would be great right now, or maybe a few standing poses, oh *Trikonasa*. Will these sporty people notice?

My smoothie is empty, where is the recycling bucket or at least a garbage? I hope I remember this smoothie recipe to make it again. There it is, I get to walk around a bit. Is that a little critter under the bushes? I hope his day is delightful...

As I make my way back to the softball game the sun is starting to lower toward the horizon. I glance in the opposite direction. La Luna.

*There she is whispering to me, passed steel structures into my heart. Like all the gods and goddesses whose name I chant from my yoga mat, La Luna, fills me with exactly what I need*

*at each present moment.*

It appears the softball game is over, both teams are lined up on the field high-fiving each other in a choreographed rhythm reminding me of the Rockettes. My friend comes off the field and scoops me up as we travel with the collective to the next destination of the day somewhere in this urban jungle.

We walk off the grass, see ya later nature, onto the cement sidewalks. [I feel La Luna hovering over me, watching like my own personal tour guide leading me through the streets of the oncoming evening.](#)

The sidewalk fills with the rushes of commuters, getting to their travel device that takes them to a place away from their day. They rush, to go, to get there, to end one day. Then, as scheduled, rest and prepare for a new day, when the process is repeated in reverse as the sun rises and the moon falls.

I wonder where they go. Over a bridge? Through a tunnel? Up the block? Down on Broadway? Across avenues? When they get there, to wherever they are rushing to, is she there for them too?

Do they see her?

Do they feel her?

Do they howl?

***For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Ask Me: 100 Essential Poems of William Stafford](#)<sup>✖</sup>.***

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