

Some Days My Heart Is Stone-Heavy

BY LISA MARKS

Holy Grail

Running scared before the wave,
global warming, drought, war.
How to allow slowing
into the breath you take,
the breath that takes you?

Mercy needs a moment
to open the door for Grace.
Until then we are gazelle,
leaping before the fire
burning the face of our world.

Some days my heart is stone-heavy,
drawing into the bowels of being
where feelings settle.

Others, I find high places
where stillness lays,
a shimmering cloth
over sunlit surfaces.

Each day I am held,
flesh and blood,
bread and wine,
holy grail of a body.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Universe Has Your Back: Transform Fear to Faith](#) .

Sip a little more:

The Cloak Of Leaving

*When We Go Inside Ourselves And Stay – Finding
Still Center*

Wings Of Summer Drawing Us Earthward

I felt like lying down by the side of the trail and remembering it all. The woods do that to you, they always look familiar, long lost, like the face of a long-dead relative, like an old dream, like a piece of forgotten song drifting across the water, most of all like golden eternities of past childhood or past manhood and all the living and the dying and the heartbreak that went on a million years ago and the clouds as they pass overhead seem to testify (by their own lonesome familiarity) to this feeling.

Jack Kerouac

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