

EMMA MAY (DHARMA LAKE)

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My newest granddaughter, Emma May, has been visiting for the last week or so with her mom. What a treat each morning when Emma appears, coming down the stairs in her mother's arms, head bobbing, looking all around, so happy to see us, and with a smile that lights up the whole room. She is ready for the day.

Emma has been learning to sit up by herself and she likes that a lot. I will try to get a photo. There she sits on a blanket, backed by a couple pillows (if she leans too far). She is so proud of herself, happy to sit there for a long time, her two little hands held out for balance in front of her, reaching for things here and there.

When Emma was born our dharma teacher, Khenpo Karthar Rinpoche, gave her the name "Dharma Lake." Right after her birth I wrote this poem for Emma.

DHARMA LAKE

Your birth,

Pushing back,
The darkness.

Your activity,
Creating space,
Enough,
For all of us.

Your aura,
An envelope in time,
In which a family grows,
Closer.

We holding you,
You holding us,
Together.

Such gentleness.

Michael Erlewine
January 18, 2012