Taken at Big Rapids, Michigan

Ok, they are not photos of the eclipse, but they are photos on the day of the eclipse, and within the mandala of the eclipse. Here is a poem I wrote that fits this day well.

Water in the Well

Those rare times,
When nothing moves you,
When you don’t feel like,
Doing anything,
Are times of natural meditation,
and effortless detachment,
From Samsara –
The rest of the world.

All that is missing,
Is awareness,
Of your own condition.

Don’t waste time.

You can sit there,
For a long time.
Nothing is missing.

Watch a movie,
Read a book,
Or not.
It makes no difference.

The mind is at rest,
And the water back in the well.
Early morning dew.
Tiger Lily, what a gorgeous flower!
Echinacea, my old friend in winter.
The glorious Tiger Lily.