

I Become the Elder

Leaving behind my journey of struggling and racing
Through the white water of many rivers,
I become the river, creating my own unique way.

Leaving behind my self-imposed role as a tree upon
Which others have leaned, I now become the wind,
With freedom to blow whenever and wherever I choose.

Leaving behind the boxes I've created in my life,
Crammed with roles, responsibilities, rules and fear,
I become the wild and unpredictable space
within which flowers sprout and grow.

Leaving behind the years of yearning for others to see me as somebody,
I soften into becoming my future,
With permission from SELF to continually unfold as I choose,
Without concern for how others may see me.

Leaving behind years of telling and teaching,
I become instead a mirror
Into which others can peer and
View reflections of themselves to consider.

Leaving behind the urge to provide answers for others,
I become – in the silence of this forest retreat – the question.

Leaving behind the rigor of my intellect,
I become a single candle in the darkness,
Offering myself as a beacon for others
to create their own path.

I become an elder.

By Cathy Carmody, in *Conscious Living and Conscious Aging* by Ron Pevney