

At the retreat

We vow to end all suffering
and we don't know what to do
we walk silently in a line
we walk line patterns in the garden of the Missiezusters
we print the earth with our intention
with the soles of our feet
we print the earth

Many years later trees
will grow where we walked
houses be built
babies born
families have arguments
and parties

One day
stepping out the door
someone will stop
and say
Did you hear that?
and the other will say
No - what?
and the one will say
I thought I heard footsteps
I thought I saw love