Peace

A lonely Christmas

unwrapping an orange chap stick,

peace comes in

simple and small packages.

A sparrow flies

around my peripheral

vision, peace comes

on fluttering wings.

The aroma of warm pine needles

arrives on my inhale,

peace comes on a gentle breeze.

Tears on my face,

salty droplets,

peace comes from

connection and

resonance.

A song created by

sweet notes,

drifting up and

down the scales,

peace comes

from the convergence of

cello and flute.

A satisfying embrace,

heartbeat to heartbeat

then deep breaths sigh,

the sound of satisfying peace.

Savoring grace, offering gratitude,

feeling oneness.