

Mud Stars

by

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ACTOR:

I woke up “wound up”. It’s a feeling I have more and more.

A flood of pervasive uneasiness – treacherous as a patch of black ice on a road where you used to have traction.

I would try doing the Salute to the Sun, but I bashed my knee on the corner of a dresser drawer last night.

Never mind, there’s got to be some timely advice in my Enlightenment Toolkit, to help in times of crisis.

(And get me off the internet reading viral virus updates.)

I can usually remember a few of them - hang on.

Oh, I know:

“Nothing matters but the present moment.”

Right, but there’s you know, the virus thing. And my throbbing knee.

“You must love what IS, whatever it is.”

Again, the virus thing.

“You were born with wings, don’t crawl through life.”

Hell, I’m not even supposed to go outside.

In fact this morning every nugget of pat Inspiration ricochets back out into the universal whatever. I might as well have aluminum pie plates over my chakras.

But I keep trying:

“There are no accidents.” Except the knee.

“None of your current worries will matter in five years time.”

Maybe, but we’re bound to have other worries by then.

I limp upstairs and open the front window. I breathe the not too bad air.

My driveway runs beside a vacant lot - raspberry canes, dandelions, thistles.

The street is deserted, except for a small girl in a yellow sweater, wearing red rubber boots.

Next to her is a pinky-brown ball, the inflatable kind we used to use for dodgeball.

She leans one elbow on it as she reaches down with her other hand and scoops up mud from the gutter with her fingers.

Her tangle of hair falls forward as she begins to draw designs on her red boots, with the mud.

I smile.

One useful thing that I *have* discovered is that if you can feel all right for just a few minutes, you can almost always feel all right a little bit longer.

And then a little longer.

And during those brief moments, *for* those moments, the current chaos, the mad carnival of events doesn't seem quite so impossible to understand.

And I can simply be a woman watching a little girl drawing mud stars on her boots with her finger.

And that's just fine for now.