

# CATHEDRAL

*Amarillo Mills, FRC*

An Apple Tree once called on me to find the Mysteries, and a Rose guided me to Rosicrucian Park. So, when a Sequoia offered me a pilgrimage to meet the Mother Tree, I answered.

In the towering grove of Ancients I collapsed. Pen fell to the duff, notebook left somewhere; vestigial intentions of a different person.

What began as the far off sound of rhythmic thunder now became as regular as my own heartbeat, its origin internal and external.

I turned my tear-streaked face to them and gave warmest trail hello I could muster, satisfied, they rambled on in this Cathedral of Cathedrals.

A suppliant, on my knees, I crawled down into the heart of the grove, into the hollow of a living god.

The pulse grew silent as I felt myself becoming; as a dancer becomes the dance.

I love you,  
We Thought.

what can I offer you?

A Single Breath.  
that's it?

That's Everything.

Your Breath is My Breath.

My Breath is Your Breath.

Our Breath is One.

is this me? are you a tree? who are We?

We Are.

Love.

Love.

Love.

Ants crawled up my limbs, my face, tasting my tears and sap.

Steller's Jay alights at my feet, locking eyes, curious, intrigued.

We look through a Steller Jay, as We draw close,

Watching the bones and flesh of man at the feet of a Titan.

Together, We venerated the Light of a million dawns through ten trillion eyes.

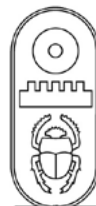
We held the Mountains as they rose and fell, drifted like dunes.

Savored the bliss of the kiss of a spring Zephyr.

Dreams of Rain.

The rebirth of Fire.

The phantom limb of a clearcut.



An infinite seed containing the Beginning and the End.  
And, as the gnats and hikers and civilizations buzzed lazily,  
An Ice Age made me shiver.  
We drifted apart. Disintegrated again,  
And as I became myself  
I knew nothing,  
but the beat of the grove:  
We are.  
Love.  
Love.  
Love.



Beauty of the Cosmic, *Karla Phillips, SRC, 2023.*

