

## **The Owl and the Meditator**

In the midst of meditation,  
Sinking into silence  
Under the setting sun,  
Comes the haunting hoot  
Of an obscure owl  
In the nearby autumn woods –  
Who, who, who, who!  
Echoing the quiet question  
Resonating in the recesses  
Of my moving mind,  
Who, Who, Who, Who  
Am I?

As the sound subsides  
The ripples of peace remaining  
In my awareness seem to answer  
The timeless inner inquiry  
In my wise woman's soul.

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