The hummingbird moth arrives on our door. He stays—for days—as if a sentinel. I come to depend on his presence.

A yellow bird dances in flight with a butterfly until two become one.

A blonde fox leaps through the tall grass focused on her pressing schedule.

Two boys slumber in a nearby teepee. Their dreams floating up as if smoke signals to the ancestors.

I sit reading Peter Matthiessen’s book on his search for the elusive snow leopard in the Tibetan Plateau.

Here, at the base of the Flat Top Mountains I search for elusive solitude and peace. A snow leopard moth arrives at our doorstep its head covered in soft fur.
Daily, moths arrive on the wooden door
their beautiful display of markings
humble even the majestic monarch.

Together
the moths silently meditate,
drawn to an illumination
I do not see.

Now
intimate comrades,
The Sentinel gingerly marches onto my finger.
From his perch
we each stare into the wonder of creation.

On our final morning
the poetry of the world
reveals it's splendor to me.

Sunlight takes its turn from the stars.
Horses make their way up the meadow.
And in that cyclical rhythm
life's mysteries are at once
perfect
ever changing
and unchanged.

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