Here

a poem by Danna Faulds

It's always here, the silent
underpinning, the foundation
beneath the foundation. When
I reach deep enough into darkness,

inside fear, self-doubt, aversion or
despair, there's something so intact
I almost miss it in my focus on
brokenness. It's always here, this

ground of being. Like the water in
which fish swim, it's easy to overlook
the eloquence of truth. It's here, this
guiding presence, this calm, abiding

stillness. It's here when I don't try
to make life any more or any less than
what it is, when I stop trying to be
right. it's here when I unclench my

fists and breathe, when I let go of the
demand to make life smooth or easy.
It's here, the oneness underlying
multiplicity, the exquisite "is-ness"

of everything. I could shout it from
the rooftops, but it's true no matter
what I say, and I know you'll find
it in your own time, your own way,

that precious moment when you
choose to meet life exactly as it is.

Faulds, D. (2003). Here. In *One Soul: More poems from the heart of yoga*. Peaceable Kingdom Books.