

On a Fragrant June Day

Try as you might, to take
Your wandering eye
Away from this beautiful green mountain;
For, in the moment of a glance,
It has entangled itself
In the web of your heart;
And, like gravity,
Pulls at you to find
That pearl, long buried in
The cluttered cellars of your life.
Or maybe, without warning,
It slides onto the other side
Of your long guarded
Life's balance, to perhaps
Play seesaw with you,
Until you cry out: enough!
And finally give in,
To reverence its presence-
That sweet scent of eternity
In your heart.

- *Brother Augustine*

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