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Rita Joy Scavo

## The Questions

Quiet now.  
Morning rush of cars past.  
The neighbor's cat visiting.  
Gentle rain falling.  
Bills paid in one pile.  
Letters in another.  
Sweet moments flying by.

Happiness, they say, is relative.  
The saints and yogis teach the practice of  
mindfulness and anahata, the heart's wisdom.  
They beseech us to inquire about other realms.  
Not to be swept away by too passionate yearnings.  
To be conscious of the higher plane and surrender one's will,  
to be transcended, and refined.

It is a shift I seem unable to make.  
Resistance, I suppose.

Is making love in the wild luscious green grass not holy?  
Are the moments of rapture untamed and unplanned somehow not sacred?  
Are we not nature perfecting the evolution of each of us, coming together,  
flooding the universe with joy?

The cat is requesting to leave now.  
He knows it is time.  
He hears the birds of the forest singing and the wind calling.  
Animal wisdom is superior to ours.  
I think about countless hours and years spent analyzing one's actions.  
Mortals anxious to have some measure of control, of certainty,  
that is elusive,  
that doesn't exist.

What can death teach us if we cannot let go?  
The storm was savage.  
The disease relentless.  
You are gone.  
All the prayers in the world won't bring you back.  
Further atonement and regrets serve no one.

I will be courageous and ask for what I need.  
Saints and sages have their path.  
I freely choose my own.  
I am not a contemplative.  
Just a poet and a lover.  
The offerings I bring are simple.  
An open door to walk through.  
Laughter unrehearsed.  
An earnest resolve to admit when I am wrong.  
The humility to accept how fragile we all ultimately are.

Let love come and take away unyielding pride.  
Whatever cures me of my solitude and awakens the soul's  
leap into the mysterious field of not knowing  
the only answer to the questions.

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Rita Joy Scavo's poem "The Prayer" was recently featured in *The Avalon Literary Review*. When not writing, she enjoys gathering wild astors and collecting stones near Lake Moraine, in New York state, where she lives.