



Fertile Life, Inc.

Near the rose, in this grove of
sun-parched, wind-warped madrones
Among the half-dead trees, I came
upon the true ease of myself,
As if another person appeared out of
the depths of my being,
And I stood outside myself,
Beyond becoming and perishing.
A something wholly other,
As if I swayed out on the wildest
wave alive, And yet was still.
And I rejoiced in being what I was.

-Theodore Roethke