

Sandra Shaw-Kovacs



Great Escape > No Way Out But In

Escaping the confines of my current living situation, I leave my dharma behind, or so I believe, and head to the nearest Starbucks.

Driving east on HWY 120, I soon encounter backed up traffic, signifying either the coming or going of a freight train.

In this case, it happens to be both, so anticipating a long wait, I seek out viable detours, but trains find me.

Instead of feeding my growing irritation, I surrender into the present moment, retrieve my camera and take some photos.

Animated, large, white, cumulus
cloud tribes appear to be migrating
south east in an oceanic, azure
blue sky, with their young.

Blossoming almond trees,
alive with pollinizing bees,
grace the landscape beneath
the carefree, drifting giants.

Whistling engines, parade their
colorful boxcars, by horses in
green pastures, who look up,
see me, desiring eye contact.

Low riding cloud formations,
appear to hover, roll over, touch
treetops, kiss distant mountains,
play hide and seek with the sun.

I am alone, sitting in my vehicle,
behind a farmer's pick-up truck,
witnessing the passing of two
trains, on a sunny, cloudy day.



Safe Refuge

 Illuminant clouds migrate south,
 witnessed by a soft baby blue sky.
Floating effortlessly, they allow wind
currents to re-form their presence.
Nature's Silence is pierced by the
cry of a circling red tailed hawk.
 Striking a pose, a scampering
 squirrel hesitates, then runs.

 Sunlight refracts through spherical
 crystals, dangling from review mirror.
Words flow onto white page, through
a fractal flock of dancing rainbows.
 Vehicular keys dangle lifelessly,
 awaiting the turn of my hand.
I sit in the driver's seat, seeking
refuge within a river sanctuary.

A choir of songbirds are silenced
by the persistent cawing of crow.
Grasses, then trees gracefully move
in unison, inspired by cool breezes.
River Goddess flows downstream,
contained, guided by Mother Earth.
Metaphorical brook trout, I sit in the
shallows, observing life, as it passes by.

Embodying caregiving daughter, I
catch sacred moments, then release.
Awaiting eventual parental transition,
I surrender attachments to outcomes.
The spark of my life, is Divinely guided
through the revolving rings of Saturn.
Accepting the dharma path, of duty to
family, my Soul strengthens, evolves.

All that seems to be lost, will be
found, regenerated and healed.
That which seems scattered, will be
gathered and creatively transformed.

Such is the way of the world. Unfold.

Sandra Shaw-Kovacs (m/s. sage): Born into a cowboy family, in a farming community, she embodies the Pioneer Spirit of her Paternal Grandparents and the Nurturing Soul of her Maternal Italian Catholic roots/ancestry. Her passion for art, writing, teaching, healing and community building led her to study Art in Mexico and to receive a BA in Art. After closing New Horizons, a Montessori Farm School in the Central Valley, she received certification in Advanced Hypnotherapy and an MA in Holistic Health Education with an emphasis in Movement Psychology and Process Oriented Psychology / Art Therapy. While caregiving family, she has written poetry, a book, and power decks of inspiration cards.