Shrine

I came upon a trailside shrine and was filled with awe captivated that humankind takes a moment of reverence to celebrate the spiritual side of their being laying down a polished stone or a bit of shell into the weathered stump of an old tree. Many secreted away their offerings into the mysterious deep crevices of the shrine—perhaps lovers holding on to their commitments, maybe for a lost love or an unknown prayer. Still others placed their tribute on the far ends of the branches, “saying I am here among you, I want to live and dance to this song.” But, all of them, beckoning nature to remember them, and in that moment, giving the worshipper a sense of permanence. Surely, we must acknowledge something deeper than ourselves runs in the hearts of humanity, otherwise this would not have left this behind.

JAMES JONATHAN RUGGLES
East Corinth, VT