

The world is its own magic.

—D.T. Suzuki

~

Memories of awe & wonder

(Copy & paste all to create your own!)

Recall a memory of awe & wonder... consider:

Where:

When (approximate date, time):

With whom:

What I saw, heard, smelled, tasted, otherwise sensed, felt:

What I notice, sense, feel as I recall the memory here & now:

Invitation following recollection: Compose a spontaneous [found poem](#) based on what you captured in writing.

Example:

Where: Quiet blizzard in woods, night, Absaroka Range, Wyoming

When (approximate date, time): January 1998, night

With whom: Friends, all of whom have gone to sleep; I am sitting in solitude on an insulated pad in deep snow.

What I saw, heard, smelled, tasted, otherwise sensed, felt: Night, full moon, the quietest blizzard there ever was, the snow coming down, down, down through the tree branches, dead silent, coming down on me, all around me, friends sleeping in the igloo, so so silent, almost hard to make sense of the sheer volume of snow powdering down through the trees branches and the awesome silence of it all in the night.

What I notice, sense, feel as I recall the memory here & now: A sense of lightness, joy, a small smile on my face, a longing to be back there again, a twinge of sadness of its singularity/impermanence.

Found poem:

*night falls like a blanket of snow—
silent blizzard of fullest moon,
coming down,
down,
down,
all around—
this world,
so vast,
so so*

so
so
so
so
so
so
quiet

Where: Crows bursting from tree, Kyoto, Japan

When (approximate date, time): December 2013, dusk

With whom: Partner (they are wandering somewhere nearby, I am alone in this moment)

What I saw, heard, smelled, tasted, otherwise sensed, felt: I suddenly hear an enormous clapping sound. I look in its direction and I see what must be a hundred or more crows flying around and around an enormous leafless maple tree. Then, as by some powerful force, the crows get sucked into the tree and are still, a hundred or more big black winged maple leaves. Moments pass, then the enormous clapping sound again and they explode from the branches, cawing and circling around and around and around and around again, when shoop!, they are sucked back into the tree, becoming the still big black winged leaves once more. They repeat this pattern a handful more times until dusk fades to dark, and both crows and tree fade into the night.

What I notice, sense, feel as I recall the memory here & now: How clear it is in my memory, like a movie I've watched many times; the mesmerizing quality of it all, still. I can hear the crows as much as I can see them. I feel a longing to go back and find that tree and those crows again.

Found poem:
CLAP! CLAP!—
bursting
from the tree
a hundred crow cloud