

Crystal River Inn

Oxbow Echoes and Evocations

Oxbow echoes of the past edge us onward,
evoking new creation ever-blossoming.

Tell-tale evidence of a former bend in the
Crystal River –
the wet soil and boulder patch
meandering through the plain –
disclose a river-bed past.

There, now, windfall seeds
from near and far have taken hold
in its sandy bottom, blossoming
wild weeds, flowers and bushes.

Here an alluring mystery lay awaiting
those who enter the hospitable spirit of place
of this bend in the river called an *oxbow*,
resembling the u-shaped frame
which forms the collar
about an ox's neck supporting the yoke.

Oxbow echoes of the past evoke trace
memories of a once swift river
that then changed its course to new terrain.
Such is the way a river,
flowing unto its gravitational pull,
accommodates its volume and velocity
to freer run.

How silently the echoes of the oxbow bend
join the ceaseless gurgling currents
of the serpentine Crystal River
running its new course alongside the Inn.
Listening to what has been,
and what now is, evokes pondering –
calling forth soulful reunion,
communion with one's inward currents.

Oxbow echoes evoke a call to inn-keepers
to return the plain afresh with
prairie grass as found by first settlers
where former river ran.

Filled with vision, they return to natural
habitat the lay of land with native grass,
plants and trees, for a soil-full
regeneration,
preservation,
restoration...
part and parcel of hospitable openings
to new creation.

In the solitude of this hospitality,
of this spirit of place
out-of-doors and within the Inn,
my soul meanders
like the serpentine Crystal River
across the peaceful plain,
as I ponder the mystery
and meaning of life's flow.
Trace memories rise of former times
of change that have edged me
forward,
onwards,
mid-course across new terrain,
preparing deeper river bed to freer run.

Sensations arise from the onrush
the gravitational pull of the serpentine
river of life from whence all currents flow,
infilling my heart
with deepened peace and contentment.
Through the revelations of hallowed
spirit of place and through the enheartening
hospitality of inn-keepers dear,
I too am gracefully restored
to natural habitat -- *at-one-ment* with
soulfulness of self,
others,
earth and
cosmos opened to new creation ever -
blossoming.

Carolyn Olds Mikels
Crystal River Inn Guest