

# 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