

*Ubiquity: The Journal of Literature, Literacy, and the Arts,*  
*Creative Works Strand*, Vol.2 No.1, Spring 2015, pp. 8-9  
*Ubiquity*: <http://ed-ubiquity.gsu.edu/wordpress/>  
ISSN: 2379-3007

## Meditation for Graduation

*David L. Keiser*

Along the cobbled streets, past the red stop signs

You stroll towards a greener island.

You arrive by boat, by Stanley Steamer, by bus and Yellow Checker Cab.

A stretch limousine, and some of you drive.

Park. Get out and stretch your bones.

Show up for the natives awaiting your arrival.

Leave behind juvenile jokes and fears made of recycled tin.

Shred old skins of jealousy and awkwardness.

Nervousness and worry are not past you: they will return like broken glass.

Wounds green, teased by peers.

Blood out in fits and spurts. Face red from embarrassment.

You awake whole.

Unground, not chopped up in bite-sized pieces.

Full, fit, taut, tried, true.

You: ready for the world: bring it on!

Like snails in a verdant garden faced with a smorgasbord,

You proceed slowly, avoiding the aphids and the potato bugs, the boll weevils and the crows.

Like snails in a garden you creep slowly along the balance of nature under feet.

You blend in with organic feed and compost and mulch.

But you will run through weeds and elude land mines which await us all.

You, sleek like the night, will soar above the morass

And land on your feet, not on your rear end.

Many blessings to you for coming of age out of youth.

Do not be afraid to ask for help from your best self.

Congratulations and peace.

Now, it's time to do the do.