

## COMING THROUGH

Fall silent and you will hear it growing,  
insistent as grass through asphalt.  
You know it has always been there,  
pregnant with possibility, finding form.  
Now it is coming through,  
seeking light,  
earning a visible place  
in this world you have made.

Listen.

Like a known voice in a crowded room  
it will come,  
follow the sliver thread  
of attention to reach your ear.  
It only requires attunement,  
a paring away of excess  
to hear the pure tone.

Like sculpting hands  
you must work the substance  
to find its essential form.  
There is something inside the mass  
for which your life is the template,  
awaiting the accident of discovery.  
Now you must caress its naked shape,  
shiver at its frailty,  
know its strength.

All you have been has readied you  
for this becoming.

—Robert A. Neimeyer, PH.D.