

A Beautiful Lesson

Lessons come from everywhere.
They come from grandmothers,
they come from books
and
they come from learning
from your mistakes.

I make a mistake
when I say
no
to something new.

We climbed up...
and up...
and up
an
old,
Sedona
mountain
road.

From inside our pink jeep,
we saw crayon blue sky,
inhaled the scent
of dark green pine trees.
Heard the whisper
of the black and yellow butterfly wings.
Tasted the orange dust.
Felt the rough touch
of the red rocks.

A sight
so beautiful.

At first,
I had said no.
but now I realize
that lessons
come from everywhere.

Julia's poem.