

Walk in Beauty

In beauty I walk
With beauty before me I walk
With beauty behind me I walk
With beauty above me I walk
With beauty all around me I walk
—Navajo prayer

1)
I am unlike the Navajo
reciting this prayer, for
as I walk I see nothing
in front of and behind me,
above and below me,
nothing on all sides no matter
which direction I turn,
but chaos. If I reach out
I can touch the starvation,
the universal terror, all
that is ugly about our
limitless lack of humanity.

Yet still I try to walk in beauty,
discover this can be done
provided I think in beauty,
act in beauty, sometimes even
create the kind of beauty
that holds up a mirror reflecting
this limitlessness back, in all
its stark and honest truth,
for others to take a look at.

2)
I do a web search for
"Navajo prayer walk in beauty."
The first thing that pops up
is a sponsored ad by Zazzle
linking to pages where we
can buy printed copies,
suitable for framing.

\$14.28 and up.

This, too, is a mirror reflecting
something back to us
I decide,

and try to imagine a Navajo
reciting these words
while thinking about
dollar signs.

I cannot do it.
Can you?

If so, please reread part one
of this poem.

Steve Bloom
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