

Stone Bench at Noon

Paul Bluestein

Cloistered at noon in a Zen garden I sat cross-legged on the centered stone bench while a fence-sitting squirrel on the lookout for danger, stood watch. The whistle of the Southern-Pacific in the distance and an airliner descending along its flight path, swirled tranquility and quiet contemplation together with 21st century chaos, but I was glad just to be in that place, shaded by the tulip trees.