

The Dot.

The morning is mostly quiet. I hear the occasional roar from a boat's engine leaving the docks near where I live. None of the dogs are barking like they were last night until midnight. Yes, it is a peaceful Sunday morning.

While drinking my morning coffee, I closed my eyes and noticed a dot inside my mind. The dot was as white as a pearl, and as I focused, it settled and was still.

Curiosity being what it is, I looked closer at this dot, expecting a grand explosion and a revelation of astounding importance. It became nothing more than it was. This dot was white, still, and quiet; that was all there was to it.

Throughout my days, I see many things that make me stop, stare, and marvel at the beauty I see. From this morning's sunrise, the stars in last night's sky, the rocks, and tiny flowers growing along the paths where you wouldn't think anything could. I walk more and see the trees rising so majestically within the forest I live in.

And what was the dot? The dot was just a dot, being and doing what a dot does. It was the same as the rock, the star, the sunrise, the flower, and the trees that I saw, stopped, and appreciated.

However, I became still and quiet while focusing on the dot, which was nothing more than a dot. That was its power, the power to make me still and quiet.

Out of stillness and quiet, creativity emanates.