

## Bad Day at Bikram Yoga?

By Tonn Pastore

I lost my cross today.  
Icon on a golden chain  
surrounded me for forty years.  
It's gone.  
My fear is also missing.  
An open feeling now rings my neck.

Symbol of identification  
a statement, says I believe in the man  
that was nailed to the wood.  
My cross was nailed to me long ago.  
In New Jersey, it's just jewelry.  
A family gift thrown over our heads  
like a Hawaiian lei.  
Does the symbol feel as light as flowers  
or as heavy as the wood dragged up the hill?

Cross at my feet, I stood on one leg  
bowing my back, balancing, stretching,  
reaching for more  
Homage, union, counting my heartbeats,  
feeling the drumbeat rhythm of my soul.

I forgot left it behind,  
came back it was gone.  
Missing, vanished into thin air.  
Someone else picked it up  
their cross to bear now.  
Will it be as heavy as a tree  
or as light as a lei?

Measured in more than carats  
I am lighter today.

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