

WHISPERS OF THE UNIVERSE

AUTUMN'S LISTENING BOWL

As the equinox tilts us gently into longer nights,
I prepare my listening bowl—a quiet ritual to honor the hush between seasons.
I place it near the window, where moonlight sometimes visits.

Inside: a sprig rosemary for remembrance,
a small quartz for clarity, and a folded slip of paper
with a question I'm not yet ready to answer.

Each evening, I sit beside it for few minutes.
No pressure. Just presence.
Sometimes I light a candle.
Sometimes I hum. Sometimes I do nothing at all.

The bowl doesn't speak, but it holds space. It reminds me that
the universe whispers not in thunder, but in the rustle of leaves,
the hush of dusk, the pause before a thought.

This week, I invite you to make your own listening bowl.
It can be a teacup, a shell, a woven basket.
Fill it with symbols that feel like you.
Let it be your quiet companion as the season turns.



The universe is whispering. Are you listening?