**Just being**

what will i do with myself

when there are no issues left to discuss?

i’ll have to talk about the weather

describe the breeze on a summer’s day

tell of how a leaf shakes alone

when all its neighbours are still

what meaning can i extract from this?

the obvious: that we all march to the beat of different drummers

that we are all pretty much the same in spite of it

the subtle: that there is a world invisible

in the patterns of veins and corrugations that define it

the unlikely: that the leaf is a warning, a signal, a clarion call

in the end, it is just a leaf

caught in a tiny eddy

victim of a trivial hurricane

green and edible, neither happy nor sad

but surely loving nonetheless

a meal for some small creature, a shade for another

the mind is a camera

whose images we forget all too soon

i choose to remember this one:

a solitary thing, not needing to be solitary

a moving thing, not needing to be mobile

and me here, being, not needing to be me