

To Stand in a Puddle of Water



To stand in a puddle of water

Or not

Common sense and your parents would say not
It's too cold, its too muddy, unseen tapworms will drill into
your sole,

and maybe your soul

And yet there is some hesitation, a yearning
To stand in and step into another realm, even if only for a
moment.

To be with yourself,
to bare witness to and learn from the spotted tree frog,
the lace winged dragonfly,
the helmeted honey eater

To feel the sun and the breeze on the back of your neck
A call to past lives and an ancient time and way that still
beckons,
and is strangely felt.

So submit to that yearning and stand for a moment in a puddle
of water

feel the cold, the sharp pebbles beneath your feet

the sun and the wind on the back of your neck

Heed the call