

I Walked Home Beholding

Mount Erie

The world was frozen
I left the studio
Night had fallen
The storm had cleared
The whole town had been abandoned except for me
I walked home beholding
The lights in the park
The moving trees
The silent corners
The world's new cloak
A final breath of storm blows snowdrifts in the street
Then blows away over the water
On an island
Across from town
Isolated
Close and alone
Looking across the water seeing people slowly living all their
lives
This is the feeling from inside an island body
(Looking out from inside a sea of thoughts, distant and quiet.)
Tossed on the waves
Blown onto land
Grasping meaning
In churning mess
A moment of clear air breathing, seeing the expanse
Totally at peace with the meaninglessness of living
Drifting in a changing world
Alone
Reaching for a solid thing
In vain
The stone dissolves in the same wind I swim through
Where I live there is a constant roaring
Bottomless absence
Through a cloud hole
The sky was moving
I saw it drift
Seeing breathing waves of water roll in the sky
The wind has increased