

Old Joy, II

Two deer walk the tree-line

I take keen notice of a single drop of dew
At rest on morning's sharp green blade illuminated
By ephemeral weight of sun-warmed glow
In connection to my eyes wide open

I listen to a symphony of wind
An orchestra of leaves
A chorus of birds
And witness an ancient ritual of modern dance
Crazy between light and shadow unfolding with the world's
Unfolding -
Amazingly, in this, I am content
I am content,

One thousand miles from everything *new!* everything
Pushed, all things
Bought & sold
For the apparent necessary necessity of sane calculation of means
By which to obtain
My innermost pleasure, desire - my needs I am told -
The latest, the greatest
Thrill
Wrapped in the the very fabric of illusion
Perpetuating
Celebrating
Our spent myth
Of a decaying fantasy bent to cheap commodity, trend, and
To worldly youth

And so with this day I begin
To enter Old Joy
One thousand miles from everything pushed, all things
Bought \$ sold
I spy clouds that look like celebrities,

While other clouds
Just look like clouds look like clouds that look like clouds and
Never end

As I enter,
Two deer walk the tree-line