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Nothing man-made

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can replace the simple wisdom

in the drying of a watery footprint

on a wooden landing by the lake

during a summer day, in all its glory.

Yet the same landing is man-made,

the watery footprint also.

So where do you draw the line

between natural and man-soiled,

between essential for life, and trivial?

I know I can't live without

the vanishing of a footprint

during a hot summer day

seeing the sinews of the wood

accentuated by that gradual demise

of the watery remains of a human footprint.

It touches that oh-so-quiet endlessness

inside the swell of my soul

where I want to be

nearer to the sun, in all its glory.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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