

Snapshots of the Surface and Reflections of a Pool

The comfort in the smell of coffee in a dim hall bathed in the feel of the morning.

No pretenses, no compromises, no effort
just exist.

The occasional drip from the coffeepot reminds you there is another dimension of the moment.

Looking out the window, the bird outside walks on the pavement
you watch, tempted to mimic the bob of its head and the call it makes.

The telephone rings in the midst
of your wish to stay the only person there,
your thoughts are invaded with the meaning behind the ring.

You know who it is, and you don't want to yell at them
for their persistence. They are good, but misguided, needing something
from you, you don't want to give.

A decision about something that's not going to
matter in the long run, but it means more to them to push the buttons of
the telephone and make you profess something
that they don't have the courage to try and figure out on their own, in another way.

The stem of a problem they have that they want you to figure out for them
by giving them a quick fix, and then
they will call you when they
need the next quick fix.

You still see glimpses of humanity in within them,
a child still wanting to grow,

but also a parasite of desperation needing approval

not knowing the approval they need most is their own.

You think as the rings continue, if you picked up the phone

You'd much rather tell them to stop wasting their effort on avoiding death
and live.

You see the heap of papers, mail, to-do lists piled up on your desk.

You are not immune to the distracted impatience of time management in a capitalist inspired
work ethic that pushes you to find your purpose in constant dizzying motion.

You empty your head of this whirlwind every night

when you make sure that everything you want to do is displayed

in black ink embedded in a piece of paper.

That paper used to be something else too.

You think of the forest it came from, the sound of leaves rustling in the wind

of a crisp summer day that winks at its disguise of spring temperatures.

You think of the one person who invades and defiles your scruples of individuality.

They are not someone you could ever have,

be with, or be submissive to.

But you tend to find yourself in one of these categories at all times of the day.

When they come to mind,

when their name comes into the conversation,

when their influence over you stares you in the face through something you've done.

You can't help but want to distance yourself from them.

They are a conundrum.

They are unattainable and unavailable, body mind and soul.

They are your weakness.

Your wish to attain their approval is a stronger drive than your own individual desire.

You are trapped in this cage you wish others would escape from.

You think of how funny it is that you live with this burden

because you've fought it so long, it has become a part of the daily routine.

Acknowledge it, try to make whatever sense you can from it, but leave it be
and maybe it will do the same for you.

Like the ebb and flow of waves made in the bowl of water in the sink

the sides capture the disturbance and bring back the power

of the waves against themselves, until the strong influence of the waves

is distorted into minor ripples,

slight movement, then stillness

all within a moment.

The drips come, but so does the return to stillness.

You think of moving the bowl,

creating more upheaval, even loss of water,

but at least the stillness might prevail,

and the noise from the drip would stop.

You see the list of travel arrangements on your desk in the midst of to-do lists.

Mug in hand you take a sip of coffee and go back to watching the bird on the pavement

thinking of how to answer the person on the other end of the phone when they call back, trying

not to let your mind drift back to the noise of your thoughts.