

...november 23, 2003...

why are we here?
you and you and i?
does the squirrel ask the tree –
or the seagull beg the sky

the right to be?
we only think we see
while eagles soar
their never-ending moment –

we worry bodies into age –
burying ourselves
in question marks
that fossilize our dreams –

you and you and i –
obey omniscient clocks
playing leap frog with the second hands
of work and sleep –

we are seduced by catalogues
and shopping malls and movie halls
to tell us what we need
and who we are –

but we don't need designer jeans
or therapies to be
the child we forgot to be
when young.

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