



...january 14, 2011...

the squirrel stopped and stared me down  
black-brown tail quivering  
with beady eyes of bottomless  
piercing through my reverie –

standing upright on the grass  
his brilliant eyes gazed into mine–  
a strange and clear intelligence  
vibrating the air between –

a tingle skipped along my spine  
as if my body understood  
messages that thoughts and brain  
were far too dense to comprehend –

now – bemused – i'm walking on  
as if i have been rearranged  
through some deep knowing that my cells  
keep whispering into my mind.

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