



...march 9, 2019...

*a morning walk of shadow trees –
of frosted grass and frozen leaves –
i'm pausing now – an hour on –
a cup of coffee warming hands –*

*somewhere ahead agendas stretch
of bills and phones and visiting –
of this and that and that and this –
then washing into ironing –*

*a maybe this and maybe that
with moments tucked away for me
knowing that all busy-ness
is shaped through my imaginings –*

*yet here i am – a world away
breathing in this endless now
with coffee fragrances of spring
bursting into crocuses.*

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