

The persistence of nature is awe inspiring As we all stop

Up in the sky, the birds still form their patterns, undulating from perfect crisp lines to quick transitory crossings, then abstract swirls,

still remaining tightly together

It's the birds I notice the most. Singing their songs, calling for mates. We are missing but they caw on, blissfully unaware of our absence

Then there's the weeds which spread and yank their way through the ground finding any passage they can

The bright flowers bloom. The green trees continue to reach for the sky

And we. We huddle indoors for our safety, walk through the forests in search of air and smells that will crisp our senses

The creatures small still do their dances, too. Insects under rocks, plankton in the sea, moss climbing up walls

And we, of the industrial world find ways to connect if we can however fleeting or distant

I miss touch, like so many. Laughing that bellows, unafraid of spreading the fear it blasts through the air. I miss mouths and their movements. Howls of dogs. Purrs of cats.

These are the things that grow absent when you find yourself alone in midst of home. A home I can gratefully accept to be mine and full of solace. But still barrenly empty.

I do my best to fill my home with it's own laughter and noise. Attempt not to forever scatter its tables with dishes and disarray. Persist they must, though and I will continue diligently to try to catch up and contain.

There's no endings to discover. Just waiting. There's only the present. Uncomfortable. Endless. Unknown.

I leave you hear with me. Nestled neatly in the un-neat lack of knowledge. In empty prediction.

How's your hope today? Is it grateful, scared, unnerved? Have you looked deeper yet? Down into the crevices of hidden desire, empty production, ..what it means to be alone?

Tip toe, dip it. What does it take to bathe? Don't let the demons gobble you up. Embrace the octopuses tentacles. Breathe underwater. Grow gills.

When you surface back, broken waters, and suction cup scarred, spine turned to beaks, purple skinned...

Embrace that you're different. Open up and display it. Spread the webs of your fingers, as they grab to the hidden, the fearful to be seen,

Crawl up on to stage, scream to void, refuse to be drowned.

Make them listen.