

Insane

When was the last time
you held a flower
and felt its strength
Its quiet, bright power?
Or walked by yourself
along the bank of a stream
and let yourself fall
into a vivid daydream?
Or held a fistfull of dirt
in your tender, warm hand
and tried to feel
the heartbeat of the land?
Or imagined your body
an inescapable tomb,
sleeplessness thwarting
your return to the womb?
These things I ask myself,
a prisoner of pain
thinking I must be
quite insane!