

Aloft

on the thermals of life
eyes always questing
looking for that one simple moment

how to define what we can be
to a blind man

reckless ponderings
when your stomach growls

for in the end it comes down to money
or love

we choose with every small action
as we moved through the tree-shaded green lane

hoping a seconds' thought,
a moment's action,
reverberates smoothly as the ripples
spread from our lives outward

cast a big shadow