
B e a r i n g t o K n o w

The State of our World

This Small World Is Enough

A dusk walk along the still wild shore
after days of storm
and these shaky isles
have been rocking and quaking too

One side of the road, the houses are finishing their day
on the other, the waves are tumbling head-first into the shore
The day is over but the night has not yet taken charge
The colours have faded
but the moving and the shapes are still sharp and keen

The lone evening star has arrived
between the folds of corrugated cloud
Nobody, nothing, owns this time
It is the witching hour when the
incurably curious cats appear from nowhere

It's at times like this that I almost believe
in ghosts and goblins, fairies and angels
Worldly things cannot find me
I no longer care about decisions, about Donald
about earthquakes or the floods

The eerie air I breath is more alive
A duet of day and night sounds reach my ears
And my body feels strangely more my own
I find a fullness in my unfolding heart
Even the other twilight walkers feel like kin

I savour the majesty more than the madness
I am happy with my place in the shambles of living
This small world is enough for me
at least until morning

J a n e O ' S h e a

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