
I n Y o u r S m a l l e s t P o c k e t

Y o u ' l l F i n d T h e U n e x p e c t e d

Nothing Left To Think

When I can't get my head straight
When I'm over-thinking
When my thoughts disturb and interrupt

That's when I go to the beach
inhale the tiny drops of sea caught in the wind
watch the small pebbles dance with the waves
and hear the low rubble of their teasing delight
taste the bite of salt on my lips
collect tiny pieces of polished glass

And then there is nothing left to think

That's when I go to the bush
breath the air just breathed by the birds
watch the leaves playing with the wind
and inhale that deep damp fragrance after rain

And then there is nothing left to think

That's when I go to my garden
and smile back at the flowers who are still smiling at the sun
and bury my hands in the moist brown earth

And then there is nothing left to think

Sometimes I simply walk
One foot and then the other
Each step gently resting on solid ground

And then there is nothing left to think

J a n e O ' S h e a

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