

“Satisfied”

Do I kill my time,

With meaningless words
Or,
Find myself in them.

I write alone,

Connected to everything in me,
History and experience,
Feelings, thoughts and loves.

My muse, is my mind lost in itself,

Finding something in verse,
And, words,
Often just felt.

I lament the keyboard,

Touching and often disconnected,
Losing the tactile connection,
To pen and paper.

Losing that holiness, of most changed endeavours.

I encourage myself in the art,

It is hidden in the electronic world,
Replaced by sound and vision,
And gratification in seconds,
Just and instant,

So easy to walk away from the experience lost.

Words,

Never lost to me,

Found mostly in the act of writing,

That lingers beyond the page in my head,

Changing my world,

For this,
I am satisfied.