

A Day in The Life

When the world stops outside,
I find myself playing,
At the bottom of the garden,
In the still round rock room
Covered
with celadon lichen,
From rainy days and nights.

Lipstick-pink earthworms
Crawl between my fingers,
As we play hide and seek
in the moist pungent soil.
This is my only interaction -
With
the *natural world*.

When the world stops outside,
I am kneeling with head bowed,
hiding bulbs from the birds
high up in the tree.
My appeal is silent
Wordless
In the still round rock room.

When the world stops outside,
I remember soft whispers
of bees by the clothes line,

Who
Danced
All
Summer long.

Drunk bees I call them
And watch,
as they take off
Like fish
Underwater
From the Stringybark
below.

One day, I will catch a bee
and collect
the sticky honey
That soothes and sweetens
every Summer breeze.
One day.
Not today.

When the world stops outside,
I close my eyes and breathe deeply;
One
Great
Cleansing breath,
That makes my chest ache
Here.

The leaves I have gathered
Are
also taking their last breath.
I throw them gently then wildly
Onto the
Soft garden bed.
There you go! There you go!

When the world stops outside,
The irony of life and death
In the garden,
Is not lost on me.

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May 2020