

Composure

It doesn't have to be about anything, I'm telling you.

-Who's that singing?

It tends to work either way.

How decide who will lead?

What "leads"?

Image. Sound. Memory. Dream.

I write down phrases.

Later, I discover them.

Or compose them myself,

having forgotten.

Your faces.

And then – behold!

Ahhhhh.

It's good to see.

With your hands.

People *do* die.

There are billions (no, more) of words inscribed on all manner of surfaces

(including imaginary ones)

Exist, though.

Words.

Child: "How do we have feelings?"

Adult: "me too."

[aside: what is "reasonable emotion"?]

As a revolving door or attic fan, we spin too quickly.

Often dizzy with input that never gets put in.

Things pass.

Like now.

Well...everything...NOW!

Missed it.

Hello dear spouse, nice to meet you (moments later):

“My how you’ve changed!”

Announce yourself!

Yes, it is you I love.

Commitment is an irrational adventure.

-committing to a swiftly flowing river

-a turbulent sea

-a certain (uncertain) weather

love. life.

Imagine a net flung out over universes known and unknown

(a.k.a. possibles)

let fall

a-ha!

To be.

(caught ya!)

What is it?

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