

Re-Inventing

Deanne Bayer

Brought the sky with me
today, keeping the faith. Comforting
to know it's always here, no matter
if it's not the Mood Indigo —
like now, coughing up
clouds, sneezing rain.

Land divides its affection equally
Between rain and sun — no wonder
They call her Mother Earth, but I
Can't take land with me, except
About as much as I can fit
In a paper bag, and what
Can one do with
a bagful of dirt?
A potted plant?

And why not?
Why not one potted plant
A microcosm —earth
Leaf, water, hope.



Drawing : Cecile Wadlow