

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 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: Evgueni Bosyatski