

The Tao Among The Weeds
Mukundan

For lack of a better,
I call it ...wind.
While I watch the sparrow's song
flutter on a breeze,
Like a sun-lofted butterfly
Echoing in the reeds,
That alights for a moment to rest
With a hush among the trees
And begins yet another duet
As they begin to breathe.

So, for lack of a better word,
I call it ...wind.
While, among the weeds
My song flutters,
In a butterfly's dreams.

