

Crackling Mindfulness

'You overthink,' gently scolding,

In the bright blueness.

'Are you ever in the moment?'

I look ahead, furrow brow,

Jam fists deeper into pockets.

'You're right. I'm hopeless at this mindfulness lark.'

Then Zephyrus - our friend, I smile to think,

Whips up my hair, and it brushes you.

Sparking and crackling with the voltage of connection.

Oh, I'm in the moment,

So fully present in this moment,

That I can even touch it with my hair.