

Chaos (and sticks)

Your hand softly roots me,
As I walk the line of chaos –
I count your fingers
And am reminded of the gift of life.

Your unquestioning trust humbles me;
And I feel a sense
Of duty and desire and dedication
Strengthen my soul.

This moment is as building block;
Stored into my heart;
Creating a permanence and purpose.
It is as brief as it is profound-
and we walk on.

You continue to play with your stick.