

Spirit

I've been a tree now fallen
Cats sleeping in the sun's rays
Rocks vibrating two times strong
 turned to rubble from the years
A bug once crawling across a kitchen floor
Sometime ago an antelope, a baboon, and a weed.
Organs in a body
Molecules in dry air
Flowers smelling sweetly and a bee
 to kill the jewel of your eye
Colors of a rainbow turning blue into crimson
But here I am in essence
Qualified to be a star?

Laura Goodenow