



The Day I Stopped for Nature

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I saw them out the window
a line of Cornflower-blue chairs
four to be exact
Their seats filled to the brim
with turbulent rainwater
an active, bubbly boil
movin' like there might be
some invisible catfish
comin' up to the surface to feed
But the seats aren't deep enough
even for a minnow
and each lake-in-a-seat
overflows gradually
one drip at a time
So the chairs they leak
in attempted unison
Third Chair runnin' a bit slow
But that's okay



'cause nature, she rolls on her own time
with no boss man hangin' over
or time clock to punch
or meaning of day or night
And, so, the water pours and rolls
in dips and swells
waves and puddles
From the sky to the seats
from the seats to the ground
Swirling and rising
past the tires of cars
and hoppin' birdy feet
Movin' like wild stallions
to where there is no end
All this I saw, the day I stopped for nature.