

skipping stones

some days

it comes easily —

tension-free,

my hand

guides

the

way,

eyes trained

across the water —

i'm a machine wired so

intricately, posed to

withstand any

factors

threatening

me in the distance —

focused on what matters:

the gleam of the ripples;

the sun's warmth

stretching
down
my
shoulders,
beaming, i bask
in a day paced
for me, it
seems —
flat —
steady —
i rock softly
from foot to foot,
practicing, feeling the
fire swelling inside of me —
rising to meet the surrounding
scene; i feel in bloom, calmly matching
the puddles at feet; blending the colors i
sometimes struggle to mash into what
is being asked of me; i flick my
wrists in tune to the sway

of the water lapping,
licking me ever
so softly —
time ticks by
without my knowledge,
tocking through thoughts in
a way that doesn't overwhelm
me — a gift, honestly, i
sometimes take
for granted —
woven —
serene —
i stack stones
before leaving so i
can get started, at least —
tomorrow may not
be free-flowing.