

Keeping Here

I wake to morning's
window-filtered sounds
and hear a
cardinal outside
my bedroom,
daring to fill
the early air with a
questioning refrain:

"Where's here?
Where's here?
Where's here?"

An idea flashes brainward
out of recent sleep as,
having risen from my bed,
I stand within
a splash of sunlight
on the carpet--
an idea taking on words:
"How you feel
is from what you do.
To feel differently,
do differently.
Start here."

I stand still in the light.
"What changes shall I make?" I ask
whoever's listening,
outdoors or innerly.

The same cardinal,
broadcasting
guru-like atop
the neighbor's
television tower,
gives simple counsel
three times again:

"Keep here.
Keep here.
Keep here."

Odd,
but on the farm
when I was young
I used to shoot
birds
with my BB gun.