

Letting Go

March rattling the windows
and thoughts buzzing in my brain
keep me from dropping into
a Sunday afternoon nap.

Outside, the musical moans
of swaying trees rise and fall,
and a persistent branch
rubs on the shingles above.

Sinking now in spite of the noise,
I drift down through my senses
toward the silky bliss
that beckons below.

Just at the point of falling free,
I hear a windy crescendo
play catchy rhythms
on the window panes again.

Allow me my nap, dear windows.
I am swaying with the trees.
Let me fall into the source.
Let me fall....