

Just Happy To Be
by Kathryn Edgecombe

"...so happy to be where they are..." Mary Oliver

At first to be forced behind closed doors
Face masked like a fugitive
hands covering finger prints
seemed like a moment of imprisonment

Then –

Time to catch up to one's
life without interruption –
to read, clean out clutter
To sweep out the hoardings
of a too complicated existence
An interval in which to imagine
words collecting on a page
a rhapsody of delight
A gift of quietude
second coffee steaming
pen poised over page
It hovers in space waiting
for something more than
inspiration

Maybe another walk on deserted
country roads