

Sleeping on a River

The young and solitary man of many lives past
Roamed the wooded mountains without a mouth
Though he had a nose for food, albeit in fast
And eyes that reflected the water, ears for music
He put life into simple things for no real sake
Always cultivating something old and known
Yet capable of many things he'd never create
He left a way behind that which he had been
Gazing to the spiraling upward and out, a pattern
Prevailing for long in schools and flocks of hen
But the flocks circled one another, unable to fly
And the schools foundations were of cement
Trying to go beyond themselves for the sky

One day the man left his camp, walking far
He was no longer very young, but not very old
Far down the mountainside, a path unmarred
The clouds were parting and rain cometh down
The birds were singing and many animals gazed
Into his emerald eyes soft as water unusually profound
He walked slow to a great river, clear to mud
He jumped in! It took him away for days on end
He slept on a log during and woke to a thud
He was at the end! He got up and walked on grass
He headed straight towards the school and hens
The wise and solitary man of many lives past

He walked in the coup and gripped their necks
Dragging them away and off to that there where
He had been for many years of which he trekked
He left them there either to die or learn so fond
They squawked and circled one another in pity

Of the predicament which would never be gone
Then one day a loud squawker lead them slow
To a great river, exceedingly clear to the mud
They jumped in! It took them away for days on end
They slept on a log during and woke to a thud
They were at the end! They got up and walked on grass
And headed towards the school with more hens
The wise and renewed hens with fewer lives ahead