

“Purpose”

Maybe the purpose is just to enjoy the moment at hand:

the chill waves on my feet as I walk along the Surry shore,
the stars becoming visible on a semi-cloudy night.

A blue heron landing on a rock at Eagle Lake.

Listening to Friday night jazz music on the radio.

Birdsong as I waken from snippets of dream.

A cup of hot tea with local honey.

Healthful food from Julie.

Mary’s raucous laughter.

Veerle’s loving texts.

Autumn mermaid swimming at Alamoosook!

Birthday dinners with friends.

A jigsaw puzzle to be put together.

A sacred fire

 A drum jam

 A singing circle

Holding the hand of your loved one as she lay dying.

The sunset and the moonrise.

Another year around the Sun.

The sum of 63 years. . . .

The Purpose Is to Be.

The Purpose Is to Love.

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