

samurai flower

I'm an old samurai
 married to my sword
I own nothing else.

I have no home
I have no mate
I have no status
I have no pension.

I have only the blue butterfly
 perched on my finger
the osprey diving into the lake
 to capture a fish
the secret snapping turtle gliding
 under the footbridge
the egret wading at water's edge
 feathers white as fallen snow.

I can draw a perfect circle
 be still for hours
 remember my dreams
 listen deeply
 slice away falsehood.

I can sit with pain until it speaks
 my pain
 and yours.

I offer myself in service
 but the heartblind futureworld of
 high-speed noise junkies
 and corporate machine soldiers
has little use for me.

I am the strongest flower you can imagine
 but the bulldozer people
 want every inch of this earth
and I'm running out of safe places
to stand.