

ORDINARY TUMBLEWEED

It was ordinary time
Then first came this
Followed by that
Each stinging like nettles

But the scratch was minimized
Forgetting to pause
To recognize each one
Until this and that began to
Tumble

Like Tumbleweed moves
With the wind
Traversing, dispersing, leaving seeds
It became extraordinary
Non-ordinary time

You forced me to ask
Who or what I was
I should have waited
For the answer

Stopped, paused, greeted
Each tumbleweed
to see what
I could learn
In ordinary and extraordinary times

