

Step Out

I stepped outside
from the low ceiling
with linear light
of an inside world
with its endless owes
the matrix of squares
the numbers and notes
of have to's and must do's.

I stepped outside
from the little box
with interlaced light
and collision of worlds
with worries and wars
an all-knowing and numb skull
heaved earth and high winds
must haves and have nots.

I stepped outside
from the circular air
with preponderance of care
and spread my breast
with whatever may be
the greater release
a wave of grass, or
embrace of breeze.

R. Hight - 2017