

Each day

So much to say
So many ideas
So many opinions
So many feelings
So many experiences

But why don't they seem to matter anymore?

9 am on a late May morning in Portugal,
Birds of numerous breeds sing.
Ilvy, the orange and white hound, sits at my feet.
The sun is beginning to feel hot on my clothes
But the breeze still feels cool across my skin
As it gently sways a swing hung in the tree just beside me.

Drinking instant coffee (with sugar and milk –
Unusual for me who usually has black drip)
I contemplate the day
The landscape

My existence

The landscape is that of the Algarve:
Golden grasses dried by the sun
Speckled with some green grasses
Which too will turn gold.
A man-made lake, a pond, really,
Is alive with insects, frogs, snakes, and ducks.
In the afternoon, when the heat of the day is too much to justify physical labor,
I will swim naked in its waters.
For now, I watch the blueish-green ripples
And the birds that zig zag after flies and other assorted treats.

Ilvy now barks. At what? Only Ilvy knows.
A chicken clucks.
A turkey gobbles.
Some sheep, out of sight over a hill, bah,
A bell clanks on one of their necks.

And what of my existence?
Isn't it enough to just be?

(Or is it "Be"?
Is such a capitalization pretentious?)

I find myself swept away in thoughts about the Trump administration
(That corrupt lot) back home in the United States,
And feel angry.

Why be angry? I am powerless.

Then I'm swept up with thoughts about my place in the world. What should I do? What should I be doing? Shouldn't I have accomplished more? Accomplished something? I have a terminal degree! Shouldn't I be tenured? Shouldn't I focus on publications?! Shouldn't I write more plays?!?! Shouldn't I---

Ah. And there it is again.
Swept up by such concerns
I lose myself.
Screaming at myself with each thought.
Trying to drive myself to seek societal sanctioned success.

But the sun is getting too hot.
And a wall on my host family's house needs to be painted.
And I've only two more days here.

So much to say...

Last night the stars were more numerous than I've seen in years.
Out here, away from the light pollution,
You can see more of the distant galaxies
Than you can when deep within the city
And perhaps some of them have life

Perhaps some creature out there is looking back
Thinking about the politics on their planet
Thinking about what their life should be
Thinking, thinking, thinking...

And then the gentle cool breeze reminds us to simply Be.

So much to say?

But who cares?

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