

Smoke Flower

Papers become mountains
So gradually, one barely notices
Comforting mountains
Validating decades of existence
Till those mountains invade the present
Block any view of tomorrow
Weighty, shackling mountains
Shading even the sunshine.

I fed my mountains to the flames today
The gray swirls and curls dispersed into the air
Unencumbered now,
I flutter off to find life's flowers

as light as the butterfly.

But with each little breeze
That touches the cheek or ruffles the hair
I feel my weightless mountains
 Of ticket stubs
 Vacation postcards
 Greeting cards and letters
 Invitations and announcements
 Clippings from the obit page
In the air surrounding me
An invisible comfort -
Validation.

--By Patricia Butkovitch