

I FOUND A LEAF IN MY HEART

I found a leaf in my heart
that sat my imagination wondering:
is it alive or dead? I said, "Broaden."
Imagination: Mind wants to know.
I retort, "Leave the leaf as is.
What is it?" Mind spoke up to ignore
the question. I go off, "The heart
is not a tree, the tree is not alive
or dead and not the mind's imagination."
It's all mind, I hear in echo.
To have the veins full of green
You must let the heart tell you.
"When has it spoken?" I ask.
When has it not, comes the reply
In timber that moves foundation
As a totem is the song of spirit
That is the forest that natives
Are spoken of the land.
That will give you a heart to whisper
the leaf is heart, step out as root.