

Watching

Mind dissolving,
crumbling round the edges
falling back
into void of inner space
mind becoming wasteland
structure melting
directionless, desireless, regressing
to childlike ignorance
of meaningless
grown up world,
satisfaction in any
THING disappearing

what what WHAT?
what to do?
what to say?
how do they know
what they like to do?
how do grownups live?
in this busy tight world
purposefully hurrying cleaning tidying working
endlessly talking
washing ironing dusting dressing shopping....
for what?

As a baby with kaleidoscopic eyes
I see forms drifting
in and out of my vision,
instant acceptance
when gone from sight
forgotten forever
surprise and pleasure

and rediscovery
no remembrance
on their return
mostly disinterested
childlike
sit in the car and wait
things grown ups like to do
a mystery
where they go
what they do
unknown...
I sit and watch
the people passing,
clouds drifting by,
undisturbed
by the discontinuity of the show

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