

Rush Life

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In the near mist cradle
I rock myself to sleep
back and forth
again and again
with pendulum dreams
bobbing in and out of sight
as I reach
to grasp
The red hot core of life...

It runs from me
with deliberate speed
like dandelion heads exploding in the wind.
Chasing them
I trip
over children's toys
and piney mountain paths
Mr. Right
and last week's meditation class
getaways
and dead affirmations
the taste of salty ocean mist
and canceled candlelight dinner reservations...

The orange sun—my finish line
dips into the horizon
like clockwork...

I never finish the race.

I choke
out of breath
traversing my inner space
trembling on a cerebral tightrope...

And then it dawns on me
Am I not the center of the universe?