

Squinting in the Sun

I am but an animal on two legs; [an oaf], loafing in [the likeness] of divine design.

Rambling through the thicket [trampling twenty kinds of herbs and vines] along the way; honeysuckle, bittersweet, thyme and ginger root all get my clodhopping boot as I trudge [plodding] through.

Queen Anne's lace makes a comprehensive case to leak [the Truth].

But if [ever] there were [a Magoo], it's you and me [my friend].

For we elevate the orchid and [blast right past] the sprays of field daisies lying out on foptail blankets, drinking in the sun.

My moronic beast is boorish, [this I know].

For it is in my least suspecting moments [when I'm traipsing aimlessly] that my awkward face [is turned] to see a single ray of light upon a spike of milkweed.

In those clearly [not me] moments, I am freed [like a feather-winged seed floating from its dowdy pod].

Goldenrod and primrose [were growing well before I ever put my toe into the water]; and they will outlast my casting out into the lake for dinner.

Chamomile has been there all the while, [steeping tea of healing] for the [ache] of foraging bones.

I'm not alone.

Bay leaf and sweet basil, trumpet vine and jasmine, have been sent to [shout the secrets] of the Blueprint.