

The Winds

The winds come farther apart now
Sometimes not for weeks, months or more
Which one is this?
The ten thousandth?
How does one count them?
Is it one that can carry me for years
or many daily, propelling me forward?
The inspirations, when they come
come as before, most often in the morning
when I sit to meditate
But do I have the will to follow through?
Will an umpteenth wind magically appear?
Often not
How many failures will it take
to kill my will?
And are they failures?
If I know the tree falls, it falls, does it not?
The hidden, rooftop gargoyle is there for God and the demons to see
Does it serve a purpose?
If no one appreciates my creation but me
does it still create ripples of positivity beyond the little universe I am?
Even if it does
My heart, of course, wants more
Someone?
Anyone?
Any beautiful, wonderful woman?
yearns my greedily loping Grendel
Must it always come down to this?
I go outside and look at my cucumber plant
Yet another small wannabe has only shriveled
But look there!
Three! a tenth, sixth and quarter grown!
How could I not have noticed them?
How could they, previously unseen, now so large appear?
Who knows what treasure something I have done has wrought?
Perhaps there is hope after all
and a new wind
will carry me
through
one
more
thing