change of

the pupae prior to chrysalis

without question or comment

nor a vision or mission

to the bud of a buttercup

no question arises

of when to spring forth

as with an ambition

the clouds change their patterns

brush stroked by the wind

with no pondering forth

about how to or when

and the moon changes phase

without presupposition

peeks out or slips back

without an intent

as such the wise owl if

storms toss her nest

no tears or regrets

simply builds one next door

brittle leaf of the oak

letting go in the Fall

not choosing the time

to return to earth’s floor

just humans with angst

with grief and with pain

to suffer with change

again and again

even meter, if changed can cause a sigh,

or a cry

why not let go

as the leaf and the owl

the moon or the pupae?

it’s hard to explain

perhaps meaning gives humans

the need to grip tight

to battle the shifting of

life rearranged

I ponder if owls

or a quiet chrysalis

also find meaning

though through safety

of change

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