DIRECTIONLESS By Jodi Gaski jodigaski@gmail.com

I turned off my GPS,

Destination directionless

A place to go

With dead-end streets

Closed signs in the window

My shadow sis in silence

as my footsteps slow

Waiting, always waiting

For an echo

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INTERRUPTION

Birch white branches dance

in the chilled wind

Leaves, like slender green fingers

motion the air

to conduct every swoosh, rustle

playing off one another

with the rise and fall of each gust

A chorus of invisible chirps

plays in the background

Dark gray thoughts

follow my gaze

over partially shadowed peaks,

poised under clumping mounds

whose shapes fluctuate patterns

across shades of winter blue

Lost, in desert sounds and movement

I can neither float nor fall,

fully awaken or sleep

just stare and exhale

Yesterday, cancer fell

out of a clear blue sky

without a trace of sound or movement

My intended journey, interrupted

Another course exacted of me

In willful mindlessness

moments pass

Dark clouds break

streaks of light and warmth

enter my self-imposed barrier

Mesmerized by the mountains.

I breathe in(Ready to climb)