Beach Chair Press
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A Creative Bath

The mudslides promise lotuses
as I wait for their arrival.

The birds rarely peeking through
olive skinned surfaces.

I feel a rumbling
as I devour books for direction.

Seeking solitude for healing
and suddenly pulled to soul survivors.

There's a simmering beneath my surface,
avoiding superficiality

and craving with a seeker's curiosity
what lies on forbidden paths.

My psyche feels responsible for this creative bath,
bubbles of unknown origin—
some to evaporate, others to blossom.

There continues to be unknowns
or whether mud bestows
our community with beautiful lotuses.