

BESIDE THE POINT - V

There's confusion here  
do I not fill each day with  
small and large acts  
*breathe in the cold air*  
while stepping outside  
for armloads of wood  
*play humming games*  
while reviving the fire  
*remind myself to notice*  
welcoming rhythms  
the big in the small.

The pull is ponderous and large  
connections pull out and in  
as eye and mind  
*observe ceaselessly*  
drawing some idle thread  
out of curiosity  
determination  
always after  
something.

Some days some threads  
unfurling back and away  
dying fingers  
unclasping  
threads once stitching all together  
connecting  
everything related now  
I cannot find these threads  
but if I could  
I'd scorn them  
*such is despair.*

So I tell myself  
*who am I kidding*  
acts both large and small  
smear

into monstrous  
forgetting  
even as I work  
large and small  
finding myself  
in the small  
losing myself  
in the large

*It's beside the point.*

- Diane Sophrin  
Vermont. 12.23.20