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## April 8-9, In Five Parts

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## *April 8-9, In Five Parts*

What I feel like  
walking around with  
tiny cymbals ringing  
beside my ears:  
trying to take nothing for granted,  
I shut my eyes  
and listen carefully.

I saw a thin line  
of bricks breaking through  
the dry leaves in the forest  
by the side of the road.  
Creeping down the slope  
to see what it was,  
I discovered a small brick opening  
that led to a drainage pipe  
which disappeared into the darkness  
under the road.  
I could see nothing--  
I could only hear  
a slight rushing drone  
of water far away.

I got a letter from a friend  
who said she was searching  
for a world inside this world.  
She told me not to try  
to change her opinion,  
but I wasn't even thinking of trying.

(cont'd., no new stanza)

I thought her precise observations  
of small details were fascinating  
and I wished I was like her--  
an intellectual thinker  
and slight hermit  
who is easily able to voice  
her rather strange attitudes.

Working in the garden,  
picking raspberries,  
I noticed a small, tan shell  
of skin, attached  
to the underside of a leaf.  
As I reached for it,  
the tiny, paper-thin wings  
fell off the carcass,  
fluttering down  
among the flowers and vegetables.  
I decided not to remove the body.

Trying to take nothing for granted,  
I shut my eyes  
and listened carefully;  
it was then that I caught  
a faint whisper  
of a world inside this world,  
only I didn't see what it was:  
I had my eyes closed.

*by Seth Nehil*