

Now

If this was my last day

I would not

defrost the freezer

clean the bath

be alone

walk to the shop

(milk, bin liners, tuna, broccoli)

fold laundry

wait

I would

find an ocean

the warmth of a driftwood fire

surrender,

to the great forces of human life,

which speak of unity beyond all moving parts,

the seasons, the winds

the unvarying form of the sun,

knowing I'm shaped by earth and sky

from fibrous roots and mystery of light

in fullness,

the sum of all of it.