



NAMASTE

by : ERIN J. BAUMAN

Lately
I find I need to fill in space
To stretch my limbs
into the fabric of the universe
and say: "I am here.
Like the first ocean,
I am here.
Surface broken, again and again,
on the bones of ancient rocks and cliffs,
but I
am still here."
Breathe in, stretch up
just to know
that I am still here;
to know that each illusory moment
is reality;
to know that I see what is missed
amidst the folds of society,
and then when the world particulates
in front of my eyes
I am seeing the truth:
seeing the fundamentals of life;
understanding the individual importance
of each tiny speck,
taking up its own minute space,
and understanding the importance
of just being here.