

The Wandering Circle

Lydia strokes it
watching shiny rolls
of release torn patterns
down the rough cement driveway.

All of us encircle her actions
wondering if all accepted textures were included.
Tomorrow beckons for
the other human cellular senses.

“Lydia come out and play with us!”
Look what we can do now,
see, touch, smell,
hear the bounce of life.

The wandering circle
searches for happiness.