

someone talking about

by Carey Morning

someone talking about
the structure of a feather
or respiration
maybe the contextual being
of a plant, of a cloud
or how the beak of a hummingbird
fits so precisely
inside a flower
a flower we had always seen
as a separate life entirely

sometimes the body hears
the repercussions of such things
and softens without thought
losing its own edges
finding the wordless place
of belonging to it all

the mind quiets right down
widened and tender then
and wants to stay forever

I hadn't thought of it
until just now
how difficult it must have been
and how did they decide when?
to get up off their knees
take their leave
and head back out into the night
those kings, those shepherds

CAREY MORNING

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Carey Morning is an ex-pat New Yorker, long-time grateful resident of Edinburgh, mother, psychotherapist, sometime writer and painter, gardener, but mostly these days a pretty devoted lover of the unfathomable beauty of the many worlds, just working away at deepening my membership in it all.