



Staying In

by Ernie Harris

What is it about the rain,
wind, and grayness
that feels so welcomed?
Why does outside storminess
encourage interior journeys?
Since I don't want to be out,
better stay in -
and go in.

One road blocked for repair
opens a detour - to explore.
It may be a new way, never
before traveled,
or an old one, not visited
in a long time.

Perhaps something familiar,
seen anew.

Was going birding today with
binoculars and scope,
instead I search corners
of my soul.

Under the oak, ground dry
since last winter,
a drenching rain pushes so
much green up through
the fallen leaf-litter.

