When things don’t fit

Sometimes it feels that

where I am at doesn’t

seem to fit with the world.

Other times it feels like

where the world is at

it doesn’t seem to fit with me.

Today feels like one of those days.

When things fit

For no other reason than

they just do

and it is good.

And I have no need to explain

the weight lifted,

mind freed,

tummy settled,

the breeze on my face,

the meaning of sleep,

a smile,

belonging.

And it is good.

Mostly in between

But mostly everything is ordinary,

day-to-day, familiar.

Routine,

even what is, to others,

extraordinary,

is usual,

expected.

It is what it is,

mostly.

And so I try

not to judge harshly,

or at all,

for that has implications.

And, in between

is a full-bodied kind of place

that can last a long time.

David Buck