

Karmic Bebop

Walking south into the maw of canyon rock,
in the height of shape shifting weather,
a yellow and brown butterfly
passes between them.

The day's breath expelled,
reaches out and swirls around them,
taking with it this aberrant form
from a season not yet born.

Two lazy black raven queens
rock on rolling updrafts.
Nothing's going to ruffle their feather
as they cruise the main drag.

"If I do this one right,
maybe I can come back as one of them."
The hat is pushed back so his eyes
can try to follow the future.

"You're the only one I know
that believes in stuff like that;
everybody I know is heaven bound."
Thoughts are as idle as the day.

By week's end it'll be eight below.
So they cut off a chunk of the day
to fold and pull into shape
like salt water taffy.

Lifetimes of shape shifting.
Lessons to be learned and relearned
in the deep retreat of shadowed thought
and the brilliant naked light of conscious choice.

