

Melanie Flores

Choose To Be Free

A papery poppy bobs in the breeze
precariously supporting a visiting butterfly.
A babbling brook, a cantankerous cricket -
sights and sounds of life...
of the good and the pure.

Yet, the scavenging vulture circles above.
Choosing not to see him, I see the rainbow,
forming on the horizon, but
there's a tornado up ahead.

Reports fall on shuttered ears,
as I take pleasure in the sweet green
of freshly mown grass,
and the salt hovering
above the open sea.
A cresting wave....
Succulent scents...
I delight in their life
and forget about worry
and hate and death.
For this moment,
for this day,
for perhaps...
an eternity.