

Leaving Yesterday

On the edge of the cliff above me
dirty rusty barrels loom
full of pollutants
detritus massed
from the darkness
of my errors
poor decisions
momentary failures to recall
and then act on the ideals
I rely on to inspire and move me.

Here I am at dawn
on the brink of a new day
full of possibilities
laughter, tenderness, listening and lingering
here I am at a moment of genesis

IF

I have the sense
and shameless audacity
to simply notice and accept those looming barrels
and their polluted contents
as yesterdays
and leave them there.

Author's Note: Inspired by a dream.

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