

little tornados

we are like little tornados.
we drop down from the clouds
find the earth with our toes,
wander about without knowing where—
our paths dispense their destruction
without meaning to hurt
what we touch.
and when we are done,
we are sucked back up
into the heavens—
what becomes of us?

there will be other tornadoes
on other days
but they will not be us.

july 26, 2004
the bodhitree house