

All the Day's Receipts

All the day's receipts
 have been caught up
In a taunting whirlwind
Important pieces of my life
 go swirling out just beyond
Arm's reach. I grab
 frantically, hysterically
But the wind only increases
 with each wild movement.

In my hands, I hold the answer
 I slip the knot, toss the noose
High into the air
The whirlwind catches the loop
 and spirals it out, larger
And wider – until it encircles
 all that I cannot
Reach. Gently, softly,
Firmly, I lasso in
 all the pieces of my life –
All the day's receipts.

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