

Sonnet Scroll

There's Wisdom in the Feet

By David MacRae Landon

What is this creature I've become? all head,
a brain who thinks it needs its special story,
a story it revises constantly,
hoping to find its "aren't-I-something" twist,
one that persuades the story-judge supreme,
presiding in the mystic supernova,
to choose it as the one that must be told.

But now I'm feeling good about my feet,
taking me here and there, with no story in mind,
and prompting me to breathe, and look around,
and see what's happening in the world. And look!
Here comes a friend I haven't seen in months.
He's waving, walking quickly, almost here.
I bet he has a story. I'm all ears.