

I am at the Epicenter of Most Earthly Entanglements

By: Jacqueline Becker

Often while watching bumblebees I wonder,  
I wonder how it is they are able to fly.  
Science says they shouldn't.

Laying in the cool grass staring at the clouds,  
Watching them move, slowly revolving,  
I remember I forgot to notice them yesterday.

When the tree branches freeze and have icicles,  
But the ground stays warm and green,  
I ask myself, if I were taller would my head be colder?

Night at winter is always more beautiful,  
It has more stars and the moon seems brighter,  
Yet often no one looks long enough to notice.

I saw a spider spin a web,  
Its beauty so carefully and intricately constructed,  
Only to be torn apart minutes after completion.