

Dragonfly

I like to stop where the bike trail
crosses the pond by Glen Lake
and look down and see what I
can see.

Today I watched the shadow of
a dragonfly on the water
moving, shimmering, and then saw
her waiting as the slight breeze
blew bringing, I guessed,
bugs to eat and I thought how
she seemed to be so much
herself in the short life she has,
knowing how to fly so gracefully and
what to eat and who to
mate with;
knowing just exactly how
to be a dragonfly.

While I'm still wondering how to
be what I'm supposed to be,
and how we still aren't so
sure what we
should do, or even
what we should say
to each other,
are we, my love?