

Dissolving

I will not be here long
A small collection of things
That will return to the earth...
Some colour,
Some strength,
But not rooted

The wind will whip me away,
Break me apart

I ignore my surroundings, not interacting
With the lichen or the shrubs
Forgetting to appreciate those little things
That I am soon to become

I feel only the ground now
Just rock
It will not hold onto me, just hold me
No protection, just a base
Exposed, but grounded
I am changed as soon as I am laid down

My creator is not my protector
She told me

Let the world move you
Let the sun and the wind direct you
Even if it tears you apart.
Be colourful
Give of yourself
Bring joy
But do not preserve yourself.
You are but a temporary creation
You would not want it any other way.
It is the brevity that creates the word *precious*
It is the unexpected that makes the story worth telling
It is the little things that make an imprint
And they only need a moment...
Do not take too much
Do not disrupt the others more than you must
Take your moment
Bring your joy, and give it all away
And when you are done, they will not see a trace of you
And that will be okay
Because your heart will linger
And bless this place
Let the wind try to blow that away