

CONTEMPLATIONS by Sara Pruiksma

1.15.2025

Death may be a sacred release

Though I do not wish to miss the morning
...the muffled tweets amongst fallen leaves
or the brilliant chirps sounding from above

Perhaps I may become them

I may miss the beauty, as I see it
but in death, I may become it

I may become the open space
tumbling hills and grassy plains
the warm breeze grasping at cattails
bouncing the red-wing black bird

I may become the dewy forest
its dense green carpet

I may become the sky
in all its dreamy moods
the stormy gusts as they blow
coaxing leaves to dance

In death I may truly live

Let me become all that I see
Immerse me into this idyllic land

Slowly becoming the land
I love