

Letting Go The Known

I watch these last Autumn
leaves, determined limpets
that droop from branches,
which rustle to let them go.
They remind me to choose
who I am - wind, leaf or tree,
as they flutter in this bluster -
resolute and dogged.

We've passed forty days in Lockdown.
It's not quite a fasting of food -
more like being starved of
a life once known.
Early Christians called it
Quadragesima, the start of abstaining.
Jains, Muslims and Daoist's all have
their own traditions of renunciation.

The pandemic has inflicted
its own ritual, one where
we refrain from life as we know.
It's become a universal fast -
an abstinence from what's common,
a self-denial of what we've
taken for granted, an ascetic
restraint of the familiar and certain.

We've let go what we know
to hold onto what's becoming.