

Wandering Bird

Remote from it's
sea womb,
on an inland
venture, a gull's
caw drifts in
to my bathroom,
through an open
window.

I stare at my own
face gazing back
at me - from that
hazed mirror.
A wilted face
mounted on
sunken shoulders,
which have aged.

It has been weeks
of suspended life,
during which
unmerciful hours
of despair, have
been mixed with
exquisite moments of joy.
A life that is waking up.

The mirror asks if
I'm finally able to
recognize this instant.