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# MINDFULNESS POET

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## The Constant Sea of Change

I awoke and spent my pre-alarm minutes  
gazing thoughtlessly,  
I'd never noticed the morning colour of the walls before  
or the way sunlight comes through that lemon tree.

Strange to be leaving, packing our boxes,  
just to transport, unpack and re-arrange;  
everything's falling apart to come back together again  
in the constant sea of change.

The seasons are shifting, the lemon harvest is over.  
My baby's getting home before it's dark.  
And that flu that's been niggling around the edges  
has morphed into a cough that sounds like a bark

We kept the bugs at bay though! With oranges and lemons  
and whisky! imbued with the medicinal magic  
of garlic and ginger, spices and honey  
and we toasted life, the comic and the tragic.

In a room full of boxes and books and clothes  
my woman tells me about her week.  
Half hearing the words as she chats and smiles,  
I touch the softness of her cheek.

3 years ago she was a stranger,  
and in 8 weeks she'll be my wife.  
There's plenty to enjoy if you can stay open  
amidst the impermanence of life.

The unusual becomes the familiar,  
and old habits now seem strange.  
Everything shifts and becomes something else  
in the constant sea of change.

It's strange visiting my future mother-in-law  
and not seeing her little black cat.  
All those hours spent patting the schmoozy bastard  
and now he's gone—!— just like that.

Taken by a tick in the prime of his life,  
another reminder that everything is temporary.  
The sea of constant change is also the sea  
of life's fragility.

So we're moving tomorrow, it's late winter  
and please God don't send us any more rain.  
Our boxes are packed and we're as prepared as can be  
to do it all over again.

And the unusual will slowly become familiar  
and what's now familiar will soon seem strange.  
Not good, not bad, just the way things are:  
the constant sea of change.

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