

UTOPIA EUNOIA

A non-place
for the sheer pleasure of doing something
For instance:
looking after the tide.

Tide, after tide, after tide, tide. Tide, after tide after tide, tide.

One at a time.
No matter how long the short time is.
One at a time,
like breathing and tide.

And...
as tide in the open ocean,

within the vastness of our mindfulness,
we don't notice the oscillation of our moods.

Joy after sorrow, after joy, after sorrow. Sorrow, joy after sorrow, after joy joy.

The punchline never comes when you expect it.
There is a delay, clearly immeasurable,
between now and then.