

This Chance  
by: Aida R. Guhlin  
Written in the style of Walt Whitman

I've lain on grass before,  
my chest rising,  
my chest sinking with every breath.  
I've felt the sun shine brightly on me,  
and the grass, warming me to every inch.

I've closed my eyes and listened,  
heard the grass rustle and the birds break silence with speech.  
And I've closed my eyes tighter, as if to blot out the sun.  
But its rays shine through anyway,  
so I can't convince myself it's dark.

I lie there, and I release all my tension,  
every bit in me, trying to numb my thoughts,  
trying to make my body quiet.  
I want to listen.

I don't want to be just me, by myself,  
on the ground, I want to be a whole, not a fraction.  
When I'm lying there and I've turned everything off,  
and the noise my body makes, the thoughts my mind conjures, are no more than a  
gentle hum...

I can feel the world spinning, I can *feel* it.

There's a difference to knowing and feeling.  
I may know that the world is spinning.  
End the train of thought that screams, whistles, and billows smoke.  
Grasp the sensation, *the feel*, that the whirl of the Earth gives.

For little precious time, I can recognize my part of being the same as the world and  
everything it holds.  
Not knowing, instead recognizing.

Wanting for it to last, suspending time, enjoying it,  
trying to make time slow, if not pause entirely.  
'Cause if I can, can make the world slow...  
If I could make the world *slow*...  
This time, this chance, lasts longer.