

Letting Go

I try to grab hold to the laughter of trees,
But it slips through my hands
Like a soft summer breeze
That no one else sees.

“Be mine,” I say.
“Stay!”
But it wanders away,
And I am left reaching for nothing but air.

I almost can hear a voice without words,
A song without music that sings in my ears,
A touch and a thought that no one else hears.

“Be mine,” I say.
“Stay.”
But it wanders away,
And now I’m not sure if it ever was there.

“Let go,” said the breeze.
“I come and I go as I please.”

“Let go,” said the song.
“If you try to hold on, I’ll be gone.”

“Let go,” says my Lord.
“There is nothing worth while you can hoard.”