

The Now

It's hard staying in the Now.
Thoughts appear out of nowhere,
Take me by the hand,
And I don't even know I'm gone,
Until I'm lost.

And then I see my dog.
I see her wig wag tail,
Wig wag, wig wag,
Like a metronome for the Now.
Like a rescue dog for my consciousness.

My heart swells and I am down with her.
I feel her coarse black curls
Tangle through my fingers.
I hear her hot rhythmic pant
Warm up my nose.
I relish inhaling her dry earth scent,
And then I think
'Wow, I am so in the Now!'

In fact, I think,
If there were a test
For how in the Now I actually am,
I would be one of the top ever scorers.
Eckhart himself would be impressed.
But then I realise,
That's my ego talking,
And I have failed again.

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