

Sheerness of being

She steps out of the house
into the bright light of day
a year behind her, a morning
in front of her

She walks with determination
past the smiling neighbors
all busy with themselves
past the dead birch and rowan,
just coming back to life

She walks over bridge
and under tunnel
in some ways straight
regardless of how
the road turns

She walks, not *to* somewhere
but *from* somewhere
caring not so much about
destination, as about
direction.

Forward.
Not backwards,
not turning in circles
and not regretting the
step not taken.

She walks, with sun streaming
through her hair, through the
sheerness of being.

Umeå Spring, 2008

manya raman sundström