

Anchor

[Print this poem only.](#)

What is this dark anchor in me
holding me in my present comfort
when I know there are dirty dishes to wash?
Do I forget I'm a mere steward of this wealth
in a lavish open-hearted universe?

Breathe in free oxygen
swept in by unchained wind
wake up to its fragrance
swim in its musk
abide in its love
for the moment it takes
to decide to get up off the lounge.

Written 1-7-23

