



BUSY-NESS

I was busy,
I was so busy keeping each busy-minute
Packed-fast-busy
That I wouldn't miss a thing.
Always afraid
I was going to miss
Something
Then, little bothersomes fitted themselves
In between the busy activities.
A quiet slow-down minute,
Stubborn,
Too often bogged down in the busy-ness,
Leaving me more confused
And more hurried to
Do 15-things-at-once in half-the-time.
The little bothersomes grew,
Multiplied,
Sticking more and more stubborn slow downs
And stops into Busy activities.
The Busy activities almost gave up,
Surrendered to the stubborn ones.

Much later...

Now I sit with a long list of things to do.
But a day full of other ideas,

To scratch a few thoughts,
To reflect on a few feelings,
To sit and think,
To get in tune with me,
To relax enuf to enjoy what I'm doing.
The something that I was afraid of missing
Was there all the time.
I was too busy
And too afraid
Of missing it
To find it.

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