

Inner Peace

by Paul Turner

Inner peace is life's expectation,
Glimpsed on the perch of a young maple tree,
Buffeted on a close reach in a windy river basin.

My time is partly guided by that lodestar
And this clock in the system tray.

These times bend to my will and theirs
And follow my turned left foot.

Multiple threads lead to stitches or unraveling,
Sometimes a filled but transient head.

Inner peace is life's expectation,
Glimpsed on the perch of a young maple tree,
Buffeted on a close reach in a windy river spree.