PURELY SEEING November 10, 2010

By Michael Erlewine (Michael@Erlewine.net)

Sumac berries, usually gone by spring, eaten by the birds. Striking. This poem happened:

PURELY SEEING

Hard to see, Purely, When stained.

Like: Looking through, The dark, At yourself.

"Mother Nature," Always pure, Is the cure.

Visit her.

Michael Erlewine November 10, 2010

