

“Jamie’s Song (Goodbye)” by Eyal Amiel

I have been thinking a lot, recently,
About the way Nature celebrates
Endings and beginnings.

Sometimes, the tumble of a falling leaf,
Or a slow mist slipping in front of the Moon;
Sometimes, a ferocious spit of lightning,
Cleaving forest giants to tatters;
Sometimes, a great ocean swell,
Dancing, simultaneously,
Both fore and aft,
Where even the surest compass
Might not safely guide one’s path.

I’ve been thinking about the way
The wind has no home;
Or rather, how it finds its home anywhere,
Rippling at the contours of a tree,
Or the quiet surface of a smiling pond;
The way a raindrop might leave their cloud,
To resume a journey to Earth
And become sustenance for a thirsty root;
How the green-white sprout hails the courage
To break the ground’s crust
And taste sunlight for the first time;
Or, how a dry log sublimates itself,
Surrendering to the passion of a lusty fire.

I’ve been wrong all this time, I think,
About the Spirit of Goodbye,
About the closing of doors,
And the severing of ties.

I am so eager to learn new things,
To voice a new song,
In the melody of my breath.
In reverence, I bow to the path behind me,
And I bow to the path ahead.