

Moments  
by Becky Sayers

The poetry of this moment-  
fleeting  
drifting  
falling  
out of my reach.

Floating on a second  
is a completeness  
that dissipates like morning dew.

Warm wind on my back-  
caressing  
encircling  
kissing  
the day's worries away.

Dreams are so distant,  
so unnecessary now  
while I feast on contentment.

Sweet nothingness is here-  
filling  
emptying  
swelling  
inside my mind.

This moment shall pass  
into obscurity  
before the day's end.