

Groundlessness

Meg Wheatley © 2005, 2012

The flags are flying at half-mast. Again.

This one drapes across the highway as I drive toward it.

It's over-sized, the type of flag that became popular

when patriotism needed to be more visible.

It suffocates the road, limp, lifeless.

Wind attempts to lift its spirit but

the flag refuses to move so

laden with sorrow.

This flag is for Katrina.

I remember another massive flag that

flared out defiantly in the fierce wind after 9/11.

The world I see will soon be lost in lifeless flags.

We are only at the beginning.

Last night I threw out a salt container that still had some salt in it.

I wanted to clear space in my crowded cabinet.

As I tossed it in the garbage, it came to me. There will

come such scarcity that even those few grains will be treasure.

I still threw it out, but vowed to remember this night.

Now, how do I live whole-heartedly?

Every time a flag gets lowered, I tell myself:

This is what it feels like as a culture dies.

This is what it feels like in the age of destruction.

This is what groundless feels like.

Don't grasp for ground.

Don't grasp.

Groundlessness has to be learned.

I am teaching myself with these terrifying mantras.