

Existence
Robert Edgar

I'm distracted by this pithy tune
Scribbled on a paper scrap
Used a pen without a cap
I sing it when night gets too long.

Imagine that I toss a fist of
Rice and sulfur in a cloud
There we watch as it exists,
as though by creation kissed.

The slightest things, the shortest life,
Unfocused edge of shadow glanced,
A sweet smell near a maple door,
A star's reflection on the floor,
In this handful of all things and their
radiance,

How do we sense

The presence

Of existence?

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