

## EXISTENCE

At the River  
I tinker with understanding  
As sunshine kisses my face  
Rain thrashes  
Bringing new life  
Humming birds dip  
Funnel like smiles  
A vivid picture  
Where conviction does not burn

In the belly of the watery snake  
A hoop of fish assembles  
Like glass they scatter  
Just a sense of awareness  
Says I can be happy with that.

-- James W. Collins