

# open eyes

by brian michael tracy

Sometimes

I meditate with open eyes  
and watch the wings of blackbirds  
come to rest.

They stop and stare  
with the emotion of sunlight.

The trees don't seem to mind.  
They learn to bend at a very young age.  
If they are lucky they bear fruit  
and live to see their labor at their feet.

Birds come and go,  
unsure about the sky.

The fruit does not seem to mind.  
It understands distraction at a very young age.

It stays within itself  
because it does not trust the branch;  
all the while preparing

to fall

with open eyes.

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