

Intoxicating Life - poem by Simon Foster

Have you ever watched an animal  
When they go out for their walk?  
Barney and me left the rectory  
For our walk, our perambulate  
I saw something I had never seen before  
The sheer thrill at smelling fresh air  
Golden retrievers have a great knack  
Of looking as if they are laughing  
Well, I saw him sniff the fresh air  
Head and snout aloft  
He glanced back at me  
Breathing in that air  
This was know sniffing out animal sent  
This was savoring the fresh air  
It was as if he was letting me know  
He almost looked as if laughing  
Happy, intoxicated by joy  
At the gift of fresh air  
When do we as humans  
Allow ourselves to be intoxicated  
With air, water, gifts of life?  
Zen reminds us of mindfulness  
Dogs don't have to think  
They are just present  
Present to the air  
Am I, are we present  
Will we be present  
To the air we breathe?  
Like the song  
Sung in some churches  
'This is the air I breathe'  
The Divine Mystery  
Caught up in the air  
This is the air I breathe' as the song says  
'I am lost without you'  
We are all lost  
If we are not present  
Present to air, to now  
What a waste  
To go through life  
With all gadgets and trinkets  
To have missed the air, today, now  
'I'm lost without you'  
Without You, God of many names and beyond all names  
Life Giver, Sustainer, Intermingling One