

Fallen

I fell today
On a high mountain path
I stumbled on old familiar rocks
Rising up at me again

And so I fell
The going down as if in slow motion
The shame that others might see my fall
Replaced by the beauty of the scenery going by

I tumbled around
Until I didn't know if I was going down or up
The world inverted with me in it
Fallen, astounded by beauty

As I lay there
Presumably at rock bottom
A butterfly flitted about me
'Avila!', I cried from my soul's depth

I reached out
To hold the butterfly just beyond my worldly grasp
But in the reaching towards her
I had unknowingly stood again

Upright, for now
I walked on in thanksgiving
For the descent
And the beauty of getting back up

Jim Deeds