

The Dirt

The furrows storm with dust.
The seeds haven't reached the ground.
The dirt roams in the air,
Breaking my meditation.

I'm not alone under a tree.
We each have one for a week—
Twelve other people in mid-life crisis
Seeking truth in silence.

We sit with our journals,
Pens scratching paper,
Diving into the soul's intricacies
While dirt blows past.

The leader rings a chime.
It is time to gather
And form our sacred circle
On the corporate-like chairs
In the 300-year-old *masia*.

The floors swept clean,
The organic food set in bowls,
And the soul-searching authorized
Until Friday at four.

Meanwhile,

The furrows will be ploughed,

And the sun will set glorious

Over the Catalan fields—

The dirt will spiral

In honest random twirls.