

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.