

# I Laughed at the Ants

*by* Carl Santoro

I'm moving to the beat  
of an internal drum.

I cross paths with those  
moving to different beats  
every second of every day.

Fakirs and whirling dervishes,  
priests, nuns, gurus, salespeople  
telling me where, how and when to  
move to their beats.

I bounce around, brushing into  
molecules. All with  
their own beats and destinations.

I go, I come back.

I go there again.

It's good to be sane holding dear a plan  
of utter lifelong distractions.

It IS good, right?

"Don't step on the ants!" someone shouts.

I freeze my stride.  
Look down.

There they are.

There WE are.

...and I laughed at the ants.

