

Laughing at 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.

