

Keeping it Lean (*Part 2 of The Prime of Life*)

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Clawing

Grabbing

Grasping

And so ... so sticky

Tentacles

like the feet of a gecko climbing smooth glass
holding onto clean uncrowded surfaces.

I just cleaned this area up. How, so soon after making space, is it infiltrated by unwelcome and unwarranted invaders?

This special space, carefully carved out so as to allow the important to take precedence over the urgent and the mundane, is now becoming home to an unwanted visitor.

Sweep it clean... again.

Stand firm.

Having done it all once, sweep again.

Hold the line.

Knowing you have done all you can do, take your stand there.

Stand ... knowing you feel weak at times.

Stand ... knowing you have failed before.

Stand ... even if others have to help keep you vertical.

Stand firm despite the tide of tentacles that seek to clog your hard fought freedom space.

Stand ready to repel those tentacles that choke life.

Stand as you remember what you have seen. One small plant in a fertile and well-nourished patch of soil naturally leads to a forest of trees. You have worked too hard for too long to clear this ground to simply stand by and watch nature take its expected course.

The extra space in my heart did not come cheap.

It's not up for sale, not even to those who are desperate.

This heart is set aside.

No unwanted "guests" here - no tentacles that trip and tangle.

No, I choose carefully what takes residence in my heart. I recognise the start of an unhelpful trend.

The wellspring of life is flowing better now.

I would prefer to keep it that way.