

## REMEMBERING MYSELF

On Monday:

I saw the rose  
I smelled its aroma  
And felt its thorns.  
I listened to the sounds of the street  
And tasted the tang of an orange from my tree.

The source of these bounties  
I do not know and never will.

On Tuesday:

I chose to be aware of myself  
Looking at the rose.

I chose to be aware of myself  
Smelling its aroma.

I chose to be aware of myself  
Feeling the thorn's painful touch.

I chose to be aware of myself  
Hearing the sounds of the street.

I chose to be aware of myself  
Tasting the orange's tang from my tree.

On Wednesday:

I marveled at my mind and its senses.

On Thursday:

I marveled at the minds of the billions of people on our planet.

On Friday:

I imagined our planet, our isolated little planet,  
With its billions, whirling and speeding through space.

On Saturday:

I climbed back down the week's ladder.

On Sunday:

I looked at a rose,  
Felt its thorns,  
Enjoyed its ambrosia,  
Heard the traffic's song,  
And tasted the tangy sweetness of my orange.



Leo and his daughter Adrienne