

The shuffler

He takes an almost imperceptible step
one shoe pushes, scraping the sole
against the ground with a softened crunch.
A breath to recover before the other—
they stand together like patient soldiers,
the next command will come in time.

He's in no rush, has no other strategy
than to watch trees through the seasons,
see their branches casting shadows,
feel their roots connecting, conversing.
Reluctant to interrupt their conversation,
the old man knows he must keep going.

His shoes are heavy— it's not a burden,
he's grateful for them, needs nothing else.
Offer to help him - he will say, "no."
The old man standing on the path
shuffling along while others pass,
makes his way on his own.

Where he comes from nobody knows
only the trees see him come and go.

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