

2012

Reading 11:

One day people will touch and talk perhaps easily,  
And living be natural as breathing  
and warm as sunlight,  
And people will untie themselves,  
As string is unknotted,  
Unfold and yawn and stretch  
and spread their fingers,  
Unfurl, uncurl, like seaweed returned to the sea,  
And work will be simple and swift  
As a seagull flying,  
And play be as casual and quiet  
as a seagull settling,  
And the clocks will stop, and no one will wonder  
Or care or notice,  
And people will smile without reason,  
even in winter  
And even in the rain.

*(A. Tessimond)*