

## *Perceiving Life*

Warm of air, light of breath,  
the green cascading  
to form canopies of shade,  
Bursting with new life, decay and regeneration.  
I stand outside and perceive  
the subtle pleasures of tropical life.  
Sensory pleasure everywhere at hand.  
I am an acute observer.  
I love the life I perceive.  
Consciousness gives me insight,  
Sets me apart  
to appreciate life immediate.

I make my own reality,  
And yet that reality is shaped by my surrounds,  
as it enters the senses,  
processed by grey matter  
into beauty.  
But is it just my perception,  
Or true reality?  
Is it just the calyx,  
To be peeled away to disclose the bountiful essence?  
Has the bud yet bloomed?

I stand apart from this abundant beauty,  
digest it, Consume it, treasure it.  
enjoying every fragile fragrance,  
lingering over every flower and petal,  
relishing every bird's movement  
from bough to branch.

I am the spectator,  
Not of sport but of life.  
and yet I am not apart,  
but a part of the whole.  
No man is an island,  
the island is the universe  
and the universe is wrapped up in me.  
GRN