

Clutter

by K. Brendi Poppel

All the junk that clogs our lives,
Residue of years gone by,
Memories, souvenirs,
Piling up like foolish fears.
We build a fortress, all the stuff
We have to have is not enough,
More and more, the insatiable need
To feed the frenzy of our greed ...

And then we have no space to bloom,
Our cluttered collections leave no room
To bend or grow or dance or sing,
When our lives overflow with material things ...

Our time is consumed, we toil away,
Freedom is the price we pay,
For all the items we amass,
We slave away to buy the gas,
To fill our cars, to turn the wheel,
So we can make a bigger deal ...

Then, one day we awake to see
A new view of reality,
We wonder how the years flew by,
We sense it's time to simplify.

We think about the life we led,
And contemplate what lies ahead,
We know it's time to shed some weight
The possessions that accumulate

Can possess our souls unless we see
That letting go will set us free ...