

## WHILE WRITING IN MY JOURNAL

A large gray squirrel startles me.  
A thwack and weighty shadow  
animates the dark tree  
just outside the window.

My eyeglasses feel fragile  
as my hands take care  
with their approach.  
A metal click takes back my ear.  
I turn to see a small red squirrel  
plow through pine debris.  
I, too, am busy.