The work of Imagining

smells

like an empty theater:

Wood and concrete

and hemp and paint cans.

It tastes like coffee and coffee and pizza and coke.

The sound is silence,

Restful and

Full of space -

to think or not think.

To do or not do.

Space

to allow something to jump up

and spark something in me,

that makes me get up and

pace the floor

or wander through the yard,

trying to grasp onto that little spark

that wants to be a fire.

Imagining feels like having the veil pulled back

To reveal the puzzle pieces

And then arranging them just so,

In a way that brings others to the window,

To Look

To Point

To Laugh

To Dream.

The work of Imagining

is the work

of building a fire,

with sparks for everyone,

to do with as they please.