

Haiku Inspiration

By Kenita Gibbins

This morning I said a little prayer of thanks for the new spring day open to possibilities of opportunities for me to find fascination. Not long ago I became angry with a friend, who had insulted me for silly things like showing up at her home too early. Taking the easy way out with email I pointed out my feelings were hurt by her harsh words. She replied that I have a vivid imagination. I guess because I only thought her words were insulting. The more I think about it the happier I become. Having an imagination or the ability to see life's fascinations is a gift.

With the temperature turning warm, I can begin my daily ritual of walking the High Line Canal. I do this under the guise of exercise. What I really love is listening for new birds arriving with their beautiful songs. I look for squirrels playing chase with each other. New blossoms bring color to the path. I feel sorry for the bicycle commuters who must get to work. They don't have time to stop and be fascinated.

Monday mornings are now exciting. I'm in your midst. We show each other new alluring ideas just with our words. We give everybody our attention with giggles. Our tears that sometimes slide down our faces also show we understand.

I'm a planner. I plan menus. I plan vacations. I plan tomorrow's schedule. With each scheme, I wonder what and where I will find intrigue. Last Saturday we went to a Celebration of Life. In preparation, I thought about the fun conversations that I had with Vern. Of course, sadness came to me, but the remembrance of good times is what always helps.

Our 18-year-old granddaughter, her best friend, and our daughter-in-law came for a visit. We had fun listening to the dreams of the younger generation. I believe Averie learned about the fascination for life from me. I don't even care if I'm only imagining that idea. I hope she liked the story of how her grandfather brought me fascination at first sight.

My friends, we all have the ability to find fascinating ways to live in and with what draws us to life's excitement with fascination.

We will not grow old
Spring is here to exist
For fascination.