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## Grounded

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# Grounded

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*Bill Elgersma*

Somewhere,  
in the middle of taking off and landing,  
arriving and departing,  
I have stopped.

The wind still blows  
but the land does not move.  
The earth spins  
but nothing falls off.  
My mind tumbles  
but my head is fixed.

The flux so proudly borne  
a semi-solid of change to ideas and circumstance,  
issue and personality  
is hardening.  
Bald guys and dead women  
frame concepts  
establish roots in my vision  
while landscape and temperature  
temper decisions.

Time was  
when ideologies  
like new barns,  
fresh fences, young groves  
were neat and strong and organized,  
saw futures, planned lives.

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Now  
weathered, leaning,  
worn by relentless encounters on this wind-swept plain,  
too busy, too middle-aged  
to straighten.  
Content to patch and make do,  
I prop and wire and nail  
but not construct.

And I wonder,  
like the builders of the ramshackle homesteads  
too far from town to be inhabited,  
when it is time to abandon,  
And move in.