

## Detachment (Nina Reiter)

One more day, one more step, crowded week,  
same old new chitter chat rains down on me.  
Thoughts drown, before they arise.  
When my mind grows clouds,  
when the grey of the world gets too loud.  
I change pace.  
Close my eyes  
To move beyond time,  
see through shades of twilight.  
Pause and breath  
Before I cross the line.  
Ask myself,  
where am I in this dance?  
What is true?  
What is them?  
And then:  
I let go.