

# A Moment in The Flow

## Introduction

The title of the poem was inspired by the crossing a bridge over a brook that I make every day. In The Summer, when the water is low, it makes no sound, but most of year, it has a very audible flow. It only took two or three seconds for me to register the movement of the water, which had been absent for so long, which made my day, almost as much as a robin's song.

The water flowed from right to left beneath the little bridge on which I paused. On another occasion, when I had more time, I paused at the wooden railings on each side, listening to the ways in which the water flow sounded different, depending on what was in the brook, that it had to flow around. I stood still, listening to the sounds above, below, in front, behind, to the Left and to the Right. Then I slowly turned a quarter of a circle, or 90 degrees to the Right. As I did so, my perspective on the scene changed; still familiar and yet momentarily strange.

Close your eyes and picture the scene with me, then see if you can turn yourself around in your imagination:

- ✓ Beneath my feet, the tarmac of the bridge and sky above;
- ✓ Before me at 12:00, the wooden rail, the water flowing away from me under tree branches above;
- ✓ To my Left, at 9:00, a five-bar gate and the open park, with people and dogs enjoying their walks;
- ✓ Occasionally, at 11:00, a passing train;
- ✓ To my Right, at 3:00, traffic on a busy road;
- ✓ Behind me and slightly to my Right, at 5:00, silence, or children in the nursery school, depending on the day and time;
- ✓ Behind me at 6:00, the more open sky and water flowing under the bridge on which I stand.

**Tip: if you turn 90 degrees clockwise, the scene will turn 90 degrees anti-clockwise. Try using the Compass app and/or a maps app on your phone, or smart watch, if you have one.**

I pause mid step, on to this little bridge.  
Detecting and reflecting with a moment's poise.  
The brook, now flowing and seemingly knowing of my presence.  
Ripples gently from right to left, like consolation to the bereft.

Traffic is ahead and open park, where dogs bark behind,  
Rifting the silence of my mind.  
Birds twitter in branches to my left,  
While toddlers chatter and scatter to my right  
In the nursery entrance out of sight.

This moment in the flow, I am present and yet so far away.  
As in a dream, a different time zone, or another age altogether.  
Suspended in an absent moment, a component missing from my day.  
Floating outside and above self-love.  
Acutely aware of everywhere and nowhere in an instant.  
An altruistic peace to relish and savour, like a favourite flavour.

## References

<https://www.verywellmind.com/what-is-flow-2794768#:~:text=According%20to%20Cs%C3%ADksze>

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