The Meteor Within

Have you ever seen a thought?
Not the result of the thought
But the thought itself?
The pulse of electricity that moves
From one synapse to another,
A flash at the moment of conception,
A streak across the gray matter.

Have you ever felt a thought?
Felt it moving like a train?
Chugging a bit and then gaining speed,
In rhythm, clanging on the rails,
Clickety-clack, clickety clack,
Woohoo, woohoo.

The birthing of an idea –
A process aided by many things –
A pleasant memory,
Rock-n-roll music,
A familiar smell,
The sound of cicadas,
The presence of the night heron,
But there are the other times -
The inexplicable times when thought
Seems assisted by an external boost,
An infusion of thought energy,
An intervention from elsewhere,
An assist not sought or requested
But simply arriving from the universe,
Like a meteor moving through space
Except the space is my brain,
And today I am rich with new tadpoles
That are swimming around,
Unruly, all over the pond,
And I lean back in a chair
And smile really big
For I am living life.