

Finding Myself

wanting to get back
to where I had never been
to find my people

for three restless years
trapped in army's stifling cage
the world changed—me, too

I found some hippies
peaceniks on a peaceful beach
they seemed much like me

skinny-dipping fun
hitchhikers shared campfire tales
tripping on acid

old shackles cast off
I had heard of these people
now I could be one



Puerto Ángel, Oaxaca, Mexico, January 1969

Photo: Puerto Ángel beach today, source: windows10spotlight

Created: 28 August 2021



dandana.us/poems