Anger

I am angry.

I was not, and now I am.

Why am I angry?

My mind skips over the question like a stone thrown to a lake.

Fascination replaces anger.

What is anger?

The rock thrown to the lake hits the water and is rejected.
Ripples bound outwards from the momentary contact.
The rock flies to the next spot in the lake.

Five times the rock hits the water.
Five times it is rejected.
Five times ripples disturb the water.

What is anger?

The rock hits the water one more time and slips beneath the surface.
The ripples are small and quiet as the lake eats the rock.

As I watch, I see my anger in the ripples.
I am angry no more.
I am the lake.

I own the cause of my anger
as the lake owns the rock.

My ripples recede.
I am at peace.

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