

Mysterious mission

Everything slips and slides,
as if covered in a skin of grease.
I have no anchors.
Each picture shines with my loss.
Looking back all is nothing.
Forward is filled with less and less.
Why have bits and pieces fallen away?
Just heave it all over.
Look at it all, lying in the disarray around me.
Frantically collecting as much as I can carry.
Struggling to hold on,
as pieces fall out of my grasping arms.

How big can the circle go?

Enduring nothing.
If it is all nothing,
how can it hurt so much?

Pain shrouds me like a familiar mist.
Splitting like an avocado,
with the pip exposed between two halves.
I have become the space between.
Over this shoulder lies this half,
over the other, the other piece.
Each carrying in their need,
both alive,
both a love.

My children, I have failed.
In the middle of the splintering
I stand,
amazed at my stupendous stupidity.
Every time I say, if only I had known.