

Movement and Change

The calm after the storm.
First release the poisons,
then there is the cleansing.
Perhaps the prayer of poem can create miracles too.

Quietly I walk, Quietly I become who I am.
I cannot deviate. If I can find the purpose, the action,
The doing that will create the form, all will be well.
Until then, I will drift.

If there was a goal that I could point to,
I would never give up.
Until then, I will roam.

If there was a point that appeared, not as a mirage,
That will fade as the sun fades, but one that will
Stand by me forever and ever, and live as long as
Any dream has, I will be fulfilled.

It fits somehow, it scratches otherwise.
How will I resolve these endless conflicts if
Not with love and faith and joy in the miracles of existence.

The release comes quietly.