

Everywhere

Everywhere I look,
people are living lives
that are just around the corner.
And here I sit,
in the moment and alone
watching the dream unfold.
Darkness pervades this place
but they cannot see it
because the sun is shining
and the stores are full
and the dream is real.
As a nightmare
that must be avoided
through careful planning
and devious trickery.
I would wake them if I could,
but the veil is thick
like unyielding certainty
and they cannot see me.
And what I am left with is
this longing for a different place
and a different time
when you were here
giving form to the formless
and meaning to this life.
But you are not here and
spirit is not here
because there are no forms
capable of containing it.
And I know that creating new forms
is what needs to be done.
But I cannot do it alone.
In this place of joy and sorrow,
the details consume our lives.
Leaving no space or time to consider
the mystery that surrounds us



and ask the questions
that will transform us.
And to even think
of doing anything else
leaves me tired and profoundly sad.
I wish I could do it alone,
magically transforming all around me.
But this is not how it works.
The sun comes up in the morning
and we wake to another day.
Full of possibilities
and distractions
and fear.
And once again I wonder
from place to place.
Searching, always searching
for that spark of recognition
igniting within us
a remembrance of a time
when the space between us
did not exist.
And a desire to once again
be in love.