

Seeking

When most unreachable
we are too much in the world,
where every shining thing held close
becomes dross and dust,
lost in the endless equation of now,
rooting through echos of time.

We fly over life, training the heart to beat,
confirming the unstoppable air with breath,
discounting the mystery
with undone tasks,
weighing beginnings, hard found in chaos,
celebrating focus, mistaken for feeling.

To remain in the eager world,
cling to the investment, this side
pretends there will be no command to clarity,
a favored choice applied to our dividing day.
But opening the soul to forgiving silence
teaches the secret of bending light.