

Control

We seek safety in control,
in putting things in place
in setting things up
in holding on tight.
But really, the world will turn as it will
and all we must do is grow older
and, someday, pass away.

And the more we pretend
that this is not so,
the less time we have for really living.
Can it not be beautiful,
this slow tuning in with the world,
this slow settling into our skin,
this careful tending of the light within?

By feeling this raindrop,
we are alive.
By watching that wave break
and hearing its sound on the shore,
we are alive.

By watching the sun come up
and hitting the snow on the mountain,
which is not how it was yesterday
and is not as it will be tomorrow,
and is only now,
we are alive.

Let us not find ourselves at the end
thinking 'what happened?'
but just be here, and here, and now, and now
each moment deepening our wisdom
and refreshing our hearts.