

Transience

Transient nature

Why is it we accept this truth only when things aren't changing?

Faded away...in just two seconds

Laying in her car

My true love thought she was smiling, but she was dead

Out for an early morning milk run, perhaps...never to return

The image lingers...a dark reminder

All things must pass

Birthing pains of a chrysalis refusing to break open

The cocoon feels so safe and warm

Refusing to look or even accept anything else outside of it

Focusing on loss instead of transformation

As certain as the sun rises and sets

As sure as our hearts keep beating

Life will be transient

Trust

It always shows up at the door in the middle of the night

Just before I give up and drink the poison or pull the trigger

Or wakens me from the fuzzy coma of depression

Where the only sounds are the whirring and churning of a weary mind

Trying to make sense of things that will never be explained

Trying to find answers in the vastness of the empty well

Trust puts one heartening hand on my shoulder and says "stop, now"

And I live on, praying I don't forget

That one true moment when it crossed the threshold

That it still lingers in the many rooms of my being

Why then, after time passes

Is it so hard to believe it will knock again...just when I need it to?

Veils of uncertainty fall around me time and time again

The world is tumbling down

Or is it evolving into a higher state?

There is no familiar

For people and things keep turning and changing

like the colors in a kaleidoscope

Why did I believe my favorite design would be there forever?

Will I ever find the piece of sturdy ground that won't slide out from under me

In the earthquakes of transience? For at least a minute?

I am walking down that street again, rounding the corner

And there stands the Studio 54 of Life

This time the bouncer lets me in, but with a knowing grin

For just inside is another set of doors—and another bouncer
Another wait...with no promise of ever getting in
People are moving past me in droves, laughing and singing
and he holds the door open for them
I am allowed to watch them, but I am not allowed in

Patience Overdrive

It was the popular feature of this 1966 model
Built to last, built to wait...but there's no telling when the engine wears down
It's a chance you gotta take

Some days I look around at everything that *is* there
The things that have never left me
Even when I'd left *them*
And the world goes from black and white into color
Like Dorothy stepping into her post-tornado landing
Those are the good days..the days I feel rich

Transience

Messages of love flying back and forth across wires
Light spirits and secret places
Bliss so unexpectedly beautiful and magical
That it stopped my heart and time stood still
The wires lay cold, now and the box lies empty
The words have run out and the room is dimly lit
If I'm very quiet, I think I can still hear the beating heart
I sit alone on the floor of this empty house again
Straining to hear the footsteps of Trust coming up my walkway
Wanting to hear that everything will be all right
With just enough energy to believe instead of cry
For believing yields a *maybe* instead of a *never*
Trust leaves the door ajar...