

Courage

Leaves glowed in the mountains and moon flowed in my room.
You told me a story unfolding in bloom.
Wind flashed with laughter, rain splashed and sprayed.
Words flew through the dark sky as I lay and lay and lay awake.

So, where is that highest wisest self
with the really big picture of everything;
With the total perspective, with pure compassion
for you and for me and without attachment
to hungers and longings?
The highest, goodest, bestest beingness.

Time was there were reasons to hold all inside.
Why risk more truth when less is such a calmer ride?
Where is the brave part so we can be near,
And courage of our hearts when we're so tired over here?

No one is ready, no one can tell
Just when is the right time to bid old dreams farewell.
Sometimes it seems like there's no end to that pain.
We're all walking wounded, but walk we do again.