

In The Meantime

Sleeping at Last

Maybe there's no answer here,
At least one we're ready to hear.
No string of words will satisfy.
No simple equation to edify us

Here, in the meantime,
May questioning nurture life.

Fear is illogical math-
An impractical skill to have.
Still, we talk of our future 'til we have no voice;
We'll try to outsmart it with noise.

But here, in the meantime,
May the unknown harvest life.

We're conditioned to mourn our empty glass
Long before it ever poured out our past.
Though our patience is always in short supply,
We'll leave our farsighted worries behind.

Here, in the meantime,
In the gospel of nearsight,
May we learn to live a nourished life.