

THE MEANING OF LIFE

The Meaning of Life

Some say
the meaning of life
can be revealed with words.

If the meaning of life
can be revealed with words,
then you are my language.

And with you as my language,
I find the meaning of life
is love.

Gail

When she died
it felt like part of me
went with her.

She and I were classmates
in high school.

In the summers
we both worked
for the city swimming program
teaching children 3 and 4 years old.

Many of those children
were afraid of the water,
so cold on their warm bodies,
so deep out beyond
where they could stand.

Gail's determined look showed
she could feel the children's fear
when she gently held them
in her arms
and comforted them
with her soft voice
and her kind angelic face.

When they lost their fear and smiled
Gail and I would smile together.

In my mind I still see Gail
comforting those children.

I still see her
in the sky
comforting the children,
taking them from their fear,
everyone smiling
in the stars.

The Footrace

My long time friend
I remember
when we were children foot racing
on a path
up from the valley
we grew up in,
we would run panting
up the hillside
to the valley's rim
where we would stand together,
happy to be on top,
the winner and the loser.

If you were the first up
I felt no worry
that you would gloat or criticize me
and if I was the first,
any pride sank under
my love and concern for you
and made me modest
while we both stood
savoring the great valley below;
our valley with its graceful river
that seemed to make more glorious
our conquest
of the steep hillside
we'd raced up

laughing and giving our bodies
to the sky.

It was so many years ago
the distance from now to then
is like an ocean
separating us
from that homeland
with its high valley rim
where we once stood in glory.

But, those years of our childhood
aren't so far back.

Now when I remember
your smiling face,
and your affectionate look
that seemed to say
"Together you and I
are the best of the world,"
I can still feel us standing together,
one heart calling
to another,
the echoes lasting on
like music
beyond the silence
of life's fading years.

A Star In My Hand

With you
I can love it all,
past, future and present.

I can love the past
I suffered through
before we met;
that cold past
leading me to you
is a snowflake
melting in my hand.

And that future
I felt little faith in

before we met;
that future
is a bird
resting in my palm,
ready to fly
where the sky is beauty.

And the present
is life's present,
the gift you give me
with our day together;
a gift I can hold
like a star
in my hand.

The Same Territory

Feeling with you
the deep appreciation you show
for a sunrise glowing,
for a caring person reaching
to take a reaching hand,
for bold clouds
dispersing raindrops,
for the way you respect these things
and express admiration for them,
all those great things you praise
make me feel that
you and I
from our different backgrounds
have arrived in the same territory.

You not only love
things that link our appreciations,
you yourself,
your character
is a work of beauty,
making me feel grateful
that in one person
I can find so much to be grateful for.

The consistent respect you show
makes me feel safe

telling you about my thoughts
that have travelled adventuring
and returned like ships
with cargo I want to please you with.

In that harbor of your personality
I can celebrate my cargo,
things I want my soul to be made of,
and I can trust
you're not like many people
who criticize
with silent animosity
that seems to wipe away
any trace of beauty or love
from a person's face.

I trust your devotion
to the good;
beauty put into practice.

You serve to exalt.

Your pursuit of
something that exalts,
among your many other
empathetic traits,
are things that make me feel
that in many ways
we share the same soul
and you are my family.