

Ode from My Future Self

On nights I have watched as you

Writhe to believe there be some reprieve, some hope beyond

The daily day, the stretch, the enervation

I have looked on your grief, stroked like a string in an instant

From sensing some joy that is just out of reach, farther than sight but

Not out of depth, you have lived in the breach

I wish I could give you the upshot on earth

This side of Heaven, holding your breath till faith becomes sight

But Time, as you know, is never forthright

In finite spaces we make our stand

Persistent in places that rarely seem grand

I've lived there, too--I have been you.