

The Fallen

poem · June 1, 2005

From where I sit I can see planes taking off
Noses to the sky, bellies slanting upward, wings like a frown
Every time one goes, I silently wish I was on it.

Out there.
So many places, opportunities, adventures
Out there, far away.
Beyond this desk.

At nearly 40, time becomes an enemy.
It gets away from us.
Some stop chasing it and begin waiting.
For the end of it.

But I can't slow down now.
Things are just coming into focus.
And I would miss
the silent thrill
Of the unknown.
The unexplored.
The tiny wheels and cogs
Of this magnificent machine

The iridescence of a bluebird's feathers
The taste of mandarin oranges
The smell of diesel
The roaring of subway cars and water over rocks
The unexpected touch of a lover's hand in the dark.

Yes there are lies and heartbreak
Suffering and loss
Countless years wasted with guilt, anger, resentment and sorrow
sleeping
working

Toiling about in the killing of time to get to the good parts
if only for a moment.

I have no regrets.
Each mistake is a lesson.
I'm due some more learning
Dreams and aspirations like glass
often shatter
But they still shimmer and sparkle
Even with our blood on them
And there are
still possibilities in the fallen.
Each shard and broken piece
A new beginning
The sharpest ones cut the deepest
But it reminds us the stuff of our insides
Is oil on the cogs and the wheels
And they just keep spinning and spinning and spinning.

The hardest part is sitting still.
The hardest part is getting on the move.