

Doing The Work August 30, 2025

Journaling brought no illumination nor clearing.

Deep breathing nor stretching brought no better sleep.

Some words and acts I will never undo
nor absolve myself
known by few others and G-d.

I wonder through my well examined eight
years plus half century alone sometimes
in nature often apartment or office park
tree shade.

Maybe I'll recall when I felt whole or
maybe let go.

Maybe I'll finally atone for yet forgive my
litany of sins.

May maybes cease
leaving me be.

I won't deny that therapy might one
day bring solace or coping
or help me hold
or and and neither nor all together at their
right time.

If I ever reconciled them or with myself I
can't remember.

For all my learning all my prayer,
all my breathing and self care,
I hope to pull my head from such
introspective reverie long enough to
admire a misplaced tulip fight its way
through a construction field.

Isn't it enough that this poem greeted me?
Must I examine this graceful gift too?