

Between The Sunsets

at first there was a vision
and everything was me
nothing happened anywhere
that I couldn't see

life began when I did
the world around me was the world
every action, my reaction
every day a play, mine to unfurl

and then came realization
life didn't exist to serve me
and life persisted onward
with or without me, with or without me

rough then was discovering
I wasn't in the inner ring
there was an order to the universe,
I was the jester, not the king

but alas, the days and nights
of hurried tasks and ceaseless chores
led to a love and magic
in the rush of more and more

and the new life I had fathered
would be sheltered from the storm
as I watched my own dad shine
and then fade in human form

and the dreams were dashed and cashed away
in hopes for days ahead
while most days the sun rose as I slumbered
I was fatigued and lost in fate
or just too late to watch it set

every day and every week
every year of find and seek
the sunsets were forgotten
in the maelstrom of it all

in the finding and the keeping
and the losing and the weeping
in the cheering and the hoping
in the praying and the coping

life slips away
as we hope for better days
there is no capturing
the sunsets along the way

we fill our hearts with the hope
that we have lived, we have achieved
and some shred of us remains
when our spirit simply leaves

at first there was a vision
of everything to be
what's left are just decisions
between the sunsets and the sea