

WHEN GODOT FINALLY ARRIVED

There was never a time
never a moment of doubt
not the slightest bit of uncertainty
or lack of clarity ...

He knew what he knew ...
he felt it in his heart
his spirit rode on the back of that wave
his thoughts all conformed to what surely must have been pre-ordained.

Yet all was shaken, shattered, broken into shards ...
betrayed by a few simple words ...
silence no longer a solace ...
all of this, when Godot finally arrived ...

He wasn't supposed to come.
His power lay in the mystery of his absence.
He wasn't supposed to come.