

## ON THE FAR SIDE OF THIS

On the far side of this lies ...

I don't know what's on the far side of this.

It takes faith,

I'm told,

To cross that expanse

Which separates it from me.

Or hope, perhaps?

Belief?

In some thing,

In some one,

In myself ... at least.

And there's the rub.

I lack a lot.

But more than anything else ...

I lack any belief in me.

Sure ...

I write

I sing

I sculpt

I love our grand kids

I translate

And pray

And play

And hope ... that, one day ...

But in the end, I only believe

that my life's lessons make a fit narrative

for no one but me.

And over there, on the far side ...

I don't know what's on the far side ...

Which leaves me with but one choice, alone

To be content, in a world without light ...

Or to ...

Or to ...