

The meaning in our lives
Is not symbolic.

Our lives are not a reference
To something more important.

I know I have missed a lot
While I have been looking forward to.

I know I have missed a lot
While I have been getting ready for.

But I have been going back
And I have been going through those things

I once tried to go around.

I have found those things still there

And I have found riches
Just waiting for me

To come looking for them.

Passage

e i g h t y - e i g h t

Going Through

Cindy and her brother, Mike, have been going through
The things in their mother's house.

It has been a painful, but a healing process,
As she passed away about four months ago.

An old ceramic turkey an uncle made
Their mother would get out each year,

Old coffee cups their parents used,
Old clothing, furniture, and photographs,

Each with some association and some memory.

They have been going through those things
Others seem to want to go around,

That others are doing their best to avoid,
And so are having problems getting past.

Cindy was commenting about her brother, Mike,
On how sensitive she thought he was,

On how he took his time and looked,
Remembered, and talked about each thing,

And then decided the best to do with each.

This is a process they will be going through
For as much time as it takes,

But when they are through,
They will have gone through it.

They will treasure the pain and the healing
Of having gone through those things.

They will be grateful for the experience,
And for the time well-spent together.

I was in the middle of writing something
I later threw away,

When Cindy started talking to me about
Going through her mother's things with Mike.

It is funny how things come to me.

I can be ponderously pondering upon,
When someone taps me on the shoulder

And I raise up my head and look and see
In actuality, what I have been searching for

In abstractions.