

Light does not triumph
Over darkness.

Light meets the need
That darkness represents.

This is how it is,
In every little thing and way,

In how we deal with self and others.

Love does not look at what is lacking.
It looks for what is needed.

Machines are becoming
Ever more efficient,

But none of us
Make good machines.

We nurture and we grow
At the same time

And in the same way.

Passage

n i n e t y

In the Same Way

The difference between a haunted house
And a house of treasured memories,

Is not a difference in the house,
But in the person visiting.

To those who are afraid to face,
Shadows lurk in every corner

And ghosts are hiding in every closet.

Such are only partly there,
Semblances of human beings,

But with very little substance,
Not really touched or touching.

We become more substantive,
As we become more fully present,

More fully a part of what we are a part of.

We nurture and we grow
Or we sicken and we shrivel.

We cannot nurture
In another place and time.

We cannot wait for very long
Or we will find the season past.

But nurturing does not hurry.
It does just the opposite.

Nurturing is patient with
Where and how you are

And never somewhere else.

It is in the here and now
We are patient with and nurture,

All choices in the past aside.

I wrote this and I know this
And I still can be impatient,

But that is where and how I am,
Sometimes, not somewhere else.

These are the little places
And the little parts

Light and love are filling.

These are titanic struggles
In our daily lives

And issues of great consequence.