

This is a puzzle and a maze of sorts,
But these are not tests we pass or fail.

These are the kind that teach us.

We learn better ways
In the midst of this.

We learn better ways
Of being here.

The distances we travel
To find these ways of being here

Are every bit as needed
As the time they take

For us to develop.

We become along the way
And in the time it takes

For us to get here.

Passage

e i g h t y - o n e

The Time It Takes

As I come to be more present,

I discover more is present
Than I realized before.

I discover more are present.

We do not need
To quote scripture to each other.

We need to be able
To look each other in the face.

Benevolence is not afraid to look
Because it knows how it looks.

As we become more that way,
We are less afraid to look

Upon more and more.

We do not quote scripture to each other,

But we understand, at last,
What the scriptures are about.

It is easy to become preoccupied
With religious abstractions,

But where what matters shows
Is in instances and moments.

A smile, when there is love in it,
Can make the battered better.

A little help with this and that
Can shine for all eternity.

This is not a game,
But a progression and unfoldment.

We are not puppets and we are not pawns.

We will be wrong at times,
In wonderful ways,

But this is not foolishness or failure.

I am no longer on a tightrope walk.
Humility has broadened the way.

Every way I turn, every way
I slip and trip, there it is.

I am not acting better.
I am better than I was before,

Not better at, but better toward.