

Beyond One's Making

In children's hearts there lives a patient bear
who settles down on quilts and pillows quaintly,
whose smile is ever cheerful, ever saintly;
gazing on the Earth, though not partaking
of our ecstasies and agitations there,
his steadiness like weather always fair
gives boundless comfort, a pleasure not his own:
he is a treasure far beyond his making.

When the last horn blows and all the pictures fade,
when Tuesdays disappear and gone is May,
when all is changed some unimagined way,
when what were days become a vast unknown,
when truth is out and all the roles are played –
the mirror clears, we claim the life we made,
in part unbearable and hearts near breaking,
yet in this new, becoming world we've grown to be

faintly slumbering creatures, clumsily
exploring in a vivid realm beyond our making,
where everything now is living and speaks to us,
where love is never lost, but like a river runs
from being to being, from Earth to the resplendent Suns.