

Moving On

If we think we know more, we know less;
And sometimes we only can guess.
 But some things that wend
 Become clear at the end
When we all have a different address.

Gone Riding

Our life is a ride in a car
Up a sun-dappled highway so far;
 Then it slows through a cave
 That levels the brave,
But the way that we were, we still are.