

20170825

PCK

I've held fear in my heart
most my life

I sweep it out
but it rests again
like dust on the sill

Eating, sleeping, washing
are not free

Loving, growing, holding
can always flee

It is the slipping
that worries me

Keeps me awake
Fires the imagination

What if we gave it all away?

Time
gone

Possessions
gone

Love
gone

If we gave it all away
would we be empty

or would we find ourselves
full

I think, we are, by the heavens
empty

Fear makes us
cram stuff in

Makes us carry things
we should not carry

So I sweep
and dust
and throw things out
and find again

My house is full
and I am fearful still