A Human Life

a book of poems

by
pc keefer

book four

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index

20251105.1 | kids

I've experienced over five decades

Childhood was beautiful: loving, secure family

Teen years were great: friends, laughter, exploration

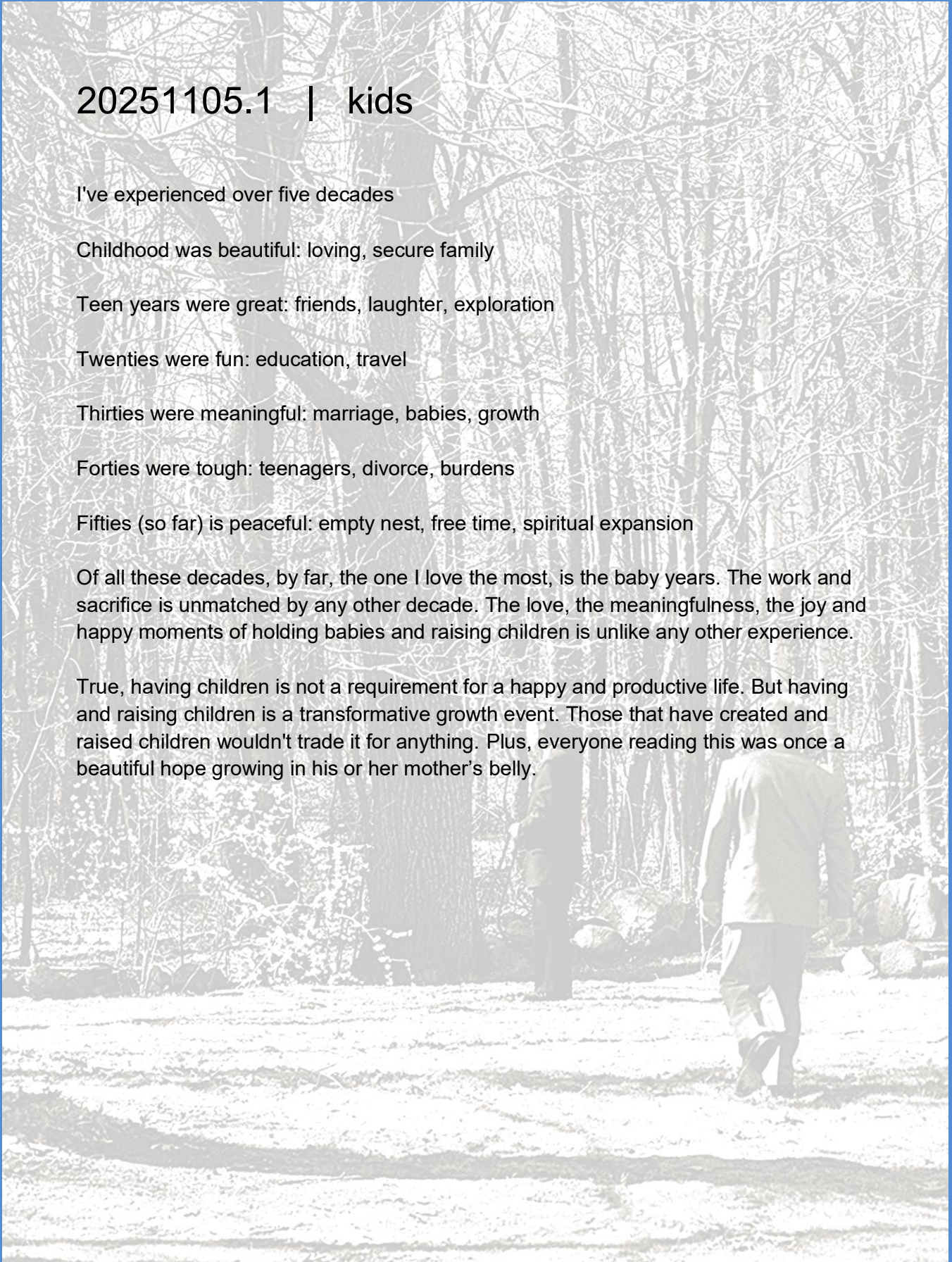Twenties were fun: education, travel

Thirties were meaningful: marriage, babies, growth

Forties were tough: teenagers, divorce, burdens

Fifties (so far) is peaceful: empty nest, free time, spiritual expansion

Of all these decades, by far, the one I love the most, is the baby years. The work and sacrifice is unmatched by any other decade. The love, the meaningfulness, the joy and happy moments of holding babies and raising children is unlike any other experience.
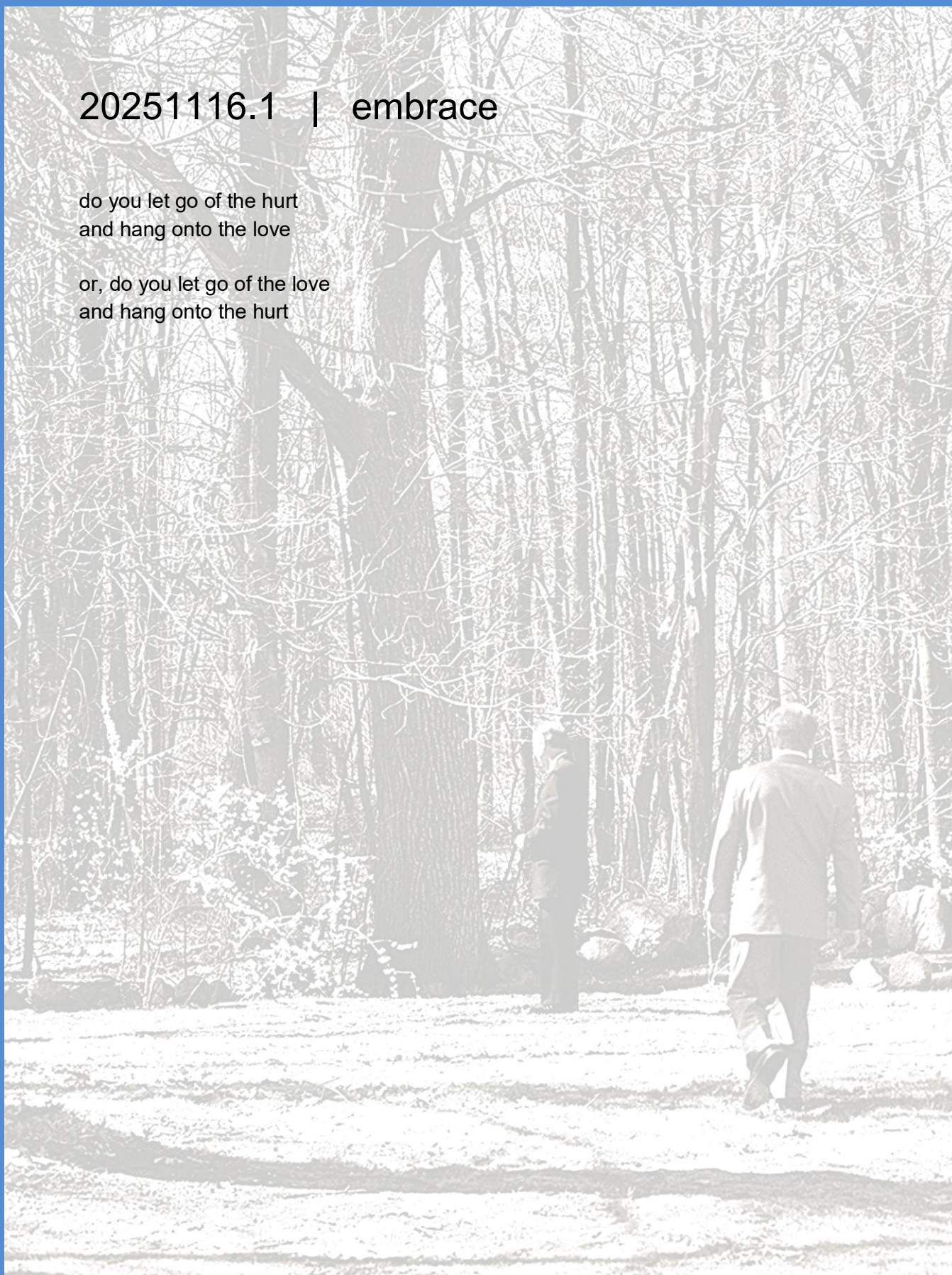
True, having children is not a requirement for a happy and productive life. But having and raising children is a transformative growth event. Those that have created and raised children wouldn't trade it for anything. Plus, everyone reading this was once a beautiful hope growing in his or her mother's belly.

20251116.1 | embrace

do you let go of the hurt
and hang onto the love

or, do you let go of the love
and hang onto the hurt

20251124.1 | motion

i want to be hot in the summer
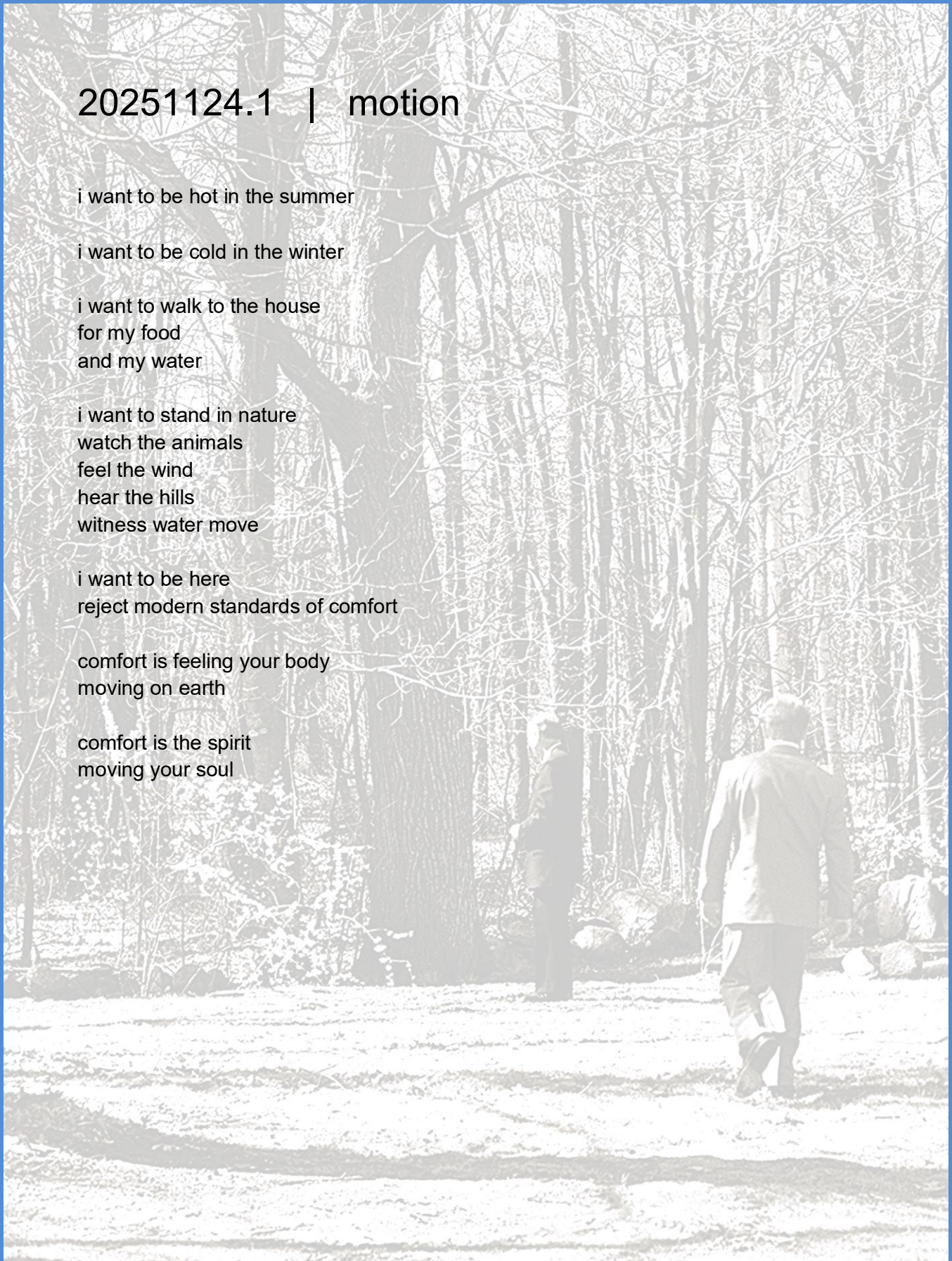
i want to be cold in the winter

i want to walk to the house
for my food
and my water

i want to stand in nature
watch the animals
feel the wind
hear the hills
witness water move

i want to be here
reject modern standards of comfort

comfort is feeling your body
moving on earth

comfort is the spirit
moving your soul

20251127.1 | joy

the skull is pinched to a cone
the rib cage squeezed
hard
to get the fluid out

trained hands
pulls the neck
cuts the chord
siphons the airways

dry air hits new lungs
98.6 degrees
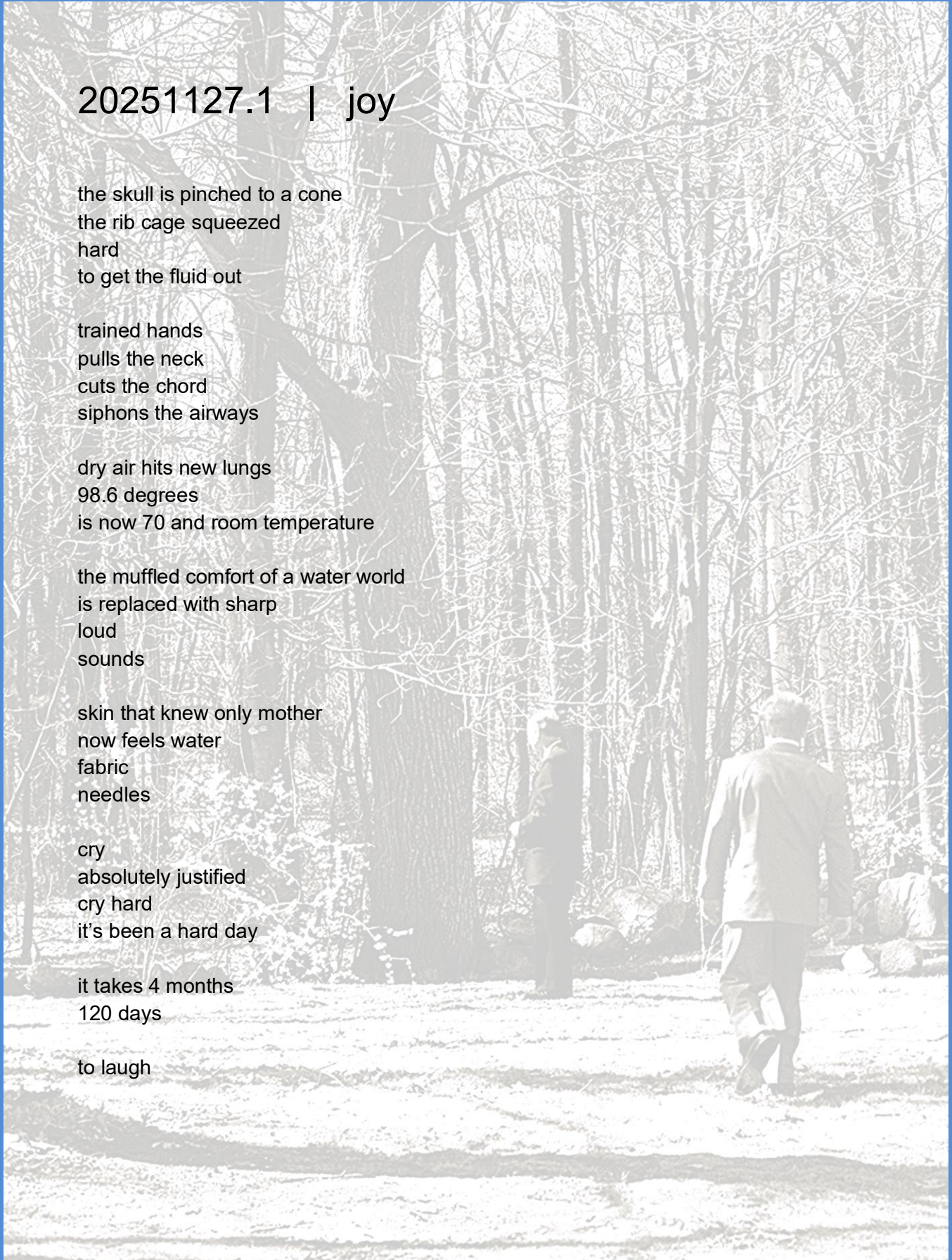is now 70 and room temperature

the muffled comfort of a water world
is replaced with sharp
loud
sounds

skin that knew only mother
now feels water
fabric
needles

cry
absolutely justified
cry hard
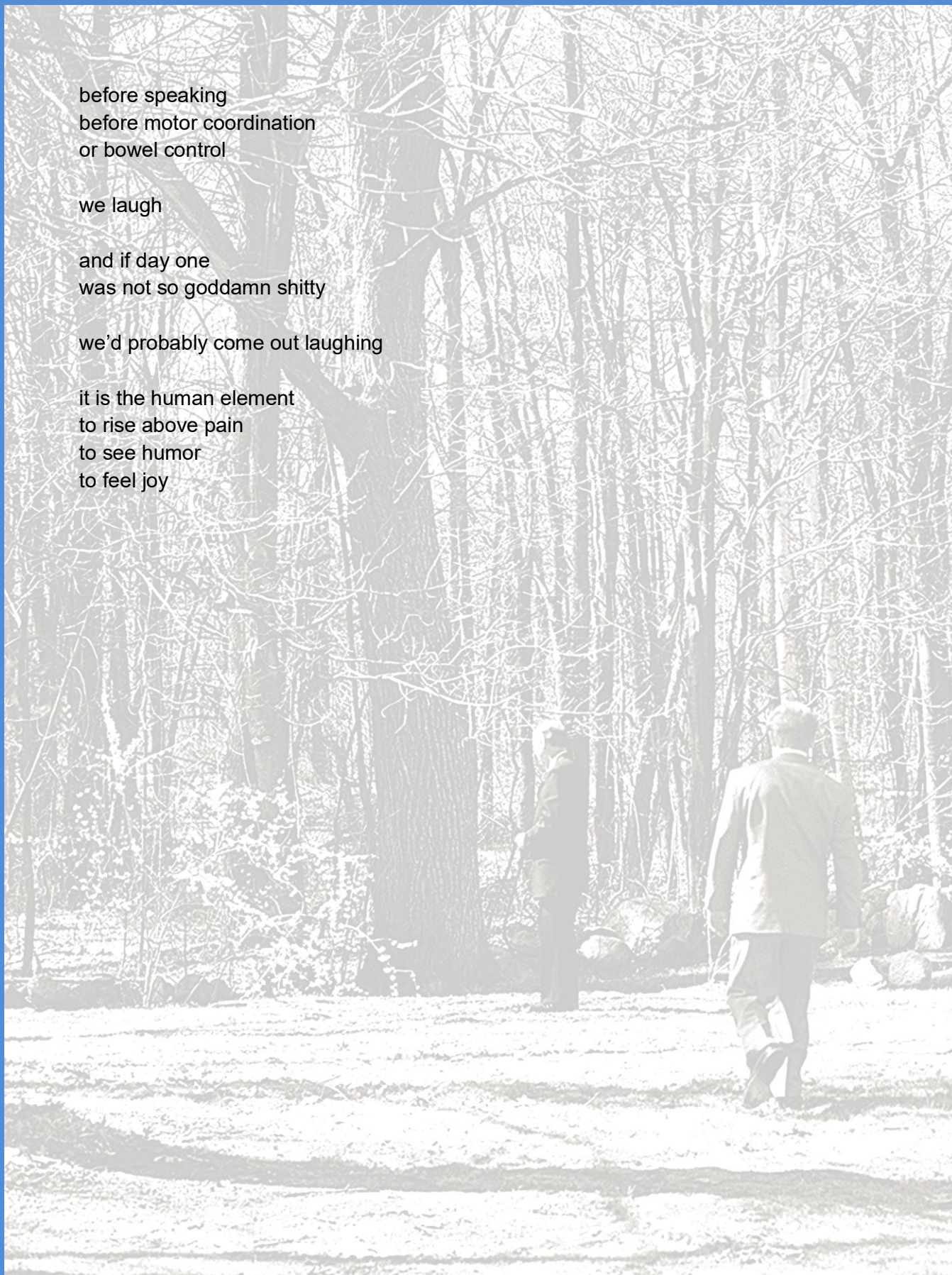it's been a hard day

it takes 4 months
120 days

to laugh

before speaking
before motor coordination
or bowel control

we laugh

and if day one
was not so goddamn shitty

we'd probably come out laughing

it is the human element
to rise above pain
to see humor
to feel joy

20251220.1 | once healed

a goddess suffered and injury
which grounded her

here
among mortals
i met her

she needed held
and i held her

she needed comfort
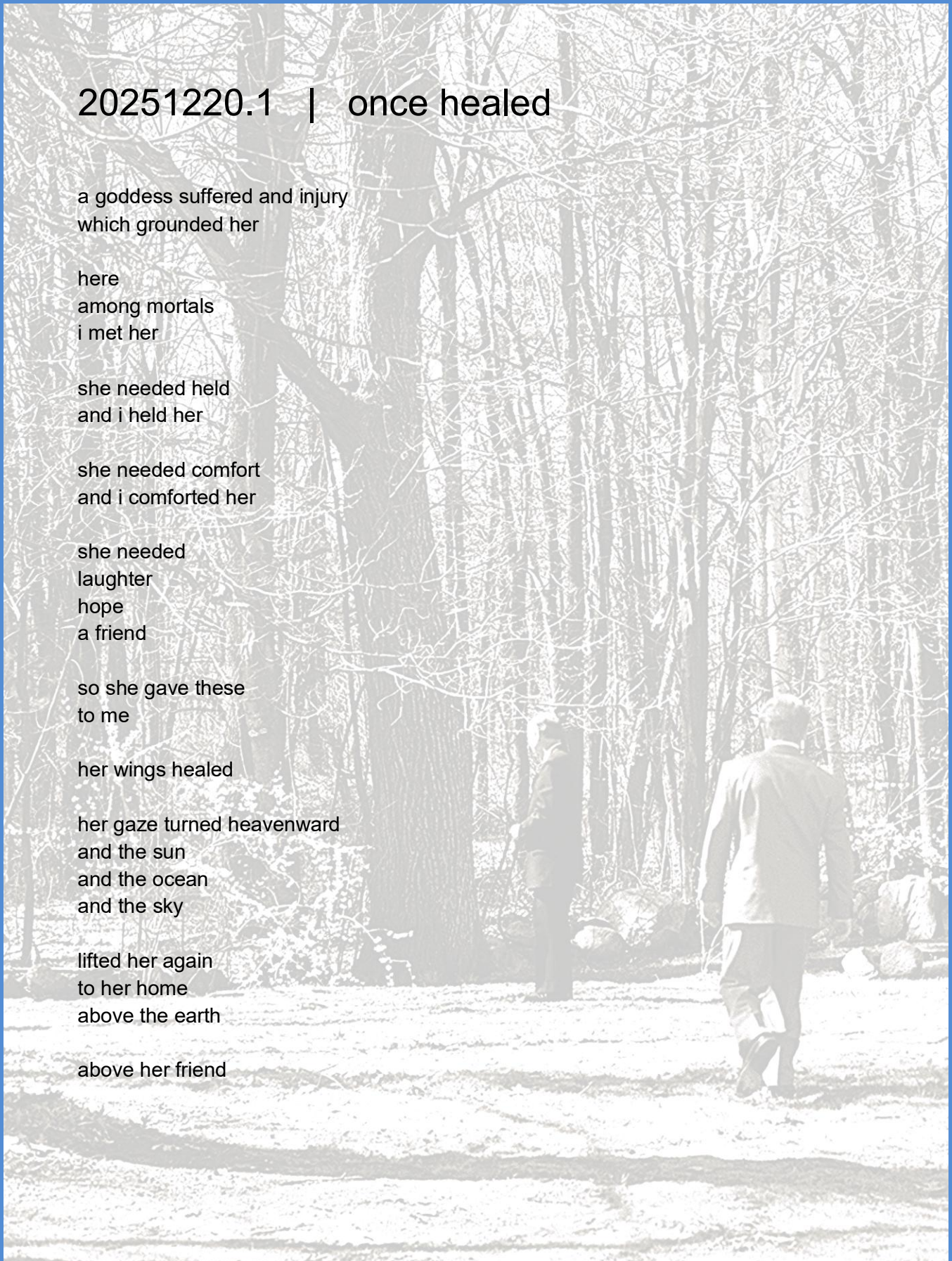and i comforted her

she needed
laughter
hope
a friend

so she gave these
to me

her wings healed

her gaze turned heavenward
and the sun
and the ocean
and the sky

lifted her again
to her home
above the earth

above her friend

20251220.2 | a wormhole appears

two years

a text arrives

a wormhole appears out of thin air

i am in awe

i text back into the wormhole

silence

i look around
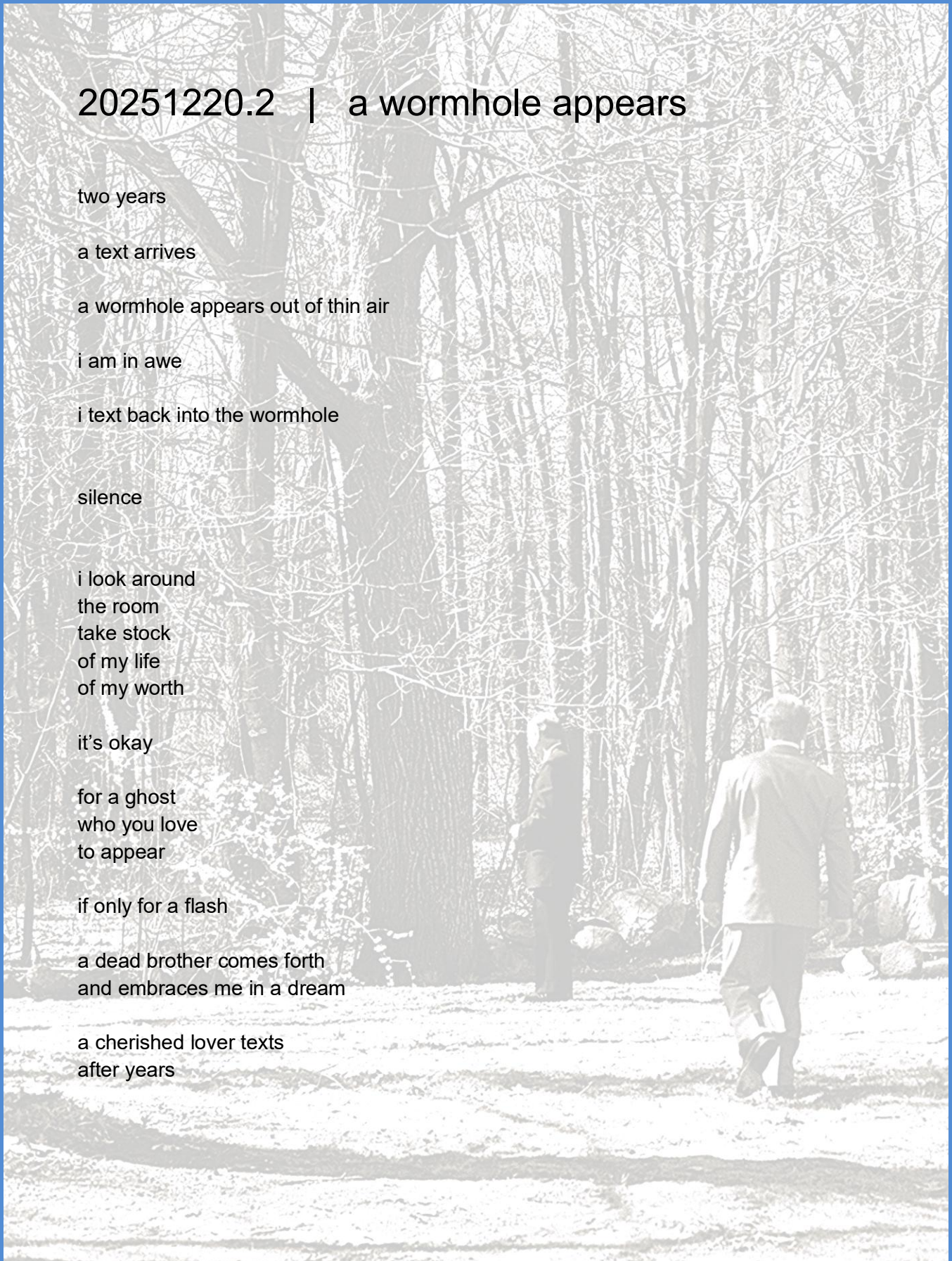the room
take stock
of my life
of my worth

it's okay

for a ghost
who you love
to appear

if only for a flash

a dead brother comes forth
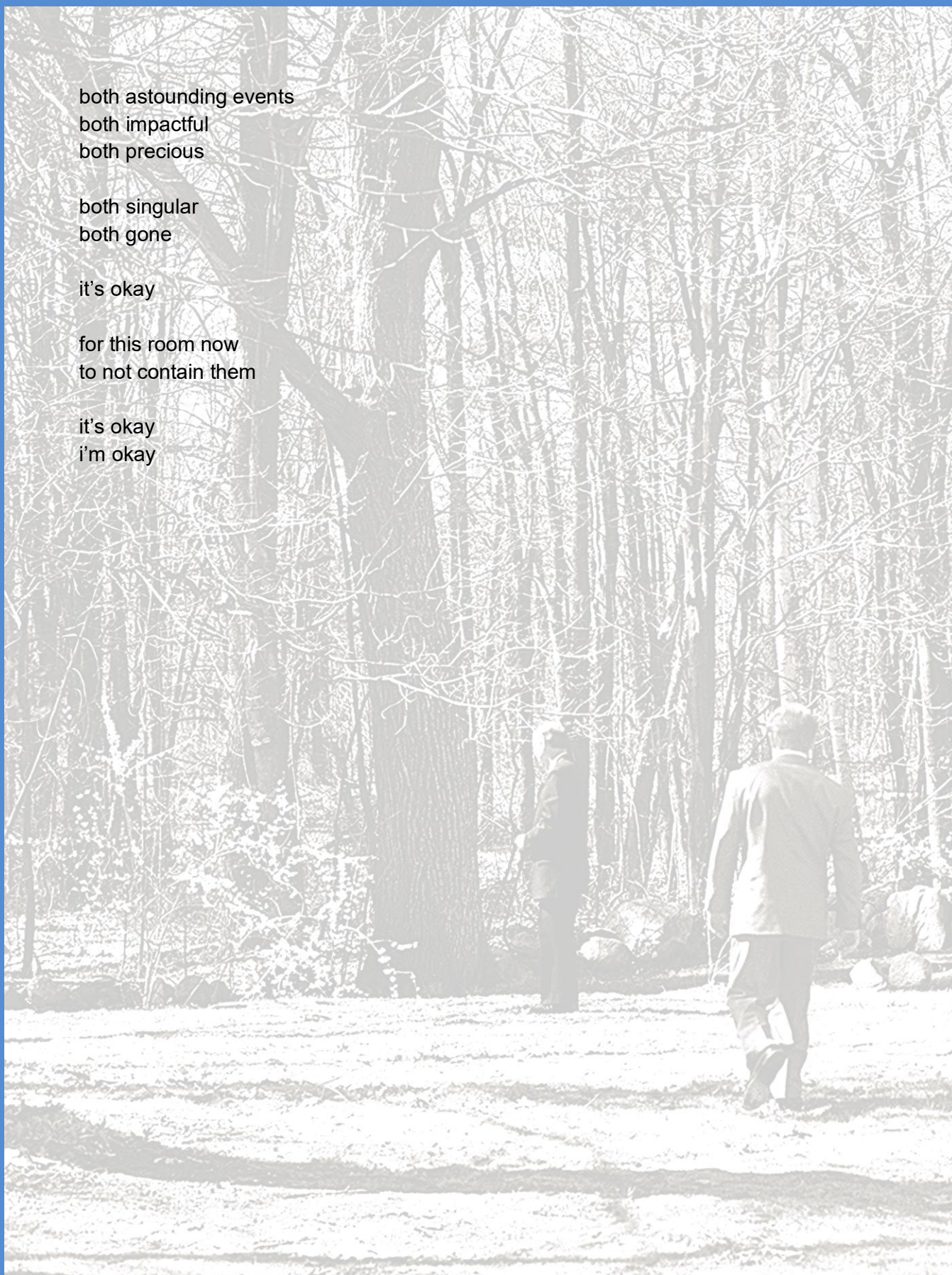and embraces me in a dream

a cherished lover texts
after years

both astounding events
both impactful
both precious

both singular
both gone

it's okay

for this room now
to not contain them

it's okay
i'm okay

20251221.1 | s

my muse is change
when the pattern you love
won't repeat
when echos fall silent
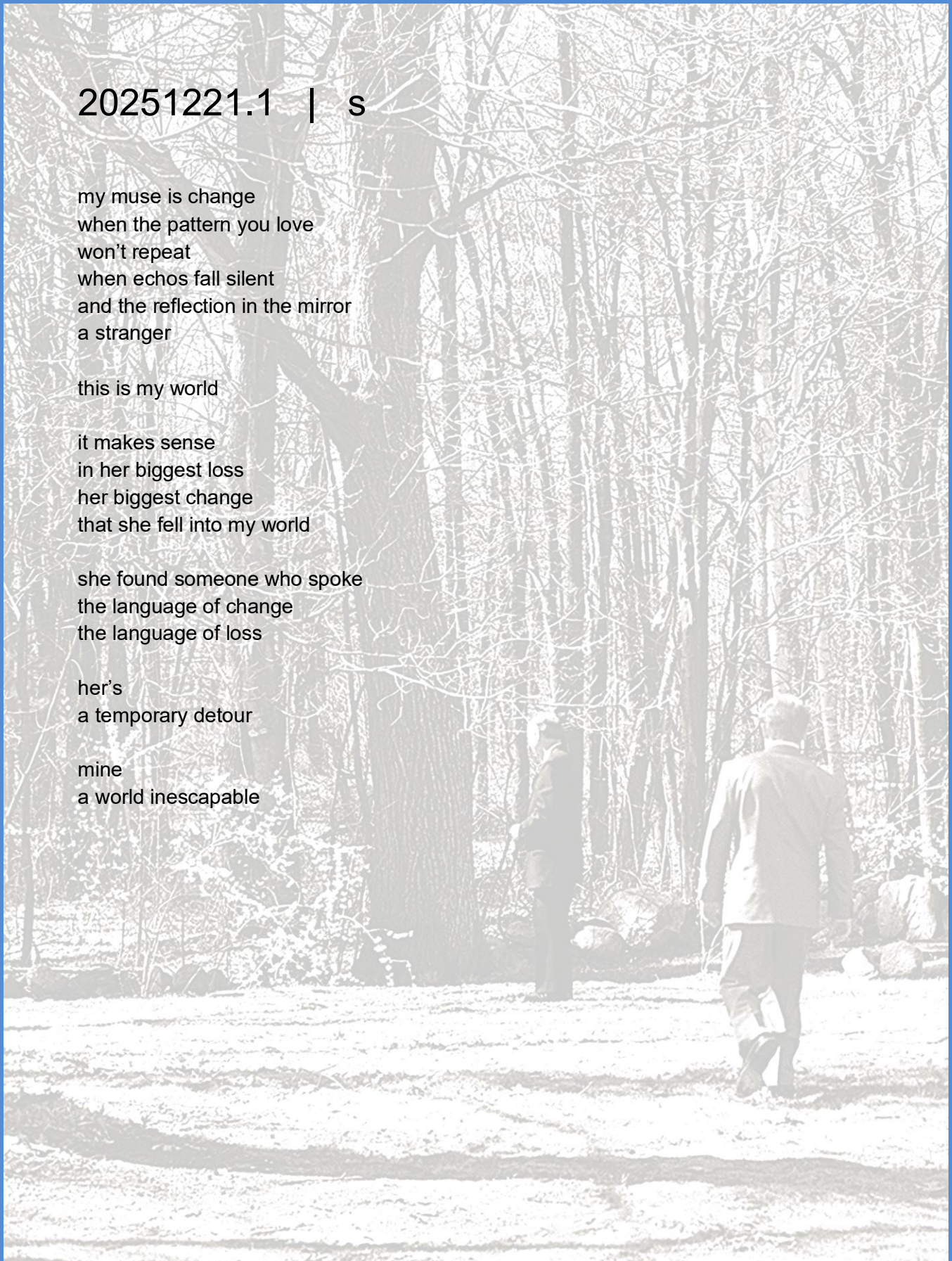and the reflection in the mirror
a stranger

this is my world

it makes sense
in her biggest loss
her biggest change
that she fell into my world

she found someone who spoke
the language of change
the language of loss

her's
a temporary detour

mine
a world inescapable

end

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