**On the Road Back from Mayos’ Medical Mecca**

*April 28, 1998*

A moment on the road back from Mecca.

Take a turn and drift and think about

The Word.

The Date.

The Numbers.

Life’s triperfecta.

What’s the Number coming back?

The Number breaking out?

Wet or dry? Up or down?

That’s all it is about.

Safety net. In the blood. Point/zero/six.

Hello again maybe will not be.

Cure and well. Not weak or sick.

But then a stop to pray and see

Jesus Christ and old Death’s head.

What to say? Choose. Take a step.

Whose eyes? Whose path? Whose bed?

Embrace the Lord. Do what is good.

Know what you feel, The power.

Or turn in fear? God’s eyes or Death’s?

The end or Love’s sweet flower?

Cut and stitch? Shine and burn?

Wait? Eat? Think? Years or days?

No mortal tongue can speak those words,

Of faith and cure. One prays.

Numbers. Numbers. Numbers.

Yes or no

Here or slumber

In that great domain

We’ll share with all our loves before us?

That limpid pool that holds the fountains of this life.

The pause we flee yet salves this tortured strife.

That timeless, painless, boundless place

We see in dreams

But dare not face.

The peace our heart seeks. Belies

The specter’s face that

Fires each breath,

Each day, each night.

That universal couch and

Knowledge of the void

We feel but must deny.

How grand the day.

How high the moment.

Such a precious sign.

Blessed Jesus.

Your eyes say.

Speak to my soul.

My very being.

Life will still be mine.