

Eudaimonia, happiness poem:

November 9, 2009

-will you come to me ?
will you come ?
will you follow through on what we saw today
you heard the beat of a music that I thought was just for
me
I read it in your face, your hands moved with simple grace
you could be a painter if be but a canvas where the air
was there
I can see that you are not in disrepair but something has
wronged you
And I would be but a hand away,
hand in hand support you
what will it be like when
we differentiate our phenomenal experience,
what will something new be like?
something new but so like a dream
I may know what it is like when I am not mine
I know how to be you
but what it will be like in the future, but what the
experience will bring
I can not Imagine and so now I only can await it like a gift
from you
you the listener who captivates me
who unwinds the rhymes and sets backwards the motion
of that which I constructed

lay the pieces to the floor
only you can find the one thing in them that can be carried
on
You will find the one seed that will flourish if you reach to it
Eudaimonia

I would take the first ship out of harbor
I would catch the first train from the station
-or a taxi off any road as far as my money would take me
or overseas if it were to take me further
But I can't Go!
I can't leave,
 Something in this city on a hill is held captive
I know it captivated me
 It was like the garden, and it cannot be uprooted
 we can not get back to what is gone
We cannot get back to something which is not there
we can not but symbolize life that is not.