

Let Go

06 June 2022

Wandering, questioning,
as before Dawn,
I am *sure* of this much:
that we hold our beliefs
far too tightly.

--

I think back,
I think back,
I think back,
but hear only more riveting.

Rosie, poor Rosie,
no place for a woman here.

--

What is the *other* beginning,
the one without steel-plated Mind,
where things grow as we all know they do?

In the mountains,
I hear baby truths being born.

--

Begin *here*. Nowhere else.
This is where you were born and will die.

--

A rowdy patron observes: "You had to be there!"
I think this is rather apt, and tell him so,
but what more could I tell him?
He knows what it is to know.