

I WAS ALWAYS IN SUCH A HURRY

They were just beginning to get concerned
My Mother said
I was almost four and had not spoken a word
Then out from my mouth
Came full sentences and constructed paragraphs
Waiting to get it right I guess
The hunger for it all just kept coming
Not fast enough for me
I wanted to wear nylons, shave my legs, wear a bra
Not yet she said
I wanted to know about sex, experience the world
and see what was out there
I counted the days to freedom
When I could do what I wanted when I wanted
All to please the pace of desire
I cleansed, fasted, ran
Devoured the path before me
Life seemed to co-operate with my every move
What grace, gratitude and joy!
I wanted to experience it all
And God said
All right my child
Here is also is pain
Here also is deep suffering
And just to make sure you know it intimately
I will give it a name
Cancer
It will tear you where you don't have seams
Eat the flesh from your bones
And leave them bleached white by the desert sun
How fast can you move now?
What is the pace of the human soul when all else
has been stripped away?
I was always in such a hurry
But now Perhaps
I'll find a new stride
So that death's experience of me is like the walking
rain
On the distant plains
Inevitable
But
Gentle and slow to come near

Christine Sherwood
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