

## *The Present*

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It's taken all our lives to get here,  
and the consciousness of that  
is like a pause. But we  
aren't fools. Life did not  
slow down for anyone,  
not Buddah or Christ or even  
Ingmar Bergman. I've learned  
this slowly, each day rising  
to accomplish a routine, which,  
once ended, seems unbegun,  
incomplete. The air squeals  
for my moving through it.  
I am both safe and sorry,  
watching the covert hours,  
how darkly they assemble.