

## Patience

The moments slip into nothing, and we are the wave which hovers between 'here and next,' now reaching toward and never touching, for all futures are but present imaginings. How blessed is time, a hollow made of empty places, to fill. Dull and soiled are the eyes which wait, for time is light. Patience is for the dead. The damned, simply await their turn.

Urgent is the mark of happiness and hope, for the eager moment ... so over full... strains to contain us. Ever shall it fail. The lowest of all, tame time.

Answers snap and crackle, and the human heart may find tethers cut, and an impatient knowledge flows toward the future...wasting and straining are all slow worlds, trapped and necrotic. Between the eager seconds, time is cleansed and filled. Patience, is the virtue of the damned.

Each day, life need find footfall tripping over rock and sand, rising and dancing. Who but the dead, find peace?

Never!

How dull is the heart, which waits. How long is the shadow, cast too late...! Laziness, is the first sin. Hell, is the province of good sense and reason, for these are the lash to tame the eager soul.

Never!

Fools find their moments full with talk and waiting. It is I, who summon the day and paint its heart in new blood. Only struggle, is happiness, and in its ending, we may pity....pity, the dead.

For they no longer long, weep and laugh. They have found: Patience.

—© 2016 Rich Norman