

## Crisis or the Means To

"Stow during taxi, takeoff and landing,"  
And speed the rest, fast, but not too to see  
Clouds and horizon, farms and people  
Scattering about, their lives whatever they make of them,  
The bits we see but a scar on the earth that briefly bears their signature.

Each revelation leads to potential crisis;  
Every scar a fearful mark, and we reach out  
Further than we know how seeking answers, hope,  
A voice to send back messages to cling to or simply  
To be with (if only briefly),  
To remind us that our habitué is more than habitat,  
And they call it life Crisis,  
mid-,  
or early-mid-,  
or late-,  
but always Crisis and always Life,

and almost always someone else,  
another life force, joins the picture,  
and almost always someone gets hurt  
and almost always we exit a little  
beat up but in different skin,  
better for having entered the scrum on our own power,  
but not always with the benefit of those whose power we shared  
before, geese who take it in turn to lead or follow.

The tambourine in an otherwise functional tune,  
It's not about him or her.  
It never is.  
It's about us.

But s/he make s/ustainable.

We look out from the window and realize the lie that cabin pressure keeps life inside

So we leap through the double-pained plastic,

We.....w/eeeeee.....

Is It crisis then?

This attraction, this desire for company, for understanding,

For more geese to share the lead for a while?

If we know that we are to enter these vaults as we've done before,

Why not prepare, make room for others, instead of

Falling so often alone because we don't know how to say to those we love

"I need to know what else there is" ?

And we know that the other side holds truth

That makes the struggle

That the struggle holds truth

That truth holds all sides about itself, the which

That alone is no more than a Chevy, or is that a Honda,

Well, it's red anyway and moving slowly and perpendicularly to our transit....

Why do we shun it for it's own sake?

The nature of this life as generations have come to know it circles back on two behaviors:

Alone and With Others.

For the latter we sanction moments and paths, rites and functions,

Yet choose to leave the first for last (a more prophetic word never since spoken).

But all leads from alone.

All who claim special authority over another live the delusion of personal  
escapism  
And force the heads of those they love into hot sand so as to avoid their own  
freefall,  
an over-large bird without wings.

We cling to others and ignore ourself,  
Codifying how we live into contracts and believing  
Self (or sort-of self, self-ish) a blight,  
Until we fill up and must live bright-blasting Alone  
To remember what the whole self once promised us,  
No geese, No tambourines, No scars for now, just Us,  
And others can play along if they want but not that we need them....

a life balance in extremes of hot connection and cold divorce, and for what?

If we must sacrifice, let us relieve ourselves of this drama,  
This back and forth in severe lashes, and seek the love of all around us,  
The experiences of those plentiful sages who will walk with us through change,  
Offer their self to the mix of ours and look  
Within the eyes of the love full around us  
For that which we have sent glowing full through all those around,  
The miracle of many voices singing in consort,  
Separate but connected through desire and grateful to play their part,  
Confident and contained and for the sake of those who share their aim.

These choirs,  
The make of our brevity,  
The humidity that gives rise to easy and rampant growth,  
Share the load of living, and create  
Blessed space for our loneliness.