

There's a line in the  
S a n d  
Of  
  B e l i e f,  
Hard, unwavering such that most  
Think it a contour, a hill  
Or riverbed carved and left  
Before recorded memory.

It holds the moment, that one,  
The critical thought juncture between  
  D e v o t i o n  
  And  
    S e l f A c t u a l i z a t i o n  
Even as we walk through its corridors  
Unaware of the difference.

As the lover swears fealty, or  
A preacher spies a bible  
Exiting his sinner's frolic,  
The hobbyist takes up a new game,  
And a friend remains silent to her calls,  
So we all remember the fragrance  
Bitingly in a fit of separation, or  
Melancholy as flat beer in the  
Rear view mirror we wander by.

Yet why, for all of sensation's  
Pleasure, should we ignore this  
  S o u l D e f i n i n g  
    T o u c h,  
Rushing through every decision,  
All things that bear witness to care,  
When here, sitting between the  
Crushed oughts of before and  
Promise, soaring, jubilant, promise,  
We can compare self to self? Can see  
Those beings within us whose noble  
Journeys never needed approval  
Or disdain, but only to reign above  
What we know to be, that is, us.

S e e i n g h o r i z o n s  
  We can still remember the sand  
    Beneath our feet.