

All tomorrow brings

I fled to the edge of the world
To see all the heavens might offer.
Vast architecture of glittering sky,
Oceans stretching infinitely to lap the poles,
The merciless yawn of a baking desert,
With soaking jungle's lush collides
So, to glimpse something bigger
Than my tomorrow brings.

When I was beautiful and bold,
The days were mine to waste or mine
As I chose, and laughter abundant,
In my fickle folds, a trickle now.
Why are we not taught to cherish and immerse
In every passing treasure-dripping moment?
For there is always a reckoning
In tomorrow's grasping hold.

However I might will my smaller steps
To march in time to yesterday's drum
Their slowing is gradual, kind in refusal.
So I am stilled to listen to the delicate songs of birds,
Watch the stealth of fox across my sleepless path,
Study the minute transiting's of my beloved's face.
I will not ache for future's lost
But in this day, learn to celebrate.