

Wasting Time

As I consider the passing of time
As I feel the brutality of age slowly creeping in my body
I ask myself
What lessons have I learned?

Yesterday was a balmy sixty
The fresh hint of spring made everyone a hunter
Today it's snowing and we're all back indoors
And I ask myself:
Apart from the obvious
What lessons have I learned?
And what's yet to come?

I trick myself with my window
Looking out at snow falling
Making the passing of time seem gentle
I'm not in a hurry today
So I can write to Mary.

To say I don't know very much about life
Would deny the lessons I've already learned
But wasting time as I do now with myself
Makes me timid and uncertain as to what to say.

I have so many friends
Like leaves on a tree they leave their branches
And blow in the wind during autumn
I haven't seen any leaves for quite some time
But then again it's winter.

Soon I'll be on the move again
Marching with my rolling band
Of idealistic, well-meaning comrades
Packing up my lessons
In a trunk of magic suits and ties
Leaving some empty space
For surely I'll find more ahead
I always leave a little room in my suitcase.

I'm not so sure what's right
And what's good or bad for me and my friends
But I know one thing—
The road that takes me forward on these chartered journeys
Provides me with a pathway to myself.

My photograph is not the same any more
And wasting time in the mirror
Doesn't fool anyone.

Boulder, Colorado
15 February 1979