

JUST NOW

Minutes, slipping gently by,
Like wind-spun drifting consciousness;
Floating Whispering to be sensed,
A twisting thread of song,
Spilling through the broken rhythm,
To fade amongst regrets...

A minute never does stay still,
As much as we may want.

There is no way to be alive,
But feel!
To sense each day the way things are
Not 'were' or maybe 'will' ...
Time-space slipping swiftly past,
Is gone ..., and gone ..., and gone ...

The part you feel and sense and breath,
is now ..., just now ..., then passed.

It's strange to say 'the minute's gone'.
Life's minute never goes ...
It slips along, a constant change,
The moment simply flows.
Always there, to feel ..., or numb.
A constant moving choice -

To feel ..., to love ..., to be aware,
Or wish for time elsewhere.

We fear to give; we fear to take,
In case the risk brings hurt.
We fill our time with things to do,
Or games to prove our worth.
There's desperate striving for the 'then';
Numb crying void today.

"Answer ...! Answer void!
Tear out my secret pain!"

Elusive answer, flowing on,
Too simple to accept.
Paper tigers bar the way,
A way that's too direct.
To feel ..., to be ..., to be alive!
Each constant moving minute

To experience fear to give, or share,
Or need to prove our worth.

To sense, and listen leads to love,
Of instincts, ours or others:
To 'feel' our needs and flow along,
Not 'think' them into order.
To trust ourselves ..., spontaneously now,
And share ourselves with others.

The moving minute looks the same,
But I'm alive! Just NOW!

Victor Cusack. 1979

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