

Parting Words

I soon must leave this earth.
What would you ask
of me, young man?

*How shall I live my own life,
oh dying man?*

Live so that you energize
each day. Give some small gift
to humanity every day.
Love the child within you
every day.

*What is your way
of finding truth,
oh dying man?*

Truth is seen, not found.
You may see truth in the center
of your head as pictures
on a screen.
Truth is not the pictures,
but truth is in the seeing.
Be wary of
memory pictures,
for they fade and distort.
And observe the impermanence
of hopes and fears,
which rise and fall
like waves on an inner sea.
To see truth,
just look--now,
now,
now.

*What should I know
about love,
oh dying man?*

Love, as a word,
has been to the heights
and the depths,
so trouble yourself little
over knowing the word.
If you know the beauty
of a blooming daffodil,
the magic in a young
woman's gaze, the thrill
of seeing your first child,
then you know love.

If you give a gift to someone,
then you love--
not the gift
you buy at a store
and wrap,
but a living gift of sharing,
of nurturing
when most needed.

*May God bless you,
oh dying man.*

I now must depart,
but I shall see you again
through other eyes.

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