

Benediction for 2000

Long beheld, this cosmic date
brought in a spook named Y2K
and a few predicted woes,
but still we move along,
up, beyond, in,
planting fresh creative seeds,
casting away old husks,
dropping vestigial outlooks
because lacking in heart or
confined to the seeable or
opposing a grander flow.

Busy in a planetary spiral
around day's fiery light,
we persist in our journey
toward an infinite unknown,
trusting that humanity's
third-millennial lungs
will always find new vigor
while blowing away
the dismal dust of death.

We feel deep awe for all
that has ever happened
but marvel even more that
anything at all can happen.
Infused and confused within
the unfolding Cosmic Aim,
we seal our past in glass
and welcome, as all there is
and will be, our future.