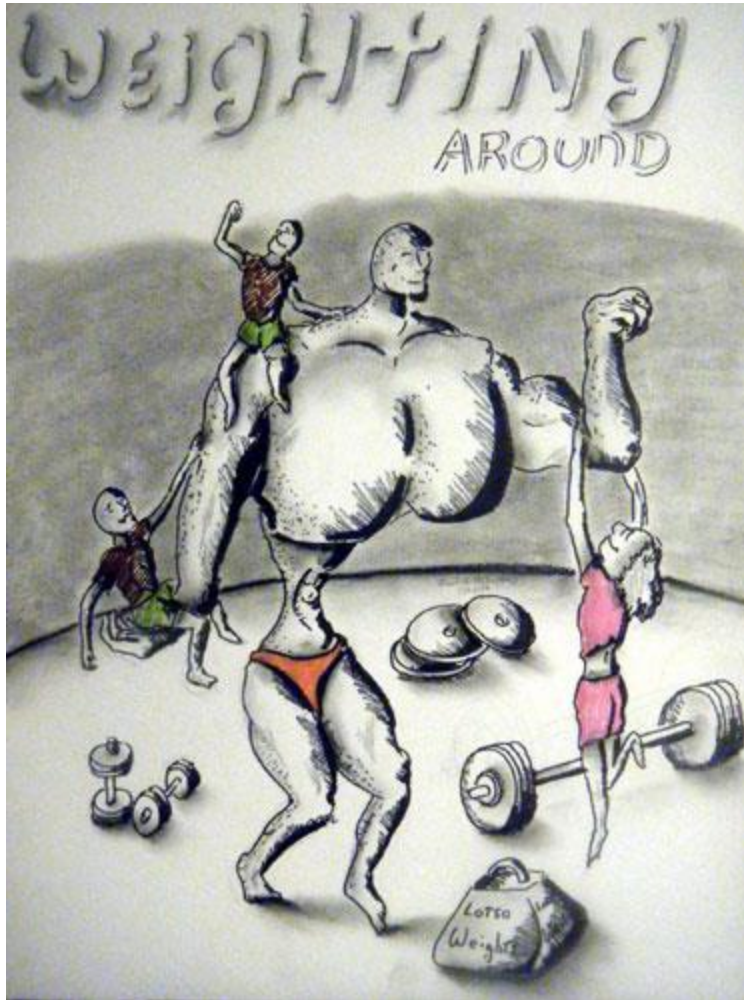


# To Begin Again After The End

Dec 27, 2014

As the New Year approaches, I thought creating/sharing a poem about the past/future would be nice. I hope you enjoy...



A light beam appears between the  
clouds far away,  
wisps of wishes and goals start in  
a few days.

I see the bricks and mortar of the  
paths I have built,  
and the good with the bad, in the pot  
as they melt.

There were times I was on top of the  
highest of high,  
and other times I was deep in horse  
poop to my thigh.

Smelt the green green grasses that I  
saw on the hill,  
scraped again my asses, swallowed  
another hard pill.

Met friends who were smiling while their daggers hid behind,  
and once before enemies supported me during my hard times.

My eyes looked upon the world and the stories unfold,  
watched some green grasses burn and then become cold.

Heard the music of others with words from their souls,  
their uplifting raw sharing warming me in the cold.

Again I read titles to label each of us in groups,  
by people who cherish power over playing their flutes.

I was once here before at the end of last year,  
looking forward to now, looking forward with fear.

Would I have the strength to strive and to fight,  
to lower my ego, hear my voice when it's right.

Here I am at the moment I had questions about,  
with all of the answers, that answer the doubt.

Being here again I nibble my fingers and wait,  
to see how I build paths again, to open the gate.

Knowing I have doubts, fears and the like,  
but, knowing we ALL DO, we're all in this fight.

So, grab my hand reader, yes you with the eyes,  
let us start this new journey, and together we'll strive.

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by David Mielcarek, Dec. 27, 2014