

HOW STRANGE TO THINK...

How strange to think that life would begin at conception:

Life began millions of years ago,
it cannot be but from the beginning.
Life **is**, as matter and energy are.

Stranger to think that life would end at death:

where would life go? Is it a quality of matter?
or would it change to another life hereafte
(for the chosen) better than this one?

My life began when I was twelve, when I knew I was me.

A shred of memory: a lioness caged in a zoo, sad, angry...
My parents said I was not quite three then.
I've had a horror of zoos ever since.

A few times, my life was suspended; times I want to forget.

I began a new life after, with hope and a future,
and freedom to be who I am, and learn
and grow, grow and learn.

I cannot know what death is (yet), serious people tell me

But I tell you, I know. I have been there,
Death is but another birth, another beginning
for surely my life is part of all Life.

Life is that something that keeps the universe from running down.

Life is new beginnings, and that includes deaths;
it is thinking, feeling, sensing — awareness that
my life but a breezy bubble in the stream.