

BEING

My soul seeks the light;
my body tells me, 'Wait!'
But waiting to recognise
the more valid truth – how?!
This quavering at the core of my being
weaves the gossamer of my wild fancy.
I want to leave this fleeting existence and just be.
Waiting can be so hard!

Altea, Summer 2011

NOTES:

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There are two verbs meaning 'to be', or 'being' in Spanish, which makes this poem more accurately understood in its original form than in the English translation.