

CONVERGING PATHS

You see him ~
A stranger, a young man-child,
Weeping in the street
Shoulders bent, with
Tears streaming down his sobbing
Face
You go to him,
You talk with him
He puts down his phone
& blows his nose & stands up straight

He says, it's all so hard these days,
And you tell him, it will pass...
He thanks you, from
Deep within,
His heart is softened
By your care ~
And adds, that he has just
Spoken
With his mother, who used
Exactly the same words...
It will pass

As you part, your heart
Feels broken
By the enormous pain
Surrounding
Each of us, today
And, after awhile, you return
To your own path ~
And someone sees you,
A stranger, a woman-child
Weeping on the street...

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Marjorie Tavistock