

What The Future Holds

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You may live
in a place of peace and
abundance far from the
ripping steel of
machined rounds
and mortar fire
or you may lose your leg
at the knee tomorrow
just a moment after
stepping on an oddly
balanced stone

You might achieve
all your goals and land the
job you've wanted for
20 years and 13 days
enjoying every party
with every promotion

Or perhaps you'll fail
in spectacular style
dying penniless and alone
in a small green apartment

You may find
your extraordinary lover
the hand of which you'd
not release for anything
walking together
through and in it all
or it's possible you'll
stand companionless
longing for years
looking for decades

You might make
it to 101 years old
seeing generations of your line
prosper on their way
experiencing all the world
has to offer and more
or you may be struck
down with a rare cancer
awash in tubes and needles
just as things were getting
good

Despite
your plans
your savings
your work ethic
your workouts
your safety goggles
your degree
your GPS
all the capital
and insurance
you might secure
against disaster
and for success

Peace is not found
in the manipulation of
what the future holds

Your frail fingers
will not grasp long
the precipice of a
world yet unborn

What the future holds
will certainly come

And come again
in a moment

And again
until all you have
is past

Until the
Playbook of Man
reads humorously
desolate

And a hot coffee
with two eggs
are tasted as
great mercy
and profound
joy