## **World Ablur**

World ablur making haste ... to places unsure ... Too many racing to get nowhere fast, unaware of the pace ... life's pleasures can pass ... Too many others ... to have to please ... Too many demands ... to have to meet ... Too many worries ... strip the petals ... ... the branches ... ... the leaves ... away from friend ... and family trees ... -- continued next page --

```
World ablur
          always too late
      as the engines of today
          burn in pursuit
       of fading yesterdays,
     \sim tossing and tumbling \sim
     within the growing wake,
                but
    racing ahead with the faith
    that tomorrow will deliver
  her planned collection of mail,
       hours before the dawn
       ... begins to sail ...
      !!Another top priority!!
 !!Another urgent task to receive!!
!!Another late-night report to read!!
     !!Another client to meet!!
```

```
!!Another VIP to greet!!
!!Another presentation to brief!!
  ... at zero seven-thirty ...
    ~ E-mail skirmishes ~
   ... till half-past three ...
~ Dual-action gun machines ~
        breach feeding
. . . continuous data streams . . .
        !!Ready Fire!!
        Laptop screens
           trail with
        heavy breathing
               as
        frantic fingers
      fire computer keys
       in preparation for
   company team meetings
              on
      aircraft converging
  ... upon sunrise cities ...
```

```
There once
         was a time,
        when at night
        I could leave
      my work behind,
             but
       now the digits
   race through my veins,
  and I cannot break away
  from the sleek machines
      they built for me
              a
              n
              d
         now I know
  ... the machine is me ...
         World ablur
     too rushed to listen
... to the words I've heard ...
~ too late to make a change ~
 ... in direction or pace ...
         running off
      to faraway places
    that ever seem to fade
     by the time I arrive
... at the end of each day ...
```

## !!Another voice mail blinks!! !!Another immediate emergency!! !!Another e-mail message received!! !!Another critical delivery!! !!Another!! and !!Another!! and !!Another!! and !!Another!! and !!Another!!

```
So much going on
    that at times I find
    I cannot respond,
       and I get the
       sudden urge
            m
... beneath the surface ...
```

```
~ take a secret journey ~
       to places that weave
         serene simplicity
    ... with quiet humility ...
     ~ to places that wander ~
        and slowly ponder
       life's subtle treasures
. . . that linger just a little longer . . .
          My head begins
              to clear
            away from
             the chaos
           raging upon
     . . . the waters above . . .
                 a
                 n
                 d
             then when
           I begin to rise
          I think about all
   the vacant seasons of my life
  that somehow slipped right by
                 a
                 n
                 d
        a haunting thought
      suddenly occurs to me,
       as springtime blooms
       into a warming smile:
```

```
... my life is mine ...
      ... my life is mine ...
       ... my life is mine ...
        ... my life is mine ...
         ... my life is mine ...
          ... my life is mine ...
          ... my life is mine ...
        Everything seems
         so trivial now,
        like the worries
         of some small,
           valley town,
      viewed by an airline
     flying nine miles high
      across the midnight,
        . . . desert sky . . .
         This was such
     ... a pleasant dive ...
     I hope to take another
        again sometime,
       for these journeys
  ... always come to pass ...
     ~ it's such a shame ~
        they do not last:
!!Another phone alert screams!!
```

```
!!Another deadline to beat!!
  !!Another place to be!!
 ... in minutes fifteen ...
         World ablur
           trading,
          changing,
             ever
       . . . insecure . . .
         World ablur
    that which is missed
      can never be sure
  ... World ablur ...
   ... World ablur ...
     ... World ablur ...
       ... World ablur ...
... World ablur ...
... World ablur ...
```