This Time

To this time

and place

I bring myself,

my thoughts, feelings.

Searching.

Hopes,

questions and doubts.

Silence

and waiting.

To this time

and place

I offer all that I am.

Open.

Shaped by past joys

though mindful

of past hurts

and disappointments.

Wounded,

healed,

yet still vulnerable,

knowing that

this is not an easy time.

To this time

and place

I bring myself

and my uncertainties,

what to say,

what to do.

How to greet and smile again

now that all is different?

And so I share

all that I am

and all that is now new,

how I wish things could be

and how they can.

David Buck