

Enough

Enough. These few words are enough.
If not these words, this breath.
If not this breath, this sitting here.

This opening to the life
We have refused
Again and again
Until now.

Until now.

~ by David Whyte

The Leap

50 years ago
At age 19
Intoxicated by Kerouac's
On The Road
We went down to the
Railroad tracks
Behind the University
And the Graveyard
Hopping our first freight

Moving just slow enough
For my buddy to
Grab the ladder
Picking up speed
With me behind
Me barely able to
Catch up and
Grab hold

The momentum scarily
Swinging my legs underneath
Toward the wheels
But mercifully slamming against
The solid axle block

Clambering up the ladder
To the top of the boxcar
Flattened out up there
Our spirits soaring
With the thrill of
Adventure and Freedom
The winter air
A piercing chill
The sky having grown dark
As we're pulling into the
Wilmington rail yard
Another freight
One track over
Pulling out of the yard

Now the two trains
Momentarily in sync
One slowing down
The other speeding up
My buddy
Crazy with adrenaline
Signals me to jump
From the one to the other
Before I can object
He's made the leap
To me the gap looks too wide
Yet following his lead
I too make the leap

Now a bright spotlight
From the engine up front
Swings back
Lighting us up and
Our train
with brakes
Squealing
Seemingly stopping
On a dime

Our hands and feet
Barely touch the rungs
As we go flying
Down the ladder
Angry shouts behind us
As we crash onto the midnight
Sidewalks of Wilmington
Hiding behind a dumpster
Hearts thumping mightily in
Our chests
Giving way to relief
Of not being caught

Prior to this
In late night dorm bull sessions
We had talked about The Leap
That most adults never take
Choosing instead safety and
Stultification
We vowed we would make
The Leap
Only years later learning about
The Call to Adventure and
The Hero's Journey
Embedded in the very
DNA of young males
The imperative to test themselves
Against the rules
Against the boundaries
Against their deepest fears
Against all common good sense

Do not presume such energy
No longer lurks
It can be a dangerous drive
In a dangerous time
Beware of charismatic leaders
Willing to capitalize on the
Vulnerability of youth
For their own ends
For good
or
For evil

- *David Van Nuys*

School Prayer

In the name of daybreak
and the eyelids of morning
and the wayfaring moon
and the night when it departs,
I swear I will not dishonor
my soul with hatred
but offer myself humbly
as a guardian of nature,
as a healer of misery,
as a messenger of wonder
as an architect of peace.

In the name of the sun and its minors
and the day that embraces it
and the cloud veils drawn over it
and the uttermost night
and the male and the female
and the plants bursting with seed
and the crowning seasons of the firefly
and the apple, I will honor all life
wherever and in whatever form
it may dwell—on Earth my home,
and in the mansions of the stars

- Diane Ackerman