

Joy too soon come
and too soon gone.
Joy that only happens with. Never alone.

Love that connects beyond time and place
and anything else that's temporal.
Love that celebrates the here and now
as a part of The Eternal.
Love that knows — that believes — the porous
lines we draw for the here and now are so thin.

Our tears and laughter reverberate like
a bass line throughout all time and space.
Our togetherness in it all ties us
to what's beyond our small looking.

We celebrate and laugh.
We mourn and cry.
But it's always "we."
And I'm so grateful I don't have to walk
one moment
of this
without you.