Quality of Longing

Yesterday, today, tomorrow—these are not for the faint of heart.

That old triad of longing unfolds, on and on, will never end;

that longing’s from back before you were ever born. Glance

down an old, enduring line of mothers, the seat of all—

two million years that lineage envived your current state of heart,

repaired a middle tear in your whole cloth, window for futures.

High overhead, the lone eagle eyes its repose with care, while

earth settles into furrows, smooths and loves its own slipperiness.

The rain has fallen as it has always fallen, but its moisture is not wet;

Gaia has arranged this sideshow for time longer than dirt.

Look, nature’s ambivalent, doesn’t care for matriarchy, or for elephants.

Win or lose, there’s always another galaxy to move to, someone else an eternal mother.

Ursa the Bear fornicates without regard for her strange emotions.

Her lineage lives on forever, one star at a time, like a perfect being.

Her regal mothers bridge back into tropical savannahs; then,

after the Star of the Big returns, fold up their old hearts

to make passage back to future heavens. Presently,

an old woman comes out to sweep up the mess and tidy.