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Future

The greatest illusion of them all
Neither grand nor sublime
Is that our narratives today
Are based upon a not yet time
As if we can control each day
And plan for what the next may hold
When truth beyond all other truths
Is those are stories still untold
And deep in meditation sits
The man who appears so serene
He claims that presence is his creed
He worries not where he has been
Nor what the next moment may tell
For he's a guru don't you know
And gazing at his I.R.A.
He hopes that it will steady grow
So he too can retire fast
And spend his days along the beach
But oops the market doth collapse
A future story out of reach
But what he fails to recognize
it's out of reach at every breath
For the only future that is real
Is the moment of our death
Why is it then our stories reek
With fears and insecurities
With pictures painted on the clouds
That dissipate with gentle ease
The future is not what we think
Even less what we conceive
Good luck with all your planning then
Have fun with all that you believe