

The Blessing (a poem for my life - draft 10/17/25) - revised  
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Don't go to the Sad  
Go to the Blessing.

Go to the empty blazing Heart  
Of It

Go to the clarity after the End  
When everyone takes off their masks  
And says  
"Well, wasn't that a strange one?"  
"I wonder how it could have happened differently?"

And then Blesses all that went  
Before  
And all that will Come  
from all the Seeds  
Planted and not yet even born.

And then bows to Each  
Other  
As Themselves.