

Means Something

Paul

Dec09

We were younger then. A group of people.
Together immersed in religious intensity.
So evangelical, so ebullient.
So everlasting. So we thought.

There you were. There I met you.
And there it meant something.

We explored intellectual spaces
Spanning botanical species.
And multidimensional vector spaces
Of Hilbert mechanics.

There you were. There I was with you.
And there it meant something.

Then we were less younger.
We went away.
We made a home.
Ours away from homes.

You were there. You were my home.
And there it meant something.

And when I surreptitiously checked out from
The sanctimonious sanctuary,
I was surprised,
I saw you next to me.

There you were. Where were we going?
But it meant something.

Not before long, we became four.
Togetherness took new meaning.
You and me,
and the new two becoming.

And there you were. There they were.
And it meant something.

And so here we are.
It's like a million miles, it's like one.
And as the folded futures unfold,
And as my petty paragraphs page,
I pause. I picture you.

Here you are. And it matters.
And it means something.



Karen
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