

IN MEMORIAM

An original poem by our own classmate Kathryn Waddell Takara, PhD

In golden robes, they march
Invisible yet with us
They knock on our consciousness
But do we hear them, their messages from their brief lives?
We are going.

Is it well with thee?
With me? With we?
We see through rose colored lenses
Reality is but a shape shifter
We are going, farther, closer to that golden portal.

When do we wake up
From illusion, delusion, collusion to claim our lives?
When do we pause to allow something else to enter
Luck, memories, opportunities, grace
Regardless, we are going to our end-place.

Are they watching? Those who have already departed?
In golden robes, they march
Invisible yet with us
They knock on our consciousness
But do we hear them, their messages from their brief lives?

We are going, moving, soaring or sinking.
How much we miss lost in imagination
In attachments, in dreams
When do we stop to see
To hear, to feel the world, our friends, the environment?

Presence is a mysterious key, a determinant
When do we take the time to share our caring
Our understanding, our essence?
Old truths, new time, imminent revelations
Ever the same, ever changing, ever expanding

In golden robes, they march
Invisible yet with us
They knock on our consciousness
But do we hear them, their messages from their brief lives?
Do we soar heedlessly like Icarus
To be blinded and unprepared for life's brilliance?

We are going. We are going. We are. Going.