

THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

Letting Go

I try to grab hold to the laughter of trees,
But it slips through my hand
Like a soft summer breeze
That no one else sees.

“Be mine,” I say.

“Stay!”

But it wanders away,
And I am left reaching for nothing but air.

I almost can hear a voice without words,
A song without music that sings in my ears,
A touch and a thought that no one else hears.

“Be mine,” I say.

“Stay.”

But it wanders away,
And now I’m not sure if it ever was there.

“Let go,” said the breeze.

“I come and I go as I please.”

THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

“Let go,” said the song.

“If you try to hold on, I’ll be gon.”

“Let go,” says my Lord.

“There is nothing worth while you can hoard.”

(July 15, 1981)