

Impermanence

By Jonathan Lockyer

There is a flower called Impermanence.

I'm told it will grow in almost any place,

get a toehold in the tiniest of space.

It may spring up right out of snow.

Here, there – it's bound to grow.

In pavement cracks and city streets,

This beautiful blossom abounds.

This most delicate of flowers is all around.

With first light of dawn, it begins an all-so-brief life.

Buds open gently, slowly – already knowing of its fate.

The unfurling of its opaque blooms.

Its fragrance may fill an empty room.

The perfume that it exudes spoke to me of

'I won't be here for long'

Appreciate me now, this moment before I'm gone

Not to hesitate, see my simple beauty

To acknowledge my brief life.

I, the flower; I, the bloom – are as you, the person, the man,

the woman, the babe, the tribe, the clan.

This bud, now bloom, knowing of its fame, its name, and its demise.

Still, onlookers can express such surprise ...

that this one's new life will be over by day's end.

Can I simply take on this message that it sends?

Having lived out its life, from first light to first shadows of night,

this plant of intrigue has much to teach, to show the way.

If I can hold its name lightly, ever so slightly,

Hopefully I may.

Impermanence, the flower, is there before me:

reminding me, letting me know,

all that is, has been and will,

obeys the essence of its name:

born to the day, not to see the night.

Impermanence continues through birth and decay.

completes its cycle: born again each day.

And all that exists – impermanence guides the way.

No exceptions are there, all will obey,

none, nothing will escape this flower's say.

Here, now, forever gone. If I appreciate your name,

There is a freedom to gain: a liberation.

Not holding too tightly or too strong,

Not grasping or holding on too long.

Impermanence – if I listen for your song.

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