

Invisible reflection – 3



What are the margins of meaning?

Where does one find the parameters of purpose?

Perhaps it is an act of vigilant, watchfulness for a trail of clarity as is robin with head, ground tilted, attentive for earth worm presence.

Perhaps it awaits discovery like minute crab sheltered in seashell spiral washed upon the shore.

Can vocation, and life purpose truly blossom at any age?

Many never realize the revelation of being that satisfies the soul.

Like ancient, Chinese globe painting – done backwards through minute hole- I turn to the past for evidence of the unravelling of myself.

Not my moments of fractured weakness of integrity, but the threads of hint highlights as to answer why I exist?

What am one such as I made to do?

My dear Mother can no longer assuage me with reply to the question, "What can I do with my hands?"

I hope the answer is somewhere in the fragments of clarity when joy and hope have resounded; when what I found myself doing rendered energy and peace of soul.

Others seem to have been succumbed by a flood of inspiration awash with direction of calling.

Does insecurity still erode their productivity of import?

I fear death will come for me before I produce any measure of worthy action.

Initiative must come from the will within.

Discipline of execution despite defeatist echoes must prevail.

I am a rainbow afraid of the sky just now daring to gaze at my water drop reflection to ponder hues of personhood.