

*picking up the ball*  
*for my brother*

He paused.

Looking at the ball, once more sitting on the floor.  
And here he was, in his mind, again.  
It's there.  
I'm here.  
I've dropped it.  
It's apart from me.

and perhaps he thought:

I'm not  
Supposed  
To drop it.

Sometimes, you have to drop the ball many, many times.  
Sometimes you just feel like you can't stop.  
Like it's always going to be like this.  
And those are tough moments,  
but they're not true moments.

He went to pick up the ball, again, only this time something was different.

He bent over,  
he held it,  
he brought himself to standing again,  
and he looked at it.

And it looked at him,  
for what felt like the first time.

They regarded each other, deeply.

And something, somewhere

released  
in him,

something that he had been holding for a long, long time.

And he looked around,  
in a new way.

Things felt fresh.

They felt clean.

They felt alive, and full of possibility.

And he saw that he, too, felt like this!

Well.

We know, this is all wonderful.

It's not unfamiliar,  
as an idea.

I mean, we all experience it,  
to a lesser or greater degree.

But there was something even more different, about this change.

And that was,

he knew it would last.

And that's not usually how he felt about anything. Things usually go, after awhile.

All things.

Many of which we really,  
really don't want to go.

But this was a different thing,  
and he knew  
it would last.

Not, of course, to say that he was afraid it wouldn't, or that he wasn't open to the possibility that it might not. That's all fine, because, beyond the personal gain/loss of the feeling, he knew now, deeply, truly, that that didn't matter.

What mattered is that it's all fine,  
and that's it.

That's it.

That's all.

He tossed the ball up, wondering if anyone would catch it, and realized that, upon catching it himself, he need not wonder that question anymore, because he knew that someone had.