

the way time passes

for my father

They hung up, and he started writing.

Where to begin?

Of course, one can just write a list of all the things that could have gone otherwise. Of all the things one would rather have. Of all the things one would rather talk about, or of all the things one would rather experience.

One can also write a list of all the things that could help. One can point out all the other ways of being. One can point out other ways of seeing.

Other ways of listening.

One can long for a different connection,
however that may look.

One can even, explicitly, ask for it.

But of course,
that is not love.

Love is not about trying to change another.

It is not telling them how they are, or how they should be.

Love is
simply,
acceptance,
unconditionally,
of what is happening,
in that moment.

And, of course, that is the love that is constantly expressed to us, in each moment, from our only home.

And you can love what hurts you
by accepting what hurts you
And you can love what hurts you
by appreciating, and being grateful
for all the feelings,
for they are the true teachers.

But, instead of teacher, let us use the word 'shower'.

Because the truth is, no one can teach us,
really.

We can only ever see what others are trying to show.

It is up to us to see.

So, he thought, typing,

I love you.

I love you deeply.
I love your pain.
I love your laughter.
I love your stories.
I love the weight of your memories.

And
I will try to show you
Always
Unwaveringly
What I have learned
From all
that you have shown me.

And I will love the moments,
and forgive the moments,
when I am but a wall
to talk to,
remembering that
the most challenging thing one can let go of
is the way that time passes.