

Like the Daisies

Like the daisies, do we die never knowing what we miss?
Or do we depart believing all will be the same as ever was
With just a few small changes here and there,
Until that day dawns when we realise things can never be the same?
We live and die in the tightening grip of entropic change.
Stepping along the footpath in the woods, we think we can go back
But maybe not. The path if blocked will permit no easy passage.
The lie once told can never be unsaid. The wound may heal,
The hurt forever lives, not on the flesh but in the mind.
Trust, once sacrificed, lies unseen at the bottom of the lake
But still it's there when ten thousand-thousand waves have washed from
shore to shore.

Ken Franklin - 8th February 2002