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Tom Miller
FREEDOM

Freedom came to him in disguise.
He did not recognize it fully for several years.
And only gradually even then.

The sudden absence of burdens borne so long
left him weightless, adrift, uneasy...
without direction... irrelevant.

The structure he had imposed on his life was gone.
Partly by choice, partly by circumstance,
but none the less, gone.

He cast about almost aimlessly...
Almost anxiously...
Almost desperately...

For something to touch.
To lean on.
To lead him.

No reasons to greet the sunrise.
No far off bugle sounding charge.
No mountains to climb.

How to fill the day?

Passions, interests, even love
had all been buried so deeply
beneath the crush of necessity.

He did not know them.
Could not see them.
Was not sure they existed.

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He struggled to find meaning to his existence.
Plummeted to depths he never thought he would.
Focused on how near the end of the road was

And not on the journey.

But the Spring rains came.
A friendly smile.
A gentle touch.

Words written long ago flowered
When shared with others
And brightened their days if even but a little.

And the gift of time was understood.
And the gift of sharing.
And the gift of just being.

A new garden was tilled
and planted with long forgotten seeds
fertilized with recognition and pleasure.

Adventures came calling in different dress
from odd places and directions,
not coherent nor leading to a unified end.

He was uncomfortable with them at first
feeling the sense of obligation trying to creep in.
But obligation to what...? to what...?

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Nothing really.

And so he seized them each in turn
and like spokes on a wheel inserted them
into the hub of his life

And let the wheel spin free.

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GOING ON

It is silence that commands the moment

Stillness

Quiet

Peace sets in as turmoil departs

Respite

Repose

All are gone from this place but me

Alone

Solitary

My mind slows to nothingness

Relief

Rest

Is silence always so loud?

Is peace always so disturbing?

Is alone always so crowded?

Is nothing always so much?

I am uneasy with others

but afraid to be alone.

I want to be active

but I need to rest.

I am weary and worn and wonder

why go on?

But then this is nothing new.

I have wondered such for so long.

Going on is what I do.