

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/3

Lawrence Weber

The Long Loneliness

I.

I wonder if this is what Dorothy Day meant by the Long
Loneliness

Did she mean the sadnesses that sneak into your soul and surprise you
On solitary, stormy days in June?

What if it was like searching for God, wanting to believe, and still being
unsure?

It is

Lonely

When you doubt your faith

When it is easier to believe the questions rather than the dark answers

That leave you afraid and

Lonely

Maybe the

Loneliness

Is found in silence

*

Like the spaces between the music * notes

In Clare De Lune (a beautiful

Loneliness)

The spaces where in your breathlessness

You catch your breath (or try to)

Can you really catch your breath immersed in such beauty?

II.

Perhaps the long

Loneliness

Is the reality that we truly are exiles?

A long-

Lonely

Way from home

And what if we aren't exiles at all?

What if this is it?

One take and lights go down?

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III.

Maybe the answer is everywhere
And in everything
In the rainy day
And in her music
In the silences between the * sound
Maybe the answer is in the doubting and the questioning
And what if it *is* in the dark answers?

IV.

One thing is certain
It is
Lonely
When you are staring at the blank page
Wondering if you will ever be able to capture the elusive
Truth
Truth
Often seems to hide in language's limited lexicon
And what if you do find your words?
It is
Lonely
Wondering if these words-sent out into the mystical space we call life-
Like a beam in the darkness-
Will reach-out and find someone else...
Like you...a fellow traveler
It must be
Lonely
When this wondering happens
So will these words touch you fellow-traveler?
You are a living soul
Full of the breath of life
Full of human emotion like
Loneliness
And love
Perhaps that is what Dorothy Day meant by the Long

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Loneliness

Seeing God in the face of others

And knowing that humanity can only be saved

In community

When we, all the

Lonely

People are finally

Together

Loving as

One

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This Single Drop of Rain

**For Mary Oliver and Thomas Merton*

This
Single drop of Rain
Is God's idea
Much like we are
Willed into existence in the physical dimension of our consciousness
(Or our unconsciousness?)
Much like we are
Touching the Earth
For a moment
Much like we are
Dancing among us
Much like we are
Gone, in the blink of an eye
Much like we are
Received into the Earth
Much like we are
Ultimately,
Never to return again.
Yet somewhere,
Like the dead,
This single drop of rain still exists
Like the dead,
Remaining a part of everything
Forever.

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Time Spent Gazing Upward On A Starry Night

I am not sure what the meaning of life is,
But I think it has something to do with laughter.
And I think that nature is trying to tell us something,
Because there is more than elegance in the changing seasons.
Yet nature is such a capacious word,
And so is life.
Instead, consider a cloud as it coasts above your head in the ether,
Or the delicate daisy dancing to and fro down deep in the dewy grass.
Awareness requires attention, and attention requires immersion in life's
fullness.
An ability to disenthral one's self is essential,
And so is time spent gazing upward on a starry night.
To know that we are miracle and wonder,
And all around us miracle and wonder is to start understanding.
To purge all distraction and pretense from life, and to breathe in the now
To empty yourself,
To make of your soul a perfect receptacle to be filled with the mystery is to
be ignited by life.
Yet is this enough for meaning's sake?
All of this conjecture and the original question still remains.
Maybe it is supposed to be this way.
Whatever conclusions you draw from the deep questions of life,
One thing for me is certain
I am not sure what the meaning of life is,
But I think it has something to do with laughter.