

Explanations



by Evelyn Klebert

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MADE IN THE USA

For my husband, my companion on my
journeys. Can't wait to see what's next.

Love E.

Explanations



Footsteps of the Past



Evelyn Klebert

Explanations

Explaining

*Of course I'm sure you'd like to know,
You'd like an explanation that serves you.
You'd like me to find words so that you can see
And fit this time quite neatly into your world.
You think I owe you a picture that will make sense,
One that your demeanor would deem acceptable.
You'd like an explanation, I can still hear you saying,
You demand one, need one,
So all that you believe can stay in place.
But I can't
And I won't,
And I probably never will.
So your world cracks a little,
Just enough to let some light in.*

Old Clothes

*I wrestled with the past today,
like an old coat that didn't fit
It scratched and rubbed my skin raw,
with tearing and untidy threads.
The garment had all but lost its shape,
simply an irritating echo of what once was.
The tangled threads no longer making sense,
only still around to remind me of old pain.
I wrestled with my past today,
then in a moment
I tossed it all away.*

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An Unwanted Companion

*He is dressed in his finery,
a welcome consort.
One who will spin you adroitly
in twists and unexpected turns on the dance floor.
He will listen to your grievances,
be a constant companion if you so desire.
Fanning the flames of resentment, anger,
even blind and insane hatred if you wish to travel so far.
But if in a moment one can obtain distance,
and notice that the path traveled
with this stalwart companion makes no progress,
but wraps itself round in a deceptive circle.
Old ground disguised as new, is retread,
old grievances unhealed, and inflamed to infection.
He is a grand one, a compelling companion,
dressed in his finery disguised to please,
who keeps you a well fed prisoner,
well fed with poisons that will only fester.
Poisons and wasted energy that would be
better spent in traveling with purpose,
with progress,
beyond this particular horizon.*

Explanations

I remember

*In a quiet moment,
In a blissful second,
I remember what has been,
and why I am.
I remember how I've been lost,
and how you gave me a place.
How I wandered,
and then how I knew where I should always be.
I remember how there is no one who makes me feel the center of
the world.
No one who makes me feel as though my existence is paramount to
them.
No one who makes me feel as though my thoughts, my words, my
heart are a rare treasure to their existence.
No one who makes me feel so essential,
as essential as you are to me.
And I remember why I am.*



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Old Places

*What word or thought comes not from an old place?
Do we always view each other through the shades of the past?
Does a phrase trigger a memory, a slight, a slander
that makes us recoil not from the present but from old pain?
It all seems like quicksand,
but are we ever truly be free or safe from such wounds?
Perhaps in freeing each other,
we free ourselves.
But then stand in our own vulnerability,
unguarded as we were the first time the daggers hit.
And the first tears were shed.*

Thrashing it Out

*Children are given a beloved sensibility.
They see the world through unsuspecting eyes,
unless they are taught suspicion.
They expect kindness from everyone,
unless they are taught cruelty.
Their nature is a trusting one,
unless their trust is broken.
As adults we carry the imprints from childhood,
sometimes more difficult to cast off,
than events experienced much later.
Like a footprint on freshly fallen snow,
that mars its pure essence.
So much care should be taken
in what we draw on that fresh new canvas.*

Explanations

Another Time

*The mind is kind.
It gives us what we can absorb,
shields us from what cannot be handled.
It softens the harshness in memory,
filtering it through a gentler light.
It closes doors that should be left behind,
but not completely, not perfectly sealed.
So that when life is calmer,
and the heart stronger
the door can be cautiously pried open.
And what was once intolerable,
can be revisited with a different perspective*

Necessity

*Sometimes when your world changes,
momentarily it goes unnoticed
Life still runs you at a ragged pace,
and busyness moves you along from minute to minute.
Sometimes when the landscape shifts,
it's not readily taken in.
Your life is lived on schedule,
meshed from one event to the next
And it's only when you finally stop,
reaching for a familiar signpost
Your fingers stretched wearily, ready to grasp.
But it's not there, not where it should be.
Sometimes when your world changes,
you continue living in the old one,
until necessity makes that impossible.*

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A Picture

*There is a picture that wraps around,
the past yet holds a key.
It seems what was
might be again
if only we could see.
It holds within its folds
a glimpse from another world.
The faces young,
yet now are old.
The eyes untouched,
by time or toil.
Such eyes, still brilliant, beckoning promise,
reminding us of possibility.
There is a picture that wraps around,
what was,
and what will always be.*

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Memories

*Memories grafted in fine little boxes,
set apart on a small dusty shelf.
Innocuous and quiet,
and dormant they seem.
So separate from the wave of life,
rushing about.
Were they ever a part of the life that's remembered?
Or just a dream swept away that no longer belongs.
Memories set distant in fine little boxes,
so forgotten and diffused,
they've all lost their toxin,
They've all lost their toxin.
Until they're breathed in
and that dust is brushed aside.
No longer so distant,
no longer so separate.
No longer that dream
that doesn't belong.*

What's Left

*The walls are white,
yet are smoky gray.
The windows clear,
yet smudged with dust and dirt
The hallways empty,
yet cluttered with heavy footsteps.
The view is lovely,
yet marred by what was left
The people have long gone,
but the house still holds all that's passed,
like a photograph that won't fade.*