Occasional Poem

Today is the thirteen thousand, one hundred and forty-first day of the rest of my life.

There is no way to know how many beans are in the jar without removing them one by one.

If I find it harder to learn the future tense than the younger students in my Spanish class do, it is because so much more of my life resides in the past.

Still I try to live in the moment, where everything is endlessly happening at once.

The earth spins, the curtain lifts, clouds appear to be floating, and yet they are, in fact, constantly falling.

To be ahead of one’s time may be the same as being very far behind it.

When he saw the bison leaping off the walls at Lascaux, Picasso turned to his guide and lamented the achievements of modern art.

“We have discovered nothing,” he is reported to have said.

And yet today is different from yesterday.

Yesterday only contained itself and the days leading up to it, while today contains itself, yesterday, plus all the endless days before that.

Let us celebrate.

Let us separate the movement from the moving thing.