

In my smallness
I have seen my infinitude.

Each person is like a geometric point on a line in infinite space.
The point can be drawn. It is tiny,
but its dimensions are infinite.

There is something reassuring and exhilarating
in weather like today's.
wind brushing flowing pouring
the sun hid and peeked and then smiled wholely
through the clouds.
layered billows of blue grey cloud,
dark over the sun,
thinning into clear blue sky
feathers stretched horizontally in white, over orange-brown and naked trees.

I walked in the field.
I looked across from the hill over the field to the houses further into the city.
The Wachovia building stood oblivious to the weather glory.
I realized how the industrial progress of man is so alien to me - it means emotionally nothing to me.
Yet, if the Wachovia building
and other businesses and banks
did not exist, then I wouldn't be at school here,
standing in the wind, over a lone free field.
(The field is fringed by construction progress, and will soon be murdered.)

Man seems to be in such a strange dilemma
He is bounded by his humanness.
He must work to "earn a living."
Menial tasks which have nothing to do with his heart.

As a youth I must soon decide what to "do" with my life - with my body, my existence
Why must one follow the tragic stream of men and women who dedicate themselves
to attaining a fine happy progressive existence?
It is so easy to ignore the heavens and our earth and our selves,
But to me it is dull.
I must seek out a truth - a concrete reality not practicality -
upon which to decide my life action.
How can I decide how to "make my living"
Until I know what life is about?
According to what secret must I live?
What is the secret which men ignore?
For which men have not time, in their struggle to live?
Who will call the nations back to the affairs of the heart?
Back to realities like aloneness and loneliness?

Each man has a degree of self-awareness
The cavern of the self is infinite
Most people are blind to the cavern, they see only the entrance, covered with trees grasses -
They don't explore, for they can't see the object of exploration.
It is by their hands that progress thrives
Their minds work the ways of the world and nations.

All suffer
All feel alone lonely
But most ignore
They concentrate on work
Make the best of life
But do they know Joy?
If they admit not their tragedy
If they remain impermeable to true sorrow
If they try to live untouched -
Where will fulfillment
and aliveness
Come?

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