



The Seventh Day

Between the years, with this year still unknown
There was, as when the Earth was made
A Seventh Day – a day to rest

And did you, with your eyes ahead, keep moving on,
each day a little closer to your dreams
perhaps – binding their burden on your back?

You did? Then stop. Stop now, whatever day this be
for good or ill, make this your Seventh Day
Lay down your dreams – they will not roll away

Look back. There is the path you took, twisted and black
The earth is broken where you trod – for what? How will it heal?
You left your mark – you cannot take it back.

Take heart – this is the day of rest; what evil you have done
you will not do today. Do good, but only if you must.
You've done enough – now rest.

Unpack your dreams, and let them breathe.
Perhaps they do not need your grasp, your care.
Let others take them now – tomorrow you shall rise, and they
have other burdens you may choose to bear.

Or...

You may choose to go – your way.
What's done is done, you say –
you cannot call it back, and you
did what you had to do,
must always do – too little and too late.

Accept your fate. Bind tight
your dreams, and bear the load until the day
that you must
leave it down – the Seventh Day
– the final day
of Death.

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Image: Grand Canyon National Park 2015 New Years Storm.

National Park Service photo by Michael Quinn