

# 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.

***Jenny Brien***

Image: Grand Canyon National Park 2015 New Years Storm.

National Park Service photo by Michael Quinn