

The Past and the Future

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There comes a time in a man's life
When he questions his existence,
The purpose of his being
The reason of all that he is
And all that he does.

Is he to live up to a past
that he was not in?
Does he excel to improve a future
In which he will not be?
Or is it the present that I live for,
The fleeting second, that was gone
Almost as soon as it came?

Pondering, I closed my eyes
And saw the image of my father
Standing there, smiling, understanding
And I heard him say:
"Son, I taught you what I believed was right.
The rights and wrongs change with time
But what lives forever is the Belief.
If you believe in what you do
You will never be wrong."
The smiling image slowly faded.

It was now in the past
But was to be with me
For all the times to come
I opened my eyes and saw my son
With the same look in his eyes, eager to learn
That I had may be, years ago
It was the future reliving the past.

I know now, for sure
That the past and the future
Were parts of my being
That came together to form
The elusive fleeting moment
That we all called the present

If I could live that second
And believe that I lived it to the full
I would have lived a lifetime
Content with my past and future.

