

Propinquity
by Natalie Ryan

In the eyes of the little:

Not understanding and
No way to explain.

Misconceived,
the seconds and
the minutes
Remain.

Arms of a hug,
Streams of a tear,
Strings of a heart being tugged.

Life without
creates life within.

All that's visible is
the blur and the spin.

In the eyes of the middle:

Trying to use words,
But they come out all
Wrong.

Leading by example,
but giving up for the
distance
of the feeling they long.

Always,
someone is watching,
someone who cares.

Don't let them control you,
forget their dares.

In the eyes of the old:

See the pain, but
share the stories.

Legends of old
bring back old glories.

Returning to familiar places.

Reminiscing in the times and in the spaces.

Protecting under supportive wings
can only last so long.

Life can bring all kinds of things;
the lessons are worth living—
join in on the song.

In the eyes of the Wiser:

Contact
is worth sharing.

It is my
love
you are carrying.

To the sea and back,
Every country,
Every grain,
Every crack.

Spread
my hope
and
my story,
and you will be
Rewarded.

I can give you
Life,
for you I have courted—

a love
so deep and
a peace
so true.

Indeed,
I gave myself for you.

Learn from
the old,
the middle,

and
the little.

Each step can trickle
into the other.

I brought you here to
walk with your brother.

Hand in hand,
Foot by foot,
Eye to eye.

Don't stand back and
wait—
just to hear the dreadful sigh.

Evangelize a life
that will not
advertise
the strife.

Stand firm
and
Lean on me,

and trust that
Forever
by your side I will
Be.