

A Moment for Generalities

Please allow me just
A few moments for generalities—
An escape to light conversation,
Like talk about the weather,
Or a chance to complain
About the neighbors,—
Anything to dull this sharp edge
Of the reality of not knowing.
I need the quick taste
of banality on the tongue,
Like a cold beer on a hot day—
Something to distract from this truth
Following me at my heels—
That nipping, nagging question—
Do you really know, can
You really be sure?
It is so easy to fake a smile
And say, “Oh yes, that’s right”,
When this constant shadow catches up
And blocks out all surety.

Now, what does it take
To step off this Ferris wheel,
This un-merry-go-round of pretending,
And to move into the mystery
Of trusting—a way of living
Without the answers?

Brother Augustine