

REFLECTIONS ON THE NEXT PHASE OF LIFE  
WITHOUT MARSHA'S PHYSICAL PRESENCE

by Ernie Pancsofar

What kind of future am I viewing?  
What to spend my time on doing  
Or is just being present enough?  
Will my path be smooth or rough?

Now is the time of pausing  
To note what may be causing  
Me to better understand that future wealth  
May be better tied to my overall health.

Of course, wealth in my view is not tied to money  
But living my truths on my continuing journey.  
It's been a lifetime development so far  
Not to keep those truths from hiding in a jar!

Sometimes I'm confused about just where to go  
And who to meet who might just know  
The opportunities that exist around every bend  
As the questions are more important in the end.

Where should I focus my attention  
Amid this time of reflection?  
Does it matter where I go in this search?  
Do the birds know the way from their higher perch?

We all can improve in everything we do.  
This I know In my own life is true.  
Perfection is a myth that cannot be attained  
Perfecting our lives, though, can be gained.

Being present, as I take a deep breath within  
Brings me peace of mind from where to begin  
Activities that flow in their own time and space  
As I continue my day in my current place.

Each dawn a new day begins  
My aching body calls from within  
“Get up!” it warns, if you want to make any progress.  
As it reminds me of my aging process.

Simple is as simple does  
Today is now, yesterday was.  
It’s already a distant memory  
Filed in its very own category.

It is possible to achieve much more  
But in the end who’s keeping score?  
It’s not a game that one can win  
It’s a sense of satisfaction within.

Making mistakes is all part of living  
In doing so we are giving  
Others our own personal history  
Filled with growth and mystery.

Waiting for something to happen  
Can, itself, be a critical time in  
Which we prepare for where  
To go from here to there.

Embracing uncertainty can be fun.  
It’s not really the work to be done,  
But the way in which we move about  
Amid the chaos and the doubt.

There is no future that is obvious to me  
So I’ll just have to let it be  
And stay in the moment and see  
What will be a next opportunity.

As I conclude this Futures Planning  
On Thanksgiving Day while granting  
Myself an ending poetic space  
I am content as I say grace.