

Celebration of Life

The celebration of life,
shared in the beginning, and again, in the end.
Yet we forget to celebrate it, in every moment we live.

Time, days, years, go on, but are we alive?
Alive and do not know it, sleeping in the world
and dead to the life we are to live.

To celebrate all life,
the sparrow who sang in the morning,
and died in the night,

why do we not celebrate its life?

To know thyself is to know you are alive -
to give, to love, to seek truth, beauty, and suffer pain.

In life as it is meant to be, pain is forgotten, and
strength is all that's left to be gained
in the moment by moment celebration of life.