

My own Garden

Most people live the way they have to,
go to work to do a job, fall in love, out of love,
raise a family somewhat well, make some messes,
retire and die with someone by their side.

This is not enough for me.

Not I, I need to explain the way I live,
a way to understand who I am.

I have to make my own truth.

Perhaps even walk a path no one else has walked
into my own garden.

I can't just leave myself alone the way I am,
I have to find myself and fix me.

Like Tolstoy, Kierkegaard, Buddha and a thousand others,
I must a philosophy and worldview create,
like a garden with all the desired plants and trees
where I can then sit in my own creation
surveying it with satisfaction, and say
this is good.

That's what all these gurus are about.

Then invite others into my perfect garden.

Maybe I tell others or even teach it as a course
or write a book and see my truth reflected in their eyes
and be further satisfied.

Then I tell myself I have fulfillment!

Just like god on the seventh day, I'd rest
and let people come to my holy garden for answers.

If I only had a little plot of fertile land
to make my own garden, then I'd be a hermit.
Different things can make me happy for awhile
but not fulfilled, completed, or perfected
as much as I want to be.

Happy to have money, happy singing, happy sex,
happy laughing, happy shopping, happy pets,
happy babies, happy painting, happy talkin happy talk.

Happy for awhile but not fulfilled.

Fulfillment is a life long endeavor with many
mistakes and happy steps.