



This is the True Ride, by Jennifer Welwood

My friends, let's grow up.
Let's stop pretending we don't know the deal here.
Or if we truly haven't noticed, let's wake up and notice.

Look: Everything that can be lost, will be lost.
It's simple -- how could we have missed it for so long?

Let's grieve our losses fully, like ripe human beings,
But please, let's not be so shocked by them.
Let's not act so betrayed,
As though life had broken her secret promise to us.
Impermanence is life's only promise to us,
And she keeps it with ruthless impeccability.
To a child she seems cruel, but she is only wild,
And her compassion exquisitely precise:
Brilliantly penetrating, luminous with truth,
She strips away the unreal to show us the real.

This is the true ride -- let's give ourselves to it!
Let's stop making deals for a safe passage:
There isn't one anyway, and the cost is too high.

We are not children anymore.
The true human adult gives everything for what cannot be lost.
Let's dance the wild dance of no hope!