

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



THE ONLY THING THAT LASTS

The past is never dead,
It's not even past.
It's right here between us
We sail with it as mast.

The impact of our parents,
The tease of grade school friends.
Our first kiss - a memory,
Summer days that had no end.

That visit to the dentist,
A ride in the front seat!
A weekend with our uncle,
All the ice cream we could eat!

The day our dog arrived,
Nothing better could be bought.
The dark day when she died -
Against the tears we fought.

High school - a new life,
Training to grow up.
Liking girls for no known reason,
Our eyes now opened up!

College was the big leagues,
Stay up all night at will.
Forced to read vapidly,
Persistence climbed that hill.

Graduation said we're ready,
To shoulder what was real.
We placed the ladders of our lives
On walls that matched our zeal.

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH

We climbed those ladders daily,
We set our sights on goals.
Purpose was our search,
We sailed in fear of shoals.

As years spun out to decades,
We marveled how time flies.
We came to look less ahead -
And more at our past lives.

This surely happens to each man
Who gains the gift of time.
The question - "Is it over?"
Begins to tempt the mind.

If you're reading this,
As one possessed of youth,
Savor life's dear moments,
In them you'll find your truth.

The past is never dead,
It's not even past.
One day you'll see this clearly -
It's the only thing that lasts.

Copyright (c) 2016

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH

WWW.MAIBACHPOEMS.US