

## **The Here and Not Yet**

Oh Heaven, please do not again escape!  
Do not be merely an imagined thing,  
Already here but not quite yet to stay,  
Reminding of a potent prolonging.  
An Agéd future ling'ring 'neath our nose,  
Your Flavors such, our tongues have ne'er tasted.  
Your Moment knows no sorry Tomorrow.  
Instead, the sweetest decadent cadence.  
More than an End, always a perfect Start,  
You circle us, and haunt in every tune.  
You mock us not, but taunt us to a part  
Inside the grandest symphonic Tahun.  
Holy without a stain of shaming Must,  
Your Center's where Rest dwells in complete Trust.