

The Great Question

When a man finds that someone
who really cares, that someone
he really trusts—

he will tell her all his secrets,
only to forget them himself—
knowing she will lock
them safely within—

and he will bend to this knee.

When a man finds that woman
who really adores him,

who really sees him
for who he can't show—

he will let her know
all of his emotions, and
she'll reintroduce them
to him, as if they
were new strangers—

he will uncover his heart
and reach for this case.

When a man feels incomplete,
hears his own whispers, in a
Unison solitude—

he'll see the sunlight pierce
through the ears of the
maternal instinct—

and she will stand
right here, in front of
the only door to the future—

blessed with the blessings
of his ancestral validities—

he will not pray on it;
for a prayer from heaven
will wrap itself in the case
holding this ring—

he will arm himself
with faith, no longer
seeing this life alone—

He will ask God to
no longer walk with
him alone—

For this moment, this time
has finally come.

For me to take the
same deep breaths that
filled the lungs of Adam

in his finally nights
alone in the Garden—

and sigh the same
first sigh a child sighs
when he is cut
from the cord into
a new life;

and now ask you
the great question..?

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