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The Flowers in the Vase

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FULL CIRCLE

There can be no wave without a wake. Where would the wave go when its work was done? Would there be only one eternal wave, hanging above the deep waters below, frozen in time and space? Would the hidden life dependent on the constant movement of the water cease to exist? I imagine looking out on an immobile ocean and suddenly my own rhythmic breathing seems out of sync. The world seems out of sync.

Okay, get back to writing in the chart. Where was I? There's time for daydreaming

*I imagine looking out on an
immobile ocean and
suddenly my own rhythmic
breathing seems out of sync.*

later. But no matter how hard I try, these matters seep into my head, fill my eyes, and try to creep down into my pen until my watchful sentinel slams shut the gate, foiling their plans for the next hour. I hope.

Rising from my chair at the charting station, I am again free to see my patients, my friends, in their true state as I visit them in their rooms. Some well meaning colleagues stop at the decaying surface, halting speech, and treacherous memory. There is no search for the deep currents and hidden mysteries that continue the rhythmic ebb and flow of life so poorly quantified by

our methods and measurements. There is no listening for the gentle withdrawal of the once powerful wave, leaving in its wake a life of troubles and triumphs, sinners and saints, all tumbled and worn.

Sometimes the very sick can sense the poetry of their own existence. With a stunning simplicity, they breathe life into the world with their passing. As they hear the echo of a distant ocean, their message is simple. Live until you die. Forgive. Love. Live.

And so as the waves crash and disappear around and through me, I feel exhilarated to be alive. To know. To feel. Maybe somewhere there is an existence with one eternal wave, frozen in time and space. But I don't think I could breathe there.

— Angela M. Sarno

THE FLOWERS IN THE VASE

The flowers in the vase
are straw. Rain taps the glass;
time declines to curl.

— Robert N. Georgalas