

## **The Middle Way**

When the possible  
splits inelegantly  
into yes and no  
or love and hate  
or life and death,  
a maybe may be  
found in a flower  
around the corner,  
already half opened  
and aromatic.

If a mindbox  
has been closed,  
sealed with tape,  
and addressed for  
a wrong journey,  
the stewing inside  
may blow it open  
along a road up  
to now unseen--  
new steps await.

When any love  
demands any hate  
and gets its way,  
that way is poison,  
but when any hate  
allows for any love  
and acts within it,  
possibilities arise.

Measuring won't find  
the Middle Way,  
nor asking friends  
nor reading books,  
but work and watch,  
step by day,  
and strive and give,  
mile by year, until  
where isn't it?