

## The Day My Desperation Died

I'll never forget  
the day my desperation died  
it was a long time coming  
most of my life

I had a few final frenzies  
CSS-ing my ancient html  
on a site almost no one visits  
sending out an Op-Ed to my preferred venues  
that wouldn't begin to accept it  
editing an essay about the time change  
and unsung New Mexican heroes  
for a press release service  
no one cares about

I had also been working long and hard  
on dropping my caring  
letting go of my neediness  
piercing the bubble of my ever achieving  
mass help and impact  
all to no avail

And then, in the blink of an eye  
I found myself beyond it all  
the need leached out of me  
the desperation gone  
in the land of peace, stillness and plenty  
in the miraculous field I had known of  
long before and after Rumi  
in an unaccustomed place  
I had always dreamed of

The best things won't come  
till you're truly self-sufficient  
and self-contained  
and you've found your true Self  
and it doesn't really matter  
if they come or not