

## The Holy Surprise of Right Now

*If you can see your path laid out ahead of you step  
by step, then you know it's not your path.*

-Joseph Campbell

Inside Brooks Brothers' windows  
it's July.

Sport shirts on sleek  
dummies speak in turquoise,  
polo, Bermuda and golf.

Outside, it's very much the first  
of March.

The sport shirts say  
today's tomorrow and the present  
tense be damned.

They tell me  
to forget that here's the only place  
we have.

They claim what matters  
most is never now but next.

I've heard this argument before.

It leaves me sentenced to the future,  
and that's much worse than being  
sentenced to the past.

The past  
at least was real just once...

What's  
called religion offers me the same.

Life's never what we have

but what's to come.

But where  
did Christ give heaven its address  
except within each one of us?

So, anyone who claims it's not  
within but still ahead is contradicting  
God.

But why go on?  
I'm sick of learning to anticipate.  
I never want to live a second  
or a season or a heaven in advance  
of when I am and where.

I need the salt and pepper  
of uncertainty to know I'm still  
alive.

It makes me hunger  
for the feast I call today.

It lets desire keep what  
satisfaction ends.

Lovers  
remember that the way that smoke  
remembers fire.

Between anticipation  
and the aggravation of suspense, I choose  
suspense.

I choose desire.