

## The Bare We All Have To Cross

By Mark Edgemon

We are born naked, in body and spirit  
And with the first slap on the rear we pull back  
From openness, restricting our own freedoms,  
Seeking conformity; safe; nameless; anonymous;  
Burning out our human batteries  
With pass times, which become past times,  
As the pages from our calendars gather on the floor.

Only few look out from behind their fearful bars  
And wish to bare their soul in public; risking to be free,  
To hope once again, instead of staying on the path  
We have contrived for ourselves, hastening to aged weakness.  
It is tempting...and desirable to walk inwardly bare to the world.  
To refresh our souls with a dip in the creek; unconcerned; liberated;  
To be ourselves for once in our lives, instead of wishing our lives away.

The End