

It Is Never too Late

*T*he last word has not been spoken
the last sentence has not been writ
the final verdict is not in.

It is never too late
to change my mind
my direction
to say “no” to the past
and say “yes” to the future
to offer remorse
to ask and give forgiveness.

It is never too late
to start all over again
to feel again
to love again
to hope again.

It is never too late
to overcome despair
to turn sorrow into resolve
and pain into purpose.

It is never too late to alter my world
not by magic incantations
or manipulations of the cards
or deciphering the stars.

But by opening myself
to curative forces buried within
to hidden energies
the powers in my interior self.

In sickness and in dying, it is never too late
Living, I teach
Dying, I teach how to face pain and fear
Others observe me, children, adults
students of life and death
Learn from my bearing, my posture
my philosophy.

It is never too late-
Some word of mine
some touch, some caress may be remembered
Some gesture may play a role
beyond the last movement of my head and hand.

Write it on my epitaph
that my loved ones be consoled
It is never too late.

