



BOB STEYN

What's A Life

By Wayne Visser

What's a life?

That sifts like sand so quickly through the fingers of time  
That mingles and mixes what is mundane and what is sublime  
That leaves behind the ones most loved and cherished  
That burns so brightly, then in darkness is cruelly perished  
That fashions memories and lingers in the world of dreams  
That mounts to crescendo, then into whispers and silence recedes  
That suspends between the beacons of birthing and dying  
That lends us laughter, but begins and ends in crying  
That weaves webs of wellbeing, only to sever its strands  
That draws people together then like a teargassed crowd disbands  
That glints like a speck on the dust in a cosmic storm  
That blazes a trail across the lonely skies of reform

What's a life?

What's such a life? I'll tell you what it is  
It is the life of Bob, and us all; it's a life lived full and true  
A life which lives the questions, leaving still more for me and you

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