

The party is over and what does Mrs. Dalloway do now? In fact I am far from Mrs. Dalloway. The party is actually not a party it is a gathering of friends of people, people who give, who have something to contribute or who can contrive. A party not planned but something simple that comes together. A simple gathering. A study of people. Do they have something to offer, maybe some surprise some are just what you thought, and some take only to give in the future. But all at such an intimate gathering usually love. The question is, is what now? What tomorrow? Now, life is good. When we want, when we desire, when we think, we need, another lesson learned. To be alone is better than sacrificing, giving to an undeserving being. But how do you know who is one of the undeserving. You usually know as soon as the words escape your mouth. Sharing suddenly feels like being robbed of your being. How do you prevent this thievery before it takes place.

A chance meeting  
what is indeed chance  
Honesty, a new concept, as old as time  
A difficult one to grasp, ask Eve  
Where do we go with such examples to follow  
Every sense triggered; every sense heightened  
Feeling intensely, deeply, a calmness engulfs the being