

LIFE IS

by Barbara Ariss Stroh-Wasser

Life is
Like a string of beads
Twisted and knotted
In an endless entanglement.

You wish for pearls
And end up with
Dried apple seeds.

You drop them,
Step on them,
And try to destroy them;

When you realize,
That the little brown seeds,
If watered and nurtured,

Will turn into a miracle
And come to life,
Creating wonders unfolding.

Whereas the shiny pearls
Just lie there lifelessly,
Passively mirroring light.

Losing their beauty
In the dark.
Night by night.