



## **This is the True Ride, by Jennifer Welwood**

My friends, letâ€™s grow up.  
Letâ€™s stop pretending we donâ€™t know the deal here.  
Or if we truly havenâ€™t noticed, letâ€™s wake up and notice.

Look: Everything that can be lost, will be lost.  
Itâ€™s simple â€“ how could we have missed it for so long?

Letâ€™s grieve our losses fully, like ripe human beings,  
But please, letâ€™s not be so shocked by them.  
Letâ€™s not act so betrayed,  
As though life had broken her secret promise to us.  
Impermanence is lifeâ€™s only promise to us,  
And she keeps it with ruthless impeccability.  
To a child she seems cruel, but she is only wild,  
And her compassion exquisitely precise:  
Brilliantly penetrating, luminous with truth,  
She strips away the unreal to show us the real.

This is the true ride â€“ letâ€™s give ourselves to it!  
Letâ€™s stop making deals for a safe passage:  
There isnâ€™t one anyway, and the cost is too high.

We are not children anymore.  
The true human adult gives everything for what cannot be lost.  
Letâ€™s dance the wild dance of no hope!