

## **Look inside your soul**

By Anne Gostling

Look inside your soul,  
Guess what you'll find,  
Dreams lost and stored away,  
Dreams that will be lived another day,

If you clear away the dust there are pictures.  
Pictures of the lost,  
The forgotten,  
Pictures of the loved people who have been in your heart.

Sweep away the cobwebs,  
And you can open up the boxes that contain memories,  
From long, long ago.  
From childhood.  
Memories of running down the mountain side,  
Or days spent making sand castles,  
Nights listening to crickets in a makeshift tent.  
Memories of adopting a pet,  
Or saying goodbye to your friends,  
For the last time.

As you open up the boxes you find that each one is different,  
Unique,  
In its own special way.  
Maybe it's a different shape,  
Color,  
Or size.

Each contains a day,  
One filled with loss,  
Sadness,  
Or love.  
But there are so many days that have been thrown away,  
Wasted,  
These are the damaged boxes.

If you climb up the ladder,  
You will find treasures.  
Toys and trinkets,  
Jewelry and dresses,  
Those once made a little girl feel beautiful.  
You will find artifacts from lost pets,  
From what used to be home.

But as you clear away the dust,  
Open the boxes,  
And climb up the ladder,  
There are so many things that have not been thought about,  
Or fathomed.

There are boxes that plead to be opened,  
Some contain stories that Daddy read,  
Oh so many years ago.

Some boxes are stuck shut,  
Never to be opened again.  
They are bound by the chains that surround them.  
But there is a padlock,  
If only you could find the key that would open it.

All of the pictures that you find are beautiful,  
In their own majestic way.  
As you look into the eyes of the lost and forgotten,  
A warmth comes back to you.  
The same warmth that you felt when you looked into the person's eyes,  
When they were still alive,  
Not yet missed.  
You find pictures of Mom and Dad,  
Of your aunts and uncles,  
Of Grandpa and Grandma.  
If only you had spent more time with them,  
Maybe their memory would still live on,  
Through you.

If only life gave you more time.  
More time to love,

To laugh,  
To care,  
To wonder,  
Maybe you wouldn't have to clear away the dust,  
Or move the cobwebs,  
Maybe there would be a light in your soul.

Yet we can only hope,  
Only wish that we had more time,  
To love,  
And make memories.

So I ask you,  
Search your dark corners,  
Look inside your soul,  
Love more,  
Take chances,  
Make memories.

We spend too much time wishing and complaining,  
And not enough time living.