

## Alive

by Fran Duffield

How wonderful to be alive,  
but why does it always hurt?  
pain is the pin that holds the wheel,  
keeps it turning, always moving  
to the invisible destination

pain holding you, stopping you  
from sinking soft and deep  
into beautiful numbness, into a sleep  
of the thousand years  
that you don't have

we scream and struggle  
drawing our first air,  
an overture to the opera  
of striving, ceasing, love and loss:  
to love is risking losing all

love always carries pain,  
however deep,  
tenderly, wrapped close  
to its heart; it knows  
without it there can be no joy