

# IN THE MEANTIME

*by Tom Hiron*

Meanwhile, flowers still bloom.  
The moon rises, and the sun.  
Babies smile and somewhere,  
Against all the odds,  
Two people are falling in love.

Strangers share cigarettes and jokes.  
Light plays on the surface of water.  
Grace occurs on unlikely streets  
And we hold each other fast |  
Against entropy, the fires and the flood.

Life leans towards living  
And, while death claims all things at the end,  
There were such precious times between,  
In which everything was radiant  
And we loved, again, this world.