

Known, Gratefully by Casse deGorter

There's so much to be done,

The clouds paint the sky, blotting away into a horizon;
An oil painting, I've done a few—
In a dusty classroom, wearing a mask,
We'd all rotated classes together; we studied in that room, sometimes,
I don't talk to any of them anymore,
But I used to—
So still I will look at them in the hallways,
I don't know to any of them anymore,
But, I used to.

Don't you miss me?
I know you, now, and I know more every moment,
But still you grow, every moment,
And never will I know it all;
There's comfort to be found, in that,
I will never know you fully,
But I don't need to, to love you fully.
You're as painterly as the sky—
Your glow illuminates a dusty classroom,
Studying,
Like I used to.

There's so much to be done,
And you will never do it all.
The world grows every moment,
And you will never know it all; Yourself, included,
And I will always want to,
And I am grateful for it.

There's so much to be done,
And you will never do it all.
Isn't there comfort in that?