What... Lies Between?

What lies between, the dates, the gates?
The one commenced, the birth; that starts your journey on this earth
To the last breath; the end, their death.
The Journey, the should, what made them whole
Did you have a goal? Did you leave a mark? Is what lies between, left stark?
Did it tell a story, of loss or glory; of learning and yearning, of joy or love?
Did you reach out a hand to another? Were you an only child, or a sister... brother?

Did you smile at one who had nought? Did you learn the lesson taught?
Did you see yourself as big or small? Or did you answer to a call?
Were you honest and true blue? Were you childlike or childish? Did you make dreams, and dare to wish?

Did you empower others or just yourself? Did you leave love and friendship on the shelf?
Did you expect just too much and give nothing back? Instead of listening, did you attack?

Did you walk in another's shoes? Or was it about you, if you win or lose?
Did you always win the argument? Did you wonder what that really meant?
Leaving your opponent eager to fight, instead of agreeing you both could be right?
Did you tell everyone what they need to understand? Instead of trying to see the bigger plan?

Did you laugh at yourself rather than others? Did you smile knowingly at the stressed-out mothers?
Did you read books, and talk to people, of all ages – the young to the feeble?
Did you see that other others you have wealth, not in money but in health?

In time to squander on trivial things, why just a little for others and what this brings?

Were your pockets long or short? Would you snap replies in impatient retort?
Or would you give your attention and look them in the eye? Would you hold their hand and hear when they need to cry?

Would you hug them with compassion, looking for no gain? Would you listen, really listen, what want to share their pain?
Did you have a faith, or did you always feel perplexed? Did you realise life’s the journey, safe in what was coming next?

Did you take time to look to the sky? Seeing the shapes in clouds as they’d pass by?
Did you look to watch as a blade of grass grows, and take the time to smell the beautiful rose?

Did colour excite you or leave you cold, did you laugh at yourself, or just act so bold?

Did you hold your children tight? Sending them to slumber with love every night?
Did you patiently listen to them or shoo? Did you share their triumphs and struggles as they grew?

Or did you roll your eyes with impatient motions? When they were loud and annoying in their emotions?

Did your grandchildren look up to what you’d say? Arriving delighted on their visiting date?

Did you want to learn more about who you are? Did you continue to set goals and raise the bar?

Did you hold your love’s hand without expectation? Was their name safe in your mouth, with such great devotion?

Did you softly kiss their lips regularly, to let them know passion’s still alight?
Or did you impatiently respond, “Whatever” moving away each night?

Did you cradle your love with tender ease? Did you seek ways, each day to please?
Did you know who love you dear, did you take the time?

Did you look for what’s in it for me, or did you patiently look to see?
How you could build another high, without the need of a reply.

So, when we stand to reflect on a life, it’s not the dates that really matter so much,
But what... lies between?

It’s the imprint on the lives we’d touch.

Written by Amanda Maystone-Towell, Australia, 9/12/2010

On a plane from Brisbane to Melbourne, at approx. 30,000 feet and dedicated to my late dad Gordon Ridgway (3/11/1928- 5/5/2010) and my late mum Edith Gertrude Ridgway (15/9/1932- 5/5/2015) with all my love.

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