

TWO FLOORS ABOVE CONCRETE

Two floors above concrete,
He crouched at the windowsill.
Her husband pounded on the motel door again.
Fear pushed him out the window.



She had told him she loved him,
But she would never leave her wealthy husband.
He had vowed to keep their love a sacred secret.

Two broken ankles gave him step-by-step reminders
That he should be proud to lie and keep his word,
But he couldn't.

Watching the unfolding drama, his Soul nodded in satisfaction.

Talk about an excellent learning situation:

*Continuing pain,
Circumstances self-created,
Consequences ignored,
Carved-in-stone self-deception,
Uncontrolled desire driving the body to wild deeds,
Two broken ankles used for bragging rights,
Integrity replaced by need for recognition.*

Perfectly set-up lessons, his Soul thought. Even if he only learns one.

Casts on both ankles, walking with crutches,
Then canes, then a waddling limp,
He wore his Love-Warrior's Badges of Honor
With feigned regret.

When he told and retold the story of his amorous adventure
—in confidence of course—
He received shoulder punches and "Way to go!" from men.

Women laughed, but their calculating eyes said "Stupid idiot."

In his silent pain, he writhed behind a cavalier attitude,
And *vowed* to himself that he would never, ever, do it again.

His patient Soul smiled.

*Four divorces and 3 failed relationships in this life alone,
Made him a tough customer.
Wonder how many lives it will take
For the boy to learn the difference
Between biology and Love,*

His Soul completed the vow with evolutionary **TRUTH:**

*He will never, ever, do it again, until the next time,
But out of a ground floor window.*

LITTLE BY SLOWLY, TRANSFORMATION IS RELENTLESS.

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