picking up the ball for my brother

He paused.

Looking at the ball, once more sitting on the floor. And here he was, in his mind, again. It's there. I'm here. I've dropped it. It's apart from me.

and perhaps he thought:

I'm not Supposed To drop it.

Sometimes, you have to drop the ball many, many times. Sometimes you just feel like you can't stop. Like it's always going to be like this. And those are tough moments,

but they're not true moments.

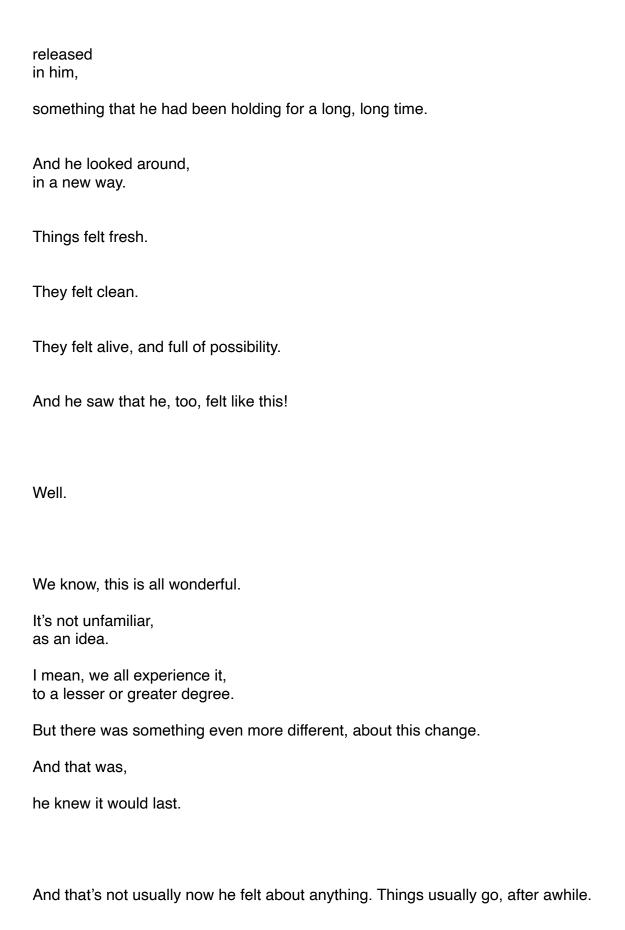
He went to pick up the ball, again, only this time something was different.

He bent over, he held it, he brought himself to standing again, and he looked at it.

And it looked at him, for what felt like the first time.

They regarded each other, deeply.

And something, somewhere



All things.
Many of which we really, really don't want to go.
But this was a different thing, and he knew it would last.
Not, of course, to say that he was afraid it wouldn't, or that he wasn't open to the possibility that it might not. That's all fine, because, beyond the personal gain/loss of the feeling, he knew now, deeply, truly, that that didn't matter.
What mattered is that it's all fine, and that's it.
That's it.
That's all.
He tossed the ball up, wondering if anyone would catch it, and realized that, upon catching it himself, he need not wonder that question anymore, because he knew that someone had.