

## Why Were Questions Chosen as Topic?

*by Harry Zirkelbach*

Didn't the child weigh seven pounds, was 20 inches in length  
and like all peers, embody a lot of question?  
Where am I? Where have I been?  
Who are all these giants? What's all that noise?  
Why am I being wrapped? How can we communicate?  
Can I go back? Why is everything except the baubles so ugly?  
Will anyone tell me anything?  
And at death, asked, could anything have been better?  
Wasn't this the perfect life?  
And, perfection aside, wasn't it the moments between  
revolutions of the moon around this child,  
that all celebrated, a life well lived?  
Were all questions answered? or perhaps more importantly,  
were the right questions asked,  
then answers understood?  
And, through that long life, constantly reminding others,  
are there any trivial questions?  
Didn't that child, rush in from play once,  
pull at the mother's skirt,  
asking "Mom, Mom, where did I come from?"  
Seeing astonishment upon the mother's face, rapidly continue,  
"Mom, you know, the people across the street says they  
are from Ohio, so where did I come from?"  
Were all questions really this innocent? So readily answerable?  
And constantly, in dreams, see the hint  
that the future is born out of the past,  
understand that time is the seedbed of the future,  
that what we come from  
charts the way to the future?  
Wasn't that path sought, faithfully?  
When did the child learn  
any mistake can be the great teaching moment?  
Which needs neither to be repeated, nor extolled?  
Builds that invisible character?  
And who was that great teacher,  
insisting life was a series of games,  
composed of like people, some chosen, most random,  
to test almost anything, where all who participate  
gained these jewels,  
personal knowledge, skill, courage, friendship, ability  
and less rare,  
the thrill of victory?  
Can these questions be answered?  
Yes.  
When it is realized,  
that person is in your mirror every morning.