

Keep Moving

After Leila Chatti

And just like that, I was whole again

tints of yellow and purple
down my neck and shoulder

walking into the sunlight
the world moving as it always did

everything still in its place
no one seeing what's missing

that five second flash that
erased two days of time

waking from the fog to a friend's face
in a world without tastes and smells

a world that keeps on moving

The American

I haven't seen you in years
but I show up for my family

I tell you about my babies
and how they are learning a new language

You ask, "when do they get The American?"

What is The American to you?

Is The American stripping people
of their language and culture?

Is The American moving to the suburbs
where you do not have to see it?

Is the American buying more things you do not need
to fill all the rooms that are not necessary either?

Is The American criticizing family for not doing
the exact thing you have always done?

Is The American complaining about people always taking
but never itself being willing to give?

Is The American placing laws on women's bodies
but refusing to protect them?

I bit my tongue and took a deep breath

Whereas I should have replied,
"You can keep Your American."

Windows & Mirrors

Looking ahead	Reflect
through the windshield	on what's done
squinting	wrinkles and spots
sunlight blinding	from years lived
bringing life	what's past
wipe away the smudges	prepare yourself
looking out	wash your face
who's looking in	what's next

Pull to Stop

If you can't stop thinking about it
It's time to do it
It's the only way to know
Yes there are those you will never see again
But the only thing you had in common
Was proximity
No hard feelings
No arguments
Just their time to get off the bus

Move forward, keep growing
The regrets will do nothing
But keep you from inviting
Those that really matter
Along for the ride

Cure the Pains

Why is it that you continue looking
For someone to fill the void, the other half
To fill the space that was once loved
Great distances you'll travel, a vast openness
To search for what you lost, what once was
Maybe you just picked the wrong trail
How will you know when you've arrived
Or will you again decide you just need more time
To try another path or maybe another because
This one just might be the right one, maybe it just might
Be the remedy needed to heal the wound
To cure the pains of what was
The denial is what the dreams are made of
Will you ever decide that you have finally arrived