

# Our connected world.

## A Collection

### Loose change.

I want to live in a world  
Where our love travels like the strand of string  
Pulled off of a child's coat, and led  
Through busy streets and busy lives,  
Touching all who pass unintentionally.

I want to live in a world  
Where the warmth in our hearts  
Is not held in our chests with unyielding grip,  
for fear of letting it seep away  
Driving us to feel the icy winds  
That we ourselves  
Create.

I want to live in a world where our souls  
And the complexity of our emotions  
Are not locked away in glass cases,  
On display.  
To be seen, but never  
Felt.

Instead, we will spend our love like the three quarters  
We give the man on the sidewalk,  
In hopes that he finds a way to keep himself warm  
Tonight.

I want to live in a world,  
Where love becomes the nickels and dimes  
clinking  
As they are passed from hand to hand,  
Placing no weight on our hearts  
when we  
give them  
away.

## **A small world.**

Once,  
I sat on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean,  
crying  
over someone who did not love me.  
and in that moment I felt the weight  
of a lonely world, sitting patiently  
on my hunched back,  
waiting for me to lift my head,  
and meet its eyes  
again.

Little did I know,  
my tears  
met another pair.  
Another two droplets of sorrow  
shed by someone  
More far away than I could imagine.  
But someone  
Who gazed at the same stars  
With the same hopeful eyes.  
Someone who felt the same ocean water brushing over their feet.  
And although I know that I will never meet them,  
Sometimes -  
I can feel their heart  
Beating next to mine,  
In a rhythm of shared sadness,  
More beautiful,  
Than we could ever know.

## **Broken people.**

How many broken people  
Will you need to meet  
Before you realize  
That we are all mosaics of  
Shattered pieces.  
We stitch ourselves together  
With threads of hope  
And honorable intentions,  
But our pieces are bits  
Of stardust  
And swirls of ash from fires  
That have long since extinguished.  
And since we are beings  
Of movement,  
We never own a piece of ourselves long enough,  
For it to truly become ours.  
The brushing of fingertips  
Against the rough fabric of someone's sweater  
On a busy road  
May snag a lost piece of a soul,  
Or allow one of our own to flow freely  
Into a new host  
And attach itself to a different  
Broken  
Soul,  
Just one more step  
On a journey  
That will never cease.

## **Open windows.**

There is nothing more soothing  
than an open window  
in the darkest hours  
of the night.

Because sometimes we think  
that the world stops at twilight.  
That when lights in windows disappear,  
Everyone goes to sleep.

But the distant sirens  
of an ambulance,  
the occasional passing  
of a car,  
the barking of a dog  
disturbed by a college kid  
too intoxicated with the magnitude  
of his youth  
to let the make believe  
hours

on our clocks  
lock him down-  
All breathed in with a sigh of cool air and  
the incandescent light of the moon  
reminds me  
That we are never truly  
alone.

## **The mountains laugh at us.**

I fell in love  
With the majesty of the great Rockies,  
Legends risen high above our mere millions,  
Their peaks clouded with mist and intrigue.  
They have known this world from its birth,  
And we are simple visitors in their lifetime,  
Destined to stay,  
Destined to leave.  
Our cars pass through them on miniscule winding roads  
And they look upon us fondly,  
Our unimportant woes and much too dramatic love  
Blend into one monochromatic picture.  
In their all-seeing-all-knowing  
Eyes.