

## Narrow

You say she can't be handsome  
because she is a  
she.

I am so sorry  
that you are so  
narrow.

It is not that you are narrow,  
no.  
We are not  
narrow.

We are vast.  
We can see with eyes in the backs of our heads,  
until we move our outstretched arms into tight  
closed hands.

Systematically we nix our periphery,  
building hand-made blinders that become  
two fists;  
angry at the irony of their own  
obstacle.

Then all we see is a stuck kaleidoscope,  
showing everything as red through a  
single,  
smudged lens that could be  
intricate, interdependent  
expanse.

Instead,  
all we can see are our own  
clammy fists  
of defense  
guarding us so long  
we no longer know  
what we were meant  
to defend

against.

But now,  
we are awake.  
Let us laugh!

Make birdman goggles of your hands  
and I'll play dead.

Life is alive.  
And what is narrow  
can bend.

## **We are rain**

We are raining  
because we are rain.

While breathless in mesmerism of mesosphere  
we clung to dust,  
compassionately cloaking shards of  
stuff,  
trying to marry our fears,  
dissolve our faults.

We attempted to melt the bonds that  
make us,  
but the bonds  
are us.

One drop appears to enter the atmosphere first

falling

in humid heat of ego.

But every microcosm  
is  
a  
domino.

We cannot fall in a  
  
vacuum.

We are raining  
because we are rain.

## **Both**

Beneath a haze of incongruency lies dewy grass of  
clemency.

This field of dreams is haloed,  
holy.

Believe not unenforceable boundaries painted by mind,  
its mechanisms are magnificent at creating endless landmines of  
not mines.

Its work is well-intended,  
it cannot see beyond duality of  
I.

But these propositions of limits,  
of other,  
of black and white,  
are better joyfully acknowledged

then both accepted  
and denied.

## DREAMers

Why are the busts we bronze not  
the self-empowering, self-erecting battlements of society  
sempiternally riding the front lines in defense of  
the DREAMers?

When did our collective consciousness become  
cowardice?

Do you not remember even one moment of your childhood?  
When the world was an unending exoteric epiphany and you were  
so  
very  
small.

When it was ingrained in us that adults,  
whether they were or not,  
were meant  
to be our protectors?

When each day was brimming with both opportunity  
and anxiety.

Even if you were a brave little baby,  
you still cried when you were hungry.

Have we stacked all our empathy onto the shoulders of our already overburdened  
empaths?

The mass of us seems to only use compassion  
as confetti.  
We color our conversations and pepper our acts with a fleeting awareness of  
reality.

This poem is a prime example of the light that burns our retinas when  
someone tears off the blinders we've sewn with connective tissue onto our eyelids  
for survival.

But please do not misunderstand me,

this horse from which I megaphone my logophile liquid is of no higher stature than yours.

Once these words are written,  
I'll busy my mind with something simpler than  
our urgent need for mass insurgency because  
this topic is too entwined in  
everything, it is overwhelming and I am  
human and I do not want to spin into a  
hole of depression so instead I wad this piece of paper into  
one little pebble in the light jar while I  
balance my feet in buckets of tar turning my  
attention to the sunset learning to  
make peace with the idea that there will always be darkness and  
promise to at least carry a book of matches  
in my pocket.

## Talk

Sometimes talk is talked  
for sake of itself.

But we must watch our words.

Community is not built from condemnation.  
We do not blossom when we cajole the chagrin.

When we speak in sweeping generalizations,  
we  
are  
laying  
bricks  
in  
the  
wall  
of  
separation.

Let us quit splitting chasms from which earthquakes break.

People are not enumerations to be quick sorted into castes,  
we are all together tethered to a single citadel somehow,  
clad in cartesian dualism,  
whether or not we see it.

As some sit waving fists in the consternation of communism,  
pointing fingers at a series of vainglorious mis-executions,  
havoc is wreaked by cupidity camouflaged as  
equality,  
when what we need is  
equanimity.

We are a single garden born of eight billion seeds.  
One man given the benefit of the doubt  
raises us all a bed of roses.

When we are the rain,  
there is no drought.