

## Swing

At dusk on the playground

sittin' on the swings

fightin' the mosquitas off

The joy of feelin' the wind rush past you...

feeling like flying

free and unconstrained

suspended and connected

yet independent

soaring

then touching down

touching ground every once in a while

Drifting amongst the clouds in a peace

with a soft smile that curls my lips

This is life in a snapshot

I should carry a swing everywhere I go

## Like a Kite

You can't go anywhere to forget

it's like a kite...

you don't realize what you're holding onto

until you try to run away from it

Sometimes we reach this momentum in our race

to distance it from us

that allows us to see its full...

its whole

and how it trails behind your running

We must be careful when we run though...

Winds too high and feet too quick to fly can damage so much

It's funny

it's so much easier

to put things away

after you see how they unfold...

and fold back into themselves

## Rustling Leaves

Though once alive and thriving

a time came to adjust and survive...

The source of strength, energy, sustenance

you once had

is fleeting or gone completely

A graceful transition perhaps

A show for everyone else to see perhaps

to see you go through these draining times—

but beautifully and because you're a piece of a larger whole

and a cycle

different phases of change...

It is recognized – the positives

a symbol

a symptom of the works unseen

that will be revealed

at the proper time...

But oh...

These changes and draining you can't forget...

As memories of days gone

churn emotions of what was vibrant

and insight shows hope for what is to come...

the rustling leaves—

pain, obligation, crowding, intimidation, loss, grief—

are now.

A subtle sound

Crunched

Underfoot

Difficult to escape

## Like That

So...like a mother...

caring and patient;

like a father...

stern and strict;

like a lover...

knowing me intimately...

a passion to be alone,

touched on the deepest levels -

emotionally high;

like a child...

open to questions,

direct with the answers—

knowing that you can have peace without them;

like a river—

always water,

but changing its surroundings;

like music,

like wind...

its power known by its effects;

like light and definitely love...

a source of awareness and a chance to explore;

like amnesty and adoption...

My God, My God;

like being taught how to eat

after starvation has erased the thought of food...

like a scar that will heal

with a protective layer tougher than the first;

Like an acquired taste for the finest thing in life...

like that...

[Current Events]

If you can put yourself into a story then you understand the story.

We keep taking ourselves out of the story

“He was of a different race”

“He was from a different country”

“She wore certain clothes”

“They didn’t believe in God”

“They didn’t believe in my God”

“They didn’t earn it”

“They deserved it”

“It wasn’t in my neighborhood”

“It wasn’t in my country”

“I can’t imagine...”

But that’s not true. We can imagine it!

It takes empathy.

Empathy is innate

Seeing a crying child makes another child cry

Then we stop crying for their tears

They become other

We start analyzing why they’re crying

We start thinking what they did for their situation to occur

We start imagining that it is not us

and so we no longer cry

with them

or for them

or for us

But we are our brothers keepers...

and it starts with putting myself into your story.