



noonday

once with jeans rolled up / shoes in hand
we waded shallow waters
bound by the sweetness in-between
kissed by morning
not yet aware the larger picture
our only fear a sharp stone step

lost in the landscape this fragile miracle
using a map the Patriarchy bequeathed us
like dust our problems keep coming back
 international conflict backgrounded by nuclear arsenals
 Humanitarian crises by economic inequality
 incessant extreme weather events
reminding us a dream not satisfied

dreading the play ending badly
 long knowing we'd need to do something
imagine overcoming our fear of what might happen
were we to choose our most desired outcome
cut ourselves loose from the chains of signifiers
step beyond the mistaken Self-as-separate narrative
do all those things Loving Earth
and caring about One Another might inspire