

the bridge —

What is it but a smile in the face of hate?

‘I got you, don’t worry about it, babe.’

The extent of generosity when ugly acts the fate.

An arm slung around your weepy best mate.

A gathering and your aunt scooping portions on the plate.

What is it but presence and gestures of grace even when it’s too late?

What is it but to move that hand and extend?

What can we — of love — give, provide, lend?

How do we reach across to you...how do I connect?

What is it more than someone on whom you can depend?

What amount of blood and mattresses can we present?

How do I show you the light when yours is dimmed?

I’ll draw the maps,

pull down the curtains of this sky,

pick apart fragments of these continents,

reiterate this alphabet, reorganize the language of the limbs,

just so you know this world is yours,

that this pulse still has a voice,

that your place is mine and we share these chairs,

that in this darkness, all the steps are still there — take the stairs,

my arms and thighs are the rails,

and these arteries, these vocal chords, my arms and legs, that come in pairs,

build the bridge of hope — I’ll prove to you that somebody still cares.