

Interlude

2012

*It came to pass
that Care & Share
navigated two dozen trips or so
around the sun
to arrive
at the dawn
of another new day.*

*There had been many other days
of promise and hope.
Many starting out
at a particular sunrise,
only to come to a close
with a seemingly
indifferent sunset.*

*But in this twenty-fourth year
the sunshine had allies
in the stars aligning.
The ones to wish on at night.
And the ones you couldn't see
for the daylight,
but that you knew were there.*

*Stars that beget,
like creation,
others orbiting the idea,
attracted by its gravity,
its constant irresistibility.*

*They came with hands out,
distributing flyers,
presented themselves at meetings,
sat on committees,
stood ready to do whatever,
to garner good will and votes.*

*Their presence empowered
those in power to say “yes”
finally, and with finality.*

*And then they came back,
same hands out,
but now wearing gloves,
and holding hammers,
and pushing brooms,
rolling and brushing paint,
still ready to do whatever.*

*Each day measured by punch lists
and negotiations, unswayed.
This was to be.
And it was.*

*Shelves stocked, freezers filled,
phone calls made, volunteers arrayed.
Then the others came, met with dignity
and grace, before meals,
carts with bags of food
for body and soul.*