

## **To the young black beauts**

The world is always dying. What is it this time? A plague? Pestilence? Famine or flood? I do not mean to dismiss the dying. The dying is painful. The dying is grief. Something is always dying and that something deserves a funeral. You might be the only one to give that funeral. Could be the dead bird on the block. Could be the flowers in mama's vase on the kitchen counter. Could be the wasp that stung your little brother in the above ground pool. Even that bee deserves a funeral. Send it across the water to its grave.

The world is always dying and you are dying with it. This is good. There are many kinds of dying, and some of them are good. Not genocide. Not war. Not famine. Not disease. But the dying you do as you grow? That's good. Don't get me wrong. Don't let your wonder die, nor your compassion or self-worth. You let those die, and you stop your dreaming. Keep dreaming, baby. We need you to. But let selfishness and bitterness die. You cannot grow seeds from these things, only from love. And baby, you were born of love.