

IN AND OUT OF SIGHT

Here we are gathered together,
The little ones,
The older ones
The darker,
The lighter.

The people around us
And those in and out of sight
We can call our own.

We can say:
This is my group.
These are my friends.
This is my family.
You are my people.

For us, that is a blessing.
And our fortune.
Because it is too damn easy
To have no one in this world.

Your presence
Makes an impression
That doesn't leave a scar.

I look at everyone together,
And I think of how empty
Our floor would be
If any one of you
Didn't break its plane.

I need you!

Look at our loud ones,
Their arcs screaming
With joy and delight.

Look at our quiet ones,
Approximately equal in volume
Their faintness filling the room
With a stability that is both constant
And counted on.

Didn't you know it?
Someone's shadow
Allows another's light.

This is our family.
And we are not one moment
In time.

My grandmother made a light
That never shined on me.
I was born too late,
Born after her death.

And there was no
Meeting of the eyes
Holding of the hands
Or singing in one's ear.

So her light
Had to reach me in another way.
Her emanation shone on my mother,
And my aunt,
Who reflected on me.

Some of us grew up
Without much affection or belonging.
They are ours too.

We can show them love
In the way that we give it:
Providing space to be protected,
And granting them a shadow
For them to shine upon.

Allowing their shadow
To bathe in our light.
Carving a space
They can count on to be open.
A space just for them, always.

This is how it's done.
Because you are mine,
And you are all I have.

