

Presence

By Melissa Shaw-Smith

The year has rocked this world to its roots.

What if for one day each being put down
their burdens, their words of hate, their inhumanity
and breathed in the presence?

Stopped fighting for history, for fears, hopes, dreams
and stood facing the morning sun letting the warmth of the moment
and the next, the next, accumulate like dust at their feet

Listened instead of spoke, acknowledged truth,
embraced silence.

What if for one day each being acknowledged the fear
and let it go?

Suspended beliefs opened their arms, drew strength through earth,
grass, rock, sand

Found the sparrow singing from a lone bush
the small heart-shaped cloud

Felt the currents of air wash over them, mingle
with the breath, and let the seams unravel
borders blend, walls dissolve and be one.