

I long...

To be wondrously naïve again
To view my world without negative spin
To mask events in a subtle glow
A sticky sweet substance of the color rose

To raucously run as a girl again
Take a gravel hard fall and skin my shin
Then be revived in pliant arms
And seduced to laughter by maternal charms

For roller coaster days of joy and woe
Where emotions peaked high and valleyed low
Uncurbed imagination served as guide
On a seemingly unending magic ride

For the days when things weren't so focused
Before the truths swarmed and gnawed like locusts
Before spite infused every act and word
And trust in our convictions became so sure

We must work...

For a future that binds us, one to another
Our loved ones, strangers, mothers and brothers
Moving forward astride, our eyes open wide
Not demanding alignment but staying allied

For the what, and who, we can be instead
When the good of others fills our hearts and heads
Where we speak not shout, and listen with favor
And fulfill the promise to love our neighbor

Diane Stefani