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Kinship: A poem

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Submerged in the struggle to go on and on
An earth's-crust-deep echo of us
Of community
Grounds my flight
Transforming anxious movement to soulful steadiness
From which we may flow
In readiness
In fellowship with everything that lives
And has lived
We are simultaneously who we are
Who we have been
And who we will be
Time a mere pattern
A patter of tic and toc
Of foot fall on fallen branches
Of claws scratching at age-old bark
Of beaks tapping at salty shell
No matter; but matter
Holding us still
A breath ready to expel

Into the wind
A toe ready to land softly
On mossy ground
A hand ready to touch
And be touched
We feel its coming
In the spaces between
This is where we pause
And be still
A dynamic stability
An invitation to rest in flow
To be all of our moments
To be kin

This poem and the corresponding image were inspired by, or more accurately created by a deep connection with, the solidarity/kinship group of which I “belong”.

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