

Silence.

It cuts like a knife.
White noise to the ears
And nothing changes.

Silence.

The same as the violence,
The same as the oppression,
The same as the a kick in the gut.

Silence in the aversion of one's eyes.

You see it on the TV,
You fall into despair,
But the TV cannot touch you.

And in your silence the headlines circle back.

Voices are made to be heard.
The world is made to be bettered.
People are made to create change.

How is this possible in silence?

I want to...

Reach out,
To plant seeds in the ground,
To dig at the concrete and sink into the organic dirt of the earth.

I want to...

Connect with every puzzle piece of a person,
To hear every story in the books,
To build bridges throughout broken bodies.

There is a change to be made.

Through awareness,
Through understanding,
Through the sun rays that try to touch every part of this earth.

There is a change to be made.

From hours spent learning to grow with one another,
From harvesting of spring flowers that have reached past winter,
From new friendships and sunlight smiles.

There is a change to be made.

For God connects us,

Like roots clinging to the dirt,
Like finding a lost puzzle piece,
Like the parallels throughout the story books.

God is part of us,

Like bridges built by relationship,
Like the sun that wraps itself around the earth,
Like the flowers that grow despite the frost.

God empowers us,

Despite the silence,
Despite the headlines,
Despite the fear.

And through the change.