

A United / State

ED: “‘Hope’ is the thing with Feathers”; “Color – Caste – Caste – Denomination –”

Al

Love shall always be
light and light,
but hate is heavy
bright with spite.

The windows
to the world
demonstrate hues
all swirled —

Around a single wish
that always blows
to one day to sever
all ropes from gallows.

An era where we
control-alt-delete
the ignorant cries
of “This is *our* street!”

Hoping, as equals,
our neighbors will foil
all vicious demands
for “blood and for soil.”

Malice replaced
being torn to tatters
by the faith that Black Lives
and all *love* matters.

Blocking insults to injury
and adopting a pact
to embrace all humanity
as a resolute act.

For the brilliant day,
we choose to rise above together,
it shall be as one bird —
of many colorful feathers.

Ivy

Love will always be
a messy, maybe’d flight
across unplausible

Divides. Can we love what we
cannot imagine? With two
we recognize love but love is also

Many around a table, all hues
and generations, embracing
the stranger who puts us all

On best behavior. Can we love what
we cannot touch? Touch me
though we dwell on opposite ends of much

Breadth. Don’t let this messiness
Unmake us, make it matter, take
what I offer, myself singing

In windows flung open, doors
refusing their jams so we pass through,
pass into each other, not passersby

But passengers in flight, all
colors abroad, abreast, unbranded
borderless.