

this year, i hauled myself
by the skin of my teeth,
out from the jaws of a wilderness so deep,
so utterly untameable,
i thought i would never escape.

you see,
i went to the woods because i wished to live deliberately,
but not even the gilded creek and honeyed sunlight
could cleanse me of
the sinking chest and screen-stung mind—
all products of a wild solitude so deep and fresh,
it stung like a brilliant red cut.

but, in my desolation,
i began to grow beyond myself, because
i found your words.

through them i saw the injustice you suffered,
heard the wrenching cries of slaughtered women and men.
i broke with you.
i break with you.

but,
i heard joy screamed, too,
felt stale endings fall to arable beginnings.
and, i stood,
sky-turned,
reading the depths of what it means to be human.

so,
send your words out as your ambassadors,
stretch your ink-stained fingers towards the unknown,
and commission them to sow the trueness of yourself in the wilderness.

in this world between the words, we meet as equals.
there is no time, no space,
no trembling place
between hesitating hands—

a connection wrought in equality.