

Strange How, Chicago . . .

Strange how, though now 4000 miles away
Those voices' presence echo in my heart and head,
Continually reminding. Exhorting me to be
Or not (to be) -
(that's **not** the question.)

Strange how, though continents apart
That drift insists on slowly.
Imperceptibly.
Moving towards respect and love
And trust, and mutuality.

Strange how, given the differences
'Out there' insists exist between us.
Formed perhaps by race, or gender, age or viewpoint, culture or
community misunderstood -
they struggle to emerge,
rainbow-hued, jagged, angrysoftwarmhurtingcaringlaughing;
quiet within.

Strange how
'Family' insists once more on being rediscovered.
Defined not blood but ties of kindred spirit -
"Rogers Park" not so much description as a soule imperative:
Rogers - park here, and stay awhile; wonder at old growth and new,
humid Chicago air nurturing seeds of yesterday, today, tomorrow
Generations hopeful for the way of being *that will not go away*.

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With thanks for the re-minding.
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