

Words heal.
Words spill,
like time,
carrying what matters most--
Energy.
Action in compassion,
trust in giving,
answers in the asked.
The cut of the voiceless velar plosive
and of meaningful silence
punctuates.

Residents leaving in cranberry garb flock like scarlet ibis,
“How was your night?” a pleasantry passes to pale shadows
just emerging under eyes. I wave to Meg, and make
a mental note to schedule our next advising meeting.

The student slows, staring right-- the city.
Some stop to trace his gaze, under route 81,
toward the baby-pink ski parka of the *dollar-for-the-bus* lady.
She pleads as she knocks with her dry cracked hands
on car windows of hospital workers turning up this way.
Her name is words. She carries words.
Homeless Please Help God Bless.
Words hurt. Spare change does not warm her cardboard.

A guy sets a fan to dry soaked carpet where a sideswipe
caused a spill. A trotting woman rummages for keys,
hurrying home before the school bus comes. Two visitors
shuffle by, with swollen eyes and elbows entwined to steady each.
We move along. Sunlight spots a face, a man in a wheelchair
stops for directions and the student points to show the way.
Conjured words connect our thoughts.

Under the bridge a new engine revs.
Each turn of the motor, like my brother's tire,
inspiring words, not snow, to move us back outside
through a widening gap.
Be yourself. Roll-up some sleeve.
Use words to connect check boxes;
spell stories to explain why this disease.

The student will friend off-line,
on ground, and we will climb amongst chain
of being while sunrays bend around outside
to floodlight the violence of poverty.
“We are here,” we will declare.

Words push. Words connect. Words heal.
Shoulders and thoughts brush between doors.